The second Part of King Henry the Sixt,

with the death of the Good Duke
HUMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beau-
ford on the one side.
The Queene,Suffolke,Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham,
on the other.

Suffolke,
AS by your high Imperiall Majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures,*
In presence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill,*
The Dukes of *Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, Alanson,*
Seven Earles, twelve Barons,& twenty reverend Bishops
I have perform'd my Taske,and was espous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliver up my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hand, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift,that ever Marquesse gave,
The Fairest Queene, that ever King receiv'd.
King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene *Margaret,*
I can expresse no kinder signe of Love
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulnesse:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Simpathy of Love uniter our thoughts.
Queen. Great King of England, and my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder liefest* Soveraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affoords,
And over joy of heart doth minister.
King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisedomes Majesty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping joyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Love.
All kneel. Long live Qu. *Margaret,* Englands happines.
Queene. We thanke you all. *Flourish*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soveraigne, and the french King *Charles,*
For eighteene moneths concluded by conset.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Jerusalem , and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

Item, *That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father.*

King. Unkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath strucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Unckle of Winchester, I pray reade on.

Win. Item , *It is further agreed betweene them , That the Dutchesse of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the King her Father, and shee sent over of the King of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges , without having any Dowry.*

King. They please us well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Unckle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Someerset,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let us in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exeunt King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the rest.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* must unload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
Have you your selves, *Somerset, Buckingham,*
Brave *Yorke, Salisbury,* and victorious *Warwicke,*
Received deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Unckle *Beauford,* and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre,and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France.
Undoing all as all had never bin.
Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still,
Glo. I Unckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine,*
Unto the poore King *Reignier,* whose large style
Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie:*
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?
War. For greefe that they are past recoverie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and *Maine?* My selfe did win them both:
Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.
Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
France should have torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yeelded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
An our King *Henry* gives away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
*Hum.*A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should have staid in France, and sterv'd in France
Before------
Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.
Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere Long. *Exit Humfrey.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King:
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster,*
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jesu maintaine your Royall Excellence
With God preserve the Good Duke *Humfrey:*
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
Buc. Why should he then protect our Soveraigne?
He being of age to governe of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, joyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.
Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*
Som. Cosin of Buckingham,though *Humfreyes* pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to us,
Yet let us watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.
Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protector,
Despite Duke *Humfrey,* or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.
Sal. Pride went beforre, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooves it us to labor for the Realme.
I never saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I seene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Russian, and demeane himselfe
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse,and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soveraigne,
Have made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Joyne we together for the publicke good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppresse
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.
Yor. And so sayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.
Salisbury. Then lets make haste away,
And looke unto the maine?
Warwicke. Unto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:

Main-chance father you meant,but I meant *Maine,*
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwicke,and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Anjou and *Maine* are goven to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine thy give away , and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends,and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone:
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes over them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterve,and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Princes heart of *Calidon:*
Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Nevlls* parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humfrey,*
And when I spy advantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor weare the Diadem upon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be still a-while,till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* surfetting in joyes of love,
With his new Bride & Englands deere bought Queene,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at jarres.
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovell on thy face,
Untill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand,reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine.
Andhaving both together heav'd it up,
Wee'le both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
*Hum.*O *Nell*, sweet *Nell,* if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry,*
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?
Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine:by whom, I have forgot,
But as I thinke. it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame what it doth bode God knowes.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humfrey,* my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sate in Seate of Majesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneeled to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.
Hum. Nay *Elianor,* then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd *Elianor,*
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.
Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile kepe my dreames unto my selfe,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.
Enter Messenger.
Iess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto S.*Albans,*
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.
Hu. I go. Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with us? *Ex.Hu.*
Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way upon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John;* nay, feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*
Hume. Jesus preserve your Royall Majesty.
Elia. What saist thou? Majesty: I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* advice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.
Elia. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With *Margerie Jordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke upon the Questions:
When from Saint *Albans* we doe make returne;
Wee'le see those things effected to the full.
Here *Hume,* take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighty cause.

Exit Elianor.

Hum. Hume must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume?*
Seale up your Lips,and give no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.
Dame *Elianor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Devill.
Yet have I Gold flyes from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so:for to be plaine,
They(knowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor)
Have hyred me to under-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Conjurations in her brayne.
They say,A crafty Knave do's need no Broker.
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed,you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaves.
Well, so it stands:and thus I feare at last.
Humes Knaverie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all. *Exit.*

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1. Pet. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Jesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the first sure.

2. Pet. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

1.Pet. I pray my Lord pardon me , I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1.Pet. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John Goodman,* my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knave?

2.Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneship.

Peter. Against my Maister *Thomas Horner,* for saying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Queene. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master said, That he was; and that the King was an Usurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse-
vant presently : wee'le heare more of your matter before
the King. *Exit.*

Queene. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions : *Suffolke* let them goe.

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

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
Is this the Government of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,
Under the surly *Glosters* Governance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell the *Poole,* when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Love,
And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France,
I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,
In Courage Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,
To number *Ave-Marias* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Imges of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, have we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerset, Buckingham,*
And grumbling *Yorke:* and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all
Cannot doe more in England then the *Nevils*:
Salisbury and *Warwicke* are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Revenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Povertie:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe have lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And never mount to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we joyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humprhey* in disgrace.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, York,Salisbury,Warwicke, and the Duchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerset,* or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* have ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.
Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that,*Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke,* let thy betters speake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwicke.*
Warw. Warwicke may live to be the best of all.
Salisb. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason *Buckingham*
Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Because the King forsooth will have it so.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To give his Censure : These are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.
Suff. Resigne it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prevayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Have beene as Bond-men to thy Soveraigntie.
Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attyre
Have cost a masse of publique Treasure.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Upon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Give me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She gives the Duchesse a box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Dutch. Was't I ? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weares no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Elianor* unreveng'd.
Exit Elianor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor,*
And listen after *Humfrey,* how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,
Sheele gallop farre enough to her destruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being over-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affaires.
As for your spightfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in duty love my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soveraigne, *Yorke* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is most unmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke,* why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands.
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish, and lost.
Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwicke.*
Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.
Yorke. Doth any one accuse *Yorke* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolke?* tell me, what are these.
Suff. Please it yur Majestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Maister of High Treason;
His words were these : That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire unto the English Crowne,
And that your Majestie was an Usurper.
King. Say man, were these thy words?
Armo. And't shall please your Majesty, I never sayd nor thought any such matter : God is my witnesse, I am falsely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, he did speake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile have thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I doe beseech yourRoyall Majestie,
Let him have all the rigor of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty , doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.
King. Unckle, what shall we say to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerset* be Regent o're the French,
Because in *Yorke* this breedes suspition:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his servants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Majestie.
Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pitty my case : the spight of my man prevayleth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.
Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
King. Away with them to Prison : and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerset.* we'll see thee sent away.
Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Masters the Duchesse I tel you expects performance of your promises.
Bulling. Master *Hume.* we are therefore provided : will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?
Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage.
Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume,* that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below ; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leave us.
Exit Hume.
Mother *Jordan,* be you prostrate, and grovell on the Earth; *John Southwell* reade you, and let us to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elian. Well said my Masters, and welcome all : To this geere, the sooner the better.
Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle;
And spirits walke, and Ghosts breake up their Graves;
That time best fits the worke we have in hand.
Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,
We will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Conjurote, &c. *It Thunders and Lightens terribly : then the Spirit riseth.*
Spirit. Ad sum
Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God
Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
Answer that I aske: for till thou speake,
Thou shalt not passe from hence.
*Spirit.*Aske what thou wilt; that I had said, and done.
Bulling. First of the Kng : What shall of him become?
Spirit. The Duke yet lives, the *Henry* shall depose:
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.
Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?
Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
Spirit. Let him shun Castles.
Safer shall he upon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bulling. Descend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:
False fiend avoyde.
Thunder and Lightning. *Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trash:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.
What Madame, are you there? the King and Commonweale
Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines ;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Elianor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
Injurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.
Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt up close,
And kept asunder : you Madame shall with us.
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*
Yorke. Lord *Buckingham,* me thinkes you watcht her well:
A pretty Polt, well chosen to build upon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devills Writ.
What have we here? *Reades,*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry *shall depose:*
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.
Why this is just. *Aio Aeacida Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fare awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shunne Castles,
Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albones,*
With him, the husband of this lovely Lady:
Thither goes these Newes,
As fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.
Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
Who'd within there, hoe?
Enter a Servingman.
Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwicke
To sup with me to morrow Night. Away.
Exeunt

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hollawing.

Queene. Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I saw not better sport these seven yeeres day;
Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Joane* had not gone out
King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.
Suff. No marvell, and it like your Majestie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,
They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch.
Glost. My Lord, tis but a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore.
Card. I

Card. I thought as much, hee would be above the
Clouds.
Glost. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?
King. The Treasurie of everlasting Joy.
Card. Thy heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne the Treasure of thy heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale.
Glost. What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne premptorie?
Tantaene animis Coelestibus irae, Church-men so hot?
Good Unckle hide such mallice:
With such Holynesse can you doe it?
Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
Ao good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.
Glost. As who, my Lord?
Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.
Glost. Why *Suffolke, England* knowes thine insolence.
Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster.*
King. I prethee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth
Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.
Glost. Faith holy Unckle, would't were come to that.
Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.
Glost. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne person answere thy abuse.
Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Evening,
On the East side of the Grove.
King. How now, my Lords?
Card. Beleeve me, Cousin *Gloster,*
Had not your man put up the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.
Come with thy two-hand Sword.
Glost. True Unckle, are ye advis'd?
The East side of the Grove:
Cardinall, I am with you.
King. Why how now, Unckle *Gloster* ?
Glost. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, Priest,
Ile shave your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence shall faile.
Card. Medice teipsum, Protector see to't well, protect
your selfe.
King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks Lords:
How irkesome is this Musicke to my heart?
When such Strings jarre, what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glost. What meanes this noyse?
Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?
One. A Miracle, a Miracle.
Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-
racle.
One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne're saw in his life before.
King. Now God be prais'd, that to beleeving Soules
Gives Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale
Although by his sight this sinne be multiplyed.
Glost. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.
King, Good-fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?
Simpe. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.
Wife. I indeede was he.
Suff. What Woman is this?
Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.
Glost. Hadst thou beene his Mother, thou could'st
have better told.
King. Where wert thou borne?
Simpe. At Barwicke in the North, and't like your
Grace.
King. Poore soule,
Gods goodnesse hath been great to thee:
Let never Day nor Night unhallowed passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Devotion,
To this holy Shrine?
Simpe. God knowes of pure Devotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon:*
Who said; *Symon,* come: come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.
Wife. Most true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce,
To call him so.
Card. What, art thou lame?
Simpc. I, God Almightie helpe me.
Suff. How cam'st thou so?
Simpc. A fall off of a Tree.
Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.
Glost. How long hast thou beene blinde?
Simpe. O borne so, Master.
Glost. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?
Simpe, But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.
Glost. 'Masse, thou lov'dst Plummes well, that would'st
venture so.
Simpc. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
Life.
Glost. A subtill Knave, but yet it shall not serve:
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.
Simpe. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and
Saint *Albones*.
Glost. Say'st thou me so : what Colour is this Cloake of?
Simpe. Red Master, Red as Blood.
Glost. Why that's well said : What Colour is my
Gowne of?
Simpc. Blacke forsooth, Coale-blacke, as Jet.
King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Jet is
of?
Suff. And yet I thinke, Jet did he never see.

Glost. But

Glost. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.
Glost. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simpc. Alas Master, I know not.
Glost. What's his Name?
Simpc. I know not.
Glost. Nor his?
Simpc. No indeede, Master.
Glost. What's thine owne Neme?
Simpc. Saunder Simpcoxe, and it please you, Master.
Glost. Then *Saunder,* sit there,
The lying'st Knave in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne bline,
Thou might'st as well have knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the severall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may distinguish of Colours :
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe?
Simpc. O Master, that you could?
Glost. My Masters of Saint *Albons,*
Haave you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things call'd Whippes?
Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it please yur Grace.
Glost. Then send for one presently.
Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.
Exit.
Glost. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to save your selfe from Whipping, leape me over this Stoole, and runne away.
Simpc. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone :
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Glost. Well Sir, we must have you find your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape over that same Stoole.
Bead. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with our Doublet, quickly.
Simpc. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes over the Stoole, and runnes away : and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?
Quee. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.
Glost. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipt through every Market Towne
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Exit.
Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.
Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.
Glost. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham?*
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold;
A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,
Under the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady *Elianor,* the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raysing up wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Privie Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.
Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I think hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like,my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.
Glost. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe have vanquisht all my powers;
And vanqusht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome.
King. O God, what mischiefes worke the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.
Quee. Gloster, see here the Taincture of thy Nest,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.
Glost. Madam, for my selfe, to Heaven I doe appeale,
How I have lov'd my King and Common-weale :
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to heare what I have heard.
Noble shee is: but if shee have forgot
Honor and Vertue, and convers't with such,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Glosters* honest Name.
King. Well, for this Night we will repose us here:
To morrow toward London, backe againe,
To looke into this Businesse thorowly,
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Justice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightfull cause prevailes.
Flourih. *Exeunt.*

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwicke.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwicke,*
Our simple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible , to *Englands* Crowne.
Salis. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Nevills* are thy Subjects to command.
Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had seven Sonnes:
The first, *Edward* the Blacke-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence*:* next to whom,
Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster *;*
The fift, was *Edmond Langley,* Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstocke, Duke of Gloster,
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last,
Edward the Blacke-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him *Richard,* his onely Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke,* Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of *John* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,
And

And him to Pumfret ; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse King *Richard* was murthered traiterously:
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of *Lancaster* the Crowne.
Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard,* the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.
Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.
Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue *Phillip,* a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer,* Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, *Edmond, Anne,* and *Elianor.*
Salisb. This *Edmond,* in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke,*
As I have read, layd clayme unto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour,* had beene King;
Who kept him in Captivitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.
Yorke. His eldest Sister, *Anne,*
My Mother, being Heire unto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard,* Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley,*
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She then was Heire to *Roger,* Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer,*
Who marryed *Phillip,* sole Daughter
Unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warw. What plaine proceeding is more plaine then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *John* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury,* kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soveraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.
Both. Long live our Soveraigne *Richard,* Englands King.
Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster:*
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of *Suffolkes* insolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham,* and all the Crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the Shepheard of the Flocke,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey:*
'Tis that they seeke ; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.
Salisb. My Lord, breke we off ; we know your minde at full.
Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of *Warwicke,*
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
Yorke. And *Nevill*, this I doe assure my selfe.
Richard shall live to make the Earle of Warwicke
The greatest man in England,but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the
Duchesse.

King. Stnd forth Dame *Elianor Cobham,*
Glosters Wife:
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adjudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe:
From thence, unto the place of Execution ;
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes.
You Madam, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done
Live in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.
Elianor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.
Glost. Elianor, the Law thou seest hath judged thee,
I cannot justifie whom the Law condemnes.
Mine eyes ar full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey,* this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Majestie give me leave to goe;
Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would [ease].
King. Stay *Humfrey,* Duke of *Gloster,*
Ere thou goe, give up thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey,* no lesse belov'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child;
God and King *Henry* governe Englands Realme :
Give up your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.
Glost. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry,* is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.
Exit Gloster.
Quee. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queene,
And *Humfrey,* Duke of *Gloster,* scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.
Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.
Yorke, Lords, let him goe. Please it your Majestie.
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your highnesse to behold the sight.
Queene. I good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.
King. A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fot,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
Yorke. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The servant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it : and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1.Neighbor. Here Neighbour *Horner,* I drinke to you in a Cup of Sacke; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2.Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor : drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter.*

1.Pren. Here *Peter,* I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. Pren. Be merry *Peter,* and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all : drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I have taken my last Draught in this world. Here *Robin,* and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and *Will,* thou shalt have my Hammer : and here *Tom,* take all the Money that I have. O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am never able to deale with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fence already.

Salisb. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name.

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salisb. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salisb. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of *Yorke,* I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene : and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter,* hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

York. Take away his Weapon:Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceive his guilt,
And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Glost. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
And after Summer, evermore succeedes
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Tenne, my Lord.

Glost. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse :
Unneath may she endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell,* ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abject People, gazing on thy face,
With envious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, so see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sherife and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sherife.
Gloster. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe by.
Elian. Come you , my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloster,* hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Closet pent up, rue my shame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.
Glost. Be patient, gentle *Nell,* forget this griefe.
Elian. Ah *Gloster,* teach me to forget my selfe:
For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land:
Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,
Mayl'd up in shame, with Papers on my backe,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce
To see my teares, and heare my deepe-set groanes.
The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I treade.
Ah *Humfrey,* can I beare this shamefull yoake?
Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sunne?
No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke upon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock
To every idle Rascall follower.
But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stirre at nothing, thill the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For *Suffolke,* he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,
And *Yorke,* and impious *Beauford,* that false Priest,
Have all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, untill thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seeke prevention of thy foes.
Glost. Ah *Nell,* forbeare: thou aymest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

Enter a Herald.

*Her.*I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.
Glost. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell,* I take my leave; and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.
Sh. And't please you Grace, here my Commission stayes:
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.
Glost. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your
Grace.
Glost. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well : the World may laugh againe,
And I may live to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir *John*, farewell.
Elian. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-
well?
Glost. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Elian. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Joy, is Death:
Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no favour;
Onely convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be us'd according to your State.
Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully ?
Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you shall be us'd.
Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame.
Sheri. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.
Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come *Stanley,* shall we goe?
Stanley. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.
Elianor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt.*

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,
to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keepes him from us now.
Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,
How prowd, how peremptorie, and unlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance at farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe unbowed Knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he beares,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weedes are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reverent care I beare unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke.
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectuall.
Suff. Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
And had I first been put to speake my minde,
I thinke I should have told your Graces Tale.
The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Upon my Life began her divellish practices:
Or if he were not privie to those Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successive Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sicke Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soveraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soveeraigne, *Gloster* is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Devise strange deaths, for small offences done?
Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Levie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in *France,* and never sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*
King. My Lords at once : the care you have of us,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speake, my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Dove:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given,
To dreame on evill, or to worke my downefall:
Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hatefull Raven.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For

For he's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Soveraigne.
King. Welcome Lord *Somerset* : What Newes from France?
Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you : all is lost.
King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset :* but Gods will be done.
Yorke. Cold Newes for me : for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile *England.*
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaves away :
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave.

Enter Glocester.

Glost. All happiness unto my Lord the King :
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suff. Nay *Gloster,* know that thou art come too soone,
Unlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of high Treason here.
Glocest. Well *Suffolke,* yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest :
A Heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soveraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?
Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his highnesse hath lost France.
Glocest. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my use,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No : many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Have I dispursed to the Garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Card. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Glocest. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.
Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did devise
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyranny.
Glost. Why 'tis well knowne, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault :
Unlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I never gave them condigne punishment.
Murther indeed, that bloody sinne, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Trespas else.
Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, untill your further time of Tryall.
King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glost. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand ;
Foule Subordination is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And prove the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his stormie hate ;
Sharpe *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue,
The envious Load that lyes upon his heart :
And dogged *Yorke,* that reaches at the Moone,
Whose over-weening Arme I have pluckt backe,
By false accuse doth levell at my life.
And you, my Soveraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse have lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endevour have stirr'd up
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie :
I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse life.
I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.
Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale unto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soveraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if she had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.
Qu. But I can give the loser leave to chide,
Glost. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may have leave to speake.
Buck. He'll wrest the sence, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.
Glost. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were ;
For good King *Henry,* thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloster.*
King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or undoe, as if our selfe were here.
Queene: What, will your highnesse leave the Parliament?
King. I *Margaret :* my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie :

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Unckle *Humfrey,* in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
And yet, good *Humfrey,* is the houre to come,
That ere I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now envies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe seeke subversion of thy harmlesse Life.
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so remorselesse have they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing up and downe,
Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
And can doe nought but wayle her Daarlings losse ;
Even so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*
Quee. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pittie : and *Glosters* shew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeve me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good ;
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
To rid us from the feare we have of him.
Card. that he should dye, is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death :
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.
Suff. But in my mind, that were no pollicie :
The King will labour still to save his Life,
The Commons haply rise, to save his Life ;
And yet we have but triviall argument,
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.
Yorke. So that by this, you would not have him dye.
Suff. Ah *Yorke,* no man alive, so faine as I.
Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke.
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, and emptie Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?
Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death,
Suff. Madam, 'tis true : and wer't not madnesse then,
To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prov'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
As *Humfrey* prov'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him :
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how.
So he be dead; for that is good deceit.
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Quee. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, ‘tis resolutely spoke,
Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Soveraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.
Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And Ile provide his Executioner,
I tender so the safetie of my Liege.
Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queene. And so say I.
York. And I : and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impunges our doome.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow uncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.
Card. A Breach that craves a quicke expedient stoppe.
What counsaile give you in this weightie cause?
Yorke. That *Somerset* be sent as Regent thither :
‘Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy’d,
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If *Yorke,* with all his farre-set pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He never would have stay’d in France so long.
Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, character’d on thy Skinne.
Mens flesh preserv’d so whole, doe seldome winne.
Qu. Nay then, this sparke will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *Yorke,* sweet *Somerset* be still.
Thy fortune, *Yorke,* hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily have prov’d farre worse then his.
Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
take all.
Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest
shame.
Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is.
Th’uncivill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?
Yorke. I will my Lord, so please his Majestie.
Suff. Why our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establish, he confirmes;
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.
Yorke. I am content : Provide me Souldiers, Lords.
Whiles I take order for mine own affaires.
Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke,* that I will see perform’d.
But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey.*
Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord *Suffolke,* you and I must talke of that event.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of *Suffolke,* within fourteene dayes
At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile ship them all for Ireland.
Suff. Ile see it truely done, my Lord of *Yorke, Exeunt.*
Manet Yorke.
Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or never, steele thy fearfull thoughts
And change misdoubt to resolution ;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enjoying :
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royal heart.
Faster[then]Spring-time showres, comes thought on thought.
And not a thought , but thinkes on Dignitie.
My braine, more busie then the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
I feare me, you but warme the starved Snake,
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts,
'Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly : yet be well assur'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whils I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
I will stirre up in *England* some blacke Storme,
Shall blow ten thousand Soules to Heaven, or Hell:
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Untill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Under the Title of *John Mortimer.*
In Ireland have I seene this stubborne *Cade*
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine :
And in the end being rescued, I have seene
Him capre upright, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the Enemie,
And undiscover'd, come to me againe,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This Devill here shall be my substitute,
For that *John Mortimer,* which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceive the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke.*
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say, I mov'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reape the Harvest which that Rascall sow'd.
For *Humfrey;* being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put apart : the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke *:* let him know
We have dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe; what have we done?
Didst ever heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Heere comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Have you layd faire the Bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Unckle to our presence straight :
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published,
Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
King. Lords take your places ; and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Unckle *Gloster,*
Then from true evidence, of good esteeme,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Queene. God forbid any Malice should prevayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition.
King. I thanke thee *Nell,* these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Unckle? what's the matter *Suffolke?*
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.
Queene. Marry God forfend.
Card. Gods secret Judgement : I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.
Som. Rere up his Body, wring him by the Nose.
Qu. Runne,goe,helpe,helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes
Suff. He doth revive againe, Madame be patient.
King. Oh heavenly God.
Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soveraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolke* comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Ravens Note,
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first concieved sound?
Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I say,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight :
Upon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Majestie, to fright the World.
Looke not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away; come Basiliske.
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death, I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.
Queene. Why doe you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;
And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

I would b blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sights,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends;
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away.
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death : Aye me unhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.
King. Ah woe is me for *Gloster*, wretched man.
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am so loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy joy.
Erect his Statue, and worship it,
And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.
Was I for this nye wrack'd upon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
Drove backe again unto my Native Clime.
Whaat boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore.
Or turne our Sterne upon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet AEolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy unkindnesse.
The splitting Rockes cowr'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, perish *Elianor,*
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate us backe,
I stood upon the Hatches in the storme:
And when the dusky sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of the Lands view,
I tooke a costly Jewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And thrwe it towards thy Land: The Sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And even with this, I lost faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For losing ken of *Albions* wished Coast,
How often have I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
To sit and watch me as *Ascanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more : Dye *Elinor,*
For *Henry* weepes, that thou dost live so long.

Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soveraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is murdered

By Suffolke. and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry hive of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter up and downe,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
My selfe have calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Untill they heare the order of his death.
King. That he is dead good Warwicke, 'tis too true.
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry:*
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
And comment then upon his sodaine death.
Warw. That shall I doe my Liege : Stay Salisburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.
King O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfreies* life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
For judgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I goe to chase his palie lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
Upon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my love unto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, unfeeling:
But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,
Bed put forth.
And to survey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
Warw. Come hither gracious Soveraigne, view this body.
King. That is to see how deepe my grave is made,
For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my life in death.
War. As surely as my soule intends to live
With that dread King that tooke our state upon him,
To free us from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
I do beleeve that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:
What instance gives Lord Warwicke for his vow?
War. See how the blood is setled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, paled, and bloodlesse,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy.
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
His hayre up rear'd, his nostris stretcht with strugling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugg'd,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The least of all these signes were probable.
Suf. Why Warwicke, who should do the D. to death?
My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope sir, are no murtherers.
War. But both of your were vowed D. Humfries foes.
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.
Queen. Then you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeless death.

Wa.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttockes Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte soare with umbloudied Beake?
Even so suspitious is this Tragedie.
Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke?* where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?
Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Bdge.
Say, if thou dar'st, prow'd Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfryes* death.
Warw. What dares not *Warwicke* if false *Suffolke* dare him?
Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty thousand times.
Warw. Madam be still: with reverence may I say,
For every word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royal Dignitie.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed,
Some sterne untutor'd Churle; and Noble Stocke
Was graft with Crab-tree slip. whose Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevils* Noble Race.
Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of then thousand shames,
And that my Soveraignes presence makes me milde,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st.
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Give thee thy hyre, and thy Soule to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.
Warw. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence,
Unworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some service to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghost.
Exeunt.
King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell just;
And he but naked, thought lockt up in Steele,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
A noyse within.
Queene. What noyse is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor have we here?
Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwicke,* with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mightie Soveraigne.

Enter Salisbury.
Salisb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your mind.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire *Englands* Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death ;
And meere instinct of Love and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards your Majestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you , where you will , or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
With whose invenomed and fatall sting,
Your loving Unckle, twenty times his worth,
They say is shamefully berefe of life.

Commons within. An Answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht Hindes,
Could send such Message to their Soveraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To shew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury,* and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender loving care;
And had I not beene cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat :
Fur sure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecie,
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Majestie I sweare,
Whose farre-unworthy Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke.*

King. Ungentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke,*
No more I say : if thou do'st pleade for him.
Thou wilt but adde increase unto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irrevocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke,* come good *Warwicke,* goe with mee.
I have great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Devill made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon yur steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heavie leave.

Queene. Fye

Quee. Fye Coward woman, and soft hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suff. A plague upon them : wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would invent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract :
I, every joynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And even now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke,
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste :
Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypresse Trees :
Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lyzards stings :
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell-----
Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne ;gainst glasse,
Or like an over-charged Gun, recoile.
And turnes the force of them upon thy selfe.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would never let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.
Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares ;
Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke upon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get the gone, that I may know my greefe.
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd;
Adventure to be banished by my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; even now be gone,
Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou hence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So *Suffolke* had thy heavenly company :
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With every severall pleasure in the World :
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more : Live thou to joy thy life;
My selfe no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Quee. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast? what newes I prethee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For sodainely a greivous sickenesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Majestie,
That even now he cries alowd for him.
Qu. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. *Exit.*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeve I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease; mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes:
To have thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou either turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.
Queen. Away: Thou parting be a fretfull corosive,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound,
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wheresoever thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile have an *Iris* that shall finde thee out.
Suf. I go.
Qu. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,
That ever did containe a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Quee. This way for me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Salisbury,and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soveraigne.
Ca. If thou beest death, Ile give thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feele no paine.
King. Ah, what a signe it is of evill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.
War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraigne speakes to thee.
Beau. Bring me unto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men live where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
Alive againe? Then shew me where he is,
Ile give a thousand pound to looke upon him,
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them,

Combe

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands upright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule :
Give me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternall moover of the heavens,
Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,
That layes strong siege unto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke despaire.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
King. Peace to his soule if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heavens blisse,
Hold up thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dyes and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
King. Forbeare to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the Currtaine close,
And let us all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolves arouse the Jades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night :
Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graves; and from their misty Jawes,
Breathe foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
Master, this Prisoner freely give I thee.
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this :
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share,
1.*Gent.* What is my ransome Master, let me know.
Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000.Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen ?
Cut both the Villaines throat, for dy you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with such a pettie summe.
1.Gent. Ile give it sir, and therefore spare my life.
2.Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whitm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Lieu. Be not so rash, take ransome, let him live.
Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.
Whit. And so am I : my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why starts thou? what doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gualtier or *Walter,* which it is I care not,
Never yet did base dishonour blurre our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world,

Suf. Stay *Whitmore,* for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled up in ragges?
Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.
Lieu. But Jove was never slaine as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a jaded Groome:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plooded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I have feasted with Queene *Margaret?*
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my comming forth?
This hand of thine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain?
Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.
Lieu. Poole, Sir *Poole?* Lord,
I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Against the senselesse windes shalt grin in vaine,
Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthlesse King,
Having neither Subjedt, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By divelish policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla over-gor'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjiou* and *Maine* were sold to France.
The false revolting Normans thorough thee,
Disdaine to call us Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath slaine their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home:
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Nevils* all,
Whose dreadfull swords were never drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and rising up in Armes.
And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with revenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striving to shine;
Under the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus.*
The Commons heere in Kent are up in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threats more
Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives;
It is impossible that I shald dye

By

By such a lowly Vassail as thy selfe.
Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.
Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waft thee
to thy death.
Suf. Pine gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I feare.
Wal. Thou shalt have cause to feare before I leave thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.
1.Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
Us'd to command, untaught to pleade for favour.
Farre be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suite : no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any.
Save to the God of heaven; and to my King:
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Then stand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.
Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.
Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto slave
Murder'd sweet *Tully. Brutus* Bastard hand
Stab'd *Julius Caesar.* Savage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.
Exit Water with Suffolke.
Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.
Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.
Wal. There let his head, and livelesse bodie lye,
Untill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*
1. Gent. O barbarous and bloudy spectacle,
His body will I beare unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that living, held him deere. *Exit.*

Enter Bevis, and John Holland

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they have bene up these two dayes.
Hol. They have the more neede to sleepe now then.
Bevis. I tell thee, *Jacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to
dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap upon it.
Hol. So he had need, 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was never merrie world in England , since Gentlemen
came up.
Bevis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.
Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather
Aprons.
Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workemen.
Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati-
on : which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.
Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
brave minde, then a hard hand.
Hol. I see them, I see them : There's *Bests* Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.
Bevis. Hee shall have the skinnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin strucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weaver.

*Bev.*Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hal. Come, come, let's fall in with them,

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee *John Cade,* so term'd of our supposed Father.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings andPrinces. Command silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer.*

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet.*

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies.*

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, and sold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith the field is honourable , and there was he borne, under a hedge : for his father had never a house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that : for I have seene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He need not feare the sword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinkes he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captaine is Brave, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfepenny Loaves sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoopes, and I will make it a Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse : and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparrell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made a Parchment; that Parchment being scribed ore, should undoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees wax : for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was never my owne man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weaver. The Clearke of Chattam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Coppies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour : unlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. Emanuell.

But. They use to write it on the top of Letters : 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone : Dost thou use to write thy name? Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like an honest plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I have bin so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest : away with him: he is a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say : Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke.

Enter Michaell.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Here I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly,fly,fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe : he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently; Rise up Sir *John Mortimer.* Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, ad his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf: Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallowes ; Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages : forsake this Groome.
The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I passe not,
It is to you good people, that I speake,
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reigne :
For I am rightfull heyre unto the Crowne.

Staf. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,
And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a begger-woman stolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes, that speakes he knowes not what?

All. I marry will we , therefore get you gone.

Bro. Jacke Cade, the D. of Yorke hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my selfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Henry* the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall reighne, but Ile be Protector over him.

Butcher. And furthermore wee'le have the Lord *Sayes* Head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine.*

Cade. And good reason : for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it up, Fellow-Kings, I tell you , that the Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunich: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can : The Frenchmen are our enemies : go too then: I ask but this : Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevayle, Assaule them with this army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are up with *Cade,*
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May even in their wives and Childrens sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me:
Now shew your selves men, 'tis for Liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman :
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.
Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaved'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus wil I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long againe as it is, and thou shalt have a Licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseerv'st no lesse. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors sword born before us.

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft have I heard that greefe softens the mind,

And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on revenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this?
Here may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?
Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication
King. Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat :
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Jacke Cade* their Generall.
But say, Ile read it over once againe.
Qu. Ah barbarous villaines : Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same.
King. Lord *Say, Jacke Cade* hath sworne to have thy head.
Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his.
King. How now Madam?
Still Lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Love) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not have mourn'd so much for me.
Qu. No my Love, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What Newes? Why com'st thou in such haste?
Mes. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Jacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer,*
Defended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace Usurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rued and mercilesse :
Sir *Humfrey Stafford,* and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death.
Kin. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.
Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Untill a power be rais'd to put them downe.
Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now alive,
These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.
King. Lord *Say,* the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jacke Cade. hath gotten London-bridge,
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,
Joyne with the Traitor, and they joyntly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.
Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.
King. Come *Margaret,* God our hope will succor us.
Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast.
King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels
Buc. Trust no body for feare you betraid.
Say. The trust I have, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute. *Exeunt*

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Jacke Cade* slaine?
1.Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they have wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The L. Maior craves ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.
Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Mathew Goffe.*
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives,
Ans so farwell, for I must hence againe. *Exuent.*

Enter Jacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his staffe on London stone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting upon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
This first yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer.*
Enter a Soldier running.
Soul. Jacke Cade, Jacke Cade.
Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*
But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l never call yee *Jacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning,
Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.
Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums: Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy:
Others to 'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.
But. I have a suite unto your Lordship.
Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt have it for that word.
But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.
John. Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.
Smith. Nay *John,* it will be stnking Law, for his breath stinkes with eating toasted cheese.
Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.
John. Then we are like to have biting Statutes
Unless his teeth be pull'dout.
Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common. *Enter a Messenger.*
Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say,* which sold the Townes in France. He that made us pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound, the last Subsidie.

Enter

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall. What can'st thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of Normandie unto Mounsieru *Basimecu,* the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole : and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooved to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for example, tht am a bucher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this : 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:
Kent, in the Commentaries *Caesar* writ,
Is term'd the civel'st place of all this Isle :
Seet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I sold not *Maine,* I lost not *Normandie,*
Yet to recover them would loose my life:
Justice with favour have I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares have mov'd me, Gifts could never.
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
Because my Booke preferr'd me to th the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowlege the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven.
Unlesse you be possest with divellish spirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck Those that I never saw, and strucke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Give him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.
Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.
Dicke. Why dost thou quiver man?
Say. The Palsie, and not feare provokes me.
Cade. Nay, he noddes at us, as who should say, Ile be even with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him a way, and behead him.
Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Chests fill'd up with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seeke my death?
These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me live.
Cade. I feele remourse in my selfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar under his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir *James Cromer,* and strike off his head, and bring them both uppon two poles hither.
*All.*It shall be done.
Say. Ah Countrimen : If when you make your prair's,
God should be so obdurate as your selves:
How would it fare with your departed soules,
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on his shoulders, unlesse he pay me tribute : there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they have it : Men shall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.
Dicke. My Lord,
When shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our billes?
Cade. Marry presently.
All. O brave.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver:
Let them kisse one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them againe,
Least they consult about the giving up
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie untill night:
For with these borne before us, in steed of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner
Have them kisse. Away. *Exit.*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-streete, downe Saint Mages corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare?
Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them Kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade,* we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons,whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, God savbe his Majesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and passe by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave? And you base Pezants, do ye beleeve him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would never have given out these Armes til you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in slaverie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light uppon you all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade,*
Wee'l follow *Cade.*

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
No knowes he how to live, but by the spoile,
Unlesse by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame; that whilst you live at jarre,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this civill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villiago* unto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should stoope unto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave mee desolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despight of the divels and hell, have through the verie middest of you, and heavens and honor be withesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l devise a meane,
To reconcile you all unto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majesty.
Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highness doom of life, or death.
King. Then heaven set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Assure your selves will never be unkinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your several Countries.
All. God save the King, God save the King.

Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whome he tearmes a Traitor.
King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke distrest,
Like to a Ship, that having scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driven backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is York in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Until his Army be dismist from him.
Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Countrey good.
King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.
Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound unto your good.
King, Come wife, let's in, and learne to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.
Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies have I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me : but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a Leafe of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather : and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill: and many a time when I have beene dry, & bravely marching, it hath serv'd me insteede of a quart pot to drinke in : and now the word Sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live tormoyled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple withuot leave, A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then shoul I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to robe my grounds:
Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcie tearmes?

Cade. Brave thee? I by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I have eate no meate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thu canst out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist.
Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheou,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaved in the Ayre,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour : the most compleate Champion that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand divelles come against me, and give me but the
ten meales I have lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither
Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
dwell in this house, because the unconquered soule of
Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all
the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any,
am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge;
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunke for Crowes to feed upon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with
Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Majestas!* who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it have, have I a soule,
On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure : I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet the well.

Yor Humfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messeger from *Henry,* our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne,
Should raise so great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so grat.
Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am so angry at these abject tearmes.
And now like *Ajax Telamonius,*
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I pretnee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I have brought this Armie hither,

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
Yorke. Upon thine Honor is he Prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine Honor he is Prisoner.
Yorke, Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selves:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my Soveraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and love,
Ile send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to us
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe unto yur Highnesse.
K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?
Yor. To heave the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade,*
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May pass into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade,* whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of *Cade?* Great God, how just art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loves his King.
Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.
King. Iden, kneele downe, rise up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden, May *Iden* live to merit such a bountie,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th'Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
Yor. How now: is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King :
Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hole a Scepter up,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes :
Give place : by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne :
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
York. Would'st have me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will have my go to Ward,
They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford,* bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples,* Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford:* Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry looke :
We are thy Soveraigne *Clifford,* kneele againe;
Fot thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.
Clif. this is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlam with him, is the man growne mad.
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall give their words for him.
Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors have we heere?
Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the stake my two brave Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres,
Bit Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st being them to the bayting place.
Rich. Oft have I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of service will you do,

If

If you oppose your selves to match Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.
Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heede least by your heate you burne your selves:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salsbury, shame to thy silver haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And seeke for sorrow with they Spectiacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If it be banisht from the frostie head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.
King. Hast thou not sworne Allegeance unto me?
Sal. I have.
Ki. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal. It is a great sinne, to sweare unto a sinne:
But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?
Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames prove true
War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.
Old Clif. I am resolv'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst conjure up to day:
And that Ile write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Nevils* Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaves in spight of any storme,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
Yo Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.
Yo Clif. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou canst tell.
Ric. If not in heaven, you'l surely sup in hell. *Exeunt.*
Enter Warwicke.
War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum.
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed :
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Even of the bonnie beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
Yor. Hold Warwick: seeke thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown though fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thrive to day,
It greeves my sould to leave theee unassail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?
Yorke. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemie.
Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.
Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresse it.
Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.
Yor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.
Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes.
Yor. Thus Warre hath given thee peace, for [yu] art still,
Peace with his soule, heaven if it be thy will.

Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe-love: nor he that loves himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
the name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heaven together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particuarities, and pettie sounds
To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeve
The Silver Livery of advised Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, by Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abfirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
As did *AEneas* old *Anchyses* beare
So beare I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then, *AEneas* bare a living loade;

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S.*Albans,* Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemines, but Princes kill.
Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heavens? Good *Margaret* stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but flye.
Alarum a farre off.
If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes : but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must : Uncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will live
To see their day, and them our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor have we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his hores,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is looke where he comes.

Enter Salusbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th'Masse so did we all. I thank you *Richard.*
God knowes how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repayring Nature.

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament :
Let us pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them :nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to us befall. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.