THE WHOLE CONTENTION
(1619).

PART II.

THE SECOND PART, CONTAINING THE TRAGEDIE
OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING
HENRIE THE SIXT.

THE THIRD QUARTO,
1619.

(Q: HAVING BEEN REVIZED BY SHAKSPERE, MARLOWE, AND GREENE
INTO "THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXT.")

A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY
(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 34, k. 38),

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,
M.A. TRIN. HALL, CAMBRIDGE; HON. DR. PHIL. BERLIN.

LONDON:
PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.
1886.
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40 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. Those by W. Griggs.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Hamlet. 1603.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Hamlet. 1604.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Midsummer Night's Dream. 1630. (Fisher.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Loves Labor's Lost. 1620.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)</td>
</tr>
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</table>

2. Those by C. Praetorius.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. (fotografi.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>Taming of a Shrew. 1594. (not yet done.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Merchant of Venice. 1600. (T. R. for Heyes.) (fotografi.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>Richard II. 1597. Mr Huth. (fotografi.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>Richard II. 1634. (fotografi.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25.</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet. 1597.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26.</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet. 1599.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27.</td>
<td>Henry V. 1600.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29.</td>
<td>Titus Andronicus. 1600.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30.</td>
<td>Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>Othello. 1650.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>King Lear. 1608. Q1. (N. Butter, Pito Ball.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>King Lear. 1608. Q2. (N. Butter.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35.</td>
<td>Lucrece. 1594.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36.</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet. Undated. (fotografi.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37.</td>
<td>Contention. 1594. (not yet done.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38.</td>
<td>True Tragedy. 1585. (not yet done.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39.</td>
<td>The Famous Victories. 1598. (not yet done.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40.</td>
<td>The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (For King John: not yet done.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[Shakespeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 24.]
§ 1. I have already stated in my Forewords to Part I of the Facsimile of *The Whole Contention*, that Mr Quaritch's objection to double the price of any volume of my Series was the reason for undoing the uniting work of T. P., the printer of the original Quarto 3 in 1619, and for issuing in two separate Parts the Play which the said T. P. put into one volume, tho' his title described it rightly as the drama "Divided into two Parts." No doubt most Subscribers would have preferred the Whole Contention as a Whole, and not in two halves, but all will acknowledge that, from a publisher's point of view, a uniform price for all the volumes of the Series is most important.

Here then is the second half of the "Whole" book, "the Tragicall ends of ... Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the Sixt,"—that "of the good Duke of Humfrey" having been given in the first half.

The lines are numberd on the outside, like those of Part I, according to the nos. of their representatives in *The third Part of King Henry the Sixt* in Folio 1. A dagger (†) marks lines there altered, a caret (=) lines omitted, a star (*) lines not in the Folio. For these markings I have to thank my friend and colleague Mr P. Z. Round. The dot (.) on the inner margin notes the few lines in Q3 which are altered from Q1.

§ 2. In the comparison of these two Quartos, we find no changes in Part II of like importance to those in Part I. The alterations are almost all of single words. The leaving-out of the two lines V. vi. 66 and V. vii. 36 in Quarto 3 is no doubt an accident, as the omission of V. vi. 86-7*, 'Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill' in Q1 and F1 may be, so that the only noticeable change is the trifling one of 2 lines into 3, in V. vi. 89-91. A List of the alterations follows. For some of them, and also of those in Part I, I am indebted to my friend Mr P. A. Daniel.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q3</th>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>F1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>p. 1, head. The Second Part, Containing the The true [alterd] [not in]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;&quot; &quot;&quot; &quot;&quot; &quot;&quot; &quot;&quot; St. Dir. then Crooke back Crookback [&quot;,&quot;, ]</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;&quot; l. 4 Northumberland Northumberland Northumberland</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;&quot; l. 8 th' the the</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 The differences between Contractions, full words, &c., like L. for Lord, War. for Warwick, &c., are not notist.
### § 2. Changes in Q3 Compared with Q1 and FI.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q3</th>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>FI</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>p. 2, l. 24 heauen</td>
<td>heauens</td>
<td>Heauen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 3, l. 46 bird</td>
<td>burd</td>
<td>hee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Dares</td>
<td>Dares</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>mine</td>
<td>my</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>that's</td>
<td>fit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>fitteft</td>
<td>it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 4, l. 93 i'</td>
<td>You</td>
<td>You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>seek'est</td>
<td>seekest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>both both</td>
<td>both</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 5, l. 157 Kent</td>
<td>of Kent</td>
<td>of Kent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 6, l. 171 while</td>
<td>whilst while</td>
<td>while</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Articles.</td>
<td>Articles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Articles. Exit</td>
<td>Articles.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 7, St. Dir. 2. with</td>
<td>Ie</td>
<td>I will</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>there be?</td>
<td>there?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 8, l. 265 to forget</td>
<td>forget</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 9, l. 52* With others</td>
<td>and others</td>
<td>[&quot;,&quot;,]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Your</td>
<td>You are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>souldiers</td>
<td>men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>the Chaplein</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 10, St. Dir. 2. Chapleine</td>
<td>oer</td>
<td>o're</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>renouwe</td>
<td>Renouwe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>death</td>
<td>deafe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>wher's ... crookt-backt</td>
<td>where is ... Crook-back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>amongst</td>
<td>with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>parcht</td>
<td>parcht</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>this</td>
<td>his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>Tongue</td>
<td>Tongue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>blowes</td>
<td>blowes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 15, l. 166 too</td>
<td>heauie florie</td>
<td>heauie florie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>tvvo</td>
<td>too</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;</td>
<td>inlie</td>
<td>inly</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| " | his ... our lookest | his ... my | [alter'd in F.]
| p. 16, l. 19 the ... from our | [not in] | one blowing |
| " | But | by |
| " | things | things |
| " | 48. | fine and twenty |
| p. 17, l. 63 By | whose | who |
| " | euill | ill |
| " | doe | [not in] |
| " | leffon, boy | Leffon |
| " | flee | fly |
| p. 21, l. 15 who | whom | who |
| " | eight and forty | eight and forty |
| " | euill | ill |
| " | doce | doce |
| " | leffon, boy | Leffon |
| " | flee | fly |
| " | nine | nine |
| " | that droue | that droue |
| " | you | you |
| " | am | am |
| " | and priuiledg'd | and priuiledg'd |
| " | am | am |
| p. 24, l. 155 flye | [not in] | one blowing |
| " | as | by |
| " | droue | droue |
| " | yee | yee |
| " | am | am |
| " | and priuiledg'd | and priuiledg'd |
| " | venome | venome |
| " | Sham'ft | Sham'ft |
### § 2. Changes in Q3 Compared with Q1 and F1.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q3</th>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>F1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>p. 25, l. 163 thee</td>
<td>the</td>
<td>[alter’d]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 171 Nor</td>
<td>Not</td>
<td>Not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 9 whether</td>
<td>whither</td>
<td>whether</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 24 out</td>
<td>our</td>
<td>out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 39 Eor (?)</td>
<td>For</td>
<td>For</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... St. Dir. Warwick</td>
<td>and Warwick</td>
<td>Warwick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 32, l. 92 needs</td>
<td>needst</td>
<td>thatd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 164 himselfe</td>
<td>him</td>
<td>himselfe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 22 heere’s</td>
<td>here is</td>
<td>heere’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 59 bale</td>
<td>Cia.</td>
<td>bale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 65 fildome</td>
<td>fildome</td>
<td>fildome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 31 Wer’t</td>
<td>Were it</td>
<td>Wer’t</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 55 husbands</td>
<td>husbanid</td>
<td>husbands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 57 curtisie</td>
<td>cursie</td>
<td>curtsie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 37, l. 121 lets go... about</td>
<td>let vs go... about</td>
<td>goe wee... of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 124 vfe</td>
<td>vfe</td>
<td>vfe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 131 they looke</td>
<td>they looke</td>
<td>the vlook’d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 183 that which</td>
<td>that that</td>
<td>that which</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 38, St. Dir. with others</td>
<td>and others</td>
<td>[not in F.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 87 Henry is</td>
<td>Henry</td>
<td>Henry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 92, 99 pedigree</td>
<td>pedigree</td>
<td>pedigree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 103 then</td>
<td>than</td>
<td>then</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 40, l. 130 or</td>
<td>or</td>
<td>or</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 164 Marqueffe</td>
<td>Marquis</td>
<td>Marqueffe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 44, l. 168 at his</td>
<td>as his</td>
<td>at his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 172 Mine is... with</td>
<td>Mine... full of</td>
<td>Mine... with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 187 to an vntimely</td>
<td>vntimelie to his</td>
<td>vntimelie to his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 200 Ile</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 243 wedlocke</td>
<td>wedlockes</td>
<td>Wedlocke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... IV. i. Clarence, Gloster, Montague, Haftings</td>
<td>and Clarence, and Gloster, and Montague and Haftings</td>
<td>[alter’d]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 43, l. 12 they will</td>
<td>theile</td>
<td>they’le</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 15 am both</td>
<td>am</td>
<td>am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 19 fildome</td>
<td>fildome</td>
<td>fildome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 23 pitty</td>
<td>a pittie</td>
<td>pittie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 29 mine</td>
<td>my</td>
<td>mine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 60 Ile</td>
<td>I will</td>
<td>I will</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 62 ye</td>
<td>you</td>
<td>you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 70 from</td>
<td>in</td>
<td>of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... St. Dir. Mefenger</td>
<td>a Meffenger</td>
<td>a Pofle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 87 pardon.</td>
<td>speciall pardon</td>
<td>speciall pardon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 100 a willow</td>
<td>the willow</td>
<td>the Willow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 45, l. 116 they are</td>
<td>theyare</td>
<td>they are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 135 aboue</td>
<td>of</td>
<td>of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 133 neere</td>
<td>neereft</td>
<td>neere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 46, l. 31 calledf</td>
<td>call’dst</td>
<td>call’dst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p. 47, l. 59* into</td>
<td>to</td>
<td>to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 65* lets</td>
<td>let vs</td>
<td>let vs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... p. 48, l. 2 ye</td>
<td>you</td>
<td>you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... p. 50, l. 58 stand</td>
<td>he, stand</td>
<td>stand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>... l. 67 himselfe</td>
<td>like himselfe</td>
<td>like himselfe</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Changes in Q3 Compared with Q1 and F1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Q3</th>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>F1</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>p. 50</td>
<td>l. 5</td>
<td>giddy headed</td>
<td>oxford, and somerset</td>
<td>oxford, and somerset</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 66</td>
<td>if</td>
<td>giddie</td>
<td>summerset</td>
<td>giddie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 53</td>
<td>shamefac'f</td>
<td>And</td>
<td>shamefae</td>
<td>shamefaced</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 75</td>
<td>if my</td>
<td>fouldiers &amp; al crie</td>
<td>if this</td>
<td>colours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 69</td>
<td>abie</td>
<td>abie</td>
<td>baie</td>
<td>by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 3 more</td>
<td>moe</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
<td>more</td>
<td>more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 49</td>
<td>awarn'd</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
<td>with richard</td>
<td>colours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 2</td>
<td>girt</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>fouldiers &amp; al crie</td>
<td>moe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 21</td>
<td>girt</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>&amp; sum.</td>
<td>girt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 24</td>
<td>bright</td>
<td>[noth]</td>
<td>faire bright</td>
<td>bright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 69</td>
<td>yer</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
<td>yer</td>
<td>yer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 75</td>
<td>your</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
<td>your</td>
<td>your</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 30</td>
<td>Crooke-backe</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>Crooke-backe</td>
<td>Crooke-backe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 38</td>
<td>thou likneffe</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>the likenesse</td>
<td>the likenesse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 58</td>
<td>not name</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>name</td>
<td>name</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 80</td>
<td>hee'l</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>thou</td>
<td>thou</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 83</td>
<td>whether is</td>
<td>Where's</td>
<td>whither</td>
<td>whither</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 88</td>
<td>let vs towards</td>
<td>let's away to</td>
<td>envious</td>
<td>let's away to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 25</td>
<td>enuiest</td>
<td>envious</td>
<td>Be alwaies</td>
<td>be alway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 64</td>
<td>always be</td>
<td>Stabbes</td>
<td>If any sparke of Life</td>
<td>If any sparke of Life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 66</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
<td>be alwaies</td>
<td>be yet remaining</td>
<td>be yet remaining</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 71</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>That I</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 74</td>
<td>weeping ... crying</td>
<td>wept ... cri'de</td>
<td>wonder'd ... cri'de</td>
<td>wonder'd ... cri'de</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 86-7</td>
<td>Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill,</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
<td>Henry &amp; his sonne are gone</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 89-91</td>
<td>Henry &amp; his sonne are gone,</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
<td>Clarence next,</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
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<tr>
<td>l. 21</td>
<td>if</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>&amp; sum.</td>
<td>&amp; sum.</td>
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<tr>
<td>l. 25</td>
<td>Edward, Clarence &amp; Glofter, loun</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>Edward, Clarence &amp; Glofter, loun</td>
<td>Edward, Clarence &amp; Glofter, loun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l. 27</td>
<td>both</td>
<td>[alterd]</td>
<td>Brothers both</td>
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<td>l. 36</td>
<td>[not in]</td>
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<td>l. 40</td>
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§ 3. § 4. GREENE AND MARLOWE’S SHARES IN ‘THE TRUE TRAGEDY.’

§ 3. As before, in Part I, I conclude that none of these changes were directly due to Shakspere’s hand; though in the Folio the shifting of the True Tragedy order of scenes IV, v, iv, vi, vi, p. 47-51 into IV, iv, v, vi, vii, doubtless was so. A friend whose judgment in Shakspere matters I am wont to trust, says his impression is that Q3 is a more accurate copy of the original of Q1 than the print of Q1 is.

§ 4. Miss Lee’s division of the text of The True Tragedie or The Whole Contention, Part II, between the men who wrote it, is as follows:

p. 1, l. 1. 3 Hen. VI, I, i. ii. (Cont. sc. i. ii.), beginning “I wonder how the king escapt our hands,” Marlowe.

p. 9, l. 1*. 3 Hen. VI, I. iii. (Cont. sc. iii.) : “Oh flie my Lord, lets leave the Castell,” Marlowe; but Greene had some share in this scene, as the doves, ravens, woodcocks, curs, and conies shew. The latter part of Margaret’s long speech may have been written by Greene, or by Peele: the second writer begins at l. 130, “I, now lookes he like a king,” and writes on to l. 143, “And, whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.”

p. 16, l. 1*. 3 Hen. VI, II. i. (Cont. sc. iv.) : “After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,” Marlowe; but the Messenger’s speech is like Greene’s work.

p. 21, l. 1. 3 Hen. VI, II. ii. (Cont. sc. v.) : “Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York,” Greene and Marlowe; but Clifford’s speech, beginning l. 8, “My gratious Lord, this too much lenite,” recalls many a passage by Peele.

p. 26, l. 1. 3 Hen. VI, II. iii. (Cont. sc. vi.) : “Sore spent with toilie as runners with the race,” Marlowe.


p. 28, l. 1*. 3 Hen. VI, II. v. (Cont. sc. viii.) : “Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,” ll. 1-64, ?Greene1; Clifford’s speech, beginning at l. 65 and on to l. 142, is Marlowe’s; while from l. 143 to the end of the scene is like Greene’s—especially from l. 151.

p. 33, l. 1. 3 Hen. VI, III. i. (Cont. sc. ix.) , from “Come, lets take our stands upon this hill,” Greene.

p. 34, l. 1. 3 Hen. VI, III. ii. (Cont. sc. x.) : “Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester,” Greene, down to Richard’s soliloquy, which is perhaps by Marlowe.

p. 38, l. 1. 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. (Cont. sc. xi.) : “Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,” Greene; but I doubt whether Warwick’s part in this scene was written by Greene. It is certainly not by Marlowe.

p. 42, l. 9. 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. (Cont. sc. xii.) : “Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester,” Greene.

p. 46, l. 13. 3 Hen. VI, IV. ii. iii. (Cont. sc. xiii.) : “Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,” Marlowe.


p. 48, l. 1. 3 Hen. VI, IV. iv. (Cont. sc. xv.) : “Tel me good Maddam, why is your grace,” Greene.

p. 49, l. 5. 3 Hen. VI, IV. vii. (Cont. sc. xvi.) : “Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas,” Greene.

1 Sc. viii. II. 41-49 with the repetition of the same thought—the harping on one string, cf. Greene’s James, iv. p. 292, col. I., Dyce’s Ed.—JANE LEE.
§ 4. GREENE AND MARLOWE. § 5. HAMBURG LITHOGRAPHY.

p. 51, top. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. vi. (Cont. sc. xvii.): “Thus from the prison to this princelie seat.” The first half—to the entrance of Warwick—by Greene. About the second half I am doubtful.

p. 52, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. i. (Cont. sc. xix.): “Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?” probably by Greene and ? Peele; Edward’s part being by Greene.

p. 52, l. 52. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. viii. 53 (Cont. sc. xviii.): “Sense on the shamefast Henry,” Greene.

p. 55, l. 5. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. ii, iii. (Cont. sc. xx.): “Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe”; ll. 1-39 Marlowe; l. 40 to end of scene Greene.

p. 57, l. 1*. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. iv, v. (Cont. sc. xxi.): “Welcome to England, my louing Friends of Frace.” First 11 lines like Peele’s: Prince Edward’s speech by Greene; but from l. 50 to end of scene is Marlowe’s without a doubt.

p. 60, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. vi. (Cont. sc. xxii.): “Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard,” Marlowe.

p. 63, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. vii. (Cont. sc. xxiii.): “Once more we sit in England’s royall throne,” Greene.

§ 5. I have again to thank the Hamburg lithograferis for the excellence of their work. No cause for irritation here, no protests against scamping and carelessness, no refusal to let the books go out unless the most disgraceful pages are cancelld,—as in the case of *Henry V* Q1 and *Rom. and Jul.* Q2,—no need to issue Corrigenda, but sound and creditable workmanship, by honest men who take a pride in the work they turn out. I am glad to be able to say the same of Messrs Brooks and Day’s forthcoming *Pericles*.

(In *Henry V*, Q3, 1608, Messrs Leighton’s reason for putting p. ix, the ‘Corrections,’ at the end of the text, instead of after p. viii, was that the ‘Corrections’ came after the book was bound, and putting them at the end saved breaking-up the book.)
The Second Part.

Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henrie the Sixt.

Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Warwicke, the Duke of Norfolk, Marquesse Mountague, Edward Earle of March, then Crooke backe Richard, and the young Earle of Rutland, with drum and soouldiers, with white Roses in their hatts.

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands.

Tyrke. Whilst we pursu'd the horsemen of the North,

He slily stole away and left his men:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike cares could never brooke retreat,

Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with him

Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abreast

Brake in, and were by th' hands of common soouldiers slaine.

Edward, Lord Stafford: Father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slaine or wounded dangerously,
The contention of the two famous Houses,

I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
(Mont. And brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes joyn'd,
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Tork. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.
Rich. Thus do I hope to shape King Henries head.
War. And so do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the house of Lancastre vsurpes,
I vow by heauen, these eyes shall never close.
This is the Palace of that fearfull King,
And that the regall chaire: Possesse it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King Henries heyres.
Tork. Assist me then sweet Warwicke, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Well all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
Tork. Thankes gentle Norfolke, Stay by me my Lords,
And soldiers stay you heere, and lodge this night.
War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnleffe he seek to put vs out by force,
Rich. Arm'd as we be let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnleffe Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be King,
And basfull Henry be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Tork. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp Lancastre,
Dare stirre a wing, if Warwicke shake his bels.
Vnleffe Plantagenet: and roote him out who dares?
Resolute thee Richard, claime the English Crowne.
Enter Henry the sixt, with the D. of Excester, the Earle of Nor-
thumberland, the Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford the Earle of
Cumberland, with red Roses in their huts.
Yorke and Lancaster.

King. Look Lordings where the sturdi Rebell sits,
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick that false Peere)
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he flew thy father,
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his favourites, and his friends.
North. And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.
Cliff. The hope thereof, makes Clifford moune in Steele.
West. What! shall we suffer this? Let's pull him downe.
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmonerland.
Cliff. Patience is for Pultrounes, such as he.
He durft not sit there had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,
Let vs assaile the family of Yorke.
North. Well haft thou spoken Cofen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Citty favours them,
And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke.
Exeter. But when the Duke is slaine, theyl quickly flye.
King. Far be it from the thoughts of Henries heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament house:
Cofen of Exeter, words, frowncs, and threats,
Shal be the warres that Henry meanes to vse.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke, descend my Throne,
I am thy soueraigne.
Yorke. Thou art deceit'd, I am thine.
Exeter. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
Yorke. Twas my inheritance, as the kingdome is.
Exeter. Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,
In following this vsurping Henry.
Cliff. Whom should he follow but his naturall King.
King. And shall I stand while thou sitt in my Throne?
Yorke. Content thy selfe, it must and shall be so.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
The contention of the two famous Houses.

West. Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmorland shall maintaine.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those that chase'd you from the field
And flew your father, and with colours spread
Marcht through the City to the Pallas gates.

North. No Warwick, I remember't to my greefe;
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rewe it.

West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kindmen and thy friends, Ile haue more lies,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.

Clif. Vrge it no more, leaft in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwick such a messenger,
As shal reuenge his death before I stirre.

War. Poore Clifford, how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

York. Will ye we shew our Title to the Crowne,
Or else our swords shall pleade it in the field?

King. What Title haft thou Traitor to the Crowne?

Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke:
Thy Grand-father Roger Mortimer Earle of March.
I am the sonne of Henry the fist, who tan'd the French,
And made the Dolphin stoole, and seiz'd upon
Their Townes and Provinces.

War. Talke not of France since thou haft lost it all.

King. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. Y'are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose:
Father, teare the Crowne from the Villapers head.

Edu. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'st and honour'st armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand caulling thus.

Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.

York. Peace sonnes.

North. Peace thou, and giue King Henry leaue to speake.

King. Ah Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?
Are we not both Plantagenet by birth?
And from two brothers lineally descent?

Suppose
of York and Lancaster.

Suppose by right and equity thou be King:
Thinkst thou, that I will leave my Kingly seat,
Wherein my Father, and my Grandfather was?
No, first shall warren people this my Realme,
I and our Colours often borne in France,
And now in England (to our hearts great sorrow)
Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Titles better farre than his.

War. Prove it Henry, and thou shalt be King.
King. Why Henry the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.

York. Twas by rebellion against his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to say, my Titles weake,
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

War. What then?

King. Then am I lawfull King. For Richard
The second, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crowne to Henry the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his,

York. I tell thee he rose against him being his Soueraigne,
And made him to resigne the Crowne perforce.

War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrain'd,
Think you that were prejudiciall to the Crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeede and reigne.

King. Art thou against vs Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will revolt from me, and turne to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou laift,
Think not King Henry shall be thus depos'd,

War. Deypso'd he shall be in despight of thee.

Nor. Truth Warwicke, thou art deceiv'd:
Tis not thy Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norfolk, Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

Cliff. King Henry be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford doth to fight in thy defence,
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,

Where
The contention of the two famous Houses.

Where I do kneele to him that flew my Father.

King. O Clifford, how thy words renewe my soule.

York. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy Crowne.

What mutter you? Or what confpire you Lords?

War. Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Soldiers.

And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits,
Write vp his Title with thy vsurping blood.

King. O Warwicke, heare me speake:

Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.

York. Conforme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet whilst thou liu'rt.

King. Conuey the soldierys hence, and then I will.

War. Captaine conduct them into Thistle hill fields,

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this for England and himselfe?

North. Base, fearfull, and despairing Henry.

Clif. How haft thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Clif. Nor I, Come coisen lets go tell the Queene.

Exit. 

North. Be thou a prey vnto the house of Yorke,

And die in bands for this vnkindly deede.

Exit. 

Clif. In dreadfull war mayst thou be overcome,

Or liue in peace abandond and despifed.

Exit. 

Exit. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my

Lord.

King. Ah Exeter?

War. Why should you sigh my Lord?

King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwicke, but my sonne,

VWhom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. I haere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,
That heere thou take an oath,
To cease these ciuill broyles, and whilst I liue
To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.

Yorke. That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

War.
of Torke and Lancaster.

War. Long liue King Henry, Plantagenet embrace him.
King. And long liue thou, and all thy forward sonses.

Torke. Now Torke and Lancaster are reconcilde.

Exit. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Sound Trumpets.

Torke. My Lord, Ile take my leave,
For Ile to Wakefield, to my Castle.

Exit Torke with his sonses.

War. And Ile keepe London with my souliors.

Exit.

Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers.

Exit. 

Mont. and I to the sea from whence I came.

Exit.

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exit. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away.

King. And so will I.

Queene. Nay stay, or else Ile follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile stay.

Queene. What patience can there bee in a timorous man,

Thou hast undone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,

and giuen our rights vnto the house of Torke.

art thou a King, and wilt be for'cft to yeeld?

Had I bene there, the souliours should haue tost

Me on their launces points, before I would haue

Granted to their wils. The Duke is made

Protector of the Land: Sterne Fawconbridge

Commands the narrow seas: and thinkst thou then

To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry

From thy bed, vntill that acte of Parliament

Be recal'd, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Torke.

The Northerne Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread,

and spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.

Come sonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.

King. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.

Qu. Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore be still.

King. Gentle sonne Edward, wilt thou stay with me?

Queen. I, to be murdered by his enemies.

Exit. 

Prince.
The contention of the two famous Houses.

Prim. When I returne with victory from the field,
I se your Grace, till then I follow her. Exit.

King, Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her son
Make her in furie thus to forget her selfe.
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke.
Come Cozen of Exeter, stay thou here,
For Clifford and those Northerne Lords be gone,
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw, Brother, and Cozen Montague, giue me leave to speake.
Rich, Nay, I can better play the Orator.
Mont, But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Torke.

Torke. How now sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No Father, but a sweete contention, about that which
concerns your selfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.

Torke. The Crowne boy, why Henries yet alue,
And I haue sworne that he shall reigne in quiet till his death.
Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it please your Grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your Grace the way to saue your oath,
And disployse King Henry from the Crowne,
Torke, I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.
Rich. Then thus my Lord,
An Oath is of no moment,
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate.

Henry is none, but doth usurpe your right,
And yet your Grace stands bound to him by Oath.
Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the Crowne.

Torke. I, saith thou so boy? why then it shall be so.
I am resolu’d to win the Crowne, or dye.

Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly lyfe.
Thou Cozen Montague shalt to Norfolke straight.

And
Torke and Lancaster.
And bid the Duke to muster up his soldiours,
And come to me to Wakesfield presently,
And Richard, thou to London straight shalt poiste,
And bid Richard Newill Earle of Warwick,
To leave the City, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at S. Albones ten dayes hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall Castle will provide
Both men and mony to further our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirty thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Northumberland, and Westmorland,
With others of the house of Lancaster,
Are marching towards Wakesfield,
To besiege you in your Castle heere.

Enter Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

Torke. A Gods name let them come.
Cousin Montague, poiste you hence,
And boyes stay you with me.
Sir Johns and Sir Hugh Mortimer mine Vnckles,
Y'are welcome to Sandall in an happy houre,
The army of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.

Sir John. She shall not neede my Lord,
Wee'il meete her in the field.

Torke. What, with five thousand solidiors, Vnckle?
Rich. I father, with five hundred for a need,
A woman's Generall, what should you feare?

York. Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne
In Normandy, when as the enemie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolvd, Come lets goe.

Edw. Let's march away, I heare their drums.

Enter, and then enter the young Earle of
Rutland and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flye my Lord, lets leave the Castle,
And flye to Wakesfield straight.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.
Cliff. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood faues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke,
Whose father flew my father, he shall dye.
Tutor. Oh Clifford, spare this tender Lord, leaft
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: oh faue his life.
Cliff. Soldiers away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine.

Cliff. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath stopp’d the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.
Cliff. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,
It could not flake mine ire, nor eafe my heart,
The sight of any of the house of Torke,
Is as a fury to torment my foule.

Therefore till I roote out that cursed line,
And leave not one on earth, Ile live in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.

To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford pitty me.
Cliff. I such pitty as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?
Cliff. Thy father hath.
Yorke and Lancaster.

Rut. But t'was ere I was borne.
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pity me,
Least in reuenge thereof, with God is just,
He be as miserably slaine as I.
Oh, let me lie in prison all my daies,
and when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause; Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. Exit.

Alarums, enter the Duke of Yorke solus.

Yorke. Ah Yorke, post to thy Castle, save thy life,
The goale is lost, thou house of Lancaster,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridge my daies, and calls me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know, they haue demanded themselves,
Like men borne to renewe by life or death:
Three times this day came Richard to my sight,
and cried courage, Father: victory or death,
and twice so oft came Edward to my view.
With purple Faulchion painted to the hilts,
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to flie?
No way to save my life: and here I stay:
And here my life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
and Soldiers.

Come bloudy Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. I, to such mercy as his ruthfull arme

K 2
The contention of the two famous Houses,

With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

**York.** My ashes like the Phenix may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can affliet me with.
Why stay you Lords? what, multitudes and fear?

**Cliff.** So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doues do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So desperate theeues, all hopelesse of their liues,
Breathe out inuediuies 'gainst the Officers.

**York.** Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that flandert him with cowardife,
Whose very looke hath made thee quake ere this.

**Cliff.** I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.

**Queene.** Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.

Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou Northumberland.

**Nor.** Hold Clifford, do not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruf his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his fooe away?

**Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,**
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

**Cliff.** I, I, soatriues the Woodcoke with the gin.

**North.** So doth the Cunny struggle with the net.

**York.** So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbbers ouer-matcht.

**North.** What will your grace haue done with him?

**Queene.** Brave warriours, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aime at Mountaines with out-stretched arme,
Torke and Lancaster.

And parted but the shadow with his hand,
Was it you that reueld in our Parliament,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lufty George?
Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodigy?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to chere his Dad in mutinies?
Or mongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Looke Torke, I dipt this napkin in the blood,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the boosome of thy boy.
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall,
Alas poore Torke: but that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state,
I prethce grieue to make me merry, Yorke:

Stampe, raue and fret, that I may sing and dance.
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
Thou woldst be seede I see, to make me sport.
Torke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke, and Lords bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on,
Inow lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King Henries chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heyre.

But how is it that great Plantagener,
Is crown'd so soone, and broke his holy oath,
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
and will you impale your head with Henries glory,
and rob his temples of the Diadem

Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too unpardonable.

Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
and whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

K 3

Clif.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Cliff. That's my office for my father's death.

Queen. Yet stay, and let's hear the Orifons he makes.

Torke. She Wolfe of France, but worse than wolves of France;

Whose tongue's more poison'd than the Adders tooth,

How ill becoming is it in thy sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian trull,

Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captivates?

But that thy face is visard-like unchanging,

Made impudent by use of evil deeds;

I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush,

To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom derived,

Wert shame enough to shame thee, were thou not shameless.

Thy father bear's the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Cities and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, or it booteth thee not proud Queen,

Unlesse the Adage must be verified;

That beggars mounted, run their horse to death.

Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;

But God he wotst, thy share thereof is small.

Tis government that makes them most admir'd,

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

Tis virtue that makes them seem divine,

The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a woman's hide;

How couldst thou draine the life blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,

And yet be seem to bear a woman's face?

Women are mild, pittiful, and flexible,

Thou indurate, severe, rough, remorseless.

Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will,

Wouldst haue me weep? why so, thou hast thy will.

For raging windes blow vp a storme of tears,
And when the rage ales, the raine begins.
Thefe teares are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And euery drop begs vengeance as it falls,
On thee fell Clifford, and the falfe French-woman.

North. Beshrew me but his passions move me so,
as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.

York. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue stain'd with bloud;
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.
See ruthless Queene, a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in blood of my sweete boy,
And loe, with teares I wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the napkin, and go boast of that.
And if thou tell the story well,
Upon my soule the hearers will shed teares,
I,euen my foes will shed fast falling teares,
and fay, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
and in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.
Hard harted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him, to see
How inward anger gripes his hart.

Que. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly dry your melting teares.

Cliff. There's for my oath there's for my fathers death.

Queen. And there's to right our gentle harted kinde.

York. Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,
My soule flies soorth to meete with thee.

Queene. Off with his head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Exeunt omnes.
The contention of the two famous Houses.

Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Soldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapless warre,
How doth my uoble brother Richard fare?

Rich. I cannot joy vntill I be resolued,
Where our right valiant father is become.

How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a Lyon midst a herd of Neat,
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

Three sunnes appeare in the Ayre.

Edw. Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious sunne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious sunnes, not separated by a racking cloud
But seuered in a pale cleere shining sky.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some league inviolate.

Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sunne,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Already each one shining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-pee the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining sunes.
But what art thou that look'st so heavily?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

Edw. Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
and then pursude by Clifford and the Queene,
and many soldiours moe, who all at once
Let drue at him, and forc't the Duke to yeeld,
Yorke and Lancaster.

And then they set him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,
VWho then with teares began to waile his fall,
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the blood of sweet young Rutland,
By rough Clifford flaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloody swords,
VWho like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the pitteous spectable
That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules Palace is become a prison.
Oh would the breake from compasse of my brest,
For neuer shall I have more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my breasts moysture
Scarfe serues to quench my furnace burning hate:
I cannot ioy till this white Rose be dy'de,
Euen in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or dye my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedom that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the Sunne,
For Chaire, and Dukedom; Throne and Kingdome say,
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum,
ancient, and soldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?
Rich. Ah Warwicke, shoulde we report the balefull newes,
And at each words deliuerance, stab Ponyards in our flesh
Till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.

L Ah
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere: Leuen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sorne Lord Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago I drownd those newes in teares,
And now to addde more measure to your woes:
I come to tell you newes since then befalne.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield sought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings as swiftly as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along.
For by my scouls I was advertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dafe your late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries heires, and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battailes ioynd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)
That rob'd my soldiery of their heated spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of his successe,
Or more then common seare of Cliffords rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our soldiery, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like an ydle Thrasher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they smote their friends.
I cheered them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise ofhye pay, and great rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.
of York and Lancaster.

So that we fled. The King unto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, haste, haste, are come to ioyne with you.
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thanks gentle Warwick.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some five miles off the Duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt, Dutchess of Burgundie,
With aide of souldiers against this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods beilike, when valiant Warwick fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursuite,
But nere till now thy scandal of retire.

War. Not now my scandal Richard doft thou heare:
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is fam'd for mildenesse, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numbrong our Anemaries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with revengefull armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War, Why therefore Warwick came to finde you out?
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Haue wrought the eafe melting King like waxe,
He swore consent to your succession.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath, or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I guess them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the help of Norfolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to eight and forty thousand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, to London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our coming Steeds,
And once againe cry, Charge upon the foe,
But never once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I now methinkes I heare great Warwick speake:
Nere may he live to see a Sunshyne day,
That cries retire, when Warwick bids him stay.
Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulde will I leane,
And when thou faunts, must Edward fall:
Which perill heauen foresend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is, Englands royall King;
And King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd,
In every burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for joy,
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craves your company for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts braue Lords.
Let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter
of Yorke and Lancaster.

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northern Earles, with drumme and Soulđours.

Queen, Welcome my Lord to this braue Towne of Yorke, Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy, That sought to be impaled with your Crowne. Doth not the object please your eye my Lord? King, Euen as the rockes please them that fear their wracke. With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow. Clif. My gracious Lord, this too much lenity And harmefull pitty must be layde aside, To whom do Lyons caft their gentle lookes e Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den. Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke? Not his that spoyleth his young before his face. Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting? Not he that sets his foote upon her backe. The smalllest worme will turne being troden on, And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their brood. Ambitious Torke did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou smiling, while hee knit his angry browes. He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King, And raise his issue like a louing Sire. Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne, Didst giue consent to disinherit him, Which argu'd thee a most vnnaturall Father. Unreasonable creatures feede their yong, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings, Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight, Make warre with him, that climbs vs their Nest Offering their owne lives in their yongs defence? For shame my Lord, make them your president.

L 3
**The contention of the two famous Houses,**

Were it not pity that this goodly boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter, say vnto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather and Grandfather got,
My careless father fondly gave away?
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth succesful fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

**King.** Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou never yet heare tell,
That things ill got had euer bad successe,
And happy euer was it for that sonne,
VWhich eares father for his hoarding went to hell?
I leave my sonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As asks a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite counteruaile.
Ah cochef Yorke, would thy best friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

**Queene.** My Lord, this harmfull pity makes your followers faint.

You promisf Knight-hood to your Princely sonne,
VUnsheath your sword, and straight way dub him Knight,
Kneeue downe Edward.

**King.** Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this lesson, Draw thy sword in right.

**Prince.** My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
and in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

**North.** Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

**Enter a Messenger.**

**Messe.** Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fifty thousand men,
of Yorke and Lancaster.

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
Proclames him King, and many flyes to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highneffe would depart the field,
The Queene hath best succeffe when you are absent.

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why that's my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Priu. Good Father cheere thefe noble Lords,

Unsheath your sword, sweet Father cry S. George.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we wil not moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edw. Now periur'd Henry, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne?

Queen. Go rate thy Minions proud insulting boy,

Becomes it thee to be thus malapert

Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he shoulde bend his knee,

I was adopted heyre by his consent.

George. Since when, he hath broke his oath,

For as we heare, you that are King
(Though he do weare the Crowne)
Haue cauſd him by new acte of Parliament,

To blot our brother out, and put his owne fonne in.

Clif. And reacon George:

Who shoulde succeede the father, but the fon?

Rich. Are you there butcher?

Clif. I Crooke-backe heere I stand to answer thee,

Or any of your fort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. What faift thou Henry? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongu'd Warwick, dare you speake?

When you and I met at Saint Albons laft,

You
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Your legs did better seruise then your hands,

War. I, then was my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.
Clif. you said as much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood Warwick, y' could make yee stay.
Rich. Nortumberland, Nortumberland, we hold

Thee reverently.
Breake off the parley, for scarce I can restraine
The execution of my big swolne heart,

Against that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer,

Clif. Why I kild thy Father, calft thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sun-set Ie make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me speake.

Queene. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,

I being a King, am pruiledg'd to speake.

Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vsheath thy sword,

By him that made vs all, I am resolued
That Cliffs man-hood hangs upon his tongue.

Edw. What sayst thou Henry, shall I haue my right or no?
A thousand men haue broke their faite to day,

That ner shall dine, unless thou yeeld the Crown.
War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.

For Yorke in iustice, puts his Armour on.

Prin. If all be right that Warwick saies is right,
There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou haft thy mothers tongue.

Queene. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a foulle mishapen stigmaticke,
Markt by the Destinies to be avoide,
As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich.
Tyrke and Lancaster.

Rich.Iron of Naples, hid with english gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell should be cald the sea;
Shall't thou not, knowing from whence thou art deri'de,
To parliethus with Englands lawfull heyrés?

Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crownes,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reuel'd in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he matched according to his state,
He might haue kept that glory till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grace't thy poore sire with his briddall day:
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,
Which waftth his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults, but thy pride?
Hadst thou bene meeke, our title yet had slept,
And we in pitty of the gentle King,
Had slip't our claiame vntill another age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought thee gaine,
And that the harvest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy whispering roote,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yett know thou we will never cease to strike,
Till we haue hewn thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this volution, I defte thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake.
Sound trumpers, let our bloody colours waue,
And either victory, or else a graue.

Queene. Stay Edward, stay.

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer stay,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Alarmes. Enter Warwick.

War. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For strokes received, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit finewes of their strength,
And force perforce, needs must I rest my selfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heavens, or strike vngentle death,
That we may die vnlesse we gaine the day:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heaven.
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house?

Enter George.

George. Come brother come, let to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
Leaft they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why haft thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest throgs,
Cride still for Warwick, his thrice valiant sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring fate vpon his fleede,
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride, Warwick revenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horfe,
And so the noble Salisbure gaue vp the ghoft.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horfe, because I will not flye:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field,
Till
Till I am full revenged for his death,
Edw. Lord Warwicke, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we lose the day.
George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,
And call them pillars that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trustie service, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishapes continue so.
Warwicke. farewell.
War. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarimes, and then enter Richard at one doore,
And Clifford at the other.

Clif. A Richard, a Richard.
Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young Rutlands death,
This thristy sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.
Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stab'd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that flew thy brother Rutland,
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheere these hands that flew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters Warwick and rescues Richard, and then exects omnes.

Alarmes still, and then enter Henry solus,

Hen. Oh gracious God of heaven looke downe on vs,
And let some endes to these incessant griefes.
How like a mafflesse ship vpon the seas,
This wofull bataille doth continuare still.
Now leaning this way, now to that fide drive,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these ciuill iars!
Would I had never reign'd, nor here beene King.
Margaret and Clifford, chide me from the field.
Swearing they had best successse when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well.
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content.
To yeeld it them, and live a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits nobody,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day.
May be posseffed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to finde them if I can.
But stay; methinks it is my fathers face:
Oh I, 'tis he whom I haue slaine in fight.
From London was I prest out by the King,
My father he came on the part of Torke,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew them not.

Enter another soldiour with a dead man.

2. Soul. Lie there thou that fought'st with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haft.
But stay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,
Torke and Lancaster.

Oh monstrous times, begetting such events,
How cruel, bloody, and ironous,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
Poor boy, thy father gave thee life too late,
And hast berea'nd thee of thy life too soon.

King. Woe aboue woe, grieue more than common grieue,
While Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poor Lambes do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The red Rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you strive, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. Soul. How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and here be satisfied?
2. Soul. How will my wife for slaughter of my sonne,
Take on with me and here be satisfied?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their King,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfy.

1. Soul. Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?
2. Soul. Was euer father so unnaturall, his sonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus greeued and vexed still?

1. Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. Soul. Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

Exit with his sonne.

King. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here fits a King, as woe begun as thee.

Alarums, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to Barbicke presently,
The day is lost, our friends are murdered,
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flye, our men haue left the field,

Take
The contention of the two famous Houses,
Take horse sweet father, let vs save our felues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet, Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay stand not to expostulate, make haste,
Or else come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay stay good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow
in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out,
That whilst it lasted, gave King Henry light.
Ah Lancaster, I fear thine overthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthened misproud Yorke,
The common people (warne like summer flies,
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the sunne?
And who shines now, but Henrys enemy?
Oh Phaebus, hast thou never giuen content,
That Phaeton should checke thy fiery steedes,
Thy burning carre had never scorcht the earth.
And Henry, hadst thou liu'd as Kings should do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the house of Yorke,
I and ten thousand in this wofull Land,
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this day hast kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?
Bootlesse are plaints, and curelesse are my wounds,
No way to flie, no strenght to hold out flight.
The foe is mercielsse and will not pitty me,
And at their hands I haue demean no pitty.
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint,
Come Yorke and Richard, Warwicke and the rest,
Torke and Lancaster.

I stab'd your fathers, now come split my breast.

Enter Edward, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Thus fare our fortunes keeps an upward course, and we are graci'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troopes pursue the bloody minded Queene, That now towards Barwick doth post amaine, But thinke you that Clifford is fled away with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard mark; him for the graue. And where so ever he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford groans, and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and deaths departure.
Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vis'd.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercy, for tis Clifford, Who kild our tender brother Rutland,
And stab'd our Princely father, Duke of Torke.
War. From off the gates of Torke fetch downe the Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there: Instead of that, let his supply the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal Scritchowle to our house, That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death, Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.
War. I thinke his understanding is bereft. Say Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee? Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life, And he nor sees nor heare vs what we say.

Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth, And tis his pollicy that in the time of death, He might avoid such bitter storms as he In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

George. Richard, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtaine no grace.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootlefe penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy fault.
George. Whilfe we devise fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedft Torke, and I am sonne to Torke.
Edw. Thou pittiedft Rutland, and I will pitty thee.
George. Where's captaine Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou waft wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? Nay then I know hec's dead.

Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hec's dead, and by my soule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
(That I in all contempt might raile at him)
Ide cut it off, and with the ifluing bloud,
Stifle the villaine, whose instanched thirst,
Torke and young Rutland could not satisfie.

War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers stand.
And now to London with triuimphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.
From thence shall warwickes crosse the seas to France,
And aske the Lady Bona for thy Queene.
So shalt thou sinew both these laudies together,
And haung France thy friend, thou needs not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly ring to hurt,
Yet look to haue them busie to offend thine cares.
First, Ile see the Coronation done,
And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it please my Lord.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt good Warwicke let it be.
But first before we goe, George kneele downe,
We here create thee Duke of Clarence,
And girt thee with the sword.
Our younger brother Richard, Duke of Glofier.
Warwicke as my selfe shall do and vndo as himselfe pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Glofier,
For Glofiers Dukedome is too ominous.
Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrows.

Keeper. Come, let's take our stands upon this hill, And by and by the Deere will come this way. But stay, heere comes a man, let's listen him a while.

Enter King Henry disguised.

Henry. From Scotland am I stolne even of pure love, And thus disguise to greete my native Land.
No Henry, no, it is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Cesar now,
No humble futers fues to thee for right.
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

Keeper. I marry sir, heere's a Deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the King, King Edward hath deposde.

Henry. My Queene and Sonne, poore soules are gone to France,
And as I heare, the great commanding Warwick,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady Bona.
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For Lewis is a Prince soone won with words,
And Warwick is a subtile Orator,
He laughs, and faies his Edward is inftalde.
She weepes, and faies her Henry is deposde.
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,
She on his left side, craving aide for Henry.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queens?

Henry. More then I seeme, for leffe I should not be.

A man at leaft, and more I cannot be,
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert a King thy selfe.

Henry. Why so I am in minde, though not in shew?

Keeper. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

Henry.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Hen. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head.
My crowne is cald Content, a crowne that
Kings do seldom times enjoy.
Keeper. And if thou be a King crowned with content,
Your crowne content and you must be content
To go with vs into the Officer, for as we thinke,
You are our quondam King, King Edward hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the Kings,
To go along with vs into the Officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfilld, your Kings name be
Obeyde, and be you kings, command and Ile obey.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, Montague,
Hastings, and the Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloster,
This Ladies husband here, Sir Richard Grey,
At the battaile of S. Albones did lose his life,
His lands then were feiz'd on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to reposeffe those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of Torke,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honour we cannot deny her sute.
Glo. Your highnesse shall do well to grant it then.
K. Edw. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.
Glo. Is the winde in that doore?
Clarence. I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble sute.
Glo. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.
K. Edw. Widow, come some other time to know our mind.
La. May it pleafe your Grace, I cannot brooke delais,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.
K. Edw. Lords giue vs leave, we meane to try this widowes wit.
Cla. I, good leave haue you.
Glo. For you will haue leave, till youth take leave,
And leae vs to your crouch.
K. Edw. Come hither widow, how many children haft thou?
of Yorke and Lancaster.

Cla. I thinke he meanes to beg a childe on her.

Glo. Nay whip me then, hee'll rather give her two.

La. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall haue foure if you will be rulde by him.

K.Edw. Were't not pitty they should lose their fathers lands?

La. Be pittifull then dread Lord, and grant it them.

K.Edw. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.

La. So shall you binde me to your highnesse seruice.

K.Edw. What seruice wilt thou do me, if I grant it them?

La. Even what your highnesse shall command.

Glo. Nay then widow Ile warrant you all your Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he Commands. Fight close, or in good faith

You catch a clap.

Cla. Nay I feare her not vnlesse she fall.

Glo. Marry god'sforbot man, for hee'll take vantage then.

La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?

K.Edw. An easie taske, tis but to loue a King.

La. That's soone performed, because I am a subject.

K.Edw. Why then thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.

La. I take my leaue with many thoufand thanks.

Cla. The match is made, the feales it with a curtfe.

K.Edw. Stay widdow stay, what loue doft thou thinke

I sue so much to get?

La. My humble seruice, such as subjectis owes, and the lawes commands.

K.Edw. No by my roth, I meant no such loue,

But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

La. Totell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

K.Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands.

La. Then mine honesty shall be my dower,

For by that losse I will not purchase them.


La. Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and

Me, but mighty Lord, this merry inclination

Agrees not with the sadnesse of my fute.

Please it your highnesse to dismisse me, either with I or no.

N 2 K. Edw.
The contention of the two famous Houses.

K. Edw. I, if thou say I to my request,
No, if thou say no to my demand.
Lady, Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woener in Christendome.
K. Edw. Her lookes are all replete with maiefty,
One way or other she is for a King,
And she shall be my loue or elle my Queene.
Say that King Edward tooke thee for his Queene.
Lady. Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a subject fit to iest withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enjoy thee for my Loue.
Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K. Edw. You cauing widdow, I did meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my sons shold call you father.

K. Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriner, twas for shrift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marry her.
Cla. Marry her my Lord, to whom?
K. Edw. Why Clarence to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the least.
Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder lafts.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, iest on brothers, I can tell you, her
of York and Lancaster.

Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And it please your grace, Henry your foe is taken, and brought as prisoner to your Pallece gates.

K. Edw. Away with him, and send him to the Tower, and let's go question with the man about his apprehension. Lords along, and vse this Lady honourably.

Manet Gloster and Speaker.

Glo. Edward will vse women honorably, would he were wafted, marrow, bones, and all, that from his loynes no issue might succeed, to hinder me from the golden time I looke for, for I am not yet lookt on in the world. First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry, and his sonne, and all they looke for issue, of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe. A cold premeditation for my purpose, what other pleasure is there in the world beside? I will go clad my body in gay ornaments, and lull my selfe within a Ladies lap, and watch sweet Ladies with my words and looks. Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought! Why loue did scorn me in my mothers wombe. And for I should not deale in her affaires, she did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh, and plac'd an enious mountain on my backe, where fits deformity to mocke my body, to dry mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe, to make my legs of an unequall size, and am I then a man to be belou'd? Easier for me to compasse twenty crownes, tut I can smile, and murder when I smile, I cry content, to that which greeues me most. I can adde colours to the Camelion, And
3 Hen. VI.

The contention of the two famous Houses,
And for a need change shapes with Protheus,
And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?
Tush, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe.

Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.

Lewis, Welcome Queen Margaret, to the Court of France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt have aide to repose thy right,
and beate proud Edward from his usurped seat,
and place King Henry in his former rule.

Queen, I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And pray the God of heauen to bleffe thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis, How now, who is this?
Queen, Our Earle of Warwick, Edwards cheefest friend.
Lewis, Welcome braue Warwick, what brings thee to France?
War, From worthy Edward, King of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnesse and unsaied loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amity,
And laſtly to confirme that amity
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady Bona thy faire sister,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

Queene, And if this go forward, all our hope is done.
War, And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiffe your hand, and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my Soueraignes heart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plac’d thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queene.
of Torke and Lancaster.

Queene, King Lewis and Lady Bona, heare me speake,
Before you answere Warwicke or his words,
For he it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret.
Prince Edw. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then she is Queene.

Ox. Then Warwicke disanuls great John of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,
And after John of Gaunt, wise Henry the fourth,
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wise Prince Henry the first,
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,
From these our Henry is lineally descent.

War. Oxford, how haps that in this smoothe discourse,
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost
All that Henry the first had gotten.
Methinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that,
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two yeares, a silly time
To make presciption for a kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why Warwicke, canst thou deny thy King,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and eight yeares,
and bewray thy treasons with a blush?

War. Can Oxford that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?
For shame leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,
And more then so, my father euin in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the doore of death?
No Warwicke, no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of Torke.

K. Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Till I do talke a word with Warwicke.

Now Warwicke, even upon thy honor tell me true;

Is Edward lawfull King, or no?

For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

War. Thereon I pawn mine honour and my credite.

Lewis. What, is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more, that Henry is unfortunate.

Lewis. What, is his loue to our Sister Bona?

War. Such it seemes,

As may be come a Monarch like himselfe.

My selfe haue often heard him say and sware,

That this his loue was an eternall plant,

The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,

The leaves and fruite maintain'd with beauties suone,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unlesse the Lady Bona quit his paine.

Lewis. Then let vs hear your firme resolue.

Bona. Your grant or denial shall be mine,

But as this day I must confesse, when I

Haue heard your Kings deserts recounted,

Mine eares haue tempted judgement to desire.

Lewis. Then draw neere Queene Margaret, and be a witness,

That Bona shall be wife to the English King.

Prince Edward To Edward, but not the English King.

War. Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose,

And as for you your selfe, our quondam Queene,

You haue a father able to maintaine your state,

And better twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a Poste within.

Lewis. Here comes some Poste Warwicke, to thee or vs.

Poste. My Lord ambassador, this Letter is for you,

Sent from your brother, Marqueff Montague.

This from our King, vs to your Majesty.

And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistresse,

Smiles
Smiles at her newes, when Warwick frets at his.

P. Ed. And marke how Lewis stampes as he were netted.

Lew. Now Margaret & Warwick, what are your newes?

Queen. Mine is such, as fills my heart with joy.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and hearts discontent.

Lew. What, hath your King married the Lady Gray.

And now to excuse himselfe, lends ye a post of papers?

How dares he presume to vs vs thus?

Qu. This prooueth Edwards love, and Warwickes honesty.

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in fight of heauen,

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards.

No more my King, for he dishonors me,

And moft himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of Yorke,

My father came to an untimely death?

Did I let passe the abuse done to thy Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

And thrust King Henry from his native home?

And (moft vngratefull) doth he vs me thus?

My gracious Queene, pardon what is past,

And henceforth I am thy true seruitor:

I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Yes Warwick, Ile quite forget thy former faults

If now thou wilt become King Henrys friend.

War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

Ile undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,

Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the laft I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue aide: and English messenger, returne

In post, and tell false Edward thy supposd King,

That Lewis of France is sending our Maskers,

To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

Bona.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Bow. Tell him in hope he'll be a widdower shortly,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake,

Queene. Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong.
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Mes.

Lewis. But now tell me Warwicke, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter and my ioy
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.

Queene. With all my hart, that match I like full well,
Love her sonne Edward she is faire and young,
And give thy hand to Warwicke for thy loue.

Lewis. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuje soldiers for to goe with you.
And you Lord Bourbon, our high Admirall,
Shall waiste them safely to the English coast,
And chafe proud Edward from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.

War. I came from Edward as Embassador,
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the cheefe that raisde him to the Crowne,
And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pitty Henries misery,
But secke reuenge on Edwards mockery.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Closter, Montague, Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiers.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloster,

What
What thinke you of our marriage with the Lady Grey?

Cla. My Lord, we thinke as Warwick and Lewis.

That are so slacke in judgment, that they will take no offence at this sudden marriage.

Edw. Suppose they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick.

And I am both your King and Warwicks.

And will be obeyed.

Glo. And shall, because our King, but yet such sudden marriages sildome proueth well.

Edw. Yea brother Richard, are you against vs too?

Glo. Not my Lord, no, God forefend, that I should once gainsay your highnesse pleasure,

I, and were pitty to suffer them that yoke so well together.

Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,

Shew me some reasons why the Lady Grey,

May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?

Speake freely Clarence, Glocester,

Montague, and Haftings.

Cla. My Lord, then this is mine opinion,

That Warwick being dishonored in his Embassage,

Doth seeke reuenge to quit his injuries.

Glo. And Lewis in regard of his sisters wrongs,

Doth ioyne with Warwick to supplant your state.

Edw. Suppose that Lewis and Warwick be appeasde,

By such means as I can best devise.

Mont. But yet to haue ioynd with France in this Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our Common-wealth, against forraigne stormes,

Then any home-bred marriage.

Haft. Let England be true within it selfe,

We need not France, nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this one speech, Lord Haftings well deserveth,

To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lord Hungerford.

Edw. And what then? it was our will it should be so,

Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales

Did well desere at your hands, to haue the

Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Brothers to go seek else-where, but in your madnessse
You bury brother-hood.

Edw. Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.
Cla. Nay, you playde the broker so ill for your selfe,
That ye shall give me leaue to make my choise
As I thinke good: and to that intent
I shortly meane to leaue you.

Edw. Leave me, or tarry, I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

Qu. My Lords, do me but right,
And you must confesse, before it please his highnesse
To aduance my state to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

Edw. Forbearc my Loue to sawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,
And if they looke for sauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, here is the Messenger return'd from France.

Enter Messenger.

Ed. Now sirra, what letters? Or what newes?
Mes. No Letters my Lord,
And such Newes, as without your highnesse pardon,
I dare not relate.

Ed. We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canst) tell me,
What faide Lewis to our Letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his very wordes.
Go tell false Edward thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

Ed. Is Lewis so braue & Belike, he thinkes me Henry.
But what sayde Lady Bona to these wrongs?
Mes. Tell him, quoth she, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his fake.

Ed. She had the wrong,
Indeed she could say little leffe. But what said Henries Queene,
Torke and Lancaster.

For as I hear, she was then in place?
  Mes. Tell him quoth she, my mourning weeds be done,
  And I am ready to put armour on.
  Ed. Then belike she means to play the Amazon.
But what saide Warwicke to these injuries?
  Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
  Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
  And therefore I'll uncrowne him ere't be long.
  Ed. Ha, durt the Traitor breath out such proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what is Warwicke friends with Margaret?
  Mes. My good Lord, they are so linkt in friendship,
  That young Prince Edward marries Warwicke's daughter.
  Cla. The elder, belike Clarence shall have the younger.
All you that love me and Warwicke follow me.

Exit Clarence and Somerset.

Ed. Clarence and Somerset fled to Warwicke,
What say you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?
  Glo. I my Lord, in despight of all that shall withstand you.
  For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,
  But that I shold be valiant and stand to it:
  For if I would, I cannot runne away,
  Edw. Penbrooke, go raise an army presently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night
  I meane to rest, and on the morrow morn,
  I'll march to meete proud Warwicke, ere he land
  Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, Montague and Hastings,
You abowe all the rest are neere allied.
In blood to Warwicke: therefore tell me,
If you faouer him more then me, or not.
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friends.

Mont. So God helpe Montague, as he proues true.
  Haf. And Hastings, as he favours Edwards cause,
  Edw. It shall suffice, Come then let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.  

Enter
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Warwick and Oxford with Soldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
   The common people by numbers swarm to vs,
   But see where Somerset and Clarence comes,
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Fear not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,
   And welcome Somerset, I hold it cowardise,
To reft mistrustfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in signe of love,
   Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edward's brother,
   Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what refts but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carelesely encampt,
His soldiors lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
   Our scouts have found the aduenture very easie,
Then cry king Henry with resolved mindes,
And breake we presently into his Tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our way in silent fort,

For Warwick and his friends, God and S. George.

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand,
Courage my soldiers, now or never,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwick, a Warwick.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Ox. Who goes there?

War. Richard and Hastings, let them go, here is the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why Warwick when we parted

Last, thou calldst me King

War. I but the case is alterd now.
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassage,
Then I disgrac'd you from being King,

And
**Torke and Lancaster.**

And now am come to create you Duke of Torke,
Alas, how should you gouerne any kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to shroud your selfe from enemies.

*Edw.* Well Warwick, let fortune do her worst,
*Edward* in minde will beare himselfe a King.

*War.* Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,
But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne.
Go conuay him to our brother Archbishop of Torke,
And when I haue fought with Penbroke and his followers,
Ie come and tell thee what the Lady Bona faies,
And so for a while farwell good Duke of Torke.

*Exit some with Edward.*

*Cla.* What followes now? all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters into France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speed to ioyne with vs.

*War.* That's the first thing that we haue to do,
And free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seate in his Regall Throne.
Come lets hafe away, and hauing past these cares,
Ie poste to Torke, and see how Edward fares.  

*Exeunt omnes.*

**Enter Glofier, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.**

*Glo.* Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this,
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest here.

*Hunts.* The Bishop of Torke befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuile sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
and see where the huntsman and he doth come.

**Enter Edward and a Huntsman.**

*Hunts.* This way my Lord the Deere is gone.

*Edw.*
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Edw. No this way huntsman,

See where the Keepers stand, Now brother and the rest,

What, are you provided to depart?

Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the Parke corner;

Come, to Lin, and so take shipping into Flanders:

Ed. Come then. Hastings and Stanley,

I will require your loues. Byshop farewell,

Sheeld thee from Warwick's frowne,

And pray that I may repoffe the Crowne.

Now huntsman, what will you do?

Hunts. Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good

Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.

Edw. Come then lets away with speed.  

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

Rivers. Tell me good Madame,

Why is your Grace so passionate of late?

Qu. Why brother Rivers, heare ye not the newes

Of that succeffe King Edward had of late?


Tush, feare not faire Queene, but cast those cares aside.

King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth display;

And Warwick may lose, though then he got the day.

Qu. If that were all, my greefes were at an end,

But greater troubles will I feare befall.

Ri. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,

To the danger of his royall person then?

Queen. I ther's my greefe, King Edward is surpriz'd,

And led away as prisoner vnto Yorke.

Riis. The newes is passing strange I must confesse;

Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,

Then Lancashire at this time must perceyue,

That some will set him in his Throne againe.

Qu. God grant they may; but gentle brother come,

And let me leane upon thine arme a while,

Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,

There to preferue the fruite within my wombe,  

King
of Yorke and Lancaster.

King Edwards seed, true heire to Englands crowne. Exit.

Enter Edward and Richard, and Hassings, with a troope of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas, And marcht from Raunsper hauen vnto Yorke: But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

Rich. Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke, vpon the wals.

Maior. My Lords we had notice of your comming, And that's the caufe we stand vpon our guard, And shut the gates for to preserve the Towne.

Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

Edw. Why my Lord Maior, if Henry be your king, Edward I am sure at leaft, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. Truth my Lord, we know you for no leffe.

Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head, Hee'll quickly make the body follow after.

Hast. Why my Lord Maior, what stand you vpon points? Open the gates, we are king Henrys friends.

Maior. Say you so, then Ile open them presently.

Exit Maior.

Rich. By my faith, a wise stout captaine, and soone persuaded

The Maior opens the doore, and brings the keyes in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maior, these gates must not be shut, But in the time of warre, give me the keyes: What, feare not man, for Edward will defend The towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter Sir John Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

How now Richard, who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, A trustie friend, vnleffe I be deceiued.

The contention of the two famous Houses.

Sir John. To helpe King Edward in this time of stormes,
As every loyall subject ought to do.

Edw. Thankes braue Montgomery,
But I onely claime my Dukedom,
Vntill it please God to send the rest.

Sir John. Then fare you well, Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to ferue a King, and not a Duke.

Edw. Nay stay Sir John, and let vs first debate,
With what security we may do this thing.

Sir John. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe
That come to succour you, why shoud we fight,
When you pretend no title?

Rich. Fie brother, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

Edw. I am resolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to lose my life,

Sir John. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion.

Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimed,

Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and
France, and Lord of Ireland; and whosoever gainsies King
Edwards right, by this I challenge him to single fight. Long
lieue Edward the fourth.

All. Long live Edward the fourth.

Edw. We thanke you all, Lord Maior leade on the way.
For this night wee'1l harbour here in York,
And then as early as the morning sunne,
Lifts vp his beames aboue this horizon,
Wee'll march to London, to meete with Warwick,
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwick and Clarence with the Crowne, and then
King Henry, Oxford, Somerset, and the
young Earle of Richmond.
of York and Lancaster.

King. Thus from the prison to this princely seat,
By God's great mercies am I brought againe.
Clarence and Warwick, do you keep the crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will spend the remnant of my daies,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators praise.

War. What answeres Clarence to his Soueraignes will?

Cla. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what pretty boy
Is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Som. If it please your grace, it is young Henry,

Earle of Richmond.

King. Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretty Lad.

If heavenly powers do aime aight
To my diuing thoughts, thou pretty boy,
Shall proue this Countries life.
Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a Letter to Warwick.

War. What counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards London,
And many giddy headed people follow him.

Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for us to quench it out.

War. In Warwickshire I have true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence,
Shalt in Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

P 2 And
The contention of the two famous Houses.
And thou brother Montague, in Leicestershire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue Oxford, wondrous well belou’d,
Shalt in thy Countries muster vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his loving Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leave, and stand not to reply,
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farwell my Heitor, my Troies true hope.
War. Farewel sweet Lords, let us meete at Country.
All. Agreed.

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edward. Seize on the Shameface’s Henry,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Country let vs bend our course,
To meete with Warwick and his confederates.

Enter Warwick on the walls.

War. Where is the postle that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honest fellow?
Ox. postle. By this at Daintry marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother Montague?

Where is the Postle that came from Montague?
Postle. I left him at Donsmore with his troopes.
War. Say Summerfield, where is my louing sonne?
And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?
Summer. At Southam my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the furlie Warwick mans the Wall.
War. Onbid sight, is spotfull Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc’d,
of Yorke and Lancaster.

That we could have no newes of their repaire?

Edw. Now Warricke, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,

And call Edward king, and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,

Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe,

Call Warricke Patron, and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Glo. I had thought at least he would have said the king.

Or did he make the ieast against his will.

War. 'Twas Warricke gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by Warricke gift.

War. I, but thou art no Atlas for so a great a weight,

And weakling Warricke takes his gift againe,

Henry is my king, Warricke his subject.

Edw. I prethee gallant Warricke tell me this,

What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warricke had no more foresight,

But whilft he sought to steale the single ten,

The king was finely fingred from the decke.

You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallass,

And ten to one you'l meete him in the Tower.

Edw. Tis even so, and yet you are old Warricke still.

War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

Enter Oxford, with drum and soldiors.


Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,

Lest follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.

Glo. No, so some other might set vp on our backes,

We'll stay till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and soldiers.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Hauie folde their lies into the house of Yorke,

And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiers.

Mont, Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.  

Edw. Traiterous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall decreely abide this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiers.

War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother bataile.

Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

Edw. Et in Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parlie sirra, to George of Clarence.

Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whissers together, and then
Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick.

War. Come Clarence, come, thou wilt if Warwick call.

Cla. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the stones together)
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou,
That Clarence is so harsh unnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud hearted Warwick I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes,
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
And Richard do not frowne onon me.
For henceforth I will prove no more vnconstant,

Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou never hadst deseru'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.

War. Oh passing traitor, periur'd and vniust.

Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine ears?

War. Why I am not coopt vp here for defence,
I will away to Barnet presently,

And
of Torke and Lancaster.
And bid thee battle, Edward if thou dar'st.
Edward. Yes, Warwick he dares, and leads the way.
Lords to the field, Saint George and victory.


Exit omnes.


Alarms, and then enter Warwick wounded.
War. Ah, who is he? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, Torke or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gave shelter to the princely Eagle,

Vnder whose shade the rampant Lyon slept,
Whose top branch ouer-peerd loves spreading tree,
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers.

For who liu'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Loe now my glory smeared in dust and blood,
My parkes, my walkes, my manners that I had,
Euen now forfake me, and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Oxford. Ah Warwick, Warwick, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,
And at South-hampton landed all her traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we never flie.

War. Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For many wounds receiued, and many more repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spire of spites needs must I yeeld to death.

Somerset. Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his last,
### 3 Hen. VI. V. ii.

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<td>And at the pangs of death I heard him cry</td>
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<td>And say, Commend me to my valiant brother:</td>
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<td>43</td>
<td>And more he would have spoke, and more he saide,</td>
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<td>44</td>
<td>Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,</td>
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<td>That could not be distinguish for the sound,</td>
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<td>46</td>
<td>And so the valiant Montague gave vp the ghost,</td>
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<td>47</td>
<td>War. What is pompe, rule, reign, but earth and dust?</td>
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<td>48</td>
<td>And live we how we can, yet die we must,</td>
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<td>49</td>
<td>Sweet rest his soule, flye Lords, and save your selues,</td>
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<td>50</td>
<td>For Warwick bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.</td>
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<td>51</td>
<td>He dyes.</td>
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<td>52</td>
<td>Oxf. Come Noble Somerset, let's take our horse,</td>
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<td>53</td>
<td>And cause retreate be sounded through the Campe,</td>
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<td>54</td>
<td>That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,</td>
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<td>55</td>
<td>May be forewarn'd, and save themselves by flight,</td>
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<td>56</td>
<td>That done, with them we'el poste vnto the Queene,</td>
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<td>57</td>
<td>And once more try our fortune in the field.</td>
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<td>Exit ambo.</td>
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### V. iii.

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<th>59.</th>
<th>Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, with Soldiers.</th>
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<td>60</td>
<td>Edw. Thus still our fortune gues vs victorie,</td>
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<td>61</td>
<td>And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes,</td>
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<td>62</td>
<td>The big-bond traitor Warwick hath breath'd his last,</td>
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<td>63</td>
<td>And heaven this day hath smil'd vpon vs all,</td>
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<td>64</td>
<td>But in this clear and brightsome day,</td>
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<td>65</td>
<td>I see a blacke suspitious clowd appeare,</td>
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<td>66</td>
<td>That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,</td>
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<td>67</td>
<td>Before he gaine his easifull westernbe beams;</td>
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<td>68</td>
<td>I meane those pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France</td>
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<td>69</td>
<td>Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.</td>
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<td>70</td>
<td>Glo. Oxford and Somerset are fled to her,</td>
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<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>And 'tis likely, if she haue time to breath,</td>
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<td>72</td>
<td>Her faction will be full as strong as ours.</td>
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<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Edw. We are aduertisse by our louing friends,</td>
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<td>74</td>
<td>That they do hold their course towadres Tewksbury:</td>
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<td>75</td>
<td>Thither will we, for willingnesse rid's way:</td>
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<td>And</td>
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</table>
of Yorke and Lancaster.

And in every Country as we passe along,
Our strengths shall be augmented.
Come lets go, for if we flacke this bright summers day,
Sharpe winters showers will marre our hope for haie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford and Somerset,
with Drum and Soldiers.

Queen. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
And welcome Somerset, and Oxford too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
and though our tackling be almost consumde,
Warwicke as our maine Maft ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie poste,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto reft,
and Ned and I as willing Pilots shoulde,
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heeretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there shoulde)
amongst vs a timorous or fearfull man,
Let him depart before the battailes ioyne,
Leaft he in time of need entice another,
and so withdraw the soldiours hearts from vs,
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword preafe in the thickest throngs,
and single Edward from his strongest guard,
and hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leave my body as witnesse of my thoughts,

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolue,
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee,
Long maist thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day

Q
The contention of the two famous Houses.

Be hift, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs unprovided.
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and soldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods assistance, and your prowess,
Shall with our swords ere night be clean cut downe.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
My teares gainesay. For as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this:

Henry our King is prisoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite distreft,
And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this;
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.

All. Saint George for Lancaster.

Alarums to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be discharged.
Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloster, and the rest, making a great shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queen, Prince,
Oxford, and Somerfet are taken, and then sound and enter all a-gaine.

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.
For Somerfet, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part Ie not trouble thee with words. Exit Oxf.

Soms. Nor I, but fllope with patience to my death. Exit Soms.

Edw. Now Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke;
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth;
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,

Which
of Torke and Lancaster.

Which Traitor thou wouldst have me answer to,

Qu. Oh that thy father had bene so resolu'd.

Glo. That you might still have kept your peticote,
And here have stolne the breech from Lancaster.

Prin. Let Aesop fable in a winters night,

His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

Glo. By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.

Prin. Nay take away this scolding Crooke-backe rather.

Edw. Peace wiltfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cle. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.

Lasciuious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all

I am your better, Traitors as you be.

Edw. Take that, thou likenesst of this railer here. Stabs him.

Qu. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marry and shall,

Ed. Hold Richard hold, for we have done too much alreadie.

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

Ed. What doth she swound?

Make meanes for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother,

I must to London on a serious matter,

Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cle. About what, prethee tell me?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.

Exit Gloster.

Qu. Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother boy:

Ah, thou canst not speake.

Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,

They that stab'd Caesar shed no blood at all,

For he was a man; this, in respect a childe,

And men here spend their fury on a childe.

What's worser then Tyrant that I may not name?

Q2 You
The contention of the two famous Houses.

You have no children diuels, if you had,

The thought of them would then have stopt your rage,

But if you ever hope to have a sonne,

Looke in his youth to have him so cut off,

As traitors you have done this sweet young Prince.

Edw. Away, and beare her hence.

Queene. Nay here beare me hence, dispatch

Me heere, heere sheathe thy sword,

Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?

Then Clarancc, do thou do it.

Cla. By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.

Queene. Good Clarence do, sweet Clarence kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Queene. I, but thou vseft to forswear thy selfe,

Twas sinne before, but now is charity.

Where's the diuels butcher, hard-favoured Richard,

Richard where art thou? He is not here,

Murder is his almes-deed,

Petitioners for blood, hee'l here put backe,

Edw. Away I say, and take her hence perforce.

Queene. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.

Edw. Clarence, whether is Gloster gone?

Cla. Marry my Lord to London, and as I guesse,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.

Well, discharge the common soldiours with pay

and thanks, and now lets toward London,

To see our gentle Queene how she doth fare,

For by this I hope she hath a sonne for vs.

Exit.

Enter Gloster to King Henry in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should say rather,

Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,

Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,

What scene of death hath Rosine now to aete?

Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.
of Yorke and Lancaster.

Hen. The bird once limde, doth feare the fatai bush,
And I the haplesse maille to one poore bird,
Have now the fatai obje& in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.

Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?

That taught his fonne the office of a bird,
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was drownd.

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore sonne Icarus,
Thy father Minos that denide our course,
Thy brother Edward, the funne that fearde his wings,
And thou the enuieft gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my breast abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine cares that tragick[e] his tory.

Glo. Why doft thou thinke I am an executioner?

Hen. A perfeccor I am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumptioun.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.

That many a widow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curfe the time that euer thou wert borne.

The Owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld, and hideous tempests shooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dimmall discord fung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leffe then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vn digests created lumpe,
Not like the fruites of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou walt borne,
To signifie thou canst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard.

Thou
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Thou cam'st into the world

Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, Ie heare no more,

For this amongst the rest I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God forgive my sinnes, and pardon thee.

Glo. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

Now may such purple teares always be shed,

For such as secke the downfall of our house.

Stab him again.

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither:

I, that have neither pitty, loue, nor feare.

Indeedy twas true that Henry told me of,

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legges forward.

And had I not reason thinke you to make haft,

And secke their ruines that vthurp'd our rights?

The women weeping, and the Midwife crying,

O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth:

And so I was indeede. Which plainly signified,

That I should snare and bite, and play the Dogge.

Then, since heauen hath made my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my minde to answer it.

I had no Father, I am like no Father;

I have no brothers, I am like no brothers;

And this word None, which gray-beards terme Diuine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me, I am my selfe alone,

Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buzz abroad such Prophesies,

Under pretence of outward seeming ill,

As Edward shall be fearfull of his life,

And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.

King Henry, and the Prince his sonne are gone,

And Clarence thou art next must follow them,

So by one and one dispatching all the rest,
of York and Lancaster.

Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
I'll drag thy body in another roome,
And triumph Henry in thy day of doome.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands throne,
Repurchast with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to Antimmes come,
Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, three-fold renowned
For hardy and undoubted Champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere spurd their Courfers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, Warwicke and Montague,
That in their chains fettered the Kingly Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.

Come hither Berse, and let me kisse my boy,
Young Ned, for thee, thine Vneckles and my selfe,
Have in our armours watcht the winters night,
Marcht all afoot, in summers scalding heate,
That thou mightst reposifie the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gaine.

Glo. Ile blast his haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This shouder was ordain'd fo thicke to heare,
And heauie it shal some weight, or breake my backe,
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
Pray loue my louely Queene,
And kisse your Princely Nephew both.

Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesties,
I seal upon the rosiate lips of this sweete Babe.
The contention of the two famous Houses,

Queene. Thankes noble Clarence, worthy brother thankes.

Glo. And that I love the fruite from whence thou sprangst,
Witness the louing kisse I give the childe.
To say the truth, so Iudas kist his master,
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

Edw. Now am I seated as my soule delights,

Cla. What will your grace haue done with Margaret?

Reynard her father, to the King of France
Hath pawnd the Ciciels and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for a ranlome.

Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France,
And now what rests, but that we spend the time,
With stately triumphs and mirthfull comickes shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell to fowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting joy.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.