

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—  
More than in women commonly is seen—  
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;  
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
If with a lady of so high resolve  
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love. 76  
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with  
me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.  
*K. Hen.* Whether it be through force of your  
report,

My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that 80  
My tender youth was never yet attain'd  
With any passion of inflaming love,  
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,  
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast, 84  
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to  
France;  
Agree to any covenants, and procure 88  
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

To cross the seas to England and be crown'd  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge, 92  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for till you do return  
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
And you, good uncle, banish all offence: 96  
If you do censure me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me, where, from company  
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *[Exit.*

*Glo.* Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and  
last. *[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER.*  
*Suf.* Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus  
he goes, 103

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;  
With hope to find the like event in love,  
But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the  
king; 107

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.  
*[Exit.*

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, Great-  
Uncle to the King.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.  
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.  
DUKE OF SOMERSET,  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } of the King's Party.  
LORD CLIFFORD,  
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his Son.  
EARL OF SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.  
EARL OF WARWICK, }  
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.  
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his  
Brother.  
LORD SAY.  
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.  
WALTER WHITMORE.  
SIR JOHN STANLEY.  
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.  
VAUX.  
MATTHEW GOFFE.  
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a Conjurer.  
A Spirit raised by him.  
THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.  
PETER, his Man.  
Clerk of Chatham.  
Mayor of St. Alban's.  
SIMPCOX, an Impostor.  
Two Murderers.  
JACK CADE, a Rebel.  
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the Butcher,  
SMITH the Weaver, MICHAEL, &c., Followers of  
CADE.  
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.  
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.  
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch.  
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald, Petitioners,  
Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens,  
Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers,  
&c.

SCENE.—In various parts of England.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—London. A room of State in the  
Palace.

*Flourish of Trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on  
one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,  
SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAU-  
FORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in  
by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM,  
and Others, following.*

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,  
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace; 4  
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,  
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,  
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaine, and  
Alençon,  
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend  
bishops, 8  
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen 12  
To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-  
stance  
Of that great shadow I did represent;  
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd. 16

*K. Hen.* Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen  
Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love  
Than this kind kiss. O Lord! that lends me life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20  
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Q. Mar.* Great King of England and my  
gracious lord, 24

The mutual conference that my mind hath had  
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,  
In courtly company, or at my beads,  
With you, mine alderliest sovereign, 28  
Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish, but her grace  
in speech, 32

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my  
love. 36

*All.* Long live Queen Margaret, England's  
happiness!

*Q. Mar.* We thank you all. *[Flourish.*

*Suf.* My Lord Protector, so it please your  
Grace,



Here are the articles of contracted peace  
Between our sovereign and the French King  
Charles,  
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*Glo.* Imprimis, It is agreed between the  
French king, Charles, and William De la Pole,  
Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry  
King of England, that the said Henry shall  
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto  
Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jeru-  
salem, and crown her Queen of England ere the  
thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, That  
the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine  
shall be released and delivered to the king her  
father.—  
[Lest the paper fall.]

*K. Hen.* Uncle, how now!

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

*K. Hen.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*Car.* Item, It is further agreed between  
them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
shall be released and delivered over to the king  
her father; and she sent over of the King of  
England's own proper cost and charges, with-  
out having any dowry.

*K. Hen.* They please us well. Lord mar-  
quess, kneel down:

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your Grace from being  
regent

I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen  
months

Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]  
*Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the  
state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in  
awe?

And hath his highness in his infancy  
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?

And shall these labours and these honours die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?

O peers of England! shameful is this league,  
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,

Blotting your names from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown,

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

*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate  
discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance?  
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

*Glo.* Ay, uncle; we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine

Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*Sal.* Now, by the death of him who died for  
all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy.  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

*War.* For grief that they are past recovery:  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,

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

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

*Mort Dieu!*  
*York.* For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffo-  
cate,

That dims the honour of this war-like isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart

Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had

Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;  
And our King Henry gives away his own.

To match with her that brings no vantages.  
*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,

That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
For costs and charges in transporting her!

She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd  
in France,

Before—  
*Car.* My Lord of Gloucester, now you grow  
too hot:

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.  
*Glo.* My Lord of Winchester, I know your  
mind:

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.

Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury. If I longer stay

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]  
*Car.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown:  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
What though the common people favour him,

Calling him, 'Humphrey, the good Duke of  
Gloucester;'

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,  
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'

With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

He will be found a dangerous protector.  
*Buck.* Why should he then protect our

sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his  
seat.

*Car.* This weighty business will not brook  
delay;

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]  
*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-  
phrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:

His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside:

If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.  
*Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be pro-  
tector,

Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.  
[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*]

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition follows  
him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester,  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal  
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,  
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.  
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-  
keeping,

Have won the greatest favour of the commons,  
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,  
In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the  
people.

Join we together for the public good,  
In what we can to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,  
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's  
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.  
*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the

land,  
And common profit of his country!

*York.* [*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath  
greatest cause.

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

*War.* Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost!  
That Maine which by main force Warwick did

win,  
And would have kept so long as breath did last:

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant  
Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.  
[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

*York.* Anjou and Maine are given to the  
French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy  
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair  
daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?  
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their  
pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;

While as the silly owner of the goods  
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stands  
aloof,

While all is shar'd and all is borne away,  
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:

So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue  
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Methinks the realms of England, France, and  
Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood  
As did the fatal brand Althaea burn'd

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.  
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,  
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts

And make a show of love to proud Duke Hum-  
phrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,

To pry into the secrets of the state;  
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

With his new bride and England's dear-bought  
queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-  
fum'd,

And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the  
crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England  
down.

[*Exit.*]



SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S House.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and his DUCHESS.*

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

As frowning at the favours of the world? 4  
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem  
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world? 8  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same.  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:  
What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine; 12

And having both together heav'd it up,  
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
And never more abase our sight so low  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord, 17  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:  
And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world! 21  
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

*Duch.* What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.  
*Glo.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
And on the pieces of the broken wand 28  
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,

And William De la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.  
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

*Duch.* Tut! this was nothing but an argument 32

That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought I sat in seat of majesty 36  
In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the diadem. 40

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:

Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him? 44  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself 48  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

*Duch.* What, what, my lord! are you so choleric

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream? 52  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.

*Glo.* Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord Protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure 56

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

*Glo.* I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

*Duch.* Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

*[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and Messenger.]*  
Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man, 68

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*Hume.* Jesus preserve your royal majesty!  
*Duch.* What sayst thou? majesty! I am but Grace.

*Hume.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice, 72

Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.

*Duch.* What sayst thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer? 76  
And will they undertake to do me good?

*Hume.* This they have promised, to show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions 80  
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

*Duch.* It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return  
We'll see these things effected to the full. 84  
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confed'rates in this weighty cause. *[Exit.]*

*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume! 88

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:  
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. 92

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:  
I dare not say from the rich cardinal

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain, 96  
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess  
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, 'A crafty knave does need no broker';  
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last 104  
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,  
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.

Sort how it will I shall have gold for all. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's man, being one.*

*First Pet.* My masters, let's stand close: my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill. 4

*Sec. Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

*Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.*

*First Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure. 8

*Sec. Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk and not my Lord Protector.

*Suf.* How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me? 12

*First Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my Lord Protector.

*Q. Mar.* *[Glancing at the Superscriptions.]* To my Lord Protector! are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

*First Pet.* Mine is, an't please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, my wife and all, from me. 21

*Suf.* Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford!* How now, sir knave! 25

*Sec. Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

*Peter.* *[Presenting his petition.]* Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

*Q. Mar.* What sayst thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown? 32

*Peter.* That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

*Suf.* Who is there? 36

*Enter Servants.*

Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

*[Exeunt Servants with PETER.]*

*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected 40

Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew and sue to him.

*[Tears the petitions.]*  
Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

*All.* Come, let's be gone. 44

*[Exeunt Petitioners.]*  
*Q. Mar.* My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion of the court of England?  
Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king? 48  
What! shall King Henry be a pupil still  
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,  
And must be made a subject to a duke? 52

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours  
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
I thought King Henry had resembled thee 56

In courage, courtship, and proportion:  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ; 61  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals 64  
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head:  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

*Suf.* Madam, be patient; as I was cause 68  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your Grace's full content.

*Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Bucking- 72  
ham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of these  
But can do more in England than the king.

*Suf.* And he of these that can do most of all  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: 76  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much

As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies, 80

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty. 84  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-born callot as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day

The very train of her worst wearing gown 88  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds 92  
That she will light to listen to the lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;  
For I am bold to counsel you in this. 96

Although we fancy not the cardinal,



Yet must we join with him and with the lords  
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in dis-  
grace.

As for the Duke of York, this late complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit:  
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a sennet. Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and  
SOMERSET; DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALIS-  
BURY, and WARWICK.*

*K. Hen.* For my part, noble lords, I care not  
which;

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

*York.* If York have ill demean'd himself in  
France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

*Som.* If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

*War.* Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or  
no,

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

*Car.* Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters  
speak.

*War.* The cardinal's not my better in the  
field.

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

*War.* Warwick may live to be the best of  
all.

*Sal.* Peace, son! and show some reason,  
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

*Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will  
have it so.

*Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself  
To give his censure: these are no women's  
matters.

*Q. Mar.* If he be old enough, what needs  
your Grace

To be protector of his excellence?

*Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;  
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

*Suf.* Resign it then and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but  
thou?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;  
And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

*Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the  
clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

*Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings and thy  
wife's attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

*Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution  
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law.

*Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices and towns in  
France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLOUCESTER. The QUEEN drops  
her fan.*]

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*Giving the DUCHESS a box on the ear.*  
*I cry you mercy, madam, was it you?*

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

Could I come near your beauty with my nails  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against  
her will.

*Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look  
to't in time;

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a  
baby;

Though in this place most master wear no  
breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit.*  
*Buck.* Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,  
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER.*

*Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown  
With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.  
As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:  
But God in mercy so deal with my soul

As I in duty love my king and country!  
But to the matter that we have in hand.

I say, my sov'reign, York is meetest man  
To be your regent in the realm of France.

*Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave  
To show some reason, of no little force,  
That York is most unmeet of any man.

*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am un-  
meet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;  
Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.  
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.  
*War.* That can I witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.

*Suf.* Peace, headstrong Warwick!

*War.* Image of pride, why should I hold my  
peace?

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in  
HORNOR and PETER.*

*Suf.* Because here is a man accus'd of trea-  
son:

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!  
*York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

*K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell  
me, what are these?

*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason.

His words were these: that Richard, Duke of  
York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

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*K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

*Hor.* An't shall please your majesty, I never  
said nor thought any such matter: God is my  
witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, he did  
speak them to me in the garret one night, as  
we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

*York.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.

I do beseech your royal majesty

Let him have all the rigour of the law.

*Hor.* Alas! my lord, hang me if ever I spake  
the words. My accuser is my prentice; and  
when I did correct him for his fault the other

day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even  
with me: I have good witness of this: therefore  
I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an

honest man for a villain's accusation.

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

*Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

Because in York this breeds suspicion;  
And let these have a day appointed them

For single combat in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.  
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's

doom.

*K. Hen.* Then be it so. My Lord of Somerset,  
We make your Grace lord regent o'er the  
French.

*Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*Hor.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*Pet.* Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's  
sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth  
against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I  
shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my

heart!

*Glo.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be  
hang'd.

*K. Hen.* Away with them to prison; and the  
day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. The DUKE OF  
GLOUCESTER'S Garden.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,  
and BOLINGBROKE.*

*Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I  
tell you, expects performance of your promises.

*Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore pro-  
vided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our  
exorcisms?

*Hume.* Ay; what else? fear you not her  
courage.

*Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a  
woman of invincible spirit: but it shall be con-  
venient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft

while we be busy below; and so, I pray you,  
go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*]

Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel  
on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and  
let us to our work.

*Enter DUCHESS aloft, HUME following.*

*Duch.* Well said, my masters, and welcome  
all.

To this gear the sooner the better.

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know  
their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the  
night,

The time of night when Troy was set on fire; 20  
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs  
howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their  
graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies belong-  
ing, and make the circle; BOLINGBROKE,  
or SOUTHWELL reads, Conjuro te, &c. It  
thunders and lightens terribly; then the  
Spirit riseth.*]

*Spir. Adsum.*

*M. Jourd. Asmath!*

By the eternal God, whose name and power 28  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from  
hence.

*Spir.* Ask what thou wilt. That I had said  
and done!

*Boling.* First, of the king: what shall of him  
become?

*Spir.* The Duke yet lives that Henry shall  
depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL  
writes the answers.*]

*Boling.* What fate awaits the Duke of Suf-  
folk?

*Spir.* By water shall he die and take his end.

*Boling.* What shall befall the Duke of Somers-  
et?

*Spir.* Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.  
*Boling.* Descend to darkness and the burn-  
ing lake!

False fiend, avoid!  
[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their  
Guards, and Others.*

*York.* Lay hands upon these traitors and  
their trash.

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

What! madam, are you there? the king and  
commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:  
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's  
king,

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.  
*Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call  
you this? [*Showing her the papers.*]

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close



And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us:  
Stafford, take her to thee.—<sup>55</sup>

[*Exeunt above, DUCHESS and HUME guarded.*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.  
All, away!

[*Exeunt SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, &c., guarded.*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you  
watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!  
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?<sup>61</sup>

*The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

Why, this is just,<sup>64</sup>

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?*

*By water shall he die and take his end.*<sup>68</sup>

*What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?*

*Let him shun castles:*

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains*

*Than where castles mounted stand.*<sup>72</sup>

Come, come, my lords; these oracles

Are hardly attain'd, and hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint

Alban's;

With him, the husband of this lovely lady:<sup>76</sup>

Thither go these news as fast as horse can carry

them,

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my

Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.<sup>80</sup>

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.

Who's within there, ho!

*Enter a Serving-man.*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*St. Alban's.*

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers, hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the  
brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.<sup>4</sup>

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your

falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

To see how God in all his creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.<sup>8</sup>

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the

clouds.

Glo. Ay, my Lord Cardinal; how think you

by that?<sup>16</sup>

Were it not good your Grace could fly to hea-

ven?<sup>16</sup>

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and

thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;<sup>20</sup>

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and common-

weal!

Glo. What! cardinal, is your priesthood

grown peremptory?<sup>24</sup>

*Tantene animis celestibus ira?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such

malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-

comes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.<sup>28</sup>

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine

insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace,<sup>32</sup>

Good queen, and whet not on these furious

peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make

Against this proud protector with my sword!<sup>36</sup>

Glo. [*Aside to the CARDINAL.*] Faith, holy

uncle, would 'twere come to that!

Car. [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*] Marry, when

thou dar'st.

Glo. [*Aside to the CARDINAL.*] Make up no

faction numbers for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.<sup>40</sup>

Car. [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*] Ay, where thou

dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport. [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*]

Come with thy two-hand sword.<sup>45</sup>

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd? [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*]

the east side of the grove.

Glo. [*Aside to the CARDINAL.*] Cardinal, I

am with you.<sup>48</sup>

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my

lord.—

[*Aside to the CARDINAL.*] Now, by God's mother,

priest, I'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.<sup>52</sup>

Car. [*Aside to GLOUCESTER.*] *Medice teipsum;*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your

stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!<sup>56</sup>

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?  
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter One, crying, 'A Miracle.'*

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?<sup>60</sup>

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what

miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's

shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.<sup>65</sup>

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to be-

lieving souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his*

*Brethren, and SIMPCOX, borne between two*

*persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multi-*

*tude following.*

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.<sup>69</sup>

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly

vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near

the king:<sup>72</sup>

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the cir-

cumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What! hast thou been long blind, and now

restor'd?<sup>76</sup>

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.<sup>80</sup>

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou

couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like

your Grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath

been great to thee:<sup>84</sup>

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou

here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?<sup>88</sup>

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being

call'd

A hundred times and oft'ner in my sleep,

By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time

and oft<sup>93</sup>

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.<sup>96</sup>

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O! born so, master.

Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?

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

youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very

dear.<sup>100</sup>

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that

wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas! master, my wife desir'd some

damsons,

And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not

serve.<sup>104</sup>

Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open

them:

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank

God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Sayst thou me so? What colour is this

cloak of?<sup>108</sup>

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is

my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour

jet is of?<sup>112</sup>

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns before this day a

many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?<sup>116</sup>

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?<sup>120</sup>

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,

master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest

knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born

blind, thou mightst as well have known all our

names as thou dost to name the several colours we do

wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but

suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;

and would ye not think that cunning to be great,

that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!<sup>133</sup>

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you

not beadles in your town, and things called

whips?<sup>136</sup>

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither

straight. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

[*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean

to save yourself from whipping, leap me over

this stool and run away.<sup>144</sup>

Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand

alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.*

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your

legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over

that same stool.<sup>149</sup>



*Bead.* I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.  
*Simp.* Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away: and the people follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*]

*K. Hen.* O God! seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

*Q. Mar.* It made me laugh to see the villain run.

*Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

*Wife.* Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

*Glo.* Let them be whipp'd through every market town

Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, Under the countenance and confederacy

Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife, The ringleader and head of all this rout,

Have practis'd dangerously against your state, Dealing with witches and with conjurers:

Whom we have apprehended in the fact; Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,

Demanding of King Henry's life and death, And other of your highness' privy council,

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

*Car.* And so, my Lord Protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's

edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers; And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom.

*K. Hen.* O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

*Q. Mar.* Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal, How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands. Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is, but if she have forgot Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company, And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

*K. Hen.* Well, for this night we will repose us here:

To-morrow toward London back again, To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers; And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. The DUKE OF YORK'S Garden.

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

*York.* Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave, In this close walk to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title, Which is infallible to England's crown.

*Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

*War.* Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*York.* Then thus: Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third, Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster; The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last. Edward the Black Prince died before his father,

And left behind him Richard, his only son, Who after Edward the Third's death, reign'd

as king;

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,

And him to Pomfret; where as all you know, Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

*War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth; Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

*York.* Which now they hold by force and not by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

*Sal.* But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

*York.* The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe a daughter, Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of

March:

Edmund had issue Roger, Earl of March: Roger had issue Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; And but for Owen Glendower, had been king,

Who kept him in captivity till he died. But, to the rest.

*York.* His eldest sister, Anne, My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir To Roger, Earl of March; who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe, Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:

So, if the issue of the eldest son Succeed before the younger, I am king.

*War.* What plain proceeding is more plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the third. Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee, And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together, And in this private plot be we the first

That shall salute our rightful sovereign With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

*York.* We thank you, lords! But I am not your king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd, But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days, Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition, At Buckingham and all the crew of them,

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock, That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

*Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

*War.* My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself, Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick

The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of Justice.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,*

*MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

*K. Hen.* Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:

Receive the sentence of the law for sins Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.

You four, from hence to prison back again; From thence, unto the place of execution:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. You, madam, for you are more nobly born,

Despoiled of your honour in your life, Shall, after three days' open penance done,

Live in your country here, in banishment, With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

*Duch.* Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

*Glo.* Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.— [*Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief. Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground. I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;

Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself Protector be; and God shall be my hope,

My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet. And go in peace, Humphrey; no less below'd

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

*Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of years

Should be to be protected like a child. God and King Henry govern England's helm!

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

*Glo.* My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:

As willingly do I the same resign As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king! when I am dead and gone, May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit.*]

*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, scarce himself,

That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once;

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off; This staff of honour raght: there let it stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days. *York.* Lords, let him go. Please it your

majesty

This is the day appointed for the combat; And ready are the appellant and defendant,

The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, So please your highness to behold the fight.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.