

To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes! it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, 48  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup, 52  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.*

*Son.* Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight, 56  
May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
And I, that haply take them from him now,  
May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60  
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I unware have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd forth; 64  
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him. 68  
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!  
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.  
*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. 75  
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;  
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father that hath killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

*Fath.* Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold. 80  
For I have bought it with a hundred blows.  
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
Ah! no, no, no, it is mine only son.  
Ah! boy, if any life be left in thee, 84  
Throw up thine eye: see, see! what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.  
O! pity, God, this miserable age. 88  
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon, 92  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.  
*K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more than  
common grief!  
O! that my death would stay these ruthless deeds.  
O! pity, pity; gentle heaven, pity. 96  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:  
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish! 101  
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

*Son.* How will my mother for a father's death  
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied! 104

*Fath.* How will my wife for slaughter of my  
son

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

*K. Hen.* How will the country for these woe-  
ful chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied! 108

*Son.* Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

*Fath.* Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

*K. Hen.* Was ever king so griev'd for sub-  
jects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep  
my fill. *[Exit with the body.]*

*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy wind-  
ing-sheet; 114

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go:

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

E'en for the loss of thee, having no more, 120

As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

*[Exit with the body.]*

*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone  
with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are. 124

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,  
PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends  
are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

*Q. Mar.* Mount up, my lord; towards Ber-  
wick post amain. 128

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with  
them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,

Or else come after: I'll away before. 136

*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet  
Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends. Forward! away! 140

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE VI.—The Same.

*A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

*Clif.* Here burns my candle out; ay, here it  
dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul. 4

My love and fear gl'd many friends to thee;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,

Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York:

The common people swarm like summer flies; 8

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent  
That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds, 12

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth;

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

Or as thy father and his father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of York, 16

They never then had sprung like summer flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm

Had left no mourning widows for our death,

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air? 21

And what makes robbers bold but too much  
lenity?

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight: 24

The foe is merciless, and will not pity;

For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

*[He faints.]*

*Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,  
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Sol-  
diers.*

*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords: good fortune  
bids us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful  
looks. 32

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,

That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,

Command an argosy to stem the waves. 36

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with  
them?

*War.* No, 'tis impossible he should escape;

For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 41

*[CLIFFORD groans and dies.]*

*Edw.* Whose soul is that which takes her  
heavy leave?

*Rich.* A deadly groan, like life and death's  
departing.

*Edw.* See who it is: and now the battle's  
ended, 44

If friend or foe let him be gently us'd.

*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis  
Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch

In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth, 48

But set his murd'ring knife unto the root

From whence that tender spray did sweetly  
spring,

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch down  
the head, 52

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;

Instead whereof let this supply the room:

Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to  
our house, 56

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismal threatening  
sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

*[Attendants bring the body forward.]*

*War.* I think his understanding is bereft. 60

Speak, Clifford; dost thou know who speaks to  
thee?

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

*Rich.* O! would he did; and so perhaps he  
doth: 64

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

*Geo.* If so thou think'st, vex him with eager  
words. 68

*Rich.* Clifford! ask mercy and obtain no grace.

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

*War.* Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

*Geo.* While we devise fell tortures for thy  
faults. 72

*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to  
York.

*Edw.* Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

*Geo.* Where's Captain Margaret, to fence  
you now?

*War.* They mock thee, Clifford: swear as  
thou wast wont. 76

*Rich.* What! not an oath? nay, then the  
world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him, 81

This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing  
blood

Stifle the villain whose unstaunched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*War.* Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's  
head, 85

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king:

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to  
France, 89

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not  
dread 92

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine  
ears. 96

First will I see the coronation;

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

*Edw.* Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let  
it be;

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat, 100

And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester;

And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best. 105

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of  
Gloucester,

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

*War.* Tut! that's a foolish observation: 108



Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.]

## ACT III

## SCENE I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

*First Keeper.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;  
For through this laund anon the deer will come;  
And in this covert will we make our stand,  
Culling the principal of all the deer.

*Sec. Keeper.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

*First Keeper.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best: 8  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day

*Sec. Keeper.* Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past. 12

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

*K. Hen.* From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee  
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed: 17

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

*First Keeper.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,

For wise men say it is the wisest course. 25

*Sec. Keeper.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

*First Keeper.* Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

*K. Hen.* My queen and son are gone to France for aid; 28

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator, 33

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account then Margaret may win him,  
For she's a woman to be pitied much: 36

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40

To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She on his left side craving aid for Henry;

He on his right asking a wife for Edward. 44  
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;  
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong, 48

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
And in conclusion wins the king from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

*Sec. Keeper.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to: 56

A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

*Sec. Keeper.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough. 60

*Sec. Keeper.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content; 64

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Sec. Keeper.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented  
To go along with us; for, as we think, 68

You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;  
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy.

*K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break an oath? 72

*Sec. Keeper.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

*K. Hen.* Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

*Sec. Keeper.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

*K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old; 76

My father and my grandfather were kings,  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

*First Keeper.* No; 80

For we were subjects but while you were king.

*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah! simple men, you know not what you swear.  
Look, as I blow this feather from my face, 84

And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust; 88

Such is the lightness of you common men.  
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the king shall be com- 92

manded;

And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.

*First Keeper.* We are true subjects to the king,  
King Edward.

*K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as King Edward is. 96

*First Keeper.* We charge you, in God's name,  
and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,  
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands; 4  
Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

*Glo.* Your highness shall do well to grant her suit; 8

It were dishonour to deny it her.

*K. Edw.* It were no less: but yet I'll make a pause.

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] Yea; is it so? I see the lady hath a thing to grant 12

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

*Clar.* [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] Silence!

*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit, 16

And come some other time to know our mind.

*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now,  
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you,  
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

*Clar.* [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. 24

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

*Clar.* [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] I think he means to beg a child of her.

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two. 28

*L. Grey.* Three, my most gracious lord.

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

*K. Edw.* 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

*L. Grey.* Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then. 32

*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch. [Retiring with CLARENCE.]

*K. Edw.* Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children? 36

*L. Grey.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?

*L. Grey.* To do them good I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw.* Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 40

*L. Grey.* Therefore I came unto your majesty.

*K. Edw.* I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw.* What service wilt thou do me, if I give them? 44

*L. Grey.* What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw.* Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask. 48

*L. Grey.* Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

*Clar.* [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

*L. Grey.* Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task? 52

*K. Edw.* An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.

*L. Grey.* That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

*K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

*L. Grey.* I take my leave with many thousand thanks. 56

*Glo.* [Aside to CLARENCE.] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

*K. Edw.* But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege. 59

*K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

*L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

*K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. 64

*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

*K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

*L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright. 68

*K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.



K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.  
 L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;  
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.  
 K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.  
 L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.  
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
 Accords not with the sadness of my suit:  
 Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay,' or 'no.'  
 K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;  
 No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.  
 L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.  
 Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.  
 Clar. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.  
 K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;  
 Her words do show her wit incomparable;  
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty:  
 One way or other, she is for a king;  
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.  
 Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?  
 L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:  
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.  
 K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,  
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.  
 L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.  
 I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
 And yet too good to be your concubine.  
 K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.  
 L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you father.  
 K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.  
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
 And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
 Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing  
 To be the father unto many sons.  
 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.  
 Glo. [Aside to CLARENCE.] The ghostly father now hath done his shift.  
 Clar. [Aside to GLOUCESTER.] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.  
 K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.  
 Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.  
 K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.  
 Clar. To whom, my lord?  
 K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.  
 Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.  
 Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.  
 K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both  
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.  
 Enter a Nobleman.  
 Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
 And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.  
 K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:  
 And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
 To question of his apprehension.  
 Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.  
 Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
 Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
 To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
 And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
 The lustful Edward's title buried,—  
 Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
 And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,  
 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
 A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
 Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
 Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye:  
 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
 Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
 So do I wish the crown, being so far off,  
 And so I chide the means that keep me from it,  
 And so I say I'll cut the causes off,  
 Flattering me with impossibilities.  
 My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
 What other pleasure can the world afford?  
 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
 O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.  
 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
 To make an envious mountain on my back,  
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
 To disproportion me in every part,  
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
 That carries no impression like the dam.  
 And am I then a man to be below'd?  
 O monstrous fault! to harbour such a thought.  
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me  
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
 As are of better person than myself,  
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;  
 And, while I live, to account this world but hell,

Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head  
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
 For many lives stand between me and home:  
 And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,  
 That rents the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
 Seeking a way and straying from the way;  
 Not knowing how to find the open air,  
 But toiling desperately to find it out,  
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
 And from that torment I will free myself,  
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,  
 And cry, 'Content,' to that which grieves my heart,  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
 I can add colours to the chameleon,  
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.  
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
 Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister LADY BONA, attended: his Admiral called BOURBON; the King takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
 Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.  
 Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret  
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve  
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days;  
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground,  
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
 And to my humble seat conform myself.  
 K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?  
 Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears  
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.  
 K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
 And sit thee by our side. [Seats her by him.]  
 Yield not thy neck  
 To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.  
 Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
 Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
 Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
 While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York  
 Usurps the regal title and the seat  
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
 This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
 With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
 And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.  
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
 Our people and our peers are both misled,  
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,  
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.  
 K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,  
 While we bethink a means to break it off.  
 Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.  
 K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.  
 Q. Mar. O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:  
 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

## Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?  
 Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.  
 K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?  
 [Descending from his state. QUEEN MARGARET rises.]  
 Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
 For this is he that moves both wind and tide.  
 War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
 I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person;  
 And then to crave a league of amity;  
 And lastly to confirm that amity  
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
 That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
 To England's king in lawful marriage.  
 Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.  
 War. [To BONA.] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,  
 I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
 To tell the passion of my sov'reign's heart;  
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.  
 Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,  
 Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
 Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,  
 But from deceit bred by necessity;  
 For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
 To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,



That Henry liveth still; but were he dead, 72  
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's  
son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and  
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;  
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, 76  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth  
wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,  
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of  
Gaunt, 81

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; 84  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth  
discourse, 88

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost  
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?  
Methinks these peers of France should smile at  
that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree 92  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against  
thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years, 96  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the  
right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious  
doom 101

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my  
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York. 108

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward,  
and Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,  
While I use further conference with Warwick.

[They stand aloof.]

Q. Mar. Heaven grant that Warwick's words  
bewitch him not! 112

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon  
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine  
honour. 116

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's  
eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.  
K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set  
aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120  
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant, 124

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's  
sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain. 128

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm  
resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be  
mine:

[To WARWICK.] Yet I confess that often ere this  
day, 131

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister  
shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must  
make, 136

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English  
king. 140

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit:

Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.  
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Mar-  
garet: 144

But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,

Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd  
From giving aid which late I promised. 148

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose. 152

And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,  
You have a father able to maintain you,  
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless  
Warwick, peace; 156

Proud setter up and puller down of kings;  
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold  
Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love; 160

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.  
[A horn winded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or  
thee.

Enter a Post.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are  
for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:  
These from our king unto your majesty; 165

[To MARGARET.] And, madam, these for you;  
from whom I know not.

[They all read their letters.]

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and  
mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at  
his. 168

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he  
were nettled:

I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and  
yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with  
unhop'd joys. 172

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-  
content.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the  
Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? 176

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:  
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's  
honesty. 180

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of  
heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me; 184  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece? 188  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?  
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is honour: 192  
And, to repair my honour, lost for him,

I here renounce him and return to Henry.  
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor. 196  
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd  
my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, 200  
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned  
friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us  
With some few bands of chosen soldiers, 204

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,  
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:  
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me, 208

He's very likely now to fall from him,  
Formatching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.  
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-  
veng'd, 212

But by thy help to this distressed queen?  
Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor  
Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?  
Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's  
are one. 216

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with  
yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine and  
Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd  
You shall have aid. 220

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all  
at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return  
in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,

To revel it with him and his new bride. 225  
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower  
shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. 228  
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are  
laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done  
me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.  
There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit Messenger.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, 233  
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen 236

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?  
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:

That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your  
motion. 244

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well de-  
serves it; 246

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.  
[He gives his hand to WARWICK.]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers  
shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral, 252  
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all except WARWICK.]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe: 257

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery, 264  
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,  
MONTAGUE, and Others.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what  
think you



Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

*Clar.* Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

*Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish.* Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and Others.

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

*Glo.* Not I:

No, God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey Should not become my wife and England's queen:

And you too, Somerset and Montague, Speak freely what you think.

*Clar.* Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy for mocking him About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

*K. Edw.* What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd

By such invention as I can devise?

*Mont.* Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself?

*Mont.* Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

*Hast.* 'Tis better using France than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves: In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

*Clar.* For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

*K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

*Glo.* And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales Unto the brother of your loving bride:

She better would have fitted me or Clarence: But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*Clar.* Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son, And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence, is it for a wife That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave To play the broker on mine own behalf;

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess That I was not ignoble of descent;

And meaner than myself have had like fortune. But as this title honours me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing, Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee, So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey? Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*Glo.* [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters or what news

From France?

*Mess.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words;

But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,

Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

*Mess.* At my depart these were his very words:

'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over masquers, To reveal it with him and his new bride.'

*K. Edw.* Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

*Mess.* These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

*K. Edw.* I blame not her, she could say little less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place.

*Mess.* 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on.'

*K. Edw.* Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

*Mess.* He, more incens'd against your majesty Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:

'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

*K. Edw.* Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

*Mess.* Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

*Clar.* Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

*Glo.* [Aside.] Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

*K. Edw.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen, And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf Go levy men, and make prepare for war:

They are already, or quickly will be landed: 132 Myself in person will straight follow you,

[Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague, Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance: Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends: But if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow

That I may never have you in suspect.

*Mont.* So God help Montague as he proves true!

*Hast.* And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

*Glo.* Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*K. Edw.* Why, so! then am I sure of victory. Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

*War.* Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come! Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

*Clar.* Fear not that, my lord.

*War.* Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice, To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture, Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure? Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomed, With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard, And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprise him.

You, that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry 'Henry!']

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort. 28 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.—EDWARD'S Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen to guard the KING's tent.

*First Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.



*Sec. Watch.* What, will he not to bed?  
*First Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow  
 Never to lie and take his natural rest  
 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

*Sec. Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be the day,  
 If Warwick be so near as men report.

*Third Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
 That with the king here resteth in his tent?

*First Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.  
*Third Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
 While he himself keeps in the cold field?

*Sec. Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.  
*Third Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.  
 If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

*First Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.  
*Sec. Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?  
*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.*

*War.* This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.  
 Courage, my masters! honour now or never!  
 But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

*First Watch.* Who goes there?  
*Sec. Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, 'Arm! Arm!']  
 WARWICK and the rest following them.

*Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair.*  
 GLOUCESTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.

*Som.* What are they that fly there?  
*War.* Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

*K. Edw.* The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,  
 Thou call'dst me king!

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
 When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,  
 Then I degraded you from being king,  
 And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
 That know not how to use ambassadors,  
 Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
 Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

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 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
 Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
 Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,  
 Edward will always bear himself as king:

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:  
 [Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
 And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
 See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd  
 Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
 I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
 Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him:

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.  
*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.  
 [Exit, led out; SOMERSET with him.]

*Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,  
 But march to London with our soldiers?

*War.* Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;  
 To free King Henry from imprisonment,  
 And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.  
*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?  
*Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?  
*Riv.* What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

*Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal person.  
*Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

*Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;  
 Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares;  
 And, as I further have to understand,  
 Is now committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.  
*Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:  
 Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

*Q. Eliz.* Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.  
 And I the rather wean me from despair

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:  
 This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
 And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,  
 And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
 Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
 King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
 Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

*War.* Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

*K. Edw.* The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,  
 Thou call'dst me king!

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
 When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,  
 Then I degraded you from being king,  
 And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
 That know not how to use ambassadors,  
 Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
 Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

*War.* Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

*K. Edw.* The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,  
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 That know not how to use ambassadors,  
 Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?  
 Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

*Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Q. Eliz.* I am inform'd that he comes towards London,  
 To set the crown once more on Henry's head:  
 Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—  
 For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—  
 I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
 To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
 Come, therefore; let us fly while we may fly:  
 If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.  
*Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, and Others.*

*Glo.* Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,  
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
 Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,  
 Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
 He hath good usage and great liberty,  
 And often but attended with weak guard,  
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertis'd him by secret means,  
 That if about this hour he make this way,  
 Under the colour of his usual game,  
 He shall here find his friends, with horse and men

To set him free from his captivity.  
*Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.*

*Hunt.* This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.  
*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,  
 Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste.  
 Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?  
*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.  
*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

*Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.  
*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what sayst thou? wilt thou go along?

*Hunt.* Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.  
*Glo.* Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,  
 And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.  
*Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
 Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
 And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
 My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,

At our enlargement what are thy due fees?  
*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;  
 But if a humble prayer may prevail,  
 I then crave pardon of your majesty.

*K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
 Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,  
 For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds  
 Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts  
 At last by notes of household harmony  
 They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
 And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
 He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite  
 By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,  
 And that the people of this blessed land  
 May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
 Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,  
 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*War.* Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;  
 And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
 By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice;

For few men rightly temper with the stars:  
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,  
 For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

*Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
 To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,  
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,  
 As likely to be blest in peace, and war;

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.  
*War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.  
*K. Hen.* Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
 That no dissension hinder government:  
 I make you both protectors of this land,  
 While I myself will lead a private life,  
 And in devotion spend my latter days,  
 To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

*War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?  
*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

*War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:  
 [Exeunt.]