The third Part of Henry the Sixt,

with the death of the Duke of

Y O R K E.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenet, Edward,Richard,Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.
I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of [ye] North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike eares could never brooke retreat,
Clear'd up the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-brest
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham,*
Is either slaine or wounded dangeroous.
I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.
Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires
Whom I encountered as the Battels joyn'd. (blood,
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Plan. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Nor. Such hope have all the like of *John of Gaunt.*
Rich. Thus do I hope to chake King *Henries* head.
Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke.*
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster usurpes,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *Yorke,*
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.
Plant. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick,* and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. Wee'le all assist you: he that flyes shall dye:
Plant. Thankes gentle *Norfolke,* stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.
They goe up.
Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.
Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let us winne our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.
Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unlesse *Plantagenet,*Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my Right.
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The prowdest hee that holds up *Lancaster,*
Dares stirre a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.
Ile plant *Plantagenet,* root him up who dares:
Resolve thee *Richard,*clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Even in the Chayre of State : belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke,* that false Peere,
To aspire unto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford, &* you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sonnes, his favorites, and his friends.
Northumb. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.
Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.
Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clifford, Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your Father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assayle the Family of *Yorke.*
North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.
Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie favours them,
And they have troupes of Souldiers at their backe?
Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, theyle quickly flye.
Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to use.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soveraigne.
Yorke. I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.
Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw.Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this usurping *Henry.*
Clifford. Whom should he follow, but his naturall
King?
Warw. True *Clifford,* that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?
Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke,* I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.
Westm. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile have more lives
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Urge it no more lest that instead of words,
I send thee, *Warwicke,* such a Messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford,* how I scorne his worthlesse
Threats.
Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer,* Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,
And seiz'd upon their Townes and Provinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you loose :
Father teare the Crowne from the Usurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lov'st and honorest Armes,
Let's fight it our, and not stand cavilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to
speake.
Warw. Plantagenet shal speake first: Heare him Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.
Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?
No: first shall Warre unpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good and better farre then his.
Warw. Prove it *Henry,* and thou shalt be King.
Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion agains his King.
Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard,* in the view of many Lords,

Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He rose against him, being his Soveraigne,
And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?
Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will revolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
Thinke not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Essex,Norfolke,Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and prowd,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.
Clifford. King *Henry,* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford,* how thy words revive my heart.
Plant. Henry of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?
Warw. Doe righe unto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the House with armed men,
And over the Chayre of State, where he now sits,
Write up his Title with usurping blood.
He stampes with his foot, and the Souldiers shew themselves.
Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liv'st.
Henry. I am content : *richard Plantagenet*
Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.
Clifford. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your
Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?
Westm. Base, fearefull, and despayring *Henry.*
Clifford. How hast thou injur'd both thy selfe and us?
Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queene these
Newes.
Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey unto the House of *Yorke,*
And dye in Bands, for this unmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry,* and regard them not.
Exeter. They seeke revenge, and therefore will not
yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter.*
Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwick,* but my Sonne,
Whom I unnaturally shall did-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for ever,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To cease this Civill Warre: and whil'st I live,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soveraigne:
And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long live King *Henry : Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now *Yorke and Lancaster* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.
Senet. Here they come downe.
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.
Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers.
Mount. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.
Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whose Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile steale away.
Henry. Exeter so will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.
Queene. Who can be patient in such extreames?
Ah, wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?
And never seene thee, never borne thee Sonne,
Seing thou hast prov'd so unnaturall a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then have made that savage Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:
If you be King, why should not I succeede?
Henry. Pardon me *Margaret,* pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.
Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast undone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giv'n unto the House of *Yorke* such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires unto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes
The trembling Lambe, invironned with Wolves.
Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here divorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry,* And thy Bed,
Untill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that have forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And utter ruine of the House of *Yorke.*
Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, we'le after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward,* thou wilt stay with me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Henry. Poore Queene,
How love to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage,
Reveng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write unto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountaigue.

Richard. Brother, though I be youngest, give mee leave.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.
Yorke. About what?
Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and us,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeare.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be for-sworne.
Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.
Richard. Ile prove the contrary, if you'le heare mee speake.
Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne : it is impossible.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie over him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did usurpe the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and frivolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Joy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Untill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Even in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.
Yorke. Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprise.

Thou

Thou *Richard,* shalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You *Edward* shall unto my Lord *Cobham,*
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie,courteous,liberall,full of spirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster.*

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why com'st thou in such
poste?
Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.
Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard,* you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* shall poste to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke, Cobham,* and the rest,
Whome we have left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry,* nor his Oathes.
Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leave.
Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *John,* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer,* mine Unckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege us.
John. She shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the
field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?
A March afarre off.
Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.
Yorke. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Unckle of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile have I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why should I not now have the like successe?
Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.
Clifford. Chaplaine a way, thy Priesthood saves thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.
Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.
Tutor. Ah *Clifford,* murther not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
Ile open them.
Rutland. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford,* kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subject for thy Wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt that passage
Where thy words should enter.
Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.
Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
Were no revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chaynes,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of *Yorke,*
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore ---
Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet *Clifford* pitty me.
Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.
Rutland. I never did thee harme: why wilt thou slay me?
Clifford. Thy Father hath.
Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pitty me,
Least in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slaine as I.
Ah, let me live in Prison all my dayes,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.
Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefore dye.
Rutland. Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tue[ae].
Clifford. Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet:*
And this thy Sonnes blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall rust upon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My unckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountered him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and gave no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe : but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I have seene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with over-matching Waves.

A short Alarum within.

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes up my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford,* rough *Northumberland,*
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*
Clifford. I to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carte,
And made an Evening at the Noone-tide Prick.
Yorke. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what ere you cannafflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So desperate Theeves, all hopelesse of their Lives,
Breathe out Invectives 'gainst the Officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford,* but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.
Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou *Northumberland.*
Northumb. Hold *Clifford,* doe not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.
Clifford. I, I, so strives the Woodcocke with the Gynne.
Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.
*York:*So triumph Theeves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.
Northumb. What would your Grace have done unto him now?
Queene. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland,*
Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with this Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton *Edward,* and the lustie *George?*

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodegie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, *Rutland?*
Looke *Yorke.* I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford,* with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death
I give thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke,* but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prythee grieve, to make me merry, *Yorke.*
What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport :
Yorke cannot speake, unlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke;* and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire.
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?
As I bethinke me you should not be King
Till our King *Henry* had shooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.
Queene. Nay, stay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.
Yorke. She-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolves of France,
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like a Amazonian Trull,
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evill deedes.
I would assay, prowd Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,
Unlesse the Adage must be verify'e,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,
But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admire'd,
The contrary, doth make the wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them seeme Divine,
The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the *Antipodes* are unto us,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion.*
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?
Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, sterne,obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
Would'st have me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging Wind blowes up incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
These Teares are my sweet *Rutlands* Obsequies,
And every drop cryes vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee fell *Clifford,* and thee false French-woman.
Northumb. Beshrew me, but his passions moves me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.
Yorke. That face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
Would not have stayn'd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heavie storie right,
Upon y Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford,* take me from the World,
My Soule to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.
Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.
Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland?*
Thinke but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.
Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.
Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.
Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seeke out thee.
Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may over-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Flourish. *Exit.*

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* pursuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we should have heard the newes;
Had he beene slaine, we should have heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should have heard
The happy tidings of this good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?
Richard. I cannot joy, untill I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Love?
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not separated with the racking Clouds,
But fever'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.
See,see,they joyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lampe on Light, one Sunne:
In this the Heaven figures some event.
Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet never heard of.
I thinke it cites us (Brother) to th field,
That wee, the Sonnes of brave *Plantagenet,*
Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding joyne our Lights together,
And over-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Upon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.
Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leave, I speake it,
You love the Breeder better then the Male.

Ente one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.
Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too
much.
Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would have entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to oddes:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of un-relenting *Clifford,* and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthlesse Queene gave him to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmlesse blood
Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slaine:
And after many scornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.
Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon,
Now thou art gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford,,* boyst'rous *Clifford,* thou hast slaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Chevalrie,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquisht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy againe:
Never, oh never shall I see more joy.
Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
Scarse serves to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue unloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Revenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.
Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marquesse Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?
Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliverance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.
Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.
War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht towards S.Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was advertised
That she was comming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met;
Our Battailes joyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene[.]
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe as if they strucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King unto the Queene,
Lord *George*, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to joyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.
Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came *George* from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.
Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in Pursuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.
War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard,* dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis love I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Devotion with revengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague :*
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With *Clifford,* and the haught Northumberland,
And of of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And not to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
ay make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou brave Earle of March,
Among'st the loving Welshmen can'st procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will be march,
And once again, bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge upon our Foes,
But never once againe turne backe and flye.
Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak;
Ne're may he live to see a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.
Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou failst (as God forbid the houre)
Must *Edward* fall, which perill heaven forefend.
War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward,* valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.
Rich. Then *Clifford,* were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Ed. Then strike up Drums, God and S.George for us.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes ?
Mes. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast,
And craves your company, for speedy counsell.
War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors, let's away.
Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum- and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this brave town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.
Doth not the object cheere your heart, my Lord.
K. I, as the rocks cheare them that feare their wrack,
To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:
With-hold revenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.
Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty must be layd aside:
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beast, that would usurpe their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth Licke?
Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her backe.
The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doves will pecke in safegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did levell at they Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a loving Sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:
Which argued thee a most unloving Gather.
Unreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene tme even with those wings,
Which sometime they have us'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their yongs defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy
Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter say unto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandsire got,
My carelesse Father fondly gave away.
Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.
King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But *Clifford* tell me, did'st thou never heare,
That things ill got, had ever bad successe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leave my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greeve me that thy head is heere.
Qu. My Lord cheere up your spirits, our foes are nye,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promist Kinghthood to our forward sonne,
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneele downe.
King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.
Prin. My gracious Faather, by your Kingly leave,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, use it to the death.
Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaime hi King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.
Qu. I good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.
King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S.George.

March. Enter Edward,Warwicke,Richard,Clarence, Norfolke,Mountague,and Soldiers.

Edw. Now perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set the Diadem upon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.
Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soveraigne, and thy lawfull King?
Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent.
Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot me out, and put his own sonne in.
Clif. And reason too,
Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne.
Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.
Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?
Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords give signall to the fight.
War. What say'st thou *Henry,*
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne> (you speak?
Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
When you and I, met at S.*Albons* last,
Your legges did better service then your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War.'Twas not your valor *Clifford* drove me thence.
Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently,
Breake off the parley, for scarse I can refraine
The execution of my big-swolne heart
Upon that *Clifford,* that cruell Child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy Father, cal'st thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou [didd'st] kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Have done with words (my Lords) and heare
me speake.
Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.
King. I prythee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priviledg'd to speame.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then Executioner unsheath thy sword:
By hem that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes upon his tongue.
Ed. Say *Henry,* shall I have my right or no:
A thousand men have broke their Fasts to day,
That ne're shall dine unlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head,
For Yorke in justice put's his Armour on.
Pr.Ed. If that be right which Warwick saies is right,
Ther is no wrong, but every thing is right.
War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy Mothers tongue.
Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.
Ed. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus;*
And ne're was *Agamemnons* Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,
That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'st thou bene meeke our Title still had slept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had slipt our Claime, untill another Age.
Cla. But when we say, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increase,
We set the Axe to thy usurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
Wee'l never leave, till we have hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods
Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victorie, or else a Grave.
Qu. Stay *Edward.*
Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Have robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heaven, or strike ungentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.
War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes us.
What counsaile give you? whether shall we flye?
Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast [yu] withdrawn thy selfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, revenge; Brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke upon as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in jest, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God above,
Ile never pawse againe, never stand still,
Thil either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune given me measure of Revenge.
Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
Now Lords, take leave untill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heaven, or in earth.
Rich. Brother,
Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did never weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.
War. Away, away:
Once more sweet Lords farwell.
Cla. Yet let us altogether to our Troopes,
And give them leave to flye, that will not stay:
And call them Pillars that will stand to us:
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Foreslow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford,* I have singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wer't thou inviron'd with a Brazen wall.

Cliff. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Fathher Yorke,
And this is the hand that slew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy selfe,
And so have at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,
For I my self will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood prevailes; and then the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another best;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, no Conquered.
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve our Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the Ninutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finish up the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a mortall man may live.
When this is knowne, then to divide the Times:
So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke ;
So many Houres, must I take my Rest:
So many houres, must I Contemplate:
So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes have bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires unto a Quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?
Gives not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepherds, looking on their silly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subjects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, under a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits nobody,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (unwares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting such Events.
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands, of Life bereaved him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
King. O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civill Warre,
Be blinde, with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe.
Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne
Fa. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see : Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no,no,no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miserable Age!
What Starategems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erreoneous, mutinous, and unnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.
King. Wo above wo: greefe, more [then] common greefe
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heaven pitty:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our striving Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:
Whither one Rose, and let the other flourish :
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?
Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shead seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?
King. How will the Country, for these woful chances,
Mis-thinke

Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was ever King so greev'd for Subjects woe?
Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.
Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.
Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheer:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.
My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;
And so obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the losse of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murthered where I should not kill. *Exit.*
Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much overgone with Care;
Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold us in pursuite.
Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-maine:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Having the fearfull flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steele graspt in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, Ile away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to stay, but love to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt.*

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burns my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.
O Lancaster! I feare thy overthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Love and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning misproud Yorke ;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who shines now, but *Henries* Enemies?
O Phoebus! had'st thou never given consent,
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre never had scorch'd the earth.
And *Henry,* had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of Yorke,
They never then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds :
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pitty :
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint :
Come *Yorke*, and *Richard, Warwicke,* and the rest,
I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke,Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust
Command an Argosie to stemme the Waves.
But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Grave,
And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford grones*
Rich. Whose soule is that which takes hir heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And no the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.
Rich. Revoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford,*
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
But set his murth'ring knife unto the Roote,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down [ye]head,
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our house,
That nothing sung but death, to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.
War. I thinke [is] understanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor sees, nor heares us, what we say.
Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If so thou think'st,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. While we devise fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didd'st love Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pittied'st Rutland, I wil pitty thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret,* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford,*
Sweare as thou was't wont.
Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I(in all despight) might rayle at him,
This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose unstanched thirst
Yorke and yong Rutland could not satisfie
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

 There

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene :
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to have them buz to offend thine eares:
First will I see the Coronation,
And then to Brittany Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.
Ed. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee;
For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George,* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and undo as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sinklo,and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands.

(our selves:
Sink. Under this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.
Hum. Ile stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.
[Sink]. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter the King, with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne even of pure love,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:
No *Harry,Harry,* 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed:
No bending knee will call the *Caesar* now,
No humble suters prease to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?
Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King ; Let's seize upon him
Hen. Let me embrace the sower Adversaries,
For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.
Hum. Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.
Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
[I:] thither gone, to crave the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward.* If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator :
And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with moving words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pittied much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to give:
Shee on his left side, craving ayde for *Henrie;*
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward.*
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is install'd;
That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more.
Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret,* thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.
King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.
King. But did you never sweare, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?
Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was anointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sin, No, for we were Subjects, but while you wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake yur Oathes, for of that sinne,
My mild intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sinklo. We are true Subjects to the king,
King *Edward.*
King. So would you be againe to *Henrie,*
If he were seated as king *Edward* is.
Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with us unto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyed,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld unto. *Exeunt*

Enter K.Edward,Gloster,Clarence,Lady Gray.
King. Brother of Gloster, at S.Albons field

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slaine;
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,
Which wee in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *Yorke,*
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.
Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her.
King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.
Rich. Yea, is it so:
I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.
Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true he keepes
the winde?
Rich. Silence.
King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde.
Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highnesse to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.
Clarence. I feare her not, unlesse she chance to fall.
Rich God forbit that, for hee'le take vantages.
King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell
me.
Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Childe of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather give her two.
Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.
Rich. You shall have foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pitie they should lose their Fathers
Lands.
Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.
King. Lords give us leave, Ile trye this Widowes
wit.
Rich. I,good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.
King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you love your
Children?
Wid. I, full as dearly as I love my selfe.
King, And would you not doe much to doe them
good?
Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some
harme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them
good.
Wid. Therefore I came unto your Majestie.
King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse service.
King. What service wilt thou doe me, if I give them?
Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.
King. I, but thou canst do what I meane to aske.
Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-
mands.
Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the
Marble.
Clar. As red as fire ? nay then, her Wax must melt.
Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my
Taske?
King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to love a King.
Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subject.
King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give
thee.

Wid. I take my leave with many thousand thankes.
Rich. The Match is made, shee seales it with a Curtsie.
King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I meane.
Wid. The fruits of Love, I meane, my loving Liege.
King. I, but I feare me in another sence.
What Love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
Wid. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love which Verture begges, and Vertue graunts.
King. No by my troth, I did not meane such love.
Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.
King. But now you partly may perceive my minde.
Wid. My minde will never graunt what I perceive
Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.
King. To tell the plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.
Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.
King. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husbands
Lands.
Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,
For by that losse, I will not purchase them.
King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.
Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:
Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.
King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:
No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.
Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, she knits her
Browes.
Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-
dome.
King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,
Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soveraigntie,
One way, or another, shee is for a King,
And shee shall be my Love, or else my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?
Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a subject fit to jeast withall,
But farre unfit to be a Soveraigne.
King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enjoye thee for my Love.
Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld unto;
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene.
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
King. You cavill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sonnes should call
you Father:
King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sonnes:
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Clarence. When hee was made a Shriver, 'twas for shift.
King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two have
had.
Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very
sad.
King. You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie
her.
Clarence. To who, my Lord?
King. Why *Clarence,* to my selfe.

Rich. That

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, jeast on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow goe you along: Lords use her honourable.
Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will use Women honourably:
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,
The lustfull *Edwards* Title buryed,
Is *Clarence, Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward,*
And all the unlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soveraigntie,
Like one that stands upon a Promontorie,
And spyes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,
Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
Saying hee'le lade it dry, to have his way:
So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,
And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Unlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard:*
What other Pleasure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heaven in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'wich sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Love forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,
To shrinke mine Arme up like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountaine on my Back,
Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To shape my Legges of an unequall size,
To dis-proportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or an un-lick'd Bear-whelpe,
That carryes no impression like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
Then since this Earth affoords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,
As are of better Person then my selfe:
Ile make my Heaven, to dreame upon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, t'account this World but Hell,
Untill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lives stand betweene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling desperately to finde it out,
Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my selfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
And cry,Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificial teares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Nestor,*
Deceive mor slyly then *Ulisses* could,
And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Coulours to the Camelion,
Change shapes with *Proteus,* for advantages,
And set the murtherous *Machevill* to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flourish.
Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon : Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret,*
Sit downe with us: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serve,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dis-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I must take like Seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.
Lewis, Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this deepe despaire?
Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let they dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
Over all mischance.
Be plaine, Queene *Margaret,* and tell thy griefe,
It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Those gracious words
Revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leave to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis,*
That *Henry,* sole possessor of y Love,
Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a Forlorne;
While prowd ambitious *Edward,* Duke of Yorke,
Usurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret,*
With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward, Henries* Heire,
Am come to crave thy just and lawfyll ayde:
And if thou faile us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selves in heavie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our Foe.
Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greatest Friend.
Lewis. Welcome brave *Warwicke,* what brings thee to France? *Hee descends. Shee ariseth.*
Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
For this is hee that moves both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy *Edward,* King of Albion,
My Lord and Soveraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and unfayned Love)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to crave a League of Amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soveraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entering at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis,* and Lady *Bona,* heare me speake,
Before you answer *Warwicke.* His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:
For how can Tyrants safely governe home,
Unlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liveth still: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis,* that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heav'ns are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.
Warw. Injurious *Margaret.*
Edw. And why not Queene?
Warw. Because thy Father *Henry* did usurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* disanulls great *John* of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these, our *Henry* lineally descends
Warw. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten[:]

Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedegree
Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speake against thy Liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirtie and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?
Warw. Can *Oxford,* that did ever sence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedegree?
For shame leave *Henry,* and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Even in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwicke,* no: while Life upholds this Arme,
This Arme upholds the House of *Lancaster.*
Warw. And I the House of *Yorke.*
Lewis. Queene *Margaret,* Prince *Edward,* and *Oxford,*
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with *Warwicke.*
They stand aloofe.
Marg. Heavens graunt, that *Warwickes* words be-
witch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwicke,* tell me even upon thy conscience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-
nor.
Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
Lewis. Then further : all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love
Unto our Sister *Bona.*
War. Such it seemes,
As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe have often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Love was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdaine,
Unlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lewis. Now Sister, let us heare your firme resolve.
Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speakes to War.*
When I have heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted judgement to desire.
Lewis. Then *Warwicke,* thus:
Our Sister shall be *Edwards.*
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Joynture that your King must make,
Whis with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret,* and be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.
Pr.Edw. To *Edward,* but not to the English King.
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke,* it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lewis. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret.*
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving ayde, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.
Warw. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You have a Father able to maintaine you,
And better ‘twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
Proud setter up, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy slye conveyance, and thy Lords false love,
Post blowing a horne Within.
For both of you are Birds of the selfe-same Feather.
Lewes. Warwicke, this is some poste to us, or thee.
Enter the Poste.
Poste. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwicke,*
Sent from your Brother Marquesse *Montague.*
These from our King,unto your Majesty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret*
From whom, I know not.
They all reade their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.
Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were
netled. I hope all’s for the best.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with unop’d joyes.
War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.
Lew. What? has your King married the Lady *Grey?*
And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this th’Alliance that he seekes with France?
Dare he presume to scorne us in this manner?
Mar. I told your Majesty as much before:
This proveth *Edwards* Love, and Warwickes honesty.
War. King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly blisse,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards;*
No more my King, for he dishonors me,
But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My Father came untimely to his death?
Did I let passe th’abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native right?
And am I guerdon’d at the last, with Shame?
Shame on himself, for my Desert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor lost for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry.*
My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servitour:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona,*
And replant *Henry* in his former state.
Mar. Warwicke,
These words have turn’d my Hate, to Love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom’st King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his unfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,
Ile undertake to Land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warree.
‘Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,
And as for *Clarence,* as my Letters tell me,
Hee’s very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strenth and safety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore *Henry* live,
Unlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady *Bona,* joynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets.*
Therefore, at last, I firmely am resolv'd
You shall have ayde.
Mar. Let me give humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is sending over Maskers
To revell it with him, and his new Bride:
Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l prove a widower shortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile un-Crowne him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*
Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false *Edward* battaile:
And as occasion sereves, this Noble Queen
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.
Yet ere thou bo, but answer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile joyne mine eldest daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward,* she is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That onely Warwickes daughter shall be thine.
Prin.Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.
He gives his hand to Warw.
Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them over with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeuent. Manet Warwicke.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,
But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale by me?
Then none but I, shall turne his Jest to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* misery,
But seeke Revenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray?*
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Cla. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,
How

How could he stay till *Warwicke* made returne?
Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke: heere comes the King.

Flourish.
Enter King Edward,Lady Grey,Penbrooke,Staf-ford, Hastings : foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.
Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.
King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensive, as halfe malecontent?
Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuse.
King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
Thay are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke,* I am *Edward,*
Your King and *Warwickes,* and must have my will.
Rich. And shall have your will, because our King:
Yet hastie Marriage seldome proveth well.
King. Yea, Brother *Richard,* are you offended too?
Rich. Not I : no :
God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd,
Whom God hath joyn'd together :
I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,
That yoake so well together.
King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, *Somerset,* and *Mountague,*
Speake freely what you thinke.
Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona.*
Rich. And *Warwicke,* doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.
King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?
Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.
Hast. Why knowes not *Mountague,* that of it selfe,
England is safe, if true within it selfe?
Mount. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France, then trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our selves:
In them, and in our selves, our safetie lyes.
Clar. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford.*
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.
Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your Loving Bride ;
Shee better would have fitted me, or *Clarence:*
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wives Sonne,
And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.
King. Alas, poore *Clarence* , is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your selfe,
You shew'd your judgement:
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Broker in mine owne bahalfe;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leave you.
King. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his Brothers will.
Lady Grey. My Lords, before it please'd his Majestie
To rayse my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my selfe have had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with sorrow.
King. My Love, forbeare to fawne upon their frownes:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Soveraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.
Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poste.

King. Now Messenger, what Lettrs, or what Newes
from France?
Post. My Soveraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Goe too, we pardon thee :
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst guesse them.
What answer makes King *Lewis* unto our Letters?
Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Goe tell false *Edward*, the supposed King,
That *Lewis* of France is sending over Maskers,
To revell it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is *Lewes* so brave? belike he thinkes me *Henry.*
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Post. These were her words, utt'red with mild disdaine:
Tell him, in hope hee'le prove a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:
She had the wrong. But what said *Henries* Queene?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.
Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.
King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said *Warwicke* to these injuries?
Post. He, more incens'd against your Majestie,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile uncrowne him, er't be long.
*King.*Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warned:
They shall have Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret?*
Post. I, gracious Soveraigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Wareicks* Daughter.
Clarence. Belike, the elder*;*
Clarence will have the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, ans sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwickes* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your selfe.
You that love me, and *Warwicke,* follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.
Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of *Edward,* but the Crowne.
King. Clarence and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwicke?*
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:
And haste is needfull in this despreate case.
Pembrooke and *Stafford,* you in our behalfe
Goe levie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:
My selfe in person will straight follow you.
Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.
But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*
Resolve my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to *Warwicke,* by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you love *Warwicke* more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proves true.
Hast. And *Hastings,* as he favours *Edwards* cause.
King. Now, Brother *Richard,* will you stand by us?
Rich. I, in despight of all that shall withstand you.
King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no howre,
Till wee meet *Warwicke,* with his forreine powre.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiors.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to us.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.
But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes:
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?
Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.
Warw. Then gentle *Clarence,* welcome unto *Warwicke,*
And welcome *Somerset :* I hold it cowardize,
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Love;
Else might I thinke, that *Clarence, Edwards* Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet *Clarence,* my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what rests? but in Nights Coverture,
Thy Brother being carelessely encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scouts have found the adventure very easie:
That as *Ulysses,* and stout *Diomede,*
With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee, will cover'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At unawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
And seize himselfe : I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but onely to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of *Henry,* with your Leader.
They all cry, Henry.
Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God, and Saint George.
Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1.Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.
2.Watch. What, will he not to Bed?
1.Watch. Why,no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,
Never to lye and take his naturall Rest,
Till *Warwicke,* or himselfe, be quite supprest.
2.Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be so neere as men report.
3.Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?
1.Watch. 'Tis the Lord *Hastings,* the Kings chiefest friend.
3.Watch. O, is it so? but why comands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?
2.Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
3.Watch. I, but give me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwicke* knew in what extate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1.Watch. Unlesse our Halberds did shut up his passage.
2.Watch. I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence,Oxford,Somerset, and French Souldiors, silent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.
1.Watch. Who goes there?
2.Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.
Warwicke and the rest cry all,Warwicke,Warwicke, and set upon the Guard,who flye,crying,Arme,Arme, Warwicke and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.
Enter Warwicke,Somerset,and the rest,bringing the King out in his Gowne,sitting in a Chaire: Richard andHastings flyes over the Stage.
Som. What are they that flye there?
Warw. Richard and *Hastings :* Let them goe, heere is the Duke.
K.Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwicke,* when we parted,
Thou call'dst me King.
Warw. I, but the case is alter'd,
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how should you governe any Kingdome,
That know not how to use Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to use your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?
K.Edw. Yea,

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must downe.
Yet *Warwicke,* in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice overthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compasse of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I have fought with *Pembrooke,* and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* send to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They leade him out forcibly.
K.Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for us to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. I, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?
Gray. Why Brother *Rivers,* are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalne King *Edward?*
Riv. What losse of some pitcht battell
Against *Warwicke?*
Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.
Riv. Then is my Soveraigne slaine?
Gray. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares :
And as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riv. These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder lives decay:
And I the rather waine me from dispaire
For love of *Edwards* Off-spring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I,I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.
Riv. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,
Guesse thou the rest, King *Edwards* Friends must downe.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,

To save (at least) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take us, we are sure to dye. *exeunt.*

Enter Richard,Lord Hastings,and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Hastings,* and Sir *William Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I have advertis'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usuall game,
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivitie.

enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?
Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Ed. But whether shall we then?
Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And shipt from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Wel guest beleeve me, for that was my meaning
*K.Ed. Stanley,*I will require thy forwardnesse.
Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke,
K.Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Hunts. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.
*K. Ed.*Bishop farwell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne, *exeunt*

Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence,Warwicke, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mounatague, and Lieutenant.

K.Hen. M.Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the Regall seate,
And turn'd my captive state to libertie,
My feare to hope, my sorrowes unto joyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But,if an humble prayer may prevaile,
I then crave pardon of your Majestie.
K.Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well using me?
Nay, be thou sure,Ile well requite thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Houshold harmonie,
They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

But Warwicke, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
Warw. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No *Warwicke,* thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heav's in thy Nativitie,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch,and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre;
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.
Warw. And I chuse *Clarence* onely for Protector.
King. Warwicke and *Clarence,* give me both your Hands:
Now joyne your Hands,& with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.
Warw. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soveraignes will?
Clar. That he consents, if *Warwicke* yeeld consent,
For on thyfortune I repose my selfe.
Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the Honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence,* now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.
Warw. I, therein *Clarence* shall not wanthis part.
King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me intreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward,*
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My joy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.
Clar. It shall bee done, my Soveraigne, with all speede.
King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Somers. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond.
King. Come hither, Englands Hope:
Layes his Hand on his Head,
If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my divining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will prove our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peaceful Majestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regal Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for his is hee
Must help you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poste.

Warw. What newes my friend?
Poste. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as he heares since) to Burgundie.
Warw. Unsavorie newes: but how made he escape?
Poste. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.
Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let us hence, my Soveraigne, to provide
A salve for any sore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manet Somerset,Richmond,and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards:*
For doubtlesse, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall have more Warres befor't be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Propehecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond:*
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts,
What may befell him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford,* to prevent the worst,
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,
Till stormes be past of Civill Enmitie.
Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall downe.
Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie,
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother *Richard,*Lord *Hastings,* and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh us amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
Well have we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remaines, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurre Haven, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.
Edw. Tush man,aboadments must not now affright us:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to us.
Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selves;
For now we owe allegeance unto *Henry.*
Edw. But, Master Maior, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*,at the least, is Duke of Yorke.
Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.
Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
Hee'll soone find meanes to make the Body follow.
Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
He descends.
Rich. A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.
Hast. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So'twere not long of him but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.
Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare no man, but yeeld me up the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.
For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie,with Drumme and Souldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomerie,*
Our trustie friend, unlesse I be deceiv'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir *John* : but why come you in
Armes?
Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of storme,
As every louall Subject ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomerie:*
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike up, and let us marh away.
The Drumme begins to march.
Edw. Nay, Stay, Sir *John,* a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recover'd.
Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you,
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?
Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wisdome to conceale our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule.
Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will : for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurpes the Diademe.
Mount. I, now my Soveraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shal be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.
Flourish. Sound.
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*
Mount. And whosoe're gainsayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.
All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes brave *Mountgomery,*
And thankes unto you all:
If fortune serve me, Ile requite this kindnesse.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre
Above the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke,* and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence,* how evill it beseemes thee,
To flatter *Henry,* and forsake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke.*
Come on brave souldiors : doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke,Mountague,
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counsaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.
King. Let's levie men, and beat him backe againe,
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster up: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt stirre up in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.
And thou, brave *Oxford,* wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shal muster up thy friends.
My Soveraigne, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Iland,gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modest *Dyan*, circles with heer Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Soveraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector,* and my Troyes true hope.
Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence,* be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford,* and my loving *Mountague,*
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Coventry.
Exeunt.
King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter,* what thinkes your Lordship?
Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hadth in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopt mine eares to their demends,
Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much opprest themw ith great Subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter,* these Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes upon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never cease to follow him.
Shout within, A Lancaster,A Lancaster.
Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?
Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd *Henry,* beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime us King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall sucke them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.
Exit with King Henry.
And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where premptorie *Warwicke* now remaines:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor unawares:
Brave Warrious, march amaine towards Coventry.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant *Oxford?*
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?
*Mess1.*By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre offf is our Brother *Mountague?*
Where is the Post that came from *Mountague?*
Mess.2. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.
Enter Somervile.
War. Say *Somervile,* what sayes my loving Sonne?
And by thy guesse, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
Somerv. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke.*
War. Whou should that be? belike unlook'd for friends.
Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter Edward,Richard, and Souldiers.
Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.
Rich, See how the surly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.
War. Oh, unbid spight, is sportfull *Edward* come?
Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.
Edw. Now *Warwicke,* wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who set thee up, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penetent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at least he would have said the King,
Or did he make the Jeast against his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to give,
Ile doe thee service for so good a gift.
War.'Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine,if but by *Warwickes* gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his subject.
Edw. But *Warwickes* King is *Edwards* Prisoner:
And gallant *Warwicke,* doe but answer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore *Henry* at the Bishops Pallace,
And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwicke* still.
Rich. Come *Warwicke,*
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles,
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.
Edw. Sayle how thou canst,
Have Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaster.*
Rich. The Gates are open, let us enter too.
Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will issue out againe, and bid us battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford,* for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for *Lancaster.*
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies beare.
Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for *Lancaster.*
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their Lives unto the House of *Yorke,*
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence sweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:
With whom, in upright zeale to right, prevailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Love.
Come *Clarence,* come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers House,
Who gave his blood to lyme the stones together,
And set up *Lancaster.* Why, trowest thou ,*Warwicke,*
That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnaturall,
To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then *Jephah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserve well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:
With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And so, prowd-hearted *Warwicke,* I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes,
Pardon me *Edward,* I will make amends:
And *Richard,* do not frowne upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Then if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*,this is Brother-like.
Warw. Oh passing Traytor, perjur'd and unjust,
Edw. What *Warwicke,*
Wilt thou leave the Towne, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?
Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid the Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.
Edw. Yes *Warwick, Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint George and Victorie. *Exeunt.*

March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So,lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd us all.
Now *Mountague* sit fast, I seeke for thee,
That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine companie.
Exit.
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke,* or *Warwicke?*
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whose Armes gave shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,
Whose top-brahch over-peer'd *Joves* spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To search the secret Treasons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liv'd King, but I could digge his Grave?
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow.?
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah *Warwicke, Warwicke,* wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Losse againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.
Even now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.
Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague,*
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lov'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst,
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly *Mountague,* or I am dead.
Som. Ah *Warwicke, Mountague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for *Warwicke:*
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That [mought] not be distinguisht: but at last,
I well might heare, delivered with a groane,
Oh farewell *Warwicke.*
*Warw.*Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and save your selves,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare away his Body. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumps, with Richard, Clarence, and the rest.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his easefull Westerne Bed.
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, have arrived our Coast,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.
Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And *Somerset,* with *Oxford,* fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
King. We are advertis'd by our loving friends.
That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willinglesse rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In every Countie as we goe along,
Strike up the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward,Somerset, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,
But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.
What though the Mast be now blowne over-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And halfe our Saylors swallowe'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee
Should leave the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on teh Rock,
Which Industrie and Courage might have sav'd?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though unskillful,why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelves and Rockes, that threaten us with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waves, as speake them faire.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea?
What *Clarence,* but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And *Richard,* but a raged fatall Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
Thus speake I (Lords) to let you understand,
If case some one of you would flye from us,
That there's no hop'd –for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthlesse Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.
Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should have leave to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.
Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warrious faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth live againe in thee ; long may'st thou live,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.
Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerset,*sweet *Oxford* thankes.
Prince, And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde us unprovided.
Som. But hee's deceiv'd, we are in readinesse.
Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward,Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heavens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hewne up yet ere Night.
I need not adde mor fuell up your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Give signall to the fight, and too it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Kinghts, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine-say: for every word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soveraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State usurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subjects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent :
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Justice : then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signall to the fight.
Alarum,Retreat, Excursions. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight:
For *Somerset,* off with his guiltie Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.
Exeunt.
Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Joy in sweet Jerusalem.
Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?
Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes,

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us heare him speake.
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring up my Subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speake like a Subject, prowd ambitious *Yorke.*
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'st have me answer to.
Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolv'd.
*Rich.*That you might still have worne the Petticoat,
And ne're have stolne the Breech from *Lancaster.*
Prince. Let *Aesop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Rich. By Heaven, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.
Qu. I, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe, rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all undutifull:
Lascivious *Edward,* and thou perjur'd *George,*
And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou usurp'st my Fathers right and mine.
Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.
Stabs him.
Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.
Rich. stabs him.
Clar. And ther's for twitting me with perjurie.
Clar. stabs him.
Qu. Oh, kill me too.
Rich. Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*
Edw. Hold, *Richard,* hold, for we have done too much.
Rich. Why

Rich. Why should shee live, to fill the World with words.
Edw. What? doth shee swoone? use meanes for her recoverie.
Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a serious matter,
Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.
Cla. What? what?
Rich. Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*
Qu. Oh *Ned,* sweet *Ned,* speake to thy Mother Boy.
Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that stabb'd *Caesar*, shed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this fould deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.
What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No,no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Caniballes,
How sweet a Plant have you untimely cropt:
You have no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse,
But if you ever chance to have a Childe,
Looke in his youth to have him so cut off.
As deathsmen you have rid this sweet yong Prince.
King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.
Qu. Nay, never beare me hence, dispatch me heere:
Heere sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.
Cla. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Qu. Good *Clarence,* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.
Cla. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?
Qu. I, but thou usest to forsweare thy selfe.
'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What wilt [yu] not? Where is that divels butcher *Richard?*
Hard favor'd *Richard? Richard,* whare art thou?
Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almes-deed:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.
Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,
Qu. So come to you , and yours, as to this Prince.
Wxit Queene.
Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.
Cla. To London all in post, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.
Ed. He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our Queene how well she fares,
By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so hard?
Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,
'Tis sinne to flatter. Good was little better:
'Good Gloster, and good Devill, were alike,
And poth preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.
Rich. Sirra, leave us to our selves, we must conferre.
Hen. So flies the wreaklesse shepherd from [ye] Wolfe:
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, unto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath *Rossius* now to Acte?
Rich. Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,
Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I the haplesse [Male] to one sweet Bird,
Have now the fatall Object in my eye,
Where my poor yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Rich. Why what a peevish Foole was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.
Hen. I [*Dedaius*], my poore Boy *Icarus,*
Thy Father *Minos,* that deni'de our course,
The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
Thy Brother *Edward,* and thy Selfe, the Sea
Whose envious Gulfe did swallow up his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke History.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?
Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?
Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.
Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first [yu] didst presume,
Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,
And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,
Shall rue the houre that ever thou was't borne.
The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an evill signe,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,
Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees:
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indigested and dformed lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.
Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true, which I have heard,
Thou cam''st---------
Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy speech, *Stabbes him.*
For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.
Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgive my sinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*
Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may such purple teares be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house.
If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.
Stabs him againe.
I that have neyther pitty, love, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:
For I have often heard my Mother say,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.
Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,
And seeke their Ruine, that usurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
O Jesus bless us, he is borne with teeth,
And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heavens have shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I have no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keept'st me from the Light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad such Prophesies,
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence,Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords,* as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands : two braver men,
Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two brave Beares, *Warwicke* & *Montague,*
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept Suspition from our State,
And made our Footstoole of Security.
Come hither *Besse,* and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong *Ned,* for thee, thine Unckles, and my selfe,
Have in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Rich. Ile blast his Harvest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke to heave,
And heave it shal some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.
King. Clarence and *Gloster,* love my lovely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cla. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty,
I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.
[*Cla.*] Thanke Noble *Clarence* worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I love the tree [from] whence [yu] sprang'st:
Witnesse the loving kisse I give the Fruite,
To say the truth, so *Judas* kist his master,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Having my Countries peace, and Brothers loves.
Cla. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret,*
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting joy. *Exeunt omnes*

F I N I S .