

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested, 56
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: on the other side, PETER, with a drum and a sand-bag; and Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter! 68

First Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

Sec. Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices. 72

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already. 80

Sal. Come, leave your drinking and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth. 84

Sal. Peter! what more?
Peter. Thump.
Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow! 94

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.
[*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.*]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; 104

For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully. 108

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.
[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOUCESTER and Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. 4
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets, 8
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries. 16

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, with papers pinned upon her back, in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look! how they gaze. 20

See! how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame. 24
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ay, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself;

For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife, 28
And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice 32
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread. 36
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. 41

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was 44

As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock

To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;

For Suffolk, he that can do all in all 51
With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd, 56
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear: thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;

And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach? 64

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience; 68

These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month. 72

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. [Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff, let not her penance exceed the king's commission. 76

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here? 80

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

Glo. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;

And I may live to do you kindness if 84
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[Exit GLOUCESTER and Serving-men.]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee! 88

For none abides with me: my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 92
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be us'd according to your state. 96
Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:

According to that state you shall be us'd. 100
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharge'd. 104

Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet: 108

No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[Exit.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.

Sound a sennet. Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

K. Hen. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe 4
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself? 8

We know the time since he was mild and affable,
An if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, 13
When everyone will give the time of day,

He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, 16

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,

But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20

First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, 24

And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person

Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts, 28

And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;

Suffer them now and they'll o'ergrow the gar-
den,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation if you can
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this
duke;

And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by repute of his high descent,
As, next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sov'reign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults
unknown,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you
have of us,

Tomow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my con-
science,

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous than
this fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What
news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but
God's will be done!

York. [Aside.] Cold news for me; for I had
hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art
come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see
me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they
that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so
much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me
God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

That England was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was
protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,

And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,

Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor pas-
sengers,

I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness' name;

And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my
special hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah! gracious lord, these days are
dangerous.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;

Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;

But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's

malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;

Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sov'reign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up

My liefeest liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;

Myself had notice of your conventicles;
And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The ancient proverb will be well effected:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person

From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly

couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear

False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to

chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose,

indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!

And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here

all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
him sure.

Glo. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his
crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee
first.

Ah! that my fear were false, ah! that it were;
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOUCESTER.*
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best

Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the
parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd
with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,

For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah! uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case,

With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;

So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

Say 'Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exit.*
Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with
the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloucester's show

Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ring bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a

child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—

This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
And yet we want a colour for his death.

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But in my mind that were no policy:

The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;

And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy

death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have
him die.

Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for
his death.

But my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of
Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite, 249
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure
of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and were't not madness, then, 252

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over
Because his purpose is not executed. 256

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him;
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit. 264

Which mates him first that first intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely
spoke.

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

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word and I will be his priest. 272

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord
of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner; 276
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke
it, 280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
again,

To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword. 284

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;

For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient
stop! 288

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent
thither.

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd; 291
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done: 296

I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.

Show me one scar character'd on thy skin: 300
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What! worse than nought? nay, then
a shame take all.

Som. And in the number thee, that wishest
shame. 308

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune
is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:

To Ireland will you lead a band of men, 312
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent, 316

And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: provide me soldiers,
lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers; 328
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all except YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution: 332
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart. 336
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought
on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done, 341
To send me packing with a host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts. 344

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band, 348
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head, 352
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford, 357

To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen 364

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy, 368

And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.

This devil here shall be my substitute; 371
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble;

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.

Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured, 376
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.

Say that he thrive,—as 'tis great like he will,—
Why, then from Ireland come I with my
strength, 380

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Bury St. Edmund's. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let
him know

We have dispatch'd the duke, as he com-
manded.

Sec. Mur. O! that it were to do. What have
we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this
thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to
my house; 8

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? is all things well,
According as I gave directions? 12

First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.]

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,
Lords, and Others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence
straight;

Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day, 16
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[Exit.]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray
you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence, of good esteem, 21

He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should pre-
vail

That faultless may condemn a nobleman! 24
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words con-
tent me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why trem-
blest thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suf-
folk? 28

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester
is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-
night

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a
word. [The KING swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord? Help, lords!
the king is dead. 33

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the
nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope
thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again. Madam, be
patient. 36

K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
comfort!

K. Hen. What! doth my Lord of Suffolk
comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound? 44
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words:
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight! 48

Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away; come, basilisk, 52

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy.

In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suf-
folk thus? 56

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:

And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life, 61
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking
sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive. 64
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:
 It may be judg'd I made the duke away:
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be
 wounded, 68
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah! woe is me for Gloucester,
 wretched man. 72
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than
 he is.
 What! dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper; look on me. 75
 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
 Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
 Erect his statua and worship it, 80
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward wind from England's
 bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime? 84
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say, 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts 88
 And he that loos'd them forth their brazen
 caves;
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed
 shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer, 92
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd
 on shore
 With tears as salt as sea through thy unkind-
 ness: 96
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret. 100
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
 And when the dusky sky began to rob 104
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
 And threw it towards thy land: the sea receiv'd
 it, 108
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast. 113
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did 116
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy!
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like
 him?

Ay me! I can no more. Die, Margaret! 120
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.
Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.
The Commons press to the door.
War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey trait'rously is mur-
 der'd
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees 125
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny, 128
 Until they hear the order of his death.
K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis
 too true;
 But how he died God knows, not Henry.
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death. 133
War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salis-
 bury,
 With the rude multitude till I return.
[WARWICK goes into an inner chamber.
SALISBURY retires.
K. Hen. O! Thou that judgest all things,
 stay my thoughts, 136
 My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul
 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
 life.
 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
 For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
 To tell my love unto his deaf dumb trunk, 144
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
 And to survey his dead and earthly image
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
Re-enter WARWICK and Others bearing
GLOUCESTER'S body on a bed.
War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
 this body. 149
K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is
 made;
 For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
 For seeing him I see my life in death. 152
War. As surely as my soul intends to live
 With that dread King that took our state upon
 him
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
 I do believe that violent hands were laid 156
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
 tongue!
 What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 161
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart;
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er 166
 returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood,
 His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
 struggling: 171
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and
 rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 It cannot be but he was murder'd here; 177
 The least of all these signs were probable.
Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke
 to death?
 Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers. 181
War. But both of you were vow'd Duke
 Humphrey's foes,
 And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
 And 'tis well seen he found an enemy. 185
Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these
 noblemen
 As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleed-
 ing fresh, 188
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the
 slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead, 192
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?
 where's your knife?
 Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping
 men; 197
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart.
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[Exeunt CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,
and Others.
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suf-
 folk dare him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious
 spirit, 204
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I
 say;
 For every word you speak in his behalf 208
 Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in de-
 meanour!
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed 212
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 Was grafted with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou
 art,
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
 thee, 216

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my sov'reign's presence makes me
 mild, 219
 I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
 And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
 And after all this fearful homage done, 224
 Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy
 blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee
 hence: 229
 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
 And do some service to Duke Humphrey's
 ghost. *[Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*
K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a
 heart untainted! 232
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Q. Mar. What noise is this? *[A noise within.*
Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
weapons drawn.
K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrath-
 ful weapons drawn 237
 Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
 Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men
 of Bury, 240
 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.
Sal. *[Speaking to those within.]* Sirs, stand
 apart; the king shall know your mind.
 Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
 Or banished fair England's territories, 245
 They will by violence tear him from your palace
 And torture him with grievous lingering death.
 They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey
 died; 248
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
 And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent, 251
 As being thought to contradict your liking,
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
 They say, in care of your most royal person,
 That if your highness should intend to sleep,
 And charge that no man should disturb your
 rest 256
 In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That slyly glided towards your majesty, 260
 It were but necessary you were wak'd,
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
 With whose evenenomed and fatal sting, 267

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the
king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within.] An answer from the
king, or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all
from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]
Q. Mar. O Henry! let me plead for gentle
Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle
Suffolk!

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
[To SUFFOLK.] If after three days' space thou
here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exit KING HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.]
Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along
with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!

There's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman and soft-
hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf. A plague upon them! Wherefore should
I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest
words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou tor-
ment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,

And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease! Give
me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

[Kisses his hand.]
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
for thee.

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.

O! go not yet. Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more: live thou to joy thy life:
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what
news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

That makes him gasp and stare, and catch the
air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the
king.

[Exit VAUX.]
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,

Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my
sorrows?

Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is
coming;

If thou be found by me thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,

Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die were torture more than death.
O! let me stay, befall what may befall!

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful
corsive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from
thee;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[Exit severally.]

SCENE III.—London. CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S
Bedchamber.

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and
Others. The CARDINAL in bed; Attendants
with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beau-
fort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee Eng-
land's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah! what a sign it is of evil life
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beaufort, it is thy sov'reign speaks to
thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?
O! torture me no more, I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands up-
right,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the
heavens!

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;

O! beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make
him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not! let him pass peace-
ably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good
pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's
bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive
him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.

[Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Kent. The Seashore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a boat, a
Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER
WHITMORE, and Others; with them SUFFOLK
disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
jaws

Breathe the foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize,

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee:

And thou that art his mate make boot of this;
The other [Pointing to SUFFOLK], Walter Whit-
more, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let
me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down
your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off
goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two
thousand crowns,