

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Great-uncle to the King; Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.
Mortimer's Keepers. A Lawyer.

VERNON, of the White-Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red-Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

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

ACT I

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY THE FIFTH attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death! 5
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command: 9
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, 12
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered. 16

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory 20
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? 24
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings. 28

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd 33

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe. 36

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like thou art protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,

More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

ACT I, SCENE I]

503

HENRY VI, Pt. 1

Bed. Cease these jars and rest your minds in peace! 44

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years, 48
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,

Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke: 52
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright— 56

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What sayst thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death. 64

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again

These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd? 68

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought, 72

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all, 76

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; 80
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

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

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France. 84

Give me my steeled coat: I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries. 88

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims; 92

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon fieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him! 96

O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight 105

Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

Third Mess. O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown: 108

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop, 112

By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers; 116

Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued; 120
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:
The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms; 125

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain, 128

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,

If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward,—plac'd behind, 132

With purpose to relieve and follow them,—
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies. 136

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;

Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease

Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd. 144

Third Mess. O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,

And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay: 143
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
 Farewell, my masters; to my task will I; 152
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 156
Third Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
 The English army is grown weak and faint;
 The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, 160
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
 Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. 164
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
 To go about my preparation. [Exit.
Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
 To view the artillery and munition; 168
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king.
 [Exit.
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
 Being ordain'd his special governor;
 And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.
Win. Each hath his place and function to attend: 173
 I am left out; for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.
 The king from Eltham I intend to steal, 176
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces:
 ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
 So in the earth, to this day is not known.
 Late did he shine upon the English side;
 Now we are victors; upon us he smiles. 4
 What towns of any moment but we have?
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
 Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. 8
Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
 Either they must be dieted like mules
 And have their provender tied to their mouths,
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice. 12
Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
 Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall; 16
 Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
 Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
 When he sees me go back one foot or fly.
 [Exeunt.

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a retreat.
Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
 Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled
 But that they left me 'midst my enemies. 24
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
 He fighteth as one weary of his life:
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey. 28
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
 During the time Edward the Third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified; 32
 For none but Samsons and Goliases,
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'ersuppose
 They had such courage and audacity? 36
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
 Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
 The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
 By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone. 44
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd: 48
 Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 Which by a vision sent to her from heaven 52
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
 And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; 56
 What's past and what's to come she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
 For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [Exit BASTARD.] But first, to try her skill, 60
 Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
 Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [Retires.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE and Others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats? 64
Joan. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
 I know thee well, though never seen before.
 Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me: 68
 In private will I talk with thee apart.
 Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Joan. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter, 72
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
 Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
 To shine on my contemptible estate:
 Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs, 76
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me,
 And in a vision full of majesty
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation 80
 And free my country from calamity:
 Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before, 84
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible
 And I will answer unpremeditated: 88
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
 If thou receive me for thy war-like mate. 92
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true; 96
 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
Joan. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard, 100
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.
Joan. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
 [They fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes.
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon, 104
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Joan. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me: 108
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant and not sovereign be;
 'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus. 112
Joan. I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above:
 When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
 Then will I think upon a recompense. 116
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
 Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean? 121
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on? 124
 Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Joan. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
 Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it out. 128
Joan. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
 This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
 Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
 Since I have entered into these wars. 132
 Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
 With Henry's death the English circle ends;
 Dispersed are the glories it included. 137
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship
 Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
 Thou with an eagle art inspired then. 141
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays and let us raise the siege. 146
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
 Drive them from Orleans and be immortalis'd.
Char. Presently we'll try. Come, let's away about it: 150
 No prophet will I trust if she prove false.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter at the Gates the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Serving-men, in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
 Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
 Where be these warders that they wait not here?
 Open the gates! 'Tis Gloucester that calls. 4
 [Servants knock.
First Ward. [Within.] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?
First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.
Sec. Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
First Serv. Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector? 8

First Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do not otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I.

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

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*GLOUCESTER'S Men rush at the Tower gates, and WOODVILLE the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates! here's Gloucester that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him

'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,

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

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:

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

First Serv. Open the gates unto the Lord Protector;

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

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Serving-men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

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

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:

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

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

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

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

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

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth

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

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;

Blue coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[*GLOUCESTER and his men attack the CARDINAL.*

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,

In spite of pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry a rope! a rope!

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

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

Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOUCESTER'S Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

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

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

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens;

One that still motions war and never peace,

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,

That seeks to overthrow religion

Because he is protector of the realm,

And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife

But to make open proclamation.

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

Cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;

But we shall meet and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:

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

May. I'll call for clubs if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester! guard thy head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt, severally, GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER, with their Serving-men.*

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear;

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

SCENE IV.—*France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me

How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd

Wont through a secret gate of iron bars

In yonder tower to overpeer the city,

And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;

And fully even these three days have I watch'd

If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care; 21

I'll never trouble you if I may spy them. [*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT; SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and Others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner

Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;

For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man at arms by far

Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:

Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death

Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:

Whom with my bare fists I would execute

If I now had him brought into my power.

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

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all:

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me,

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly.

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endure;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one,

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:

Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think at the North gate; for there stand lords.

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

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

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

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.

Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;

Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;

Thou shalt not die, whiles—

He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,

As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.'

Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*It thunders and lightens. An alarm.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,

A holy prophetess new risen up

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:

Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard French-
men dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. Enter TALBOT, pursuing the DAUPHIN; drives him in, and exit: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee:
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Joan. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*]

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

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

[*A short alarum; then LA PUCELLE enters the town with Soldiers.*
O'er take me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

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

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is entered into Orleans
In spite of us or aught that we could do.

O! would I were to die with Salisbury.
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his Forces, &c.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Joan. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetic! 8
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?

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

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

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Before Orleans.*

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

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

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall.

[*Exit Sergeant.*
Thus are poor servitors—
When others sleep upon their quiet beds—
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubt Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted;
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,

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

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

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial! 21
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

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

Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

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

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear

How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying, 'Saint George!' 'A Talbot!' and all enter the town.*]

First Sent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the Walls in their shirts.
Enter, several ways, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

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

Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,

Ne'er heard I of a war-like enterprise

More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

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

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Joan. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been so safely kept

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how or which way should they first break in?

Joan. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

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

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Orleans. Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*
Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury, 4
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him 8
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb wherein his corse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

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

Bur. Myself—as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night—
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly run-
ning,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak
with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Au-
vergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouch-
safe

To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

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

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world
of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners
will;

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone,—since there's no re-
medy,—

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive
my mind.

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

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in
charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys to
me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out
right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomiris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine
ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,

By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

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

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,

That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

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

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to
me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years

Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth

shall turn to moan.

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

Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see is but the smallest part

And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a horn. Drums strike up; a peal of
ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Sol-
diers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor miscon-
ster

The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me; I
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

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

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too
loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the
truth,

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

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

And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the
higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
mouth;

Between two blades, which bears the better
temper;

Between two horses, which doth bear him best;

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;

I have perhaps, some shallow spirit of judg-
ment;

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

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbear-
ance:

The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath
to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flat-
terer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and, without all
colour

Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somers-
et:

And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck
no more,

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well ob-
jected:

If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the
case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Law. [To SOMERSET.] Unless my study and
my books be false,

The argument you held was wrong in you,
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argu-
ment?

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

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet, 'Tis nor for fear but anger that thy cheeks Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses, And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

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

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

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

Suf. Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.

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

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

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

War. Now, by God's will thou wrong'st him, Somerset:

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,

And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

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

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

Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:

And so farewell until I meet thee next. *[Exit.]*

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

Plan. How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;

And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Meantime in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still would I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

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

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Tower.
Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.

Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;

And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
First Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:

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

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,

This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:

O! tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;

And in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd a lavish tongue

And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,

In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause

My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,

And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

Was curs'd instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,

Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the North,

Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.

The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus re-

mov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—

I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am

From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir,

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth

Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd

From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,

Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem

And have install'd me in the diadem;

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,

In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

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

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,

And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:

But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.

But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,

As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

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

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me,—as the slaughterer doth,

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.—
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,

And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! *[Dies.]*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out the body of MORTIMER.]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,

I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,

Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. *[Exit.]*

ACT III

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament House.

Flourish. *Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK;*

the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,

Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,

Do it without invention, suddenly;