



# The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke H V M F R E Y.

*Aetus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Fleurish of Trumpets: Then Hoboys.*

*Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Bedfورد on the one side.*

*The Queen, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.*

*Suffolke.*

*S* by your high Imperiall Maestie,  
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, Tournes,  
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill,  
The Dukes of Orléance, Caïaber, Bruaigne, and Alanson,  
Seuen Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops  
I haue perform'd my Task, and was espous'd,  
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,  
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,  
Deliuver vp my Title in the Queene  
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance  
Of that great Shadow I did represent:  
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,  
The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

*King.* 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 given me in this beauteous Face  
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,  
If Sympathy of Loue unite our thoughts.

*Queen.* Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,  
The mutuall conference that my minde hath h'ld,  
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,  
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.

*King.* Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,  
Her words yclad with wisedomes Maistly,  
Makes me from Wending, fall to Weeping ioyes,  
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one checerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

*Allig. Long live Qu. Margaret, Englands happiness.*

*Queen.* We thank you all. *Eborish*

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

*Glo. Reads.* Inprunis, It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Ambassidor for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Roignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirteenth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of Anion, and the County of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her father.

*King.* Vnkle, how now?

*Glo.* Pardon me gracious Lord,  
Some sodaine qualme hath striukē me at the heart,  
And dimid mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

*King.* Vnkle of Winchelster, I pray redēn.

*Wm.* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutches of Anion and Maine, shall be released and delivered over to the King her Father, and shee sent vner of the King of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without bauing any Dowry.

*King.* 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 Vnkle Winchelster,  
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, 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 prouide  
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

*Exit King, Queen, and Suffolke.*

*Maner the rest.*

*Glo.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,  
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his greese:  
Your greese, the common greese of all the Land.  
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

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:  
 Haue you your selues, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,  
*Brauc Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victoriouſe *Warwiche*,  
 Receiud deepe ſcarres in France and Normandie:  
 Or hath mine Vuckle *Beauford*, and my ſelue,  
 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 Characters of your Renowne,  
 Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,  
 Undoing all as all had neuer bin.

*Car.* Nephew, what meaneſt this paſſionate diſcourſe?  
 This proration with ſuch circumſtance:  
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it ſtill.

*Glo.* I Vuckle, 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 *Anion* and *Mayne*,  
 Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large ſtyle  
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purſe.

*Sal.* Now by the death of him that dyed for all,  
 These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:  
 But wherefore weepes *Warwiche*, my valiant ſonne?

*War.* 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.  
*Anion* and *Maine*? My ſelue did win them both:  
 Those Provinceſ, theſe Armes of mine did conquer,  
 And are the Citties that I got with wounds,  
 Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?

*Mort Dier.*

*Yorke.* 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 vaſtages.

*Hum.* A proper iest, and neuer heard before,  
 That Suffolke ſhould demand a whilſt fifteenſt,  
 For Coſts and Charges in tranſporting her:  
 She ſhould haue ſtaid in France, and ſtaid in France  
 Before.

*Car.* My Lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot,  
 It was the pleasure of thy Lord the King.  
*Hum.* My Lord of Winchſter I know your minde.  
 Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike me:  
 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 bickering:  
 Lordings farewel, and ſay when I am gone,  
 I prophesied, France will be loſte ere long. *Exit Humphrey.*  
*Car.* 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 ſear me to the King;  
 Conſider Lords, he is the next of blood,  
 And heyre apparent 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, *Humphrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,  
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,  
 Jesu maſtaine your Royall Excellence,  
 With God preſerue the good Duke *Humphrey*:  
 I ſear me Lords, for all this flattering gloſſe,  
 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

*Bac.* Why ſhould he then protec̄t our Soueraigne?  
 He being of age to gouerne of himſelfe.  
*Cofin of Somerset*, ioyne you with me,  
 And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,  
 We'ſl quickly hoſe Duke *Humphrey* from his ſeat.

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

*Som.* Cofin of Buckingham, though *Humphries* pride  
 And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,  
 Yet let vs watch the haughty Cardinal,  
 His iſolence is more intollerable  
 Then all the Princes in the Land beside,  
 If Gloſter be diſplaſed, he'll be Protec̄tor.

*Bac.* Or thou, or I *Somerset* will be Protec̄tors,  
 Despite Duke *Humphrey*, or the Cardinal.

*Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.*

*Sal.* Pride went before, Ambition followes him.  
 While theſe do labour for their owne preſeruent,  
 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 ſeen the haughty Cardinal,  
 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  
 Unlike the Ruler of a Commen-weale.

Warwiche my ſonne, the conforſt of my age,  
 Thy deeds, thy plaiſeſſe, and thy house-keeping,  
 Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,  
 Excepting none but good Duke *Humphrey*.  
 And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,  
 In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:  
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
 When thou werſ 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 ſuppreſſe  
 The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal,  
 With Somerſets and Buckinghams Ambition,  
 And as we may, cheriſh Duke *Humphries* deeds,  
 While they do tend the profit of the Land.

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

*Tor.* And ſo ſayes Yorke,  
 For he hath greatest cauſe.

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

*Warwiche.* Vnto the maine?  
 Oh Father, *Maine* is loſt,  
 That *Maine*, which by mine force Warwiche did winne,  
 And would haue kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:

*Maine*

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,  
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.  
*Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. Maner York.*  
*York.* *Anion* and *Maine* are given 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 Duke's faire daughter.  
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?  
'Tis thine they give away, and not their owne.  
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,  
And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,  
Still reuellling 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 steue, and dare not touch his owne.  
So *Yorke* must be, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold :  
Metinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,  
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
As did the fatall brand *Althea* burnt,  
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon* :  
*Anion* and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French :  
Cold newes for me : for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue offerte Englands soile.  
A day will come, when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the *Newells* 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 Duadein vpon his head,  
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.  
Then *Yorke* be still a-while, till time do serue :  
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,  
To prie into the secrets of the State,  
Till *Henry* sorsetting in ioyes of loue,  
Wish his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,  
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be faine at iaires :  
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,  
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,  
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,  
And force perforce He make him yeeld the Crowne,  
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.  
*Exit Yorke.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elinor.*

*Elinor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'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 seemes to dimme thy sight ?  
What seest thou there ? King *Henry*'s Diadem,  
In hac'd with all the Honors of the world ?  
If so, Gaze on, and grouch 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 having both together beau'd it vp,  
We'll bothe together list our heads to hauen,  
And never more thine our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

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

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

*Hum.* Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge 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.

*Elinor.* 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 iweete Duke :  
Me thought I sat in Seate of Maiesty,  
In the Cathedral Church of Westmister,  
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.

*Hum.* Nay *Elinor*, then must I chide outright :  
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elinor*,  
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme ?  
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him ?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above 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 Disgrace, feete ?  
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

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

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

*Enter Messenger.*

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

*Hum.* I go. Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with vs ? *Elinor.* *Hum.*

*Elinor.* Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.  
Follow I must, I cannot go before,  
While Gloster bears 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 *John*; nay feare not man,  
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserue your Royall Maiesty.

*Elinor.* Whye saist thou ? Maiesty : I am but Grace.

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

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

*Hume.* This they haue promised to shew your Highnes  
A spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

*That*

That shall make answere to such Questions,  
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

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

*Exit Elinor.*

*Hume.* *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:  
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?  
Seale vp your Lips, and give no words but Mum,  
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.  
Dame *Elinor* gues' Gold, to bring the Witch:  
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.  
Yethue I Gold Byes from another Coast:  
I dare not say, to the rich Cardinall  
And freni the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;  
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,  
They (knowing Dame *Liuors* aspiring humor)  
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,  
And buzzze these Coniurations in her brayne.  
They say, A craftie Knaue do's nece no Broker,  
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinals Broker.  
*Hume*, if you take not heed, you shall goe neare  
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 a'l.

*Exit*

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer  
Man being one.

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

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

*Enter Suffolke, and Queen.*

*Peter.* Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queen with him. Ile be the first Sure.

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

*Suff.* How now fellow: wouldst any thing with me?

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

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

1. *Pet.* Mine is, andt please your Grace, against *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houle, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

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

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

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

*Queen.* What sayst thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

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

*Suff.* Who is there?

*Enter Servant*

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

*Exit.*

*Queen.* And as for you that loue to be protected  
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,  
Begin your States anew, and sue to him.

*There the Supplication.*

Away, ba'e Cullions. *Suff.* Let them goe.

*All.* Come, let's be gone.

*Exit*

*Queen.* My Lord of Suffolke, sy, is this the guise?

Is this the Fashions in the Court of Englad?

Is this the Gouvernement of Britaines Ile?

And this the Royaltie of *Altions* King?

Wher, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,

Vnder the suly *Glosters* Gouvernance?

Am I a Queen in Title and in Stile,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*

Thou ran'st a tilt 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 Holiness,

To number *Ane-Maries* on his Beades:

Hi. Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Wrist,

His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Coliedge of the Cardinals

Would chase him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;

That were a State fit for his Holiness!

*Suff.* Madaine be patient: as I was cause

Your Highnesse came to England, so will I

In England worke your Graces full content.

*Queen.* Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*  
The impious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,

And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the least of these,

But can doe more in England then the King.

*Suff.* And he of these, that can doe most of all,  
Cannot doe more in England then the *Nevils*:

*Suff.* *North* and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.

*Queen.* Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectoris Wife:

She twepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,

More like an Emprefle, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:

Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queen:

She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,

And in her heart she scornes our Poverty:

Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-borne Gallot as she is,

She vaunted'mongst her Minions t'other day,

The very trayne of her wost wearing Gowne,

Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,

Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter,

*Suff.* Madame, my selfe haue lyn'd a Bush for her,

And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,

That she will light to listen to the Layes,

And never 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

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit:  
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,  
And you your selfe shall steepe the happy Helme. *Exit.*

*Sonne a Sennet.*

*Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinall, Bucking-  
ham, Turke, Salisbury, Warwicke,  
and the Duebess.*

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

*Turke.* If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,  
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.

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

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

*Card.* Ambitious Warwicke, let thy betters speake.

*Warw.* The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

*Buck.* All in this presence are thy betters, Warwicke.

*Warw.* Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

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

*Queene.* Because the King forsooth will haue it so.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Exit Humphrey.*

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

*She gives the Duebess a box on the ear.*  
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

*Duch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:  
Could I come neare your Beaulte with my Nayles,  
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

*King.* Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

*Duch.* Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,  
Shee'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:  
Though in this place most Master ware no Breeches,  
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor vreuenge'd.

*Exit Eleanor.*

*Buck.* Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceedes:  
Shee's tickled now, her Punc needs no spures,  
Shee's gallop farte enough to her destruction.

*Exit Buckingham.*

*Enter Humphrey.*

*Humph.* Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,  
With walking once about the Quadrangle,  
I come to talke of Common-wealthe Affayres.

As for your spightfull false Obiections,

Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:

But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,

As I in dutie love 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.

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

*Turke.* 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.

*Warw.* That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact

Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

*Suff.* Peace head-strong Warwicke.

*Warw.* Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter Armorer and his Man.*

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

*Turke.* Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?

*King.* What mean'st thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are  
theire?

*Suff.* 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.

*King.* Say man, were these thy words?

*Armorer.* And't shall please your Maiestie, I never sayd  
nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am  
falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

*Peter.* 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 Yorke's Armor.

*Turke.* Basc 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.

*Armorer.* Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I speake the  
words: thy 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 even with me: I haue good witnesse  
of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast  
away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

*King.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

*Humph.* 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 convenient place,  
For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:  
This is the Law, and this Duke Humphreyes doome.

*Som.* I

*Sons.* I humbly thanke your Royall Maestie.  
*Armorer.* And I accept the Combat willingly.  
*Peter.* Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pitte my case, the spight of man preuayleth against me. O Lord have mercy vpon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

*Humf.* Sirtha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.  
*King.* Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come Somerset, wee'll see thee sent away.

*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.*

*Hume.* Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

*Bulling.* Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcisms?

*Hume.* I, what else? feare you not her courage.  
*Bulling.* I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an iuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below; and so i pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

*Exit Hume.*

Mother *Lord in*, be you profstrate, and grouell on the Earth; *John Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

*Enter Elianor aloft.*

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

*Bulling.* 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 Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graves; That time best fits the worke we haue in hand. Madaine, 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 reads, Coniuro*  
*te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens*  
*terribly: then the Spirit*  
*rifeth.*

*Spirit. Ad sum.*

*Witch. Asmarth, by the eternall God,*  
*Whose name and power thou tremblest at,*  
*Answere that I shall aske: for till thou speake,*  
*Thou shalt not passe from hence.*

*Spirit. Ask what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and done.*

*Bulling.* First of the King: What shall of him become?

*Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:*  
*But him out-lieue, and dye a violent death.*

*Bulling.* What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

*Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.*

*Bulling.* What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit. Let him shun Castles,*  
*Safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,*  
*Then where Castles mounted stand.*  
*Hau done, for more I hardly can endure.*

*Bulling.* Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake: False Fiend avoide.

*Thunder and Lightning.* *Exit Spirit.*

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

*Yorke.* 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 pecece of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Elianor.* Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King, Iniurious Duke, that threattest where's no cause.

*Buck.* True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt vp close, And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs. *Stafford* take her to thee. *Wee'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.*

*All away.* *Exit.*

*Yorke.* Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well: A pretty Plot, weil 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 out-lieue, and dye a violent death.*

*Why this is just *As facias Romanos vincere posse.**

*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 understood.*

*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 lorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.*

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

*Yorke.* At your pleasure, my good Lord.

Who's within there, hoe?

*Enter a Seruvingman.*

*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 halloving.*

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

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

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

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

*Card. I*

*Card.* I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.

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

*King.* The Treasurie of euerlasting Joy.

*Card.* Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart, Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peere, That smooth'it it so with King and Common-weale.

*Gloft.* What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie? Tantane animis Calestibus re, Church-men so hot? Good Vnkle hide such mallice: With such Holynesse can you doe it?

*Suff.* No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

*Gloft.* As who, my Lord?

*Suff.* Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

*Gloft.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thine insolence.

*Queene.* And thy Ambition, *Gloft.*

*King.* I prythee peace, good Queene, And whet not on these furious Peeles, For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the Peace I make Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

*Gloft.* Faith holy Vnkle, wouldt were come to that.

*Card.* Marry, when thou dar'st.

*Gloft.* Make vp no factious numbers for the matter, In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

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

*King.* How now, my Lords?

*Card.* Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloft.*, Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly, We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

*Gloft.* True Vnkle, are ye aduis'd?

The East side of the Groue: Cardinall, I am with you.

*King.* Why how now, Vnkle *Gloft.*?

*Gloft.* Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord. Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

Ile shauie your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence shall fayle.

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

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

Enter one crying a Miracle.

*Gloft.* What means this noyse? Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

*One.* A Miracle, a Miracle.

*Suffolk.* Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

*One.* 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.

*King.* Now God be pray'sd, that to beleevung Soules Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

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

*Card.* Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession, To present your Highnesse with the man.

*King.* Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his sinne be multiplied.

*Gloft.* Stand by, my Masters, bring him neare the King, His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

*King.* Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

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

*Simp.* Borne blinde, andt please your Grace.

*Wife.* I indeede was he.

*Suff.* What Woman is this?

*Wife.* His Wife, andt like your Worship.

*Gloft.* Hadst thou been his Mother, thou couldst haue better told.

*King.* Where wert thou borne?

*Simp.* At Barwick in the North, andt like your Grace.

*King.* Poore Soule, Gods goodnesse hath beeene great to thee: Let never Day nor Night vnhalloved passe, But still rememb're what the Lord hath done.

*Queene.* Tell me, good-fellow, Canst thou here by Chance, or of Devotion, To this helpe Shrine?

*Simp.* God knowes of pure Devotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my sleepe, by good Saint Albon: Who said; Symon, come; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

*Wife.* Most true, for sooth: And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce, To call him so.

*Card.* What art thou lame?

*Simp.* I, God Almighty helpe me.

*Suff.* How canst thou so?

*Simp.* A fall off of a Tree.

*Wife.* A Plum-tree, Master.

*Gloft.* How long haft thou beeene blinde?

*Simp.* O borne so, Master.

*Gloft.* What, and wouldst climbe a Tree?

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

*Wife.* Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

*Gloft.* 'Maske, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that wouldst venture so.

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

*Gloft.* A subtil 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.

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

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

*Simp.* Red Master, Red as Blood.

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

*Simp.* Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

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

*Suff.* And yet I thinke, Iet did he never see.

*Gloft.* But

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

*Wife.* Neuer before this day, in all his life.

*Gloft.* Tell me Sirra, what's my Name?

*Simp.* Alas Master, I know not.

*Gloft.* What's his Name?

*Simp.* I know not.

*Gloft.* Not his?

*Simp.* No indeede, Master.

*Gloft.* What's thine owne Name?

*Simp.* Saunder Simpcote, and if it please you, Master.

*Gloft.* Then Saunder, sit there,

The lying st Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hadist beeene 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.

*Simp.* O Master, that you could?

*Gloft.* My Masters of Saint Albones,  
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,  
And Things call'd Whippes?

*Master.* Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

*Gloft.* Then send for one presently.

*Master.* Sirra, goe fetch the Beadle hither straignt.

*Exit.*

*Gloft.* Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.  
Now Sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

*Simp.* Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:  
You goo about to torture me in vaine.

*Enter a Peale with Whippes.*

*Gloft.* Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.  
Sirra Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that tame Stoole.

*Beadle.* I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirra, off with your Doublet, quickly.

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

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

*King.* O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

*Queene.* It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

*Gloft.* Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

*Wife.* Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

*Gloft.* Let the be whipt through euery Market Towne,  
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

*Exit.*

*Card.* Duke Humphrey ha's done a Miracle to day.

*Suff.* True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

*Gloft.* But you haue done more Miracles then I:  
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

*Enter Buckingham.*

*King.* What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to vnsold:

A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,  
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elior, the Protectors Wife,  
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,  
Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,  
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,  
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,  
Rayling 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 understand.

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

*Gloft.* Ambitious Church-man, leue to afflict my heart:  
Sorrow and grieve haue vanquisht all my powers;  
And vanquisht as I am, I yeld to thee,  
Or to the meanest Groome.

*King.* O God, what mischieves work the wicked ones!  
Wrapping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

*Queene.* Gloster, see here the Tainture of thy Nest,  
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou were best.

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

*King.* 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, poise the Cause in Justice euall Scales,  
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightfull cause preuailes.

*Flourish.* *Exeuns.*

*Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.*

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

*Salisbury.* My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

*Warw.* Sweet Yorke begin: and if thy clayme be good,  
The Nevills are thy Subjects to command.

*Yorke.* Then thus:

*Edward* the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:  
The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;  
The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,  
*Lionel*, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,  
Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;  
The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;  
The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;  
*William* of Windsor was the seventh, and last,  
*Edward* the Black-Prince 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* Bulingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster,  
The eldest Sonne and Heire of *John* 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

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,  
Harmelless Richard was murthered traiterously.

*Warw.* Father, the Duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

*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 have reigne'd.

*Saliub.* But William of Hatfield dyed without an  
Heire.

*Yorke.* The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,  
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,  
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,  
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March;

*Edmund* had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;

*Roger* had Issue, Edmond Anne, and Elianor.

*Saliub.* This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bulingbroke,  
As I heue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,  
And but for Owen Glendour, had beeue King;  
Who keps hym in Captiuicte, till he dyed.

But, to the rest.

*Yorke.* His eldest Sister, Anne,  
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,  
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,  
Who was to Edmond Langley,

Edward the thirds fist Sonnes Sonne;

By her I clayme the Kingdome:

She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,  
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,

Who married Phillip, sole Daughter  
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne  
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

*Warw.* What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?  
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third:  
Till Lionel's Issue fayles, his shold not reigne.  
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.  
Then Father Salsbury, kneele we together,  
And in this private Plot be we the first,  
That shall falure our rightfull Soueraigne  
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

*Borb.* Long live our Soueraigne Richard, Englands  
King.

*Yorke.* We thanke you Lords:  
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,  
And that my Sword be steyn'd  
With heart-blood 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 Beauforts Pride, at Somersets Ambition,  
At Buckinghams, and all the Crew of them,  
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,  
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humphrey:  
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,  
Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can prophecie.

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

*Warw.* My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick  
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

*Yorke.* And Newell, 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 Duke of York.*

*King.* Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham,  
*Glosters Wife:*  
In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,  
Receiuie the Sentence of the Law for sinne,  
Such as by Gods Booke are adjudg'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,  
Deployed of your Honor in your Life,  
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,  
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,  
With Sir John Stany, in the Ile of Man.

*Elianor.* Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my  
Death.

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

*King.* Stay Humphrey, 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, Humphrey, no lesse belou'd,  
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

*Queene.* I see no reason, why a King of yeres  
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.

*Gloft.* 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 leue it,  
As others would ambitiously receiue it.  
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,  
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

*Exit Gloster.*

*Queene.* Why now is Henry King, and Margarett Queen,  
And Humphrey, 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 Henrys hand.

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter*

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

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

2 Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charnecoe.

3 Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Berre Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and I'll pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.

1 Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master, Figit for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. 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 I'll, 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 never able to deale with thy Master, hee hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

Salub. Come, leue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrho, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter tossooth.

Salub. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salub. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. 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 never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

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

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confess, I confess Treason.

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

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

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, And God in Justice hath reveal'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 Humphrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloft. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore succeeds Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet. Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru, Tenne, my Lord.

Gloft. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the comming of my punisht Dachess: Voneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets, To tred them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke The abiect People, gazing on thy face, With envious Lookes laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy proud Chariot-Wiecles, When thou didst ride in triumph through the Streets. But soft, I thinke she comes, and I'll prepare My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Dachess in a white Sheet, and a Paper burning in her hand with the Sheriff and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'll take her from the Sheriff.

Gloft. No, stirre not for your lynes, let her passe by.

Eleanor. 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 Gloft, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Eleanor. Ah Gloft, teach me to forget my selfe: For whilest 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 deepe-set groanes. The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be aduised how I tred.

Ah Humphrey, can I beare this shamefull yoake? Trowest thou, that ere I looke vpon the World, Or count them happy, that emoyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.

To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime I say, I am Duke Humphreyes Wite, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse, Was made a wonder, and a pointing stocck To euery idle Rascall follower.

But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame, Nor Hirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over 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 lynd Bushes to betray thy Wings, And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee. But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd, Nor never seeks preuention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah Nell, forbeare: thou ayment 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. Wouldst haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why

Why yet thy scandal 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.*

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

*Gloster.* And my conseil ne're ask'd herein before?  
This is closed dealing. Well, I will be there.

*My Nell,* I take my leave: and Master Sherife,  
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.  
*Sh.* And please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:  
And Sir John Stanly is appointed now,  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

*Gloster.* Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?  
*Stanly.* So am I giuen in charge, may't please your Grace.

*Gloster.* 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 John, farewell.

*Elinor.* What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

*Gloster.* Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.  
*Exit Gloster.*

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

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

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

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

*Elinor.* Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,  
Although thou hast beeene Conduet of my shame.

*Sherife.* It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

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

*Stanley.* Madame, your Penance done,  
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.

*Elinor.* My shame will not be shifte 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 Sennet.* Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,  
Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,  
to the Parliament.

*King.* 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.

*Queene.* Can you not see? or will ye not obserue  
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?  
With what a Maiestic he beares himselfe,  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlke himselfe.  
We know the time since he was milde and affable,  
And if we did but glance a farre-off 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 every one will giue the time of day,  
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,  
And passeth by with stiffe vnbowd Knee,  
Distraining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they gryne,  
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,  
And Humphrey is no little Man in England.

First note, that he is neere you in dissent,  
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 feare'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,  
Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,  
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reverent care I bear unto my Lord,  
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.

If it be fond, call it a 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 effectuall.

*Suff.* Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:  
And had I first beeene put to speake my minde,  
I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.

The Duchesse, by his subornation,  
Upon my Life began her diuellish practices:  
Or if he were not priuie to thole Faults,  
Yet by reputing of his high dissent,  
As next the King, he was succellue Heire,  
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,  
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick 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, *Gloster* is a man  
Unsounde yet, and full of deepe deceit.

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

*Yorke.* And did he not, in his Protectorship,  
Leue great summes of Money through the Realme,  
For Souldiers pay in France, and never sent it?  
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.

*Buck.* Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnowne,  
Whiche time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

*King.* 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 meining 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.

*Qu.* 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 Rauen.  
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Woules.  
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.*

*Som.* All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

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

*King.* Coid Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

*Yorke.* Coid Newes for me: for I had hope of France,  
As fritely as I hope for fertile England.  
Thus are my Blouomes blasted in the Bud,  
And Caterpillers eate my Leaves away:  
But I will remedie this geare eie long,  
Or sell my Title for a glorious Grane,

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glof.* All happiness vnto my Lord the King:  
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

*Suff.* Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone,  
Vnlesse thou were more loyall then thou art:  
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

*Glof.* Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:  
A Heart vnspotted, is not easilie daunted.  
The purest Spring is not so free from muddie,  
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.  
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

*Yorke.* Tis thought, my Lord,  
That you tooke Bribes of France,  
And being Protector, stey'd the Souldiers pay,  
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

*Glof.* Is it but thought so?

What are they that thinke it?  
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,  
Nor ever 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.  
I hat Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,  
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vle,  
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 dis-pursed to the Garrisons,  
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

*Card.* It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.  
*Glof.* I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

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

*Glof.* 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  
Above the Felon, or what Trespas else.

*Suff.* 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.

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

*Glof.* Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:

Virtue 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 Tyraanie,  
I wold expend it with all willingnesse,  
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,  
Will now conclude their plotted Tragedie.

*Berwicks red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,  
And Suffolks claudie Brow his stormie hate;*

*Sharpe Buckingham vnburthenes with his tongue,  
The envious Load that lies vpon his heart:*

*And dogged Yorke, that reaches at the Moone,  
Whose over-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,*

*By false accuse doth leuell at my Life:*

*And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,*

*Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,  
And with your best 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 Witnesse, 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.*

*Card.* My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.

If those that care to keepe your Royall Person  
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traitors Rage,

Be thus vprayded, chid, and rated at,

And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,

'Twll make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

*Suff.* Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here  
With ignicinuous words, though Clarkely coucht?

As if she had suborned some to tweare

False allegations, to o'rethrew his state.

*Qu.* But I can give the loser leaue to chide.

*Glof.* Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,  
Beschew the winnets, for they play'd me false,

And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.

*Buck.* Hee'lle wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

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

*Glof.* 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 Wolves are gnarling, who shal gnaw thee first.

Ah that my feare were falle, ah that it were,

For good King Henry, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloster.*

*King.* My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,

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

*Queene.* What, will your Highnesse leave the Parliament?

*King.* I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,  
Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;

My Body round engirt with miserie:

*The second Part of Henry the Sixt.*

For what's more miserable then Discontent?  
 Ah Uncle *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 envies thy estate?  
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret our Queen*,  
 Doe seeke subuersion of thy hamelesse Life.  
 Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:  
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,  
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,  
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;  
 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence :  
 And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,  
 Looking the way her hamelesse young one went,  
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse ;  
 Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case  
 With sad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimm'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 Traitor? *Gloster* he is none.      *Exit.*  
*Queene.* Free Lords :  
 Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames :  
*Henry*, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,  
 Too full of foolish pittie : and *Gloster* shew  
 Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;  
 Or as the Snake, roli'd in a flowing 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 iudge mine owne Wit good ;  
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,  
 To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.  
*Card.* 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.  
*Suff.* 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 triuall argument,  
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.  
*Yorke.* So that by this, you would not haue him dye.  
*Suff.* Ali *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I.  
*Yorke.* '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?  
*Queene.* So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.  
*Suff.* Madame 'tis true : and wer't not madnesse then,  
 To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?  
 Who being accu'd a craftie Murtherer,  
 His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,  
 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 styn'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 Subtiltie,  
 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So lie be dead; for that is good deceit,  
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

*Queene.* Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

*Suff.* Not resolute, except so much were done,  
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant,  
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,  
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

*Card.* 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 prouide his Executioner,  
 I tender so the safetie of my Liege.

*Suff.* Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

*Queene.* And so say I.

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

*Enter a Poste.*

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

*Card.* A Breach that craves a quick expedient stoppe.  
 What counsaile give you in this weightie cause?

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

*Som.* If *Yorke*, with all his farre-set pollicie,  
 Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,  
 He never would haue stay'd in France so long.

*Yorke.* No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.  
 I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,  
 Then bin a burthen of dis-honour hon'e,  
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
 Siew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,  
 Mens flesh preseru'd so whole, doe seldom winne.

*Qu.* 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,  
 Migh happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

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

*Somerset.* And in the number, thee, that wistest  
 shame.

*Card.* 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 Irisbmen !

*Yorke.* I will, my Lord, so please his Maiefie.

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

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

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

*Card.* 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 euent.

*Yorke.* My

*Yorke.* My Lord of Suffolke, wit' in fourteene dayes  
At Bristol I expect my Souldiers,  
For there he shal ppe them all for Ireland.  
*Suff.* He haue it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*  
*Murcer Yorke.*

*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' enjoying:  
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,  
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.  
Faster thē Spring-time showers, comes thought on thought,  
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.  
My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,  
Weaves 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 breads, will sting your hearts.  
'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me;  
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,  
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.  
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,  
I will stirre vp in England some black Storne,  
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 mad-bred Flawe.  
And for a minister of my intent,  
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,  
*John Cade of Ashford,*  
To make Commotion, as full well he can,  
Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.  
In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne *Cade*  
Oppose him selfe against a Troupe of Kernes,  
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts  
Were al most like a sharpe-quill'd Porcupine:  
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 shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,  
Hath he conuerced with the Enemie,  
And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,  
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.  
This Deuill here shall be my substitute;  
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,  
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.  
By this, I shall perceue the Commons minde,  
How they affeet the House and Clayme of *Yorke*.  
Say he be taken, racket, 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 respe the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.  
For *Humphrey*; 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  
*Murber of Duke Humphrey.*

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know  
We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.  
2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?  
Didst ever heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*  
1. Here comes my Lord.

*Suff.* Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?  
1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.  
*Suff.* 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?  
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.  
*Suff.* Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.*

*King.* Goe call our Uncle to our presence straight:  
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,  
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.  
*Suff.* Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*  
*King.* Lords take your places: and I pray you all  
Proceed no straier 'ginst our Uncle *Gloster*,  
Then from true evidence, of good esteeme,  
He be approu'd in practise culpable.  
*Queen.* God forbid any Malice ishould preuyale,  
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.  
*King.* I thanke thee *Neil*, these wordes content mee much.

*Enter Suffolke.*

How now? why lookest thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolke?*

*Suff.* Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.  
*Queen.* Marry God forsend.  
*Card.* Gods secret judgement: I did dreme to Night,  
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

*King* sounds.

*Qu.* How fares my Lord? Help Lords, the King is dead.

*Som.* Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.  
*Qu.* Runne, goe, helpe, helpe. Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.  
*Suff.* He doth reviuue againe, Madaine be patient.

*King.* Oh Heauenly God.

*Qu.* How fares my gracious Lord?

*Suff.* Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comforst.

*King.* 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 first-conceiuied 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 stinge.  
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:  
Upon thy eye-balls, 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.

*Queen.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?  
Although the Duke was enemie to him,  
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:  
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,  
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with gromes,  
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking 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 vnhappie,  
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.  
*King.* Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.  
*Queen.* 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 wixen deafe ?  
Be poysous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Glousters Tombe ?  
Why then Dame *Elinor* was neere thy ioy.  
Erect his Statue, and worship it,  
And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.  
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,  
And twice by awkward winde from Englands banke  
Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.  
What boaded this ? but well fore-warning 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 *Aeolus* would not be a murtherer,  
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.  
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,  
Knowing that thou wouldest haue me drown'd on shore  
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.  
The splitting Rockes cowr'd in the sinking sands,  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,  
Might in thy Pallace, perish *Elinor*.  
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Clifffes ;  
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,  
I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:  
And when the duskie sky, began to rob  
My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,  
I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke,  
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,  
And threw it towards thy Land : The Sea receiu'd it,  
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart :  
And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,  
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,  
For loosing ken of *Albion's* 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 faise like him ?  
Aye me, I can no more : Dye *Elinor*,  
For *Henry* weepes, that thou lost liue so long.

*Noysse within.* Enter *Warwicke*, and many Commons.

*War.* It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,  
That good Duke *Humphrey* Traiterously is murdred

By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beauforts* meanes :  
The Commons like an angry Huue 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.

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

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

*King.* O thou that iudgeth all thiogs, stay my thoghts :  
My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,  
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphries* life :  
If my suspect be false, forgiue me God,  
For judgement 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 trunke,  
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnspeaking :  
But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,  
*Bed put forth.*

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

*Warw.* Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this  
body.

*King.* 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.

*War.* As surely as my soule intends to liue  
With that dread King that tooke our State vpon him,  
To free vs from hi. Fathers wrathfull curse,  
I do beleue that violent hands were laid  
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

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

*War.* See how the blood is settled in his face.

Oft haue I scene a timely-parted Ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,  
Being ali descended to the labouring heart,  
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,  
Atter, at the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,  
Whien 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 eye-bailes further out, than when he liued,  
Staring ful fastly, like a strangled man :  
His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling :  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt  
And rugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.  
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 murdred heere,  
The least of all these signes were probable.

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

*War.* But both of you were vowed D. *Humphries* foes,  
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe :  
Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,  
And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.

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

*War.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Suff.* Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,  
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so mucin,  
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed  
Some sterne vntur'd Churle; and Noble Stock  
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,  
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

*Warw.* But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the Deaths-man 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 meantest,  
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;  
And after all this fearefull Homage done,  
Give thee thy hyre, and lend thy Soule to Hell,  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

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

*Warw.* Aw'ly euen now, or I will drag thee hence:  
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,  
And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfryes* Ghost.

*Exeunt.*

*Kng.* What stronger Brest-plate 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 Injustice is corrupted.

*A noyse within.*

*Quene.* What noyse is this?

*Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawne.*

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

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

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Salub.* Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,  
Vnlesse Lord *Suffolk* 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 stuppeorne 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 disturbance your rest,  
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;  
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,  
Were there a Serpent scene, with forked Tongue,  
That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,  
It were but necessarie you were wak't:  
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,  
The mortal! *W<sup>o</sup>:me* 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 *Suffolk* i.;  
With whose inuenomed and fatall sting,  
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,  
They say is shrewfully bereft of life.

*Commons within.* An answer from the King, my Lord of *Salisbury*

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

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

*Kng.* Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,  
I thankē 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 hourely prophecie,  
Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolk*'s meane,  
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,  
Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,  
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

*Qu.* Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolk*.

*Kng.* Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.  
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 *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, goe with mee,  
I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*Qu.* Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,  
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,  
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:  
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,  
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

*Suff.* Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,  
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heauis leaue.

*Quene.* Fye

*Queen.* Eye Coward woman, and soft hartēd wretch,  
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

*Suf.* A plague vpon them : wherefore should I curse  
them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,  
I would invent as bitter searching termes,  
As curst, as harsh, and horriblie to heare,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signes of deadly hate,  
As leane-fac'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 ones 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 Rings :  
Their Musick, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,  
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.  
All the soule terrors in darke seated hell.

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

*Suf.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me leauē?  
Now by the ground that I am banisched from,  
Well could I curse away a Winters night,  
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,  
Where byting cold would never let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in pōrt.

*Q.* Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,  
That I may dew it with my mournfull teare :  
Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,  
To wash away my wofull Monuments.  
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That thou might'ſt thinkē 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 sursets, thinking on a want:  
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,  
Aduenture to be banisched my selfe :  
And banished I am, if but from thee.  
Go, speake not to me ; euen now be gone.

*Q.* 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.

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

Enter *Vaux*.

*Queen.* Whether goes *Vaux* so fast? What newes I  
presēce?

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

*Q.* 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 hours 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.

*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live,  
And in thy sight 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 Cradle-babe,  
Dying with mother's dugge betweene it's lips.  
Where from thy sight, 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 shold'ſt thou eyther turne my flying soule,  
Or I shold breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.  
To dye by thee, were bat to dye in iest,  
From thee to dye, were torture more then death :  
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Queen.* Away : Though parting be a freifull corafue,  
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.  
To France sweet Suffolke : Let me haue from thee :  
For where soever thou art in this world's Globe,  
Ile haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.

*Suf.* I go.

*Q.* And take my heart with thee.  
*Suf.* A Jewell lockt into the wofulſt Caske,  
That euer did containe a thing of worth,  
Euen as a splitted Barke, so funder we :  
This way fall I to death.

*Q.* This way for me. *Exiunt*

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

*King.* How fare'st my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy  
Souveraigne.

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

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

*War.* Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speaks to thee.

*Beau.* 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 confessē.

Alue 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*

## The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,  
Like Lime-twigs set to casch my winged soule:  
Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie  
Bring the strong poysen that I bought of him.

*King.* Oh thou eternall murther of the heauen,  
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,  
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,  
That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,  
And from his bosome purge this blakc'dispaire.

*War.* See how the pangs of death do make him grin.  
*Saf.* Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

*King.* 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.

*War.* So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.  
*King.* 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.*

*Lieu.* The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,  
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:  
And now laud houling Wolves arouse the Iades  
That drage the Tragick melancholy night:  
Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings  
Cleape dead-men's graves, and from their misty lawes,  
Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:  
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,  
For whilste our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,  
Heere shall they make their ransome on the sand,  
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.  
*Maister.* this Prisoner freely give I thee,  
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:  
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.

*1. Gent.* What is my ransome Master, let me know.  
*Ma.* A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

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

*Lieu.* 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 counter-poynd with such a pettie summe.

*1. Gent.* Ile giue it sir, and therefore spote my life.

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

*Whitm.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboord,  
And therefore to reuenge it, shalke thou dye,  
And so shalde these, if I might haue my will.

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

*Saf.* Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,  
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalbe payed.

*Whit.* And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.

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

*Saf.* Thy name affrightes 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 bloody-minded,  
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

*Whit.* *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 Merchant-like I sell reuenge,  
Broke be thy sword, my Armes borne and defac'd,  
And I prockin'd a Coward through the world.

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

*Whit.* The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragg'd  
*Saf.* I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

*Lieu.* But loue was never slaine as thou shalke be,  
Obscure and lowlie Swaine, King *Henry's* blood.

*Saf.* The honourable blood of Lancaster  
Must not be shed by such a iaded Grooming.  
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my Stirrup?  
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,  
And thought thee happy wher I shooke my head...  
How often haft thou waited at my cup,  
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,  
When I haue feasted with *Queene Margaret*?  
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-faine,  
I, and alay this thy abortiuе 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.

*Whit.* Speak Captaine, shall I stab the sorowrn Swain.  
*Lieu.* First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

*Saf.* Base slauie, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.  
*Lieu.* Convey him hence, and on our long boats side,  
Strike off his head. *Saf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

*Lieu.* Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,  
I kennell, puddie, sink, 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 sweep the ground:  
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphries* death,  
Against the seafelesse windes shall grin in vaine,  
Who in contempt shall bise at thee againe:

And wedded be thou to the Hages of hell,  
For daring to affye a mighty Lord  
Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King,  
Having neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:  
By diuellish policy art thou growne great,  
And like ambitious Sylla ever-gorg'd,  
With goblets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.  
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to France.

The false revolting Normans thorough thee,  
Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardis  
Hath slaine their Gouernors, surpriz'd our Forts,  
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.

The Princely Warwicke, and the *Nevells* all,  
Whose dreadfull swords were never 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

Aduaunce our halfe-fa'd Sunne, striuing to shine;  
Vnder the which is writ, *Innatis 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, convey him hence.

*Saf.* O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thander  
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 Ilyrian Pyrate.  
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives:  
It is impossible that I should dye

By

By such slowly Vallall as thy selfe.

Thy words move Rage, and no remorse in me:

I go of Message from the Queene to France?

I charge thee waffe me safely cross the Channell.

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

Suf. Pme gollidus timer occupat armis, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leave thee.

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

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speake him faire.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiell tongue is sterne and rough:

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

Fare be it, we shoule honor such as these

With humble fadre: 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 danee vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncover'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare.

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lew. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what crueltie ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.

Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.

A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slue

Murder'd sweet Tully. Bruyn Balaard hand

Stab'd Julius Casar. Savage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lew. 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.

Enter the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Wal. There let his head, and lyelesse bodie lyce,

Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. Exit Walter.

1. 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 living, held him deere.

Enter Bewis, and John Holland.

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

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Bewis. I tell thee, lacke Cade the Cloathier, meanes to dress the Common-wealthe and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was nener merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

Lewis. O miserable Age! Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Bewis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workmen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates belabouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

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

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

Z. Bewis. Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leacher of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Bewis. Then is hee strickt downe like an Ox, and ini-  
quities throte him like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Woaster.

Bew. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

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

Dramatis. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver,  
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

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

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemis shall fail before vs, inspired  
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-  
mand silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

Buch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lancies.

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

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

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. 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.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A man needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

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

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his ~~but~~ is of  
proose.

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

Cade. Be braue then, for your Capteine 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. Alkthe Realme shall be in Common, and in  
Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am  
King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Maiestie.

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

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

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-  
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lamb 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 Cleake.

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

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't  
Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

Bur. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Courte hand.

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

Clarke. Emmanuel.

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

Cade. Let me alone : Dost thou vse to write thy name? Or hast thou a mark to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

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

All. He hath confess : away with him : he's a Villaire and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say : Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

*Exit one with the Clarke*

*Enter Michael.*

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular sellew.

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

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

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently ; Rise vp Sir John Mortimer. Now haue at him.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staff. Rebelling Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows. Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages : forsake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you revolt,

Bur. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward : therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slauces 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 heire vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer, And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bur. And what of that?

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

Staff. I sir.

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

Bur. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question ; But I say, 'tis true : The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a begger-woman stolne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

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

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

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

All. I marry will we : therfore get ye gone.

Bur. Jacke Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir-rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Harry the fist, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him:

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'll haue the Lord Sayes head, for selling the Dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason : for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, 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 he is a Traitor.

Staff. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can : The Frenchmen are our enemies : go too then, I ask but this : Can he that speaks with t'c tongue 's an enemy, be a good Councillour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'll haue his head.

Bur. Well, seeing gentle words will not pacayle, Assisse them with the Army of the King.

Staff. Herald away, and throughout evry Towne, Proclame them Traitors that are vp with Cade, That those which fly before the battell ends, May even in their Wives and Childrens sight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores : And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me : *Exit.*

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 thrifte honest men, and such

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

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. 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.*

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

Bur. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therfore 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.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. 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 before vs.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaules, and let out the Prisoners.

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

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

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind, And

And makes it scarefull and degenerate,  
Thinke therefore on revenge, and cease to weepe.  
But who can ceate to weepe, and looke on this.  
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:  
But where's the body that I shoulde imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels  
Suplication?

King. 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 Jacke Cade their Generall.  
But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,  
Rul'd like a wandering Planne: ouer me:  
And could it not inforne them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord Say, Jacke Cade hath sworne to huue thy  
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam?  
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?  
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,  
Thou wouldest not haue mournid so much for me.

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

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com st thou in  
such halte?

Mes. The Rebels are in Southwakke: Fly my Lord:  
Jacke Cade proclaims 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 mercilessse:  
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,  
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:  
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,  
They call false Caterpillers, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracielesse men: they know not what they do.  
Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,  
Vntill a power be rai'd to put them downe.

Qu. As were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,  
Theire Kentish Rebels would be loone appeas'd.

King. Lord Say, the Traitor hateth thee,  
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:  
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:  
And therefore in this City will I stay,  
And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Jacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge,  
The Citizens flye and forake their houses:  
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,  
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare  
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels

vs. Trust no body for feare you betrayd.

Say. 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.

Scales. How now? Is Jacke Cade slaine?

I.Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:  
For they haue wonne the Bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them:  
The L. Major craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower  
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. 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 farewell, for I must hence againe. Exeunt

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

Cade. 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 Claret Wine  
This first yeare of our raigne.  
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,  
That calleth me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sold. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. They kill him.

Buc. If this Fellow be wise, he'll never call yee Jacke  
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together  
in Smithfield.

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

Exeunt omnes.

Ailar. . . Mathew Goffe is slaine, and all the rest.  
Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So sir: now go come and pull downe the Savoy:  
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Exe. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that  
word.

Buc. Only that the Lawes of England may come out  
of your mouth.

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

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

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

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

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-  
mon. Enter a Messenger.

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

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times : Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurid: & on Regall! What canst thou antwer to my Maiestie, for giv'g vp of Normandie vnto Meuniers *Sesimecu*, the Dauphine of France ? Be it knewne vnto thee by these prese icc:, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Besome that must sweep the Court cleane of such filth as thou art : Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, mherecting a Grammar Schoole : and whereas before, our Fore-fathers 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 Paper-Mill. It will be shewed to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that vnsually take of a Nowne, and a Verbe, and such abhominable worl'es, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they coulde not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeed) onely for that cause they haue beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hole and Doublets.

Dicke. And warke in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dicke. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this : 'Tis *bona terra, maius genit.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Hear me but speake, and beare mee wner'e you will :

Kent, in the Commentaries Cest're witt.,  
Is termed the ciuel & place of al this isle :  
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,  
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiu, Wealthy,  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.  
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandie,  
Yet to recover them would loose my life :  
Justice 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.  
Unlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits,  
You cannot but forbearre to murther me :  
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings  
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when struck'ft thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck Those that I never saw, and strucke them dead.

Ges. O monstrous Coward ! What, to come behinde Folkes ?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good  
Cade. Give him a box o'th' eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,  
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

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

Dicke. Why doft thou quiever man?

Say. The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddeth at vs, as who should say, He be eu en with you. He seeth his head will stand stedder on a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me : wherein haue I offendea mort?

Hau I affested wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Appareil sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I mur'd, that ye lecke my death?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,

This breast from harbouring soule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feele remorte in my selfe with his words : but He bridle it : he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder 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 James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countmen : If when you make your prais',  
God shoulde be so obdurate at your felues :  
How wouldest thou haue all your departed soules,  
And theire eyest riven, and lase my life.

Cade. Away with her, and do as I command ye : the proudest Peere in the Realme shall not weare a head on his shoulders, vntill he pay me tribute : there shall not a maid be married, but I le shall pay to me her Mayden-head ere they haue it : Men shal' be old of mee in Capite. And we cl'ge and command, that the i wifes be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tel.

Dicke. My Lord,  
When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodities vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer :  
Let them kylle one another : For they lou'd well  
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,  
Least they consult about the giuing vp  
Of soime more Townes in France. Soldiers,  
Deserte the spouse of the Citie vntill night:  
For with thele borne before vs, in stead of Maces,  
Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner  
Haue them kylle. Away.

Exit

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

Cade. Up Fish-street, 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  
Wher I command them kill?

Enter

*Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.*

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee: Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled, And heere pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countrymen, will ye relent And yeeld to mercy, whil'st it is offered you, Or let a rabble lead you to your death? Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon, Fling vp his cap, and say, God sauе his Maiesy. Who hateth him, and honors not his Father, Henry the fift, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God sauē the King, God sauē the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue? And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leauē me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue gauen out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Daſtarcs, and delight to haue Inſlauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthenes, take your houses over your heads, rauish your Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for eare, and ſo Gods Curse light vpon you all.

All. Wee'll follow Cade,  
Wee'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the ſonne of Henry the fift, That thus you do exclaime you I go with him. Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you Earle, and Dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to aby too: Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the ſcible, Vailes by robbing of your Friends, and vs. Wer't not a shame, that whilſt you liue at iarde, The fearefull French, whom you late vanquished Should make a ſart ore-leas, and vanquifh you? Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle, I ſee them Lording it in London ſtreets, Crying Villago vnto all they meete. Better ten thousand base-borne Cades miſcarry, Then you ſhould ſtope vnto a Frenchmans mercy. To France, to France, and get what you haue lost: Spare England, for it is your Native Coast: Henry hath mony, you are ſtrong and manly: God on our ſide, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,  
Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather ſo lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred miſchieves, and makes them leauē mee deſolate. 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 wiſteſt of you, and heauens and honor be wiþneſſe, that no want of reſolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treaſons, makes me betake mee to my heelies.

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

*Exeunt ſome of them.*

Fellow me ſouldiers, wee'l deuife a meane, To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

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

King. Was ever King that ioy'd in 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.*

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesy.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade impriſon'd? Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.*

Clif. 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.

King. Then heauen ſet ope thy euclafing gates, To entertaine my voies of thankes and praife. 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, Afflue your ſelues will neuer be vnkinde: And ſo with thankes, and pardon to you all, I do diſmiffle you to your ſeuerall Countries.

All. God sauē the King, God sauē the King.

*Enter a Mifſerger.*

Mif. 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 Gallow-glasses 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 teameſt a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my ſlate, '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 druen backe, his men diſprieſd, And now is Yorke in Armes, to ſecond him. I pray thee Buckingham go and meeke 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, Untill his Army be diſmiffle from him.

Somerset. My Lord, He yeelde my ſelfe to priſon willingly, Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

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

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

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

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt.  
Enter*

Enter Cade.

*Cade.* Eye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five 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 Briske wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grassie, 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 braine-pau had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath seru'd me insteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

*Iden.* 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 envy: Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

*Cade.* Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple 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 pincere thou and I part.

*Iden.* 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 sawcie termes?

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

*Iden.* Nay, it shall neare 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 out-face me with thy looks: 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 digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whose greatnessse answer's words, Let this my sword report what speech for heales.

*Cade.* By my Valour: the most compleate Champion on that euer I heard. Steeke, 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 loue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Here they fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and give me but the ten meales I haue lost, and I'd defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of Cade is fled.

*Iden.* 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 th: Honor that thy Master got.

*Cade.* Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dies.*

*Iden.* 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 heelles Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue, And there cut off thy most vngacious head, Which I will beare in triumph to the King, Leauing thy trunke for Croves to feed vpon. *Exe.*

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

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

Enter Buckingham.

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

*Buc.* Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well. *Yor.* Humphrey of Buckingham. I accept thy greeting. Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

*Buc.* A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne, Should raise so great a power without his leaue? Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

*Yor.* Scarce can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abiect tearmes. And now like *Ajax 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 given no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly. The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is

Is no somme proud Somerset from the King,  
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

*Buc.* That is too much presumption on thy part:  
But if by Armes be to no other end,  
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:  
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*Yorke.* Upon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

*Buck.* Upon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

*Yorke.* Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.  
Souldiers, I thank you all: disperse your selues:  
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,  
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.  
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,  
Command my self sonne, nay all my sonnes,  
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,  
Ile send them al as willing as I live:  
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, anything I haue  
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.

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

Enter King and Attendants.

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

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

*K.* Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

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

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

*Iden.* 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.

*King.* The head of Cade! Great God, how iust art thou?  
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?

*Iden.* I was, an't like your Maiestie.

*King.* How a. t thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name,  
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

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

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

*Iden.* May Iden liue to merit such a bountie,  
And never liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

*K.* See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,  
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

*Qu.* For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,  
But holdly stand, and front him to his face.

*Yor.* 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 haft thou broken faith with me,  
Knewing how hardy I can brooke abuse?  
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:  
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,  
Which darst not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:  
Thy Hand is made to grapse a Palmers staffe,  
And not to grace an awefull Princehly 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.

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

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

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

*Yorke.* O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,  
Out-cast 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'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

*Qu.* And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

*Clif.* Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

*Yor.* 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.

*Clif.* 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.

*King.* I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor  
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

*Clif.* He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pare of his.

*Qu.* He is arrested, but will not obey:  
His sonnes (he sayes) th'll give their words for him.

*Yor.* Will you not Sonnes?

*Edw.* I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

*Rich.* And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.

*Clif.* Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?

*Yorke.* Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.  
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:  
Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,  
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,  
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres,  
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and  
Salisbury.

*Clif.* Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Beares to deas,  
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,  
If thou darst bring them to the boyting place.

*Rich.* Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,  
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,  
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,  
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,  
And such a pece of seruice will you do,

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

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If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke.

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

*Yor.* Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

*Clif.* Take heede leait by your heate you burne your  
selues:

*King.* Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?  
Old Salsbury, shame to thy siluer haire,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick sonne,  
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Russiane  
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 nickle age.

*Sal.* 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 seate.

*King.* Hast thou not sworne Allegiance vnto me?

*Sal.* I haue.

*Ks.* Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?  
*Sal.* 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 reave the Orphan of his Patrimonie,  
To wryng the Widdow from her custom'd right,  
And haue no other reason for this wrong,  
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

*Qu.* A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

*King.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.  
*Yor.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.

*Old Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true  
*War.* You were best to go to bed, and dreams againe,  
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

*Old 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.

*War.* Now by my Fathers badge, old *Nenius* Crest,  
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,  
This day He 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.

*Old Clif.* And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,  
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,  
Despight the Bearard, that protec'ts the Beare.

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

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

*To Clif.* Foule stygmatyke that's more then thou  
canst tell.

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

*Enter Warwicke.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calleth:  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarm,  
And dead mens cries do fill the empie syre,  
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.*

*War.* How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.

*Yor.* The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:  
But match to match I haue encountered him,  
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes  
Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.

*Enter Clifford.*

*War.* Of one or both of vs the time is come.

*Yor.* Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace  
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

*War.* Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightest:  
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,  
It greeves my soule to leave thee vnaissail'd. *Exit War.*

*Clif.* What seest thou in me Yorke?  
Why do'st thou pause?

*Yorke.* With thy braus bearing should I be in loue,  
But that thou art so fast mine enemie.

*Clif.* Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,  
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

*Yorke.* So let it helpe me now against thy sword,  
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

*Clif.* My soule and bodie on the action both.

*Yor.* A dreefull day, addresse thee instantly.

*Clif.* La fai Corrone les eumenes.

*Yor.* Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for *Yorke* still,  
Peace with his scule, heauen if it be thy will.

*Enter young Clifford.*

*Clif.* Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,  
Feare framis disorder, and disorder wounds.

Where it should guard. O Warre, then sonne of hell,  
Whom angry Ieauers do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen hyscires of our part,  
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Soldier flye.

He that is truely dedicte to Warre,  
Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,

Hath not eternally, but by ex'e instance

The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,

And the preuis'd calamities 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 atchieve

The Siluer Livery of aduised Age,

And in thy Reverence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus

To die in Russian 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 reclames,

Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:

Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.

Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,

Into as many gobbes will I cut it

As wilde *Menelaus* yong *Absyrtus* did.

In crueltie, will I fecke out my Fame,

Come thou new iuine of olde Cliffords house:

As did *Eneas* old Anchises beare,

So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:

But then, *Eneas* bare a living loade;

o 3

Nothing

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

*Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.*

*Rich.* So lyt thou there :  
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,  
The Cattle in S. Albans, Somerset  
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death :  
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still :  
Priestes psey for enemies, byt Princes kill.  
*Fight.*      *Excursions.*

*Enter King, Queen, and others.*

*Qu.* Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.  
*King.* Can we outrun the Heavens? Good Margaret stay.

*Qu.* What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:  
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,  
To glorie 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,  
(As well we may, if not through your negle:ct)  
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.*

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

*Exeunt*

*Alarme. Retire.* Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke,  
and Soldiers, with Drums & Colours.  
*Yorke.* Of Salsbury, 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 Salsbury be lost.

*Rich.* 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 aet:  
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!

*Enter Salubry.*

*Sal.* 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 live:  
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.

*Yorke.* 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 Wits go forth.

What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*War.* 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 Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.      *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

