

# PLAY OF THRONES

Shakespeare that inspired R.R. Martin's GAME OF THRONES  
Adapted from Henry VI by Phil Willmott

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## CHARACTERS

A Shepherd  
Joan la Pucelle  
King Henry VI - King of England  
Duke Humphrey of Gloucester  
Duchess Eleanor of Gloucester  
Suffolk  
Lancaster  
York  
Warwick  
William Herbert  
Young Talbot  
French Waiting Woman  
Margaret of Anjou  
Gloucester's Murderer  
Edward Plantagenet  
George Plantagenet  
Richard Plantagenet  
Nurse  
Catherine of York  
Son that kills his father  
Father that kills his son  
Suffolk's Soldiers  
Eleanor's Sheriff

ACT ONE

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PROLOGUE

JOAN LA PUCELLE IN HER DUNGEON

THE SHEPHERD IS SHOWN IN BY THE GAOLER

GAOLER

Yonder is the sorceress condemn'd to burn.

EXIT

SHEPHERD

Ah, Joan, this kills thy mother's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Decrepit hag! Base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:

Thou art no mother nor no friend of mine.

SHEPHERD

Your father liveth yet, can testify

Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Peasant, avaunt! Who has suborn'd this scold,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth?

SHEPHERD

'Tis true, we gave a coin unto the priest

The morn that I was wedded to your father.

Now cursed be the time of thy nativity!

I would the milk that I once gave thee

1 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!  
2 Or else, when thou didst keep the lambs a-field,  
3 I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
4 Dost thou deny thy mother, cursed drab?  
5 O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

6

7 EXIT

8

9 JOAN LA PUCELLE CONJURS SPIRITS

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11 JOAN LA PUCELLE

12 Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;  
13 And ye choice spirits that admonish me  
14 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
15 Under the lordly monarch of the north,  
16 Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

17

18 THE COMPANY FILL THE STAGE FOR THE FUNERAL OF HENRY V

19

20 This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
21 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
22 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
23 Out of the powerful regions under earth,  
24 Help me, bring understanding to my fate  
25 Shadows of what has been to herald  
26 Glories of your vessels life to come!

27

28 ACT 1 SCENE 1

29

30 THE FUNERAL OF HENRY V

31

32 THE KING AND COURT AT PRAYER.

33

34 KING HENRY VI

35 Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!  
36 Comets, importing change of times and states,  
37 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,  
38 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
39 That have consented to my Father's death!

40

41 MOURNERSS SPEAK AS THEY LEAVE

42

1 • King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!  
2  
3 • England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.  
4 England ne'er had a king until his time.  
5  
6 • Virtue he had, deserving to command:  
7  
8 • His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;  
9  
10 • His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;  
11  
12 • His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
13 More dazzled and drove back his enemies  
14 Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.  
15  
16 • What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
17  
18 • He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.  
19  
20 • He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.  
21  
22 • Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day  
23 So dreadful will not be as was his sight.  
24  
25 • The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
26 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.  
27  
28 ALONE WITH GLOUCESTER THE KING CONTINUES IN PRAYER  
29  
30 KING HENRY VI  
31 Ill fit am I, great father to rule in thy stead  
32 I am but yet a green, effeminate prince,  
33 Who like a school-boy may be over-awed.  
34  
35 TO GLOUCESTER  
36  
37 Good Uncle Humphrey of Gloucester  
38 It was my father's wish you serve as Lord Protector,  
39 Till I am of an age to rule and wield the sceptre.  
40 Look you to advise this prince and realm.  
41 When I was young, as yet I am not old,  
42 I do remember how my father said

1 A stouter champion never handled sword.  
2 Long since we were resolved of this truth,  
3 Your service has been faithful, long your toil in war;  
4 Yet never have you tasted our reward & thanks,  
5 Therefore, rise up; and, take this good desert.

6  
7 GLOUCESTER

8 My Lord, this honour is beyond my worth  
9 But I will toil the measure of each sun and moon  
10 In service to your rule and Majesty.  
11 Uncle, guardian, protector, counsel  
12 To my beloved brother's son and prince  
13 And now my king, of England and of France.

14  
15 KING HENRY VI

16 (IN PRAYER)

17 Henry the Fifth! Thy ghost I invoke:  
18 Prosper we in this and safe from civil war.

19  
20 ENTER SUFFOLK

21  
22 SUFFOLK

23 To the King -

24  
25 GLOUCESTER

26 What means his grace,  
27 No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'  
28 Hath you forgot he is your sovereign?  
29 Or doth this churlish superscription  
30 Pretend some alteration in good will?

31  
32 SUFFOLK.

33 Pardon Majesty, twas due to haste, not disrespect  
34 For sad tidings bring I to you from France,  
35 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:  
36 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,  
37 Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

38  
39 ACT 1 SCENE 2

40

41 YOUNG TALBOT LIES WOUNDED FLEEING FROM A BATTLEFIELD IN FRANCE.

1  
2 YOUNG TALBOT  
3 My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
4 I know not where I am, nor what I do;  
5 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
6 Drives back our English troops and conquers all  
7 So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench  
8 Are from their hives and houses driven away.  
9 They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;  
10 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.  
11 Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?  
12 Our English troops retire, I cannot catch them:  
13 A woman clad in armour chaseth them.  
14  
15 ENTER JOAN LA PUCELLE  
16  
17 But who is here?  
18  
19 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
20 Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.  
21 With Henry's death English occupation ends;  
22 Dispersed are our the enemies to France.  
23  
24 YOUNG TALBOT  
25 Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!  
26 I trust ere long to choke thee with these hands  
27 And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.  
28  
29 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
30 Perhaps the English welp seeks corn for bread?  
31 I think your new king's army will fast  
32 Before he'll buy again at such a rate:  
33 'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?  
34 Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.  
35  
36 YOUNG TALBOT  
37 O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this mockery!  
38  
39 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
40 What will you do, good stripling? Break a lance,  
41 And run a tilt at death within a chair?  
42 My courage try by combat, if thou darest,

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YOUNG TALBOT

I am John Talbot son to Talbot, scourge of France,  
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,  
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;  
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.  
So come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a boy.

THEY FIGHT

YOUNG TALBOT

Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

THEY FIGHT

YOUNG TALBOT

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?  
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage  
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder.  
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

THEY FIGHT. JOAN LA PUCELLE OVERPOWERS YOUNG TALBOT

YOUNG TALBOT

Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.  
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,  
Let me thy lover and not thy enemy.  
Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.  
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.  
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

1 JOAN LA PUCELLE

2 My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

3 I must not yield to any rites of love,

4 For my profession's sacred from above:

5 Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

6 Glory is like a circle in the water,

7 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

8 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

9 (LEAVING)

10 Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

11 I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

12

13 YOUNG TALBOT

14 Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

15 Or else let this Talbot perish with the shame.

16

17 JOAN LA PUCELLE

18 O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

19 Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;

20 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

21

22 EXIT

23

24 TALBOT

25 Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

26 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;

27 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

28 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,

29 Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

30 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

31 Had York and Lancaster brought rescue in,

32 We should have found a bloody day of this.

32

33 EXITS

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35 ACT 1 SCENE 3

36

37 WE RETURN TO THE KING, SUFFOLK AND GLOUCESTER

38

39 KING HENRY VI

40 France lost and my father so lately buried?

41 Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns

42 Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

43 Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?

44 If great Henry were recall'd to life again

45 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

46 How were they lost? What treachery was us'd?

47



1 SUFFOLK  
2 No treachery; but want of men and money.  
3 Among the soldiers this is muttered,  
4 That here you maintain several factions;  
5 And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,  
6 There is disputing 'mongst your generals.  
7 One would have lingering wars with little cost;  
8 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
9 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

10

11 ACT 1 SCENE 4

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13 WE SWITCH TO WARWICK CONFRONTING YORK, WILLIAM & LANCASTER

14

15 LANCASTER

16 How now, noble Warwick. From whence comes  
17 That letter that fills your brow with thunder?

18

19 WARWICK

20 From France and bought and sold Lord Talbot;  
21 Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
22 Cried for you, noble York and Lancaster,  
23 To beat assailing death from his weak legions.  
28 And whiles the honourable captain there  
29 Dropped bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
30 And, in advantage lingering, looked for rescue,  
31 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
32 Kept off aloof with worthless quarrelling.  
33 Letting your private discord keep away  
34 The levied taxes that should lend him aid,  
35 While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
36 Yielded up his life unto a world of odds:  
37 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,  
38 Alencon, Reignier, compassed him about,  
39 And Talbot perished by your default.

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LANCASTER

York set him on; York should have sent him aid.  
This expedition was by York and Talbot too rashly plotted:  
York set him on to fight and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

WARWICK

And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;  
Swearing that you withhold the levied gold,  
Collected for this expedition.

LANCASTER

I owe him little duty, and less love;  
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

YORK

O God, that Lancaster, who in proud heart  
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!  
So should we save a valiant gentleman  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,  
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LANCASTER

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,  
For treason executed in our late king's days?  
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,  
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?  
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;  
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

YORK

My father was attached, not attainted,  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;  
And that I'll prove on better far than Lancaster,  
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.  
I'll note you in my book of memory,  
To scourge you for this apprehension:  
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

WARWICK

1 The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
2 Hath then entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:  
3 Never to England shall he bear his life;  
4 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

5

6 YORK

7 Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:  
8 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

9

10 WARWICK

11 Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;  
12 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
13 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

14

15 LANCASTER

16 If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

17

18 WARWICK

19 His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

20

21 LANCASTER

22 Judge you, then, between us.

23

24 WARWICK

25 Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;  
26 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;  
27 Between two blades, which bears the better temper:  
28 Between two horses, which doth bear him best;  
29 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;  
30 I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;  
31 But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,  
32 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

33

34 YORK

35 Then Willian Herbert say at once  
36 If I maintain'd the truth;  
37 Or else was wrangling Lancaster in the error?

38

39 WILLIAM

40 Faith, although I am a student of the law,  
41 I never yet could frame my will to it;  
42 And therefore frame the law unto my will.

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YORK

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:  
The truth appears so naked on my side  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

LANCASTER

And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining and so evident  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

YORK

Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,  
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:  
Let any that are true-born nobles here  
And stands upon the honour of such birth,  
If they suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off the brier pluck a white rose with me.

LANCASTER

Let any that are no coward nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off the thorn with me.

WARWICK

I love no colours, and without all colour  
Of base insinuating flattery  
I'll pluck a white rose with Plantagenet.

WILLIAM

Stay, nobility of England and pluck no more,  
Till you conclude that he upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

LANCASTER

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,  
That shall maintain what I have said is true.  
Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;  
And know us by our colours for thy foes,  
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

1 YORK

2 And, by my soul, a pale and angry rose,  
3 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,  
4 Will I for ever and my faction wear,  
5 Until it wither with me to my grave  
6 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

7

8 LANCASTER

9 Farewell, ambitious Richard. I dare say  
10 This quarrel will drink blood another day.

11

12 EXITS

13

14 ACT 1 SCENE 5

15

16 BACK TO SUFFOLK, GLOUCESTER AND THE KING.

17

18 SUFFOLK

19 Awake, awake, England's majesty!  
20 Let not quarrels dim your honours new-begot:  
21 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
22 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

23

24 KING

25 And now I fear that fatal prophecy  
26 Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth  
27 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;  
28 That Henry born at Monmouth should win all  
29 And Henry born at Windsor lose all.

30 (TO GLOUCESTER)

31 Have you perused the letters from the pope,  
32 The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

33

34 GLOUCESTER

35 I have, my lord: and their intent is this:  
36 They humbly sue unto your excellence  
37 To have a godly peace concluded of  
38 Between the realms of England and of France.

39

40 KING HENRY VI

41 How doth your grace affect their motion?

42

1 GLOUCESTER

2 Well, my good lord; and as the only means  
3 To stop effusion of our Christian blood  
4 And 'stablish quietness on every side.

5

6 KING HENRY VI

7 Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought  
8 It was both impious and unnatural  
9 That such immanity and bloody strife  
10 Should reign among professors of one faith.

11

12 GLOUCESTER

13 Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect  
14 And surer bind this knot of amity,  
15 The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,  
16 A man of great authority in France,  
17 Proffers his only daughter to your grace  
18 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

19

20 KING HENRY VI

21 Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!  
22 And fitter is my study and my books  
23 Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
24 Yet I shall be well content with any choice  
25 Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

26

27 THE KING RETURNS TO PRAYER.

28

29 GLOUCESTER ADDRESSES SUFFOLK

30

31 GLOUCESTER

32 Regarding proffer of my lord your master,  
33 You will inform the rebellious powers of France  
34 That, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
35 Her beauty and the value of her dower,  
36 He doth intend she shall be England's queen.  
37 In argument and proof of which contract,  
38 Bear her some jewel, pledge of his affection.  
39 And so, my lord of Suffolk, see her guarded  
40 And safely brought to Dover.

41

42 SUFFOLK

1 What! is my Lord of Gloucester install'd,  
2 And call'd unto a Protector's degree?  
3 I have oft heard prophesy, that should  
4 You once ascend to high office then  
5 You'll make your cap co-equal with the crown.  
6 Well, know that William Pole of Suffolk  
7 Will not bow or be inferior to you, proud peer.  
8 Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt learn  
9 That in authority I'll not be overborne by thee:  
10 I'll either make thee stoop or bend thy knee,  
11 Farewell, proud Duke; to my task will I;  
12 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
13 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:  
14 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
15 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

16

17 EXITS

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19 ACT 1 SCENE 6

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21 FRANCE

22

23 JOAN LA PUCELLE

24 The English conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.  
25 Spirits come to me again, that France may get the field.  
26 O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
27 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
28 I'll lop a member off and give it you  
29 In earnest of further benefit,  
30 So you do condescend to help me now.

31

32 THE VICTORIOUS SUFFOLK, ENGLISH SOLDIERS & A FRENCH WAITING WOMAN.

33

34 WAITING WOMAN

35 All hail, victorious lords and yeomen.  
36 Which of you amongst the English train  
37 Call ye the warlike Suffolk, he whose acts  
38 Have conquered and subdued the realm of France?

39

40 SUFFOLK

41 Who would speak with me?

42

1 WAITING WOMAN

2 The virtuous Margaret of Anjou,  
3 With modesty admiring thy renown,  
4 By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe  
5 To visit her poor castle where she lies,  
6 That she may boast she hath beheld the man  
7 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

8

9 ENGLISH SOLDIER

10 Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars  
11 Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,  
12 When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.  
13 You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

14

15 SUFFOLK

16 Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men  
17 Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
18 Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:  
19 And therefore tell her I return great thanks,  
20 And in submission will attend on her.  
21 Will not your honours bear me company?

22

23 ENGLISH SOLDIER

24 No, truly; it is more than manners will:  
25 And I have heard it said, unbidden guests  
26 Are often welcomest when they are gone.

27

28 SUFFOLK

29 Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
30 I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.  
31 Come hither, captain.

32

33 THEY WHISPER

34

35 You perceive my mind?

36

37 ENGLISH SOLDIER

38 I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

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40 EXITS

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42 ACT 1 SCENE 7



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MARGARET OF ANJOU AND JOAN LA PUCELLE PREPARE FOR SUFFOLK'S ARRIVAL.

MARGARET

Strange maid of Orlean's set the trap as I gave charge;  
And at the allotted time be swift to the purpose.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Madam, I will.

EXIT

MARGARET

The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit  
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account:  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure of these rare reports.

ENTER SUFFOLK

SUFFOLK

Madam, According as your ladyship desired,  
By message craved, so is Lord Suffolk come.

MARGARET

And you are most welcome.

SUFFOLK

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,  
And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle.

MARGARET

Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife.

SUFFOLK

There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.  
(ASIDE)  
And yet a dispensation may be had.

1 I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?  
2 For how can Margaret be thy paramour?  
3 Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,  
4 And peace established between these realms  
5 But there remains a scruple in that too;  
6 For though her father be the King of Naples,  
7 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
8 And the Lord of Gloucester will scorn the match.  
9 In favour of the marriage he hath brokered  
10 For the daughter of the Earl of Armagnac  
11 Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

12

13 MARGARET

14 He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.  
15 Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?  
16 (SHE DISARMS HIM)  
17 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?  
18 You will not any way dishonour me  
19 For thou art allotted to be ta'en by me.  
20 Ho there within!

21

22 RE-ENTER JOAN WITH WEAPON DRAWN.

23

24 JOAN LA PUCELLE

25 Is this the scourge of France?  
26 Is this the Suffolk, so much fear'd abroad  
27 That with his name the mothers still their babes?  
28 I see report is fabulous and false:  
29 I thought I should have seen some Hercules,  
30 A second Hector, for his grim aspect,  
31 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
32 It cannot be this weak and withled shrimp  
33 Should strike such terror to his enemies.  
34 Yet If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

35

36 SUFFOLK

37 Prisoner! To whom?

38

39 JOAN LA PUCELLE

40 To Joan La Pucelle, blood-thirsty lord;

41

42 SUFFOLK

1 Away thou thy lowly shepherd's daughter,  
2 Thy wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

3

4 JOAN LA PUCELLE

5 Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased  
6 To shine on my contemptible estate:  
7 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
8 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
9 God's mother deigned to appear to me  
10 And in a vision full of majesty  
11 Will'd me to leave my base vocation  
12 And free my country from calamity:  
13 Her aid she promised and assured success:  
14 In complete glory she reveal'd herself;  
15 And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
16 With those clear rays which she infused on me  
17 That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.

18

19 MARGARET

20 And for the cause I trained her to my house.  
21 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
22 For in my gallery thy picture hangs.

23

24 JOAN LA PUCELLE

25 But now the substance shall endure the like,  
26 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
27 That hast by tyranny these many months  
28 Wasted our country, slain our citizens  
29 And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

30

31 SUFFOLK

32 (LAUGH)

33

34 JOAN LA PUCELLE

35 Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall turn to moan.

36

37 SUFFOLK

38 I laugh to hear you, French whore of Orleans  
39 To think that you have aught but Suffolk's shadow  
40 Whereon to practise your severity.

41

42 JOAN LA PUCELLE

1 Why, art not thou the man?  
2  
3 SUFFOLK  
4 I am indeed.  
5  
6 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
7 Then have I substance too.  
8  
9 SUFFOLK  
10 No, no, I am but shadow of myself:  
11 You are deceived, my substance is not here;  
12 For what you see is but the smallest part  
13 And least proportion of humanity:  
14 I tell you, harlot, were the whole frame here,  
15 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
16 This roof were not sufficient to contain't.  
17  
18 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
19 This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;  
20 He will be here, and yet he is not here.  
21  
22 MARGARET  
23 How can these contrarities agree?  
24  
25 SUFFOLK  
26 That will I show you presently.  
27  
28 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
29 I think this upstart is poor Talbot's ghost,  
30 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.  
31  
32 ENTER ENGLISH SOLDIERS WHO OVER COME JOAN LA PUCELLE, AS MARGARET  
33 COWERS.  
34  
35 SUFFOLK  
36 Now, tis my belief we have thee fast, whore.  
37 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms  
38 And try if they can gain your liberty.  
39  
40 ENGLISH SOLDIER  
41 See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,  
42 As if with Circe she would change my shape!

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42

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Changed to a worsor shape thou canst not be.

SUFFOLK

Then, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;  
They say his shape hath tamed thy maidenhood.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.  
A plaguing mischief light on thee and Charles!  
And may ye both be suddenly surprised  
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

SUFFOLK

Fell hag, the devil's enchantress, hold thy tongue!  
(TO OFFICERS)  
Away with this Shepherd's whelp, burn her for a witch  
And let her aim her curses at the flames of hell.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:  
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.

SUFFOLK

Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?  
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

1  
2 ENGLISH SOLDIER  
3 Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!  
4 She and the Dauphin have been juggling:  
5 I did imagine what would be her refuge.  
6  
7 SUFFOLK  
8 Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;  
9 Especially since Charles must father it.  
10 A married man! that's most intolerable.  
11  
12 ENGLISH SOLDIER  
13 Why, here's a whore! I think she knows not well,  
14 There were so many, whom she may accuse.  
15  
16 SUFFOLK  
17 And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.  
18 Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:  
19 Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.  
20  
21 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
22 Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:  
23 May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
24 Upon the country where you make abode;  
25 But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
26 Environ you, till mischief and despair  
27 Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!  
28  
29 EXIT, GUARDED  
30  
31 SUFFOLK (CALLING AFTER HER)  
32 Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,  
33 Thou foul accursed minister of hell!  
34  
35 EXIT SOLDIERS AND JOAN LA PUCELLE  
36  
37 SUFFOLK  
38 (TO MARGARET)  
39 And how say you, madam? Are you now persuaded  
40 That Suffolk is but shadow of himself?  
41 These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,  
42 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,

1 Razeth your cities and subverts your towns  
2 And in a moment makes them desolate.

3

4 MARGARET

5 Victorious Suffolk! Pardon my abuse:  
6 I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited  
7 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

8

9 SUFFOLK

10 Presume what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.  
11 O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!  
12 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;  
13 Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
14 Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
15 So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
16 Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
17 Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.  
18 Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
19 Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

20

21 MARGARET

22 To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
23 Than is a slave in base servility;  
24 For princes should be free.

25

26 SUFFOLK

27 And so shall you,  
28 If happy England's royal king be free.

29

30 MARGARET

31 Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

32

33 SUFFOLK

34 I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,  
35 To put a golden sceptre in thy hand  
36 And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
37 If thou wilt condescend to be my--

38

39 MARGARET

40 What?

41

42 SUFFOLK

1 His love.

2

3 MARGARET

4 I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

5

6 SUFFOLK

7 No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

8 To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

9 And have no portion in the choice myself.

10 How say you, madam, are ye so content?

11

12 MARGARET

13 An if my father please, I am content.

14

15 SUFFOLK

16 I'll speed me then to England with this news,

17 And make this marriage to be solemnized.

18 (ASIDE)

19 And yet, methinks, I could be well content

20 To be mine own attorney in this case.

21

22 MARGARET

23 Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers

24 Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

25

26 SUFFOLK

27 Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;

28 No princely commendations to my king?

29

30 MARGARET

31 Such commendations as becomes a maid,

32 A virgin and his servant, say to him.

33

34 SUFFOLK

35 Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.

36 But madam, I must trouble you again;

37 No loving token to his majesty?

38

39 MARGARET

40 Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,

41 Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

42



1 SUFFOLK

2 And this withal.

3

4 KISSES HER

5

6 MARGARET

7 That for thyself: I will not so presume

8 To send such peevish tokens to a king.

9

10 EXIT MARGARET

11

12 SUFFOLK

13 O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;

14 Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;

15 There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

16 Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

17 Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

18 And natural graces that extinguish art;

19 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

20 That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,

21 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.

22

23 ACT 1 SCENE 8

24

25 ENGLAND

26

27 SUFFOLK IN CONFERENCE WITH KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER AND WILLIAM

28

29 KING HENRY VI

30 Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,

31 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

32 Her virtues graced with external gifts

33 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:

34 And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts

35 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

36 So am I driven by breath of her renown

37 Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive

38 Where I may have fruition of her love.

39

40 SUFFOLK

41 Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale

42 Is but a preface of her worthy praise;

1 The chief perfections of that lovely dame  
2 Had I sufficient skill to utter them,  
3 Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
4 Able to ravish any dull conceit:  
5 And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
6 So full-replete with choice of all delights,  
7 But with as humble lowliness of mind  
8 She is content to be at your command;  
9 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
10 To love and honour Henry as her lord.

11

12 KING HENRY VI

13 And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

14 (TO GLOUCESTER)

15 Therefore, my lord protector, give consent  
16 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

17

18 GLOUCESTER

19 So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
20 You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
21 Unto another lady of esteem:  
22 How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
23 And not deface your honour with reproach?

24

25 SUFFOLK

26 As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
27 Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd  
28 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
29 By reason of his adversary's odds:  
30 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
31 And therefore may be broke without offence.

32

33 GLOUCESTER

34 Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?  
35 Her father is no better than an earl,  
36 Although in glorious titles he excel.

37

38 SUFFOLK

39 Yes, lord, her father Reignier's a king,  
40 And of such great authority in France  
41 As his alliance will confirm our peace  
42 And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

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GLOUCESTER

And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.  
Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,  
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUFFOLK

A dower, my lord! Disgrace not so your king,  
That he should be so abject, base and poor,  
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen  
And not seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;  
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:  
Therefore, Gloucestor, since he doth affect her most,  
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
Approves her fit for none but for a king:  
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,  
More than in women commonly is seen,  
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;  
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
If with a lady of so high resolve  
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.  
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

KING HENRY VI

Whether it be through force of your report,  
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that

1 My tender youth was never yet attain'd  
2 With any passion of inflaming love,  
3 I cannot tell; but this I am assured,  
4 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
5 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
6 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
7 Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;  
8 Agree to any covenants, and procure  
9 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
10 To cross the seas to England and be crown'd  
11 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.  
12 Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
13 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
14 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
15 If you do censure me by what you were,  
16 Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
17 This sudden execution of my will.  
18 And so, conduct me where, from company,  
19 I may revolve and ruminatè my grief.

20

21 GLOUCESTER

22 Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

23

24 SUFFOLK

25 (ASIDE) Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,  
26 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,  
27 With hope to find the like event in love,  
28 But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
29 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
30 But I will rule both her, the king and realm.

31

32 Enter YORK, LANCASTER, WILLIAM AND WARWICK

33

34 LANCASTER

35 Grant me the rule of law, gracious sovereign.

36

37 YORK

38 And me, my lord, grant me that justice too.

39

40 KING HENRY VI

41 What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

42 First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

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YORK

This hot head here, with envious carping tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;  
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my ever blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth  
About a certain question of treachery  
With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach  
And in defence of my father's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

LANCASTER

And that is my petition, noble lord:  
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;  
And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower  
Bewray'd the faintness of my steadfast heart.

YORK

Will not this malice, here and now be left?

LANCASTER

Your private grudge, ambitious York, will out,  
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

KING HENRY VI

Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,  
When for so slight and frivolous a cause  
Such factious emulations shall arise!  
Good cousins both, of York and Lancaster,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.  
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,  
Quite to forget your quarrels and the cause.  
If the commons perceive dissension in our looks  
And that within ourselves we disagree,  
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked  
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!  
Beside, what infamy will there arise,

1 When foreign princes shall be certified  
2 That for a rose, a thing of no regard,  
3 King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
4 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the world's respect!  
5 O, think upon the conquest of my father,  
6 My tender years, and let us not forego  
7 That for a trifle that was bought with blood.  
8 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
9 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

10

11 PUTTING ON A RED ROSE

12

13 That any one should therefore be suspicious  
14 I more incline to Lancaster than York:  
15 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:  
16 So let us still continue in peace and love.

17

18 EXIT THE KING

19

20 GLOUCESTER

21 Presumptuous vassals are you not ashamed  
22 With this immodest clamorous outrage  
23 To trouble and disturb the king and us?  
24 Methinks you do not well, un mannerly  
25 To bear with your perverse objections;  
26 Much less to take occasion from your mouths  
27 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:  
28 Let me persuade you take a better course.  
29 It grieves his highness: For his sake, be friends.

30

31 EXIT GLOUCESTER

32

33 WARWICK

34 So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
35 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,  
36 Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
37 And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

38

39 WILLIAM

40 Consider, yet he is the next of blood,  
41 And heir apparent to the English crown:  
42 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

1 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
2 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
3 Keenly look to this! let not his smoothing words  
4 Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.

5

6 WARWICK

7 What though the common people favour him,  
8 Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'  
9 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,  
10 'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'  
11 With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'  
12 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
13 He will be found a dangerous protector.

14

15 YORK

16 Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
17 He being of age to govern of himself?  
18 Speak Lancaster, will you not now join with me,  
19 And all together, with your brother, Suffolk.  
20 We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

21

22 LANCASTER

23 This weighty business will not brook delay.

24

25 WILLIAM

26 I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

27

28 EXIT ALL BUT YORK & WARWICK

29

30 WARWICK

31 The king did prettily play the orator.

32

33 YORK

34 And so he did; but yet I like it not,  
35 In that he wears the badge of Lancaster  
36 And Suffolk.

37

38 WARWICK

39 Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;  
40 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

41

42 YORK

1 An if I wist he did, --but let it rest;  
2 'Tis oft when sceptres are in children's hands.  
3 My brain more busy than the labouring spider  
4 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

5

6 EXIT

7

8 ACT 1 SCENE 9

9

10 THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S HOUSE.

11

12 ENTER DUKE HUMPHREY

13

14 GLOUSTER

15 This jarring discord of nobility,  
16 This shouldering of each other in the court,  
17 This factious bandying of royal favourites,  
18 Tis clear it presage some great event.  
19 There comes the rain, there begins confusion.

20

21 Enter his wife ELEANOR

22

23 ELEANOR.

24 Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
25 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
26 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
27 As frowning at the favours of the world?  
28 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
29 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
30 What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
31 Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
32 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
33 Until thy head be circled with the same.  
34 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.  
35 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine,  
36 And, having both together heav'd it up,  
37 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
38 And never more abase our sight so low  
39 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

40

41 GLOUCESTER.

42 O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,



1 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts;  
2 And may that thought when I imagine ill  
3 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
4 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
5 My troublous dreams this night doth make me sad.

6  
7 ELEANOR.  
8 What dream'd my lord? Tell me, and I'll requite it  
9 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

10  
11 GLOUCESTER.  
12 Methought the staff, mine office-badge in court,  
13 Was broke in twain;—by whom I have forgot,  
14 But, as I think, it was by the Lord of Suffolk --  
15 And on the pieces of the broken wand  
16 Were plac'd the heads of York and Lancaster  
17 This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

18  
19 ELEANOR.  
20 Tut, this was nothing but an argument  
21 That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
22 Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
23 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
24 Methought I sat in seat of majesty  
25 In the cathedral church of Westminster  
26 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd,  
27 Where Henry and his French whore kneel'd to me  
28 And on my head did set the diadem.

29  
30 GLOUCESTER.  
31 Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.  
32 Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,  
33 Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
34 And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?  
35 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
36 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
37 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
38 To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
39 From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
40 Away from me, and let me hear no more!

41  
42 ELEANOR.

1 What, what, my lord! are you so choleric  
2 With Eleanor for telling but her dream?  
3 Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
4 And not be check'd.  
5  
6 GLOUCESTER.  
7 Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.  
8  
9 Enter WILLIAM  
10  
11 WILLIAM.  
12 My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure  
13 You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
14 Wherein the king means to welcome Queen Margaret,  
15  
16 GLOUCESTER.  
17 I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?  
18  
19 ELEANOR.  
20 Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.  
21  
22 EXITS GLOUCESTER  
23  
24 (ASIDE)  
25 Follow I must; I cannot go before  
26 While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.  
27 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
28 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks  
29 And smooth my way upon their headless necks;  
30 And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
31 To play my part in Fortune's pageant.--  
32 Where are you there? Sir William!  
33 Nay, fear not, man, we are alone;  
34 Here's none but thee and I.  
35  
36 WILLIAM.  
37 Jesus preserve your royal majesty!  
38  
39 ELEANOR.  
40 What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.  
41  
42 WILLIAM.

1 But, by the grace of God, and my humble advice,  
2 Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

3

4 ELEANOR.

5 What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd  
6 With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
7 With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?  
8 And will they undertake to do me good?

9

10 WILLIAM.

11 This they have promised – to show your highness  
12 A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,  
13 That shall make answer to such questions  
14 As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

15

16 ELEANOR.

17 It is enough; I'll think upon the questions.  
18 When from Saint Alban's we do make return,  
19 We'll see these things effected to the full.  
20 Here, take this reward; make merry, man,  
21 With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

22

23 EXIT

24

25 WILLIAM.

26 William must make merry with the duchess' gold,  
27 Marry, and shall. But, how now then, Sir William  
28 Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum;  
29 The business asketh silent secrecy.  
30 Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;  
31 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
32 Yet have I gold flies from another coast.  
33 From the great and cunning Duke of Suffolk,  
34 Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,  
35 He, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,  
36 Has hired me to undermine the duchess  
37 And buzz wild conjurations in her brain.  
38 They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'  
39 Yet am I Suffolk and the devil's broker.  
40 William, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
41 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.  
42 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last

1 My knavery will be the duchess' wrack,  
2 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall.  
3 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

4

5 EXIT

6

7 ACT 1 SCENE 10

8

9 SUFFOLK PRESENTS MARGARET TO THE KING, GLOUCESTER & ELEANOR AT COURT.

10

11 SUFFOLK

12 As by your high imperial majesty  
13 I had in charge at my depart for France,  
14 As procurator to your excellence,  
15 To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,  
16 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,  
17 In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,  
18 The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alencon,  
19 Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend bishops,  
20 I have perform'd my task and was espoused:  
21 And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
22 In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
23 Deliver up my title in the queen  
24 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
25 Of that great shadow I did represent;  
26 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
27 The fairest queen that ever king received.

28

29 KING HENRY VI

30 Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Margaret:  
31 I can express no kinder sign of love  
32 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,  
33 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!  
34 For thou hast given me in this beauteous face  
35 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
36 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

37

38 MARGARET

39 Great King of England and my gracious lord,  
40 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,  
41 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,  
42 In courtly company or at my beads,

1 With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,  
2 Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
3 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords  
4 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

5

6 SUFFOLK

7 My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
8 Here are the articles of contracted peace  
9 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,  
10 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

11

12 GLOUCESTER

13 Reads 'Imprimis, it is agreed between the French  
14 king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of  
15 Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that  
16 the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret,  
17 daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and  
18 Jerusalem, and crown her queen of England ere the  
19 thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy  
20 of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released  
21 and delivered to the king her father'--

22

23 SUFFOLK

24 How now! I pray, read on

25

26 GLOUCESTER

27 Pardon me, gracious lord;  
28 Reads 'Item, It is further agreed between them,  
29 that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be  
30 released and delivered over to the king her father,  
31 and she be sent over of the King of England's own  
32 proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

33

34 KING HENRY VI

35 Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,  
36 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
37 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;  
38 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

39

40 GLOUCESTER

41 "That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
42 For costs and charges in transporting her!"

1 She'll back to France today and starve  
2 in France, before I'll set the seal to this.

3  
4 SUFFOLK

5 My Lord of Gloucester, I fear ye grow too hot:

6  
7 GLOUCESTER.

8 Consider majesty, did thy father Henry spend his youth,  
9 His valour, coin and people, in the wars?  
10 Did he so often lodge in open field,  
11 In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,  
12 To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
13 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
14 To keep by policy what Henry got?  
15 Have not this country's, sons, father's, grand fathers  
16 Received deep scars in France and Normandy?  
17 Or hath mine cousin Beaufort and myself,  
18 With all the learned council of the realm,  
19 Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
20 Early and late, debating to and fro  
21 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,  
22 And had his highness in his infancy  
23 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?  
24 And shall these labours and these honours die?  
25 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
26 Our deeds of war and all our counsel die?  
27 Consider majesty, shameful is this league!  
28 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,  
29 Blotting your names from books of memory,  
30 Razing the characters of your renown,  
31 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
32 Undoing all, as all had never been!

33  
34 MARGARET

35 But if it is the pleasure of my lord the King.

36  
37 GLOUCESTER.

38 Madam, the King is old enough himself  
39 To give his censure; these are no women's matters.

40  
41 MARGARET.

42 If the king be old enough, what needs your grace

1 To be protector of his excellence?

2

3 GLOUCESTER.

4 Madam, I am protector of the realm,  
5 And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

6

7 SUFFOLK.

8 Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.  
9 Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?--  
10 The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;  
11 And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
12 Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.  
13 The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags  
14 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

15

16 MARGARET.

17 Thy wife's attire must cost a mass of public treasury.

18

19 SUFFOLK

20 Thy cruelty in execution  
21 Upon offenders hath exceeded law,  
22 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

23

24 GLOUCESTER

25 Thy sale of offices and towns in France,  
26 If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
27 Should make thee quickly hop without thy head.

28

29 THE QUEEN DROPS HER FAN

30

31 MARGARET

32 (TO ELEANOR) Give me my fan.  
33 What minion! Will ye not?

34

35 ELEANOR.

36 Your minion am I, proud Frenchwoman?  
37 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
38 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

39

40 KING.

41 Aunt, 'twas against her will to offend.

42

1 ELEANOR.

2 Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;  
3 She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby.  
4 Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
5 She'll not "minion" Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

6

7 EXIT ELEANOR

8

9 GLOUCESTER.

10 (TO THE KING)

11 Tomorrow, My Lord, my choler being overblown  
12 We will return to commonwealth affairs.

13 (TO SUFFOLK)

14 As for your spiteful false objections,  
15 Prove them, and I lie open to the law.

16

17 ACT 1 SCENE 11

18

19 SUFFOLK AND MARGARET.

20

21 MARGARET.

22 My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,  
23 Is this the fashion in the court of England?  
24 Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
25 And this the royalty of Albion's king?  
26 What, shall King Henry be a pupil still  
27 Under the surly Gloucester's governance?  
28 Am I a queen in title and in style,  
29 And must be made a subject to a duke?  
30 I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours  
31 Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love  
32 And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
33 I thought King Henry had resembled thee  
34 In courage, courtship, and proportion;  
35 But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
36 To number Ave-Maries on his beads,  
37 His champions are the prophets and apostles,  
38 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,  
39 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
40 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
41 I would the college of the cardinals  
42 Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,



1 And set the triple crown upon his head;  
2 Yet not all this do vex me half so much  
3 As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.  
4 She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
5 More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.  
6 Strangers in court do take her for the queen;  
7 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
8 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.  
9 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?  
10 Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,  
11 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,  
12 The very train of her worst wearing gown  
13 Was better worth than all my father's land.

14

15 SUFFOLK.

16 Madam, myself have set a trap for her,  
17 That she'll descend to listen to temptation,  
18 And never mount to trouble you again.  
19 So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,  
20 For I am bold to counsel you in this.

21

22 EXITS

23

24 ACT 1 SCENE 12

25

26 ELEANOR AND WILLIAM IN GLOUCESTER'S GARDEN

27

28 ELEANOR. To our purpose, Sir William.  
29 Of this business the sooner the better.  
30 See, I have a list of questions for the spirit.

31

32 WILLIAM.

33 Patience, good lady, wizards know their times:  
34 Tis night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
35 The time of night when Troy was set on fire,  
36 The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl  
37 And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,  
38 This time best fits the work we have in hand.  
39 Madam, sit you and fear not whom we raise.

40

41 PLACING ELEANOR IN A TRANCE.

42

1 By the eternal God, whose name and power  
2 Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
3 For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

4

5 ELEANOR (IN A TRANCE)

6 Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

7

8 WILLIAM.

9 First of the king: what shall of him become?

10

11 ELEANOR (IN A TRANCE)

12 The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,

13 But him outlive and die a violent death.

14

15 SUFFOLK AND LANCASTER ENTER TO ADDRESSES ELEANOR IN HER TRANCE

16

17 SUFFOLK.

18 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

19

20 ELEANOR (IN A TRANCE)

21 By three shall he die and take his end.

22

23 LANCASTER.

24 'What shall befall the powers of Lancaster?'

25

26 ELEANOR (IN A TRANCE)

27 Let them shun castles;

28 Safer shall they be upon the sandy plains

29 Than where castles mounted stand.

30 Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

31

32 WILLIAM

33 Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

34 False fiend, begone!

35

36 ELEANOR FAINTS

37

38 ENTER OFFICER

39

40 LANCASTER

41 What, madam, are you there? Hoist her up!

42 (TO SUFFOLK) Brother, the king and commonweal

1 Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;  
2 My lord protector will, I doubt it not.  
3 Away with her! Let her be clapp'd up close,  
4 And kept asunder. Yet where's that shifting  
5 Duke of York? He promised he would meet us here.  
6 I like not this.

7

8 EXIT YORK, LANCASTER AND OFFICER WITH ELEANOR.

9

10 SUFFOLK

11 Sir William, methinks you watch'd her well;

12

13 WILLIAM

14 A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

15

16 SUFFOLK

17 These oracles so hardly attain'd shall be  
18 As quickly told and swiftly understood.  
19 The king is now in progress towards London,  
20 With him the husband of this lovely lady.  
21 Thither shall all go, as fast as horse can carry,  
22 With such news t'will make a bitter and  
23 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

24

25 WILLIAM.

26 Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord,  
27 To be there post, in hope of more reward.

28

29 SUFFOLK.

30 At your pleasure Sir, then seek me out  
31 For more instruction.

32

33 EXITS.

34

35 ACT 1 SCENE 13

36

37 THE KING, GLOUCESTER AND YORK.

38

39 YORK

40 My Lord, there's word from Ireland come amain,  
41 To signify that rebels there are up  
42 And put the Englishmen unto the sword.

1 Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
2 Before the wound do grow uncurable;  
3 For, being green, there is great hope of help.

4

5 KING.

6 A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!  
7 What council, Uncle, give you in this weighty cause?

8

9 GLOUSTER

10 Speed thither York, try what your fortune is.  
11 The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,  
12 And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.  
13 To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
14 Collected choicely, from each county some,  
15 And try your hap against the Irishmen?

16

17 YORK.

18 I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

19

20 Exit KING HENRY VI AND GLOUCESTER

21

22 YORK

23 To Ireland then? Oh t'is politicly done,  
24 To send me packing with an host of men;  
25 I fear me you but warm the starved snake,  
26 Who, cherish'd in your breast, will sting your heart.  
27 'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me;  
28 I take it kindly, yet be well-assur'd  
29 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
30 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
31 I will stir up in England some black storm  
32 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;  
33 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
34 Until the golden circuit on my head,  
35 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
36 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.  
37 Why, then from Ireland will I come with strength  
38 And reap the harvest which today I sow'd;  
39 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
40 And Henry put apart, the next for me.

41

42 ACT 1 SCENE 14

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THE KING, QUEEN & SUFFOLK RETURN FROM FALCONRY

MARGARET.

(OF SUFFOLK'S FALCONARY)

Believe me, lords, in falconary,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day;  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,  
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

KING.

(TO SUFFOLK)

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!  
To see how God in all His creatures works!  
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUFFOLK.

No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;  
They know their master loves to be aloft,  
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

KING.

I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come;  
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

MARGARET.

Can you not see? Or will ye not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears himself,  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?  
We know the time since he was mild and affable,  
And if we did but glance a far-off look,  
Immediately he was upon his knee,  
That all the court admir'd him for submission;  
But meet him now, and be it in the morn  
When everyone will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

1 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
2 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,  
3 But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
4 And Humphrey is no little man in England.  
5 First note that he is near you in descent,  
6 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
7 Me seemeth then it is no policy,  
8 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears  
9 And his advantage following your decease,  
10 That he should come about your royal person  
11 Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
12 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,  
13 And when he please to make commotion  
14 'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.  
15 Now 't is the spring and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
16 Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden  
17 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
18 The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
19 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
20 If it be fond, can it a woman's fear;  
21 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
22 I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.--  
23 Reprove my allegation if you can,  
24 Or else conclude my words effectual.

25

26 SUFFOLK.

27 Well hath your highness seen into this duke;  
28 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,  
29 I think I should have told your grace's tale.  
30 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,  
31 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.--  
32 No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man  
33 Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

34

35 KING.

36 My lord, at once: the care you have of us,  
37 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
38 Is worthy praise; but, shall I speak my conscience,  
39 Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent  
40 From meaning treason to our royal person  
41 As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.  
42 The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given

1 To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

2

3 MARGARET.

4 Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!

5 Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrow'd,

6 For he's disposed as the hateful raven;

7 Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,

8 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

9 Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?

10 Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all

11 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

12

13 ENTER GLOUCESTER

14

15 GLOUCESTER.

16 All happiness unto my lord the king!

17 Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

18

19 SUFFOLK.

20 Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,

21 Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.

22 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

23

24 GLOUCESTER.

25 Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,

26 Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

27 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

28 The purest spring is not so free from mud

29 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

30 Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

31

32 KING

33 T'is thought, uncle, that you took bribes of France,

34 And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay,

35 By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

36

37 GLOUCESTER.

38 Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

39 I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

40 Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

41 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,

42 Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!

1 That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,  
2 Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
3 Be brought against me at my trial-day!  
4 No; many a pound of mine own proper store,  
5 Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
6 Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
7 And never ask'd for restitution.

8  
9 KING.  
10 It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

11  
12 GLOUCESTER.  
13 I say no more than truth, so help me God!

14  
15 SUFFOLK.  
16 In your protectorship you did devise  
17 Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,  
18 That England was defam'd by tyranny.

19  
20 GLOUCESTER.  
21 Why, 't is well known pity is a fault that in me;  
22 For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
23 And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
24 Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
25 Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,  
26 I never gave them condign punishment.  
27 Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
28 Above the felon or what trespass else.

29  
30 KING  
31 Uncle, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;

32  
33 SUFFOLK  
34 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
35 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

36  
37 KING.  
38 My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope  
39 That you will clear yourself from all suspect;  
40 The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.  
41 How irksome is this music to my heart!  
42 When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?



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42

GLOUCESTER.

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.  
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.  
I know their complot is to have my life,  
And if my death might make this island happy  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness;  
But mine is made the prologue to their play,  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Suffolk's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
His cloudy brow his stormy hate; unburthens  
With his tongue envious loads that lie upon his heart;  
By false accuse doth level at my life.--  
And you, my sovereign lady, with your friend,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head  
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up  
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.--  
Ay, both of you have laid your heads together--  
Myself had notice of your conventicles--  
And all to make away my guiltless life.  
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;  
The ancient proverb will be well effected,--  
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

MARGARET.

My liege, his railing is intolerable;

SUFFOLK.

Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here  
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
As if she had suborned some to swear  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Enter WILLIAM

KING.

1 What tidings with you, Sir William?  
2  
3 WILLIAM.  
4 Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.  
5 That Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
6 Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  
7 Raising up wicked spirits from underground,  
8 Demanding of King Henry's life and death,  
9 And other of your highness' privy-council,  
10 As more at large your Grace shall understand.  
11 TO GLOUCESTER  
12 And so, my lord protector,  
13 by this means your lady is forthcoming.  
14  
15 EXIT WILLIAM  
16  
17 GLOUCESTER.  
18 Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;  
19 And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
20 Or to the meanest groom.  
21  
22 KING.  
23 O God, what mischiefs work such wicked ones?  
24 Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!  
25  
26 MARGARET.  
27 Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest;  
28 And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.  
29  
30 GLOUCESTER.  
31 Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
32 How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;  
33 And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.  
34 Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;  
35 Noble she is; but if she have forgot  
36 Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such  
37 As like to pitch defile nobility,  
38 I banish her my bed and company,  
39 And give her as a prey to law and shame,  
40 That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.  
41  
42 ENTER WILLIAM WITH ELEANOR

1  
2 KING.  
3 Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife.  
4 In sight of God and us, your guilt is great;  
5 Receive the sentence of the law for sins  
6 Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.--  
7  
8 MARGARET  
9 Speed her from hence to prison back again,  
10 From thence unto the place of execution.  
11 Tis fit the witch shall be burn'd to ashes,  
12 Or strangled on the gallows.--  
13  
14 KING:  
15 (TO ELEANOR)  
16 Courage aunt, for you are more nobly born,  
17 And shall, after three days' open penance done,  
18 Live in your country here in banishment,  
19 With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.  
20  
21 ELEANOR.  
22 Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.  
23  
24 GLOUCESTER.  
25 Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;  
26 I cannot justify whom the law condemns.--  
27  
28 EXIT ELEANOR GUARDED  
29  
30 Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
31 Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
32 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!--  
33 I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;  
34 Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.  
35  
36 MARGARET.  
37 I see no reason why a king of years  
38 Should need to be protected like a child.--  
39 God and King Henry govern England's realm.  
40 Give up your office, sir, and the king his realm.  
41  
42 KING.

1 Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester,  
2 Give up thy office; Henry will to himself  
3 Protector be, and God shall be my hope,  
4 My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.  
5 But go in peace, uncle, no less belov'd  
6 Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

7  
8 GLOUCESTER.

9 As willingly do I the same resign  
10 As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;  
11 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it  
12 As others would ambitiously receive it.  
13 Farewell, good king; when I am dead and gone,  
14 May honourable peace attend thy throne!  
15 Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch  
16 Before his legs be firm to bear his body.  
17 Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
18 And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
19 Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!  
20 For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

21  
22 EXIT

23  
24 MARGARET.

25 Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret Queen;  
26 And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,  
27 That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once--  
28 His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.  
29 This staff of honour raught, then let it stand  
30 Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

31  
32 SUFFOLK.

33 Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;  
34 Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

35  
36 KING.

37 My lord, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,  
38 Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

39  
40 MARGARET.

41 What, will your highness leave the parliament?

42

1 KING.

2 Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,  
3 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,  
4 My body round engirt with misery,  
5 For what's more miserable than discontent?--  
6 Ah, uncle Humphrey! In thy face I found  
7 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;  
8 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come  
9 That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.  
10 What lowering star now envies thy estate,  
11 That this great lord and Margaret our Queen  
12 Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
13 Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;  
14 And as the butcher takes away the calf  
15 And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,  
16 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,  
17 Even so remorseless have they borne you hence;  
18 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
19 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
20 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,  
21 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case  
22 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes  
23 Look after him, and cannot do him good,  
24 So mighty are his vowed enemies.  
25 His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan  
26 Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

27

28 EXIT

29

30 MARGARET.

31 Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
32 Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show  
33 Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile  
34 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,  
35 Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,  
36 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child  
37 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.  
38 I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk.

39

40 SUFFOLK

41 No more of him; for I will deal with him  
42 That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

1 Say you consent and censure well the deed,  
2 And I'll provide his executioner.

3

4 MARGARET.

5 Then so say I.

6

7 EXITS

8

9 ACT 1 SCENE 15

10

11 GLOUCESTER WAITS IN THE STREET

12

13 GLOUCESTER.

14 Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,

15 And after summer evermore succeeds

16 Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;

17 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

18 This is the hour that was appointed me

19 To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.

20 How may she endure the flinty streets,

21 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet?

22 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

23 The abject people gazing on thy face

24 With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,

25 That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels

26 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.--

27 But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare

28 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

29

30 ENTER ELEANOR GUARDED.

31

32 ELEANOR.

33 Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

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

35 See how the giddy multitude do point,

36 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

37 Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

38 And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

39 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

40

41 GLOUCESTER.

42 Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

1

2 ELEANOR.

3 Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!

4 For whilst I think I am thy married wife,

5 And thou a prince, protector of this land,

6 Methinks I should not thus be led along,

7 And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice

8 To see my tears and hear my deep-felt groans.

9 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,

10 And when I start, the envious people laugh

11 And bid me be advised how I tread.

12 Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

13 Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

14 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

15 No; dark shall be my light and night my day;

16 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

17 Sometimes I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,

18 And he a prince and ruler of the land;

19 Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was

20 As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

21 Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock

22 To every idle rascal follower.

23 But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,

24 Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death

25 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;

26 For Suffolk, he that can do all in all

27 With her that hateth thee and hates us all,

28 Warwick, Lancaster, that false duke, York

29 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,

30 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee;

31 But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,

32 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

33

34 GLOUCESTER.

35 Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry.

36 I must offend before I be attainted;

37 And had I twenty times so many foes,

38 And each of them had twenty times their power,

39 All these could not procure me any scath

40 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

41 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

42 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

1 But I in danger for the breach of law.  
2 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell.  
3 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;  
4 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.  
5 My Nell, I take my leave;—and, master sheriff,  
6 Entreat her not the worse in that I pray  
7 You use her well.  
8 The world may laugh again,  
9 And I may live to do you kindness if  
10 You do it her; and so, Sir, farewell!

11

12 ELEANOR.

13 What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

14

15 GLOUCESTER.

16 Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

17

18 EXIT

19

20 ELEANOR.

21 Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!  
22 For none abides with me; my joy is death,  
23 Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,  
24 Because I wish'd this world's eternity.--  
25 Officer, I prithee, go, and take me hence;  
26 I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
27 Only convey me where thou art commanded.

28

29 OFFICER

30 Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,  
31 And go then to attire you for your banishment.

32

33 ELEANOR

34 My shame will not be shifted with my sheet;  
35 No, it will hang upon my richest robes  
36 And show itself, attire me how I can.  
37 Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

38

39 EXITS

40

41 ACT 1 SCENE 16

42



1 SUFFOLK AND A MURDERER CONSPIRE

2

3 SUFFOLK.

4 Now, sir, have you dispatch'd this thing?

5

6 MURDERER

7 Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

8 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

9 Knights of this realm were once of noble birth,

10 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

11 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

12 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

13 But always resolute in most extremes.

14 He then that is not furnish'd in this sort

15 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,

16 Profaning this most honourable order,

17 And should, if I were worthy to be judge,

18 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

19 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

20 SUFFOLK.

21 Why, that's well said.

22 I will reward you for this venturous deed.

23 The king and all the peers are here at hand.

24 Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,

25 According as I gave directions?

26

27 MURDERER.

28 'T is, my good lord.

29

30 EXIT

31

32 ENTER THE KING & MARGARET

33

34 KING.

35 Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;

36 Say we intend to try his grace to-day,

37 If he be guilty, as 't is published.

38

39 SUFFOLK.

40 I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

41

42 EXIT

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42

KING.  
My love, I pray you will  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester  
Than from true evidence of good esteem  
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

MARGARET.  
God forbid any malice should prevail  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

KING.  
I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.--

RE-ENTER SUFFOLK & WILLIAM

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

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

MARGARET.  
Marry, God forfend!  
God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night  
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

THE KING SWOONS

MARGARET.  
How fares my lord?—Help, lords! The king is dead.

INTERVAL

## ACT TWO

ACT 2 SCENE 1

CONTINUES FROM THE END OF ACT ONE.

1 WILLIAM.  
2 Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.  
3  
4 MARGARET.  
5 Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!  
6  
7 SUFFOLK.  
8 He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.  
9  
10 KING.  
11 O heavenly God!  
12  
13 MARGARET.  
14 How fares my gracious lord?  
15  
16 SUFFOLK.  
17 Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!  
18  
19 KING.  
20 What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?  
21 Came he right now to sing a raven's note  
22 Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,  
23 And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
24 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
25 Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
26 Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;  
27 Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say!  
28 Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
29 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
30 Upon thy eye-balls murtherous tyranny  
31 Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
32 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.  
33 Yet do not go away; come, basilisk,  
34 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight,  
35 For in the shade of death I shall find joy,  
36 In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.  
37  
38 MARGARET.  
39 Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?  
40 Although the duke was enemy to him,  
41 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;  
42 And for myself, foe as he was to me,

1 Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans  
2 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
3 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
4 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  
5 And all to have the noble duke alive.  
6 What know I how the world may deem of me?  
7 For it is known we were but hollow friends.  
8 It may be judg'd I made the duke away;  
9 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded  
10 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
11 This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!  
12 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

13

14 KING.

15 Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

16

17 MARGARET.

18 Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.  
19 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?  
20 I am no loathsome leper; look on me.  
21 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
22 Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.  
23 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?  
24 Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.  
25 Erect his statue and worship it,  
26 And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
27 Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret!  
28 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

29

30 ENTER WARWICK

31

32 WARWICK.

33 It is reported, mighty sovereign, that good  
34 Duke Humphrey traitorously is murther'd  
35 By Suffolk by the blackest and most cunning means.  
36 The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
37 That want their leader, scatter up and down  
38 And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
39 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny  
40 Until they hear the order of his death.

41

42 KING.

1 That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;  
2 But how he died God knows, not Henry.  
3 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
4 And comment then upon his sudden death.

5

6 WARWICK.

7 That shall I do, my liege.--

8

9 EXIT

10

11 KING.

12 O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,  
13 My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
14 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!  
15 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
16 For judgment only doth belong to thee.  
17 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
18 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
19 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears  
20 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
21 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;  
22 But all in vain are these mean obsequies;  
23 And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
24 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

25

26 RE-ENTER WARWICK

27

28 WARWICK.

29 As surely as my soul intends to live  
30 With that dread King that took our state upon him  
31 To free us from his father's wrathful curse,  
32 I do believe that violent hands were laid  
33 Upon the life of the thrice-famed duke.

34

35 SUFFOLK.

36 A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

37

38 WARWICK.

39 See for thyself how the blood is settled in his face.  
40 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
41 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
42 Being all descended to the labouring heart,

1 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
2 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,  
3 Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth  
4 To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
5 You'll see, his face is black and full of blood,  
6 His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,  
7 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
8 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,  
9 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
10 And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdu'd.  
11 Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
12 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
13 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.  
14 It cannot be but he was murther'd here;  
15 The least of all these signs were probable.

16

17 SUFFOLK.

18 Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?  
19 We, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

20

21 WARWICK.

22 But you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foe,  
23 'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,  
24 And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

25

26 MARGARET.

27 Then you, belike, suspect this noblemen  
28 As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

29

30 WARWICK.

31 Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh  
32 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe  
33 But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?  
34 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest  
35 But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
36 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
37 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

38

39 MARGARET.

40 Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?  
41 Is Suffolk term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

42

1 SUFFOLK.

2 I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
3 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
4 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
5 That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.--  
6 Saying I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

7

8 WARWICK.

9 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee  
10 And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.  
11 Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;  
12 For every word you speak in his behalf  
13 Is slander to your royal dignity.  
14 Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
15 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,  
16 Or banished fair England's territories,  
17 They will by violence tear him from your palace  
18 And torture him with grievous lingering death.  
19 They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;  
20 They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
21 And mere instinct of love and loyalty,  
22 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
23 As being thought to contradict your liking,  
24 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
25 They say, in care of your most royal person,  
26 That if your highness should intend to sleep  
27 And charge that no man should disturb your rest  
28 In pain of your dislike or pain of death,  
29 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
30 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
31 That sily glided towards your majesty,  
32 It were but necessary you were wak'd,  
33 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
34 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;  
35 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
36 That they will guard you, whether you will or no,  
37 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,  
38 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
39 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
40 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

41

42 SUFFOLK.

1 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
2 Could send such message to their sovereign;  
3 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
4 To show how quaint an orator you are.  
5 But all the honour Warwick hath won  
6 Is that he was the lord ambassador  
7 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

8

9 COMMOTION OUTSIDE.

10

11 WARWICK

12 An answer from the king, or they will all break in!

13

14 KING.

15 Go to them Warwick, and tell them from me,  
16 I thank them for their tender loving care,  
17 And had I not been cited so by them,  
18 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat.

19

20 MARGARET.

21 O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

22

23 KING.

24 Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!  
25 No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,  
26 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

27

28 EXIT MARGARET

29

30 ENTER YORK AND FORCES

31

32 YORK

33 From Ireland thus comes York to claim our right,  
34 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
35 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,  
36 To entertain great England's lawful king.  
37 Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?  
38 Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
39 This hand was made to handle naught but gold.  
40 I cannot give due action to my words,  
41 Except a sword or sceptre balance it:  
42 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,



1 On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.  
2  
3 ENTER LANCASTER  
4  
5 KING HENRY VI  
6 Look, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
7 Even in the chair of state: Do you mean  
8 To aspire unto my crown and sovereignty?  
9  
10 LANCASTER  
11 What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck this down:  
12 My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.  
13  
14 KING HENRY VI  
15 Be patient yet, my noble friend of Lancaster.  
16  
17 SUFFOLK  
18 Patience is for poltroons, such as this  
19 Who durst not sit there, had your father lived.  
20 My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
21 Let us assail the family of York.  
22  
23 SUFFOLK  
24 Well, dost though council in this: be it so.  
25  
26 WARWICK  
27 Beware for you should know the city favours them,  
28 They have the commons and a troop of soldiers  
29 At their beck.  
30  
31 LANCASTER  
32 But when their head is slain, they'll quickly fly.  
33  
34 KING HENRY VI  
35 Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
36 To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
37 Cousin of Lancaster, frowns, words and threats  
38 Shall be the war that Henry means to use.  
39 Thou factious rebel now descend my throne,  
40 And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
41 Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
42 Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

1 No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
2 Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,  
3 And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,  
4 Shall be my winding-sheet. Why smile you, York?  
5 My title's good, and stronger then thy claim.  
6  
7 YORK  
8 Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.  
9  
10 KING HENRY VI  
11 My grandfather, Henry the Fourth  
12 By conquest got the crown.  
13  
14 EDWARD ENTERS AND JOINS HIS FATHER  
15  
16 EDWARD  
17 'Twas by rebellion against his king.  
18  
19 YORK  
20 Welcome Edward, my first born son  
21 And England's hope when I am gone.  
22  
23 KING HENRY VI  
24 (ASIDE)  
25 I know not what to say; my title's weak.--  
26 (ALLOUD)  
27 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?  
28  
29 YORK  
30 What then?  
31  
32 KING HENRY VI  
33 An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
34 For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
35 Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
36 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.  
37  
38 ENTER GEORGE AND CATHERINE WHO JOIN THEIR FATHER  
39  
40 GEORGE  
41 Your grandfather rose against King Richard, being his sovereign,  
42 And made him to resign his crown perforce.

1

2 YORK

3 Welcome George, my second son, but equal to

4 His brother yet in courage and in valour.

5 And Catherine our daughter, sweet Catherine

6 Stand beside your father and your king

7 And grace the throne of England with your fair looks

8 The sweet echo of your mother's beauty.

9

10 KING HENRY VI

11 Suppose, my lords, King Richard was unconstrain'd,

12 Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

13

14 ENTER RICHARD WHO JOINS HIS FAMILY

15

16 RICHARD

17 No; for he could not so resign his crown

18 But that his heir should next succeed and reign.

19

20 YORK

21 And our youngest, Richard, nature's trick

22 And yet no less beloved of us and soon of all.

23 Angry looks, Lancaster? We are thy sovereign

24 For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

25

26 LANCASTER

27 This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

28 But thou mistakest me much to think I do:

29 To Bedlam with you! Are you grown so mad?

30

31 KING HENRY VI

32 Ay, Lancaster; a bedlam and ambitious humour

33 Makes him oppose himself against his king.

34

35 LANCASTER

36 Here is a traitor must be led unto to the Tower,

37 Let's quickly chop away this factious pate.

38 Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

39

40 YORK

41 Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

42 Mine is the throne, and thou a false-heart traitor.

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SUFFOLK

And these thy cubs? We'll bait thy bears to death.  
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,  
If thou darest bring them to the baiting place.

RICHARD

Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur  
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;  
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:  
And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Suffolk.

LANCASTER

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

YORK

Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

LANCASTER

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

SUFFOLK

I am resolved for death or dignity.

EDWARD

You were best to go to bed and dream again,  
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

LANCASTER

I am resolved to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.  
And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bears  
And tread them under foot with all contempt.

GEORGE

And so to arms, victorious brotherhood,  
To quell these rebels and their complices.

1  
2 RICHARD  
3 (TO SUFFOK AND LANCASTER)  
4 Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,  
5 For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.  
6  
7 SUFFOLK  
8 Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.  
9  
10 RICHARD  
11 If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.  
12  
13 WARWICK  
14 Alas, the crookback speaks the truth.  
15  
16 KING HENRY VI  
17 Art thou against us, noble Warwick?  
18  
19 WARWICK  
20 There's is the right, and therefore pardon me.  
21 My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
22 The title of this most renowned York;  
23 And in my conscience do repute your grace  
24 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.  
25  
26 KING HENRY VI  
27 Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?  
28  
29 WARWICK  
30 I have.  
31  
32 KING HENRY VI  
33 Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?  
34  
35 WARWICK  
36 It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
37 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.  
38 Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
39 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
40 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
41 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
42 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,

1 And have no other reason for this wrong  
2 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?  
3  
4 RICHARD  
5 Why whisper you, my lord, and answer not?  
6  
7 WARWICK  
8 My conscience tells tis a lawful claim.  
9  
10 KING HENRY VI  
11 (ASIDE)  
12 All will revolt from me, and turn to York.  
13  
14 SUFFOLK  
15 Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
16 Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.  
17  
18 LANCASTER  
19 Tis well said, brother.  
20  
21 WARWICK  
22 Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.  
23 Do right unto the heirs to England's throne,  
24 Or they will fill the house with armed men,  
25 And o'er the chair of state, make good their claim,  
26 In words of fire and thy usurping blood.  
27  
28 KING HENRY VI  
29 Warwick, peace and hear me but one word:  
30 Let me for this my life-time reign as king.  
31  
32 YORK  
33 Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
34 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.  
35  
36 KING HENRY VI  
37 I am content: Succession now is thine,  
38 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.  
39  
40 SUFFOLK  
41 What wrong is this unto your future sons!  
42

1 LANCASTER

2 What good is this to England and himself!  
3 Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

4

5 SUFFOLK

6 How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

7

8 LANCASTER

9 I cannot stay to hear these articles.  
10 Come, brother, let us tell the queen these news.  
11 Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
12 In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

13

14 SUFFOLK

15 Be thou a prey unto the house of York,  
16 And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

17

18 EXIT SUFFOLK, and LANCASTER

19

20 WARWICK

21 Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.  
22 They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

23

24 KING HENRY VI

25 Oh, Uncle!

26

27 YORK

28 Why should you sigh, my lord?

29

30 KING HENRY VI

31 Not for myself, userper, but for my son,  
32 Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.  
33 But be it as it may: I here entail  
34 The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;  
35 Conditionally, that here thou take an oath  
36 To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,  
37 To honour me as thy king and sovereign,  
38 And neither by treason nor hostility  
39 To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

40

41 YORK

42 This oath I willingly take and will perform.

1  
2 WARWICK  
3 Long live King Henry! Plantagenet embrace him.  
4  
5 KING HENRY VI  
6 And long live thou and these thy forward sons!  
7  
8 YORK  
9 Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.  
10  
11 WARWICK  
12 Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!  
13  
14 YORK  
15 Farewell, my gracious lord; We'll to our castle.  
16  
17 WARWICK  
18 And I'll keep London with my soldiers.  
19  
20 EXIT ALL BUT THE KING HENRY VI  
21  
22 KING HENRY VI  
23 And I, with grief and sorrow, to my prayers.  
24  
25 ENTER MARGARET  
26  
27 Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:  
28 I'll steal away.  
29  
30 MARGARET  
31 Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.  
32  
33 KING HENRY VI  
34 Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.  
35 Pardon me, Margaret; pardon ghost of my father,  
36 Warwick, Lancaster and the Duke of York enforced me.  
37  
38 MARGARET  
39 Enforced thee! Art thou king, and wilt be forced?  
40 I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
41 Thou hast undone thyself, thy rule and me;  
42 And given unto the house of York such head



1 As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
2 What is it, but to make thy sepulchre  
3 And creep into it far before thy time?  
4 And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds  
5 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
6 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
7 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes  
8 Before I would have granted to that act.  
9 But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:  
10 And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself  
11 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
12 Until this act of parliament be repeal'd  
13 The northern lords will soon forswear thy colours  
14 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;  
15 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace  
16 And utter ruin of the house of York.

17

18 KING HENRY VI

19 Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

20

21 MARGARET

22 Thou hast spoke too much already:  
23 Revenged shall I be on that hateful duke,  
24 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
25 Will cost thy crown, and like an empty eagle  
26 Tire on the flesh of me and future sons!

27

28 EXITS

29

30 ACT 2 SCENE 2

31

32 YORK'S CASTLE.

33

34 ENTER RICHARD, EDWARD, AND GEORGE

35

36 RICHARD

37 Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

38

39 EDWARD

40 No, I can better play the orator.

41

42 GEORGE

1 But I have reasons strong and forcible.  
2  
3 ENTER YORK  
4  
5 YORK  
6 Why, how now, sons and brothers! at a strife?  
7 What is your quarrel? how began it first?  
8  
9 EDWARD  
10 No quarrel, but a slight contention.  
11  
12 YORK  
13 About what?  
14  
15 RICHARD  
16 About that which concerns your grace and us;  
17 The throne and crown of England which is yours.  
18  
19 YORK  
20 Mine son? Not till King Henry be dead.  
21  
22 GEORGE  
23 Your right depends not on his life or death.  
24  
25 EDWARD  
26 Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:  
27 By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
28 It will outrun us sure to bitter end.  
29  
30 YORK  
31 I took an oath that he should quietly reign.  
32  
33 EDWARD  
34 But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:  
35 I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.  
36  
37 GEORGE  
38 No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.  
39  
40 YORK  
41 I shall be, if I claim by open war.  
42

1 RICHARD  
2 I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

3  
4 YORK  
5 Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

6  
7 RICHARD  
8 An oath is of no moment, being not took  
9 Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
10 That hath authority over him that swears:  
11 Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
12 Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
13 This oath, once sworn, is vain and frivolous.  
14 Therefore, to arms! And, brothers, do but think  
15 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
16 Within whose circuit is Elysium  
17 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
18 Why do we finger thus? I cannot rest  
19 Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
20 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

21  
22 YORK  
23 Richard, enough; I'll wear the crown, or die.  
24 George, thou shalt to London presently,  
25 And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.  
26 Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
27 And tell him privily of our intent.  
28 You Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,  
29 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
30 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
31 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
32 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
33 But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
34 And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
35 Nor any of the house of Lancaster.

36  
37 ENTER WARWICK

38  
39 But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?

40  
41 WARWICK  
42 The queen with all the northern earls and lords

1 Intend here to besiege you in your castle:  
2 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
3 And therefore fortify your hold, your grace.

4  
5 YORK  
6 What! think'st thou that we fear them?  
7 Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
8 Warwick take the duke of Clarence  
9 Speed post to London and those loyal friends  
10 Whom we have left protectors of our daughter,  
11 With powerful policy strengthen them  
12 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

13  
14 GEORGE  
15 Gladly will I go; we'll win them, fear it not:  
16 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

17  
18 YORK  
19 So, the army of the queen mean to besiege us.  
20 She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

21  
22 EDWARD  
23 What, with five thousand men?

24  
25 RICHARD  
26 Ay, with five hundred if we need.  
27 Margaret a general? What should we fear?

28  
29 A DISTANT DRUM IS HEARD.

30  
31 EDWARD  
32 I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,  
33 And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

34  
35 YORK  
36 Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,  
37 I doubt not, sons, of sweetest victory.

38  
39 SONS EXIT  
40  
41 Many a battle have I won in France,  
42 When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

1 Why should I not now have the like success?  
2  
3 LANCASTER CONFRONTS YORK.  
4  
5 LANCASTER  
6 What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?  
7  
8 YORK  
9 With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
10 But that thou art so fast mine enemy, Lancaster.  
11  
12 LANCASTER  
13 Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
14 But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.  
15  
16 YORK  
17 So let it help me now against thy sword  
18 As I in justice and true right express it.  
19  
20 LANCASTER  
21 My soul and body on the action both!  
22  
23 YORK  
24 A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.  
25  
26 THEY FIGHT, AND LANCASTER FALLS  
27  
28 YORK  
29 Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.  
30 Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!  
31  
32 EXIT  
33  
34 ENTER SUFFOLK  
35  
36 SUFFOLK  
37 Shame and confusion! All is on the rout;  
38 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds  
39 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,  
40 Whom angry heavens do make their minister  
41 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part  
42 Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.

1 He that is truly dedicate to war  
2 Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself  
3 Hath not essentially but by circumstance  
4 The name of valour.

5

6 SEEING LANCASTER'S BODY

7

8 O, let the vile world end,  
9 And the premised flames of the last day  
10 Knit earth and heaven together!  
11 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
12 Particularities and petty sounds  
13 To cease! Even at this sight  
14 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,  
15 It shall be stony. Now York and sons  
16 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,  
17 And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims  
18 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
19 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
20 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

21

22 BATTLE SEQUENCE

23

24 ACT 2 SCENE 3

25

26 ENTER THE NURSE WITH CATHERINE OF YORK IN FLIGHT.

27

28 CATHERINE: Whither shall we fly, nurse to 'scape the queens's forces?

29

30 NURSE: Sweet innocent, look where bloody Suffolk comes!

31

32 ENTER SUFFOLK

33

34 SUFFOLK

35 Nurse, away! Thy years are all that save thy life.  
36 As for the daughter of this accursed duke,  
37 Whose father hopes to steal the throne, she dies.

38

39 THE NURSE

40 Ah, Suffolk, murder not this innocent maid,  
41 Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

42

1 SUFFOLK  
2 How now! Is she dead already? Or is it fear  
3 That makes her close her eyes? I'll open them.  
4  
5 CATHERINE  
6 So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
7 That trembles under his devouring paws;  
8 And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
9 And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.  
10  
11 NURSE  
12 She is too mean a subject for thy wrath:  
13 Be revenged on men not maids and let her live.  
14  
15 SUFFOLK  
16 In vain thou speak'st. Her family's crimes  
17 Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.  
18 (TO CATHERINE)  
19 Were thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
20 Were not revenge sufficient for me;  
21 No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves  
22 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
23 It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
24 The sight of any of the house of York  
25 Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
26 And till I root out their accursed line  
27 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
28 Therefore--  
29  
30 ABOUT TO STRIKE  
31  
32 CATHERINE  
33 To thee I pray; sweet Suffolk, pity me!  
34  
35 SUFFOLK  
36 Such pity as my rapier's point affords.  
37  
38 THE NURSE  
39 She never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay her?  
40  
41 SUFFOLK  
42 Her faction hath.

1

2 THE NURSE

3 Thou hast a daughter; for her sake pity this child,

4 Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

5 Yours be as miserably slain as this.

6 Ah, let her live in prison all her days;

7 And if she gives occasion of offence,

8 Then let her die, for now thou hast no cause.

9

10 SUFFOLK

11 No cause! Her family are all traitor;

12 And slew my kin. So thus, she dies

13

14 KILLS HER

15

16 SUFFOLK

17 York! I come, Plantagenet!

18 And this thy daughter's blood cleaving to my blade

19 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

20 Congeal'd with hers, do make me wipe off both.

21

22 EXIT

23

24 ACT 2 SCENE 4

25

26 BATTLEFIELD. YORK IN FLIGHT.

27

28 YORK.

29 The army of the queen hath got the field.

30 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;

31 And all my followers to the eager foe

32 Turn back and fly like ships before the wind,

33 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

34 My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them;

35 But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

36 Like men born to renown by life or death.

37 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,

38 And thrice cried 'Courage, courage! fight it out!'

39 And full as oft came Edward to my side

40 With purple falchion painted to the hilt

41 In blood of those that had encount'ed him;

42 And when the hardiest warriors did retire



1 George cried 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'  
2 And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
3 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'  
4 With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!  
5 We budg'd again, as I have seen a swan  
6 With bootless labour swim against the tide  
7 And spend her strength with overmatching waves.

8

9 A SHORT ALARUM WITHIN.

10

11 Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,  
12 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;  
13 And were I strong, I would not shun their wrath.  
14 The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
15 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.--

16

17 ENTER QUEEN MARGARET & SUFFOLK

18

19 So, whore of France and you her paramour.  
20 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.  
21 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.  
22 My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
23 A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
24 And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven  
25 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.  
26 Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

27

28 SUFFOLK.

29 So cowards fight when they can fly no further;  
30 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
31 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
32 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.  
33 I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
34 But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

35

36 MARGARET.

37 Hold, valiant Suffolk! for a thousand causes  
38 I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.--  
39 It is war's prize to take all vantages.

40

41 YORK STRUGGLES TO RISE

42

1 SUFFOLK.

2 Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

3

4 MARGARET

5 So doth the cony struggle in the net.

6

7 YORK.

8 So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

9 So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

10

11 SUFFOLK.

12 What would your highness have me do?

13

14 MARGARET.

15 Come, you shalt stand upon this molehill here,

16 That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,

17 Yet parted but the shadow with your hand.--

18 What! Was it you that would wear England's crown?

19 Was 't you that revell'd in our Parliament,

20 And made a preachment of your high descent?

21 Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

22 The wanton Edward and the lusty George?

23 And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

24 Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

25 Was wont to cheer your brood in mutinies?

26 Or, with the rest, where is your darling daughter?

27 Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

28 That valiant Suffolk with his rapier's point

29 Made issue from the bosom of the girl,

30 And, if thine eyes can water for her death,

31 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

32 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly

33 I should lament thy miserable state.

34 I prithee, grieve to make me merry, York;

35 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

36 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails

37 That not a tear can fall for sweet Catherine's death?

38 Why art thou patient, still? thou shouldst be mad;

39 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

40 Thou wouldst be feed, I see, to make me sport;

41 York cannot speak without a borrowed crown.--

42 A crown for York!—and, my Lord, bow low and oft.--

1 Let's set a paper crown upon this head.  
2 Ay, marry, sir, it is this traitor's right  
3 But how is it that great Plantagenet  
4 Is crown'd so soon and broke such solemn oaths?  
5 As I bethink me, you should not rule  
6 Till our King Henry had shook hands with Death.  
7 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
8 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
9 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
10 O, 't is a fault too too unpardonable.--  
11 Off with the crown, and with the crown the head!  
12  
13 YORK.  
14 She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,  
15 Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,  
16 Do you triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
17 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
18 But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,  
19 Made impudent with use of evil deeds.  
20 'T is virtue that doth make us most admir'd;  
21 The contrary doth make thee wond' red at.  
22 'T is government that makes them seem divine;  
23 The want thereof makes thee abominable.  
24 O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
25 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of a maid,  
26 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
27 That face of her the hungry cannibals  
28 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;  
29 See, ruthless queen, my hapless, bitter tears;  
30 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet girl,  
31 And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
32 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;  
33 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
34 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,  
35 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears  
36 And say 'Alas! it was a piteous deed!'-  
37 There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;  
38 And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
39 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!--  
40 Hard-hearted Suffolk, take me from the world;  
41 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!  
42

1 SUFFOLK.

2 Here's for my oath, here's for thy treacherous heart.

3

4 STABBING YORK.

5

6 MARGARET.

7 And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

8

9 STABBING YORK.

10

11 YORK.

12 Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

13 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

14

15 DIES.

16

17 MARGARET.

18 Off with that head, and set it on York gates;

19 So York may overlook the town of York.

20

21 ACT 2 SCENE 5

22

23 BATTLE SEQUENCE

24

25 ENTER KING HENRY.

26

27 KING HENRY.

28 This battle fares like to the morning's war,

29 When dying clouds contend with growing light,

30 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

31 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

32 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea

33 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;

34 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea

35 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.

36 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind,

37 Now one the better, then another best,

38 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

39 Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;

40 So is the equal poise of this fell war.

41 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

42 To whom God will, there be the victory!

1 For Margaret my queen, and Suffolk too,  
2 Have chid me from the battle, swearing both  
3 They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
4 Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
5 For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
6 O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
7 To be no better than a homely swain;  
8 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
9 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
10 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
11 How many make the hour full complete,  
12 How many hours brings about the day,  
13 How many days will finish up the year,  
14 How many years a mortal man may live.  
15 When this is known, then to divide the times;  
16 So many hours must I tend my flock;  
17 So many hours must I take my rest;  
18 So many hours must I contemplate;  
19 So many hours must I sport myself;  
20 So many days my ewes have been with young;  
21 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
22 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.  
23 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
24 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
25 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
26 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
27 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
28 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep  
29 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
30 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
31 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth!  
32 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
33 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
34 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
35 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
36 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
37 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
38 His body couched in a curious bed,  
39 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.  
40  
41 ENTER AN OFFICER.  
42

1 OFFICER  
2 Fly my Lord fly, the day is lost, the queen and Suffolk captured.  
3  
4 EXITS  
5  
6 ACT 2 SCENE 6  
7  
8 EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD CONFRONT SUFFOLK AND MARGARET.  
9  
10 EDWARD.  
11 Now, perjur'd queen, wilt thou kneel for grace  
12 And yield the crown to grace my head,  
13 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?  
14  
15 MARGARET.  
16 Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
17 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
18 Before the queen of Henry thy lawful king?  
19  
20 RICHARD.  
21 (TO SUFFOLK)  
22 Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!  
23  
24 SUFFOLK.  
25 Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,  
26 Or any he the proudest of thy sort.  
27  
28 RICHARD.  
29 'T was you that kill'd our sister, was it not?  
30  
31 SUFFOLK.  
32 Ay, and proud York, and yet not satisfied.  
33  
34 RICHARD.  
35 For God's sake, signal now his death.  
36  
37 WARWICK.  
38 What say'st thou, Margaret wilt Henry yield the crown?  
39  
40 MARGARET.  
41 Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick!  
42

1 SUFFOLK.  
2 You said so much before, and yet you fled.  
3  
4 WARWICK.  
5 'T was not your valour, Suffolk drove me thence.  
6  
7 SUFFOLK  
8 No, nor your courage that durst make you stay.  
9  
10 RICHARD.  
11 Warwick, I hold thee reverently.  
12 Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain  
13 The execution of my big-swoln heart  
14 Upon that Suffolk, that cruel child-killer.  
15  
16 SUFFOLK.  
17 I slew thy parent too; call'st that fiend a child?  
18  
19 RICHARD.  
20 Know ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.  
21  
22 MARGARET.  
23 Peace thou foul misshapen stigmatic,  
24 Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
25 As venom toads or lizards' dreadful stings.  
26  
27 RICHARD.  
28 For God's sake, take away this captive scold.  
29  
30 MARGARET.  
31 Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.  
32  
33 SUFFOLK.  
34 I tell ye all, the honourable blood of Lancaster,  
35 Will not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
36 As thou Edward, George, or this misshapen lump.  
37  
38 EDWARD  
39 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth  
40 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
41 Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;  
42 And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

1 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain.  
2 In thee shame, disease and beggary  
3 Is crept into the bed of Henry the false king.

4

5 SUFFOLK

6 O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
7 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
8 True nobility is exempt from fear:  
9 More can I bear than you dare execute.  
10 Come, then, show what cruelty ye can,  
11 That this my death may never be forgot!  
12 Great men oft die by vile bezonians:  
13 A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
14 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
15 Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders  
16 Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by traitors.

17

18 EDWARD.

19 Take that, and kneel before thy betters.

20

21 STABS SUFFOLK

22

23 GEORGE.

24 And there's From me.

25

26 STABS SUFFOLK

27

28 RICHARD.

29 Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

30

31 STABS SUFFOLK

32

33 There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
34 Until the queen his mistress bury it.

35

36 MARGARET.

37 (TO SUFFOLK)

38 Go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd  
39 Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,  
40 Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
41 Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!  
42 So part we sadly in this troublous world,



1 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.  
2 For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
3 With every several pleasure in the world,  
4 And where thou art not, desolation.  
5 I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;  
6 Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

7

8 SUFFOLK

9 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
10 And have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
11 So I should breathe my soul into thy body,  
12 And then it lived in sweet Elysium.  
13 To die by thee were but to die in jest;  
14 From thee to die were torture more than death:  
15 For wheresoe'er thou art in heaven or earth,  
16 I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

17

18 MARGARET

19 And take my heart with thee.

20

21 SUFFOLK

22 A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask  
23 That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
24 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we  
25 This way fall I to death.

26

27 HE DIES

28

29 MARGARET

30 That way for me. O, kill me too!  
31 Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  
32 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
33 Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.  
34 'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.  
35 What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,  
36 Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?

37

38 RICHARD.

39 Marry, and shall.

40

41 GOES TO KILL HER

42

1 EDWARD.  
2 Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

3  
4 RICHARD.  
5 Why should she live to fill the world with words?

6  
7 EDWARD.  
8 What! doth she swoon? Take her within.  
9 Such acts of clemency may win us honour  
10 In a kingdom too long racked with civil broils.

11  
12 EXIT ALL BUT RICHARD

13  
14 RICHARD  
15 Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
16 Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
17 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
18 To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
19 And yet, between my soul's desire and me--  
20 The lustful Edward's title buried--  
21 Is Henry, brother George and his young son,  
22 And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,  
23 To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
24 A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
25 Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
26 Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
27 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
28 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
29 And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
30 Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
31 So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
32 And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;  
33 And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
34 Flattering me with impossibilities.  
35 My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
36 Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
37 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
38 What other pleasure can the world afford?  
39 I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
40 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
41 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
42 O miserable thought! And more unlikely

1 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
2 Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
3 And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
4 She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
5 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
6 To make an envious mountain on my back,  
7 Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
8 To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
9 To disproportion me in every part,  
10 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
11 That carries no impression like the dam.  
12 And am I then a man to be beloved?  
13 O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
14 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
15 But to command, to cheque, to o'erbear such  
16 As are of better person than myself,  
17 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
18 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
19 Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head  
20 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
21 And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
22 For many lives stand between me and home:  
23 And I,--like one lost in a thorny wood,  
24 That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
25 Seeking a way and straying from the way;  
26 Not knowing how to find the open air,  
27 But toiling desperately to find it out,--  
28 Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
29 And from that torment I will free myself,  
30 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
31 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
32 And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,  
33 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
34 And frame my face to all occasions.  
35 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
36 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
37 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
38 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
39 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
40 I can add colours to the chameleon,  
41 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
42 And set the murderous Machiavel to school.

1 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
2 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

3  
4 ENTER GEORGE

5  
6 RICHARD  
7 George, excuse me to the king, my brother.  
8 I'll hence to London on a serious matter;  
9 Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news  
10 Of the false king Henry.

11  
12 EXIT RICHARD

13  
14 ENTER EDWARD & WARWICK

15  
16 EDWARD  
17 Where's Richard gone?

18  
19 WARWICK.  
20 To Henry, all in post, and, as I guess,  
21 To make a bloody supper with him

22  
23 KING EDWARD.  
24 He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.  
25 Now march we hence; discharge the common sort  
26 With pay and thanks, and let's away to London  
27 And my coronation. Sound trumpets;  
28 —let our bloody colours wave,  
29 And either victory or else a grave!  
30 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

31  
32 EXITS.

33  
34 ACT 2 SCENE 7

35  
36 BATTLE SEQUENCE.

37  
38 KING HENRY WATCHES A SON THAT HAS KILLED HIS FATHER

39  
40 SON.  
41 Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.  
42 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
43 May be possessed with some store of crowns;  
44 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
45 May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
46 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.--  
47 Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,

38 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.  
39 O heavy times, begetting such events!  
40 From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
41 My father, being one of Warwick's man,  
42 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
1 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
2 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.--  
3 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;--  
4 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.--  
5 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,  
6 And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

7

8 KING HENRY.

9 O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
10 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
11 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
12 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;  
13 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
14 Be blind with tears and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

15

16 ENTER A FATHER WHO HAS KILLED HIS SON, WITH THE BODY IN HIS ARMS.

17

18 FATHER.

19 Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,  
20 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,  
21 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.--  
22 But let me see;—is this our foeman's face?  
23 Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!--  
24 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
25 Throw up thine eye; see, see what showers arise,  
26 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
27 Upon thy wounds that kill mine eye and heart!--  
28 O, pity, God, this miserable age!--  
29 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
30 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
31 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!--  
32 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
33 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

34

35 KING HENRY.

36 Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!  
37 O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!--  
38 O pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!--  
39 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
40 The fatal colours of our striving houses;  
41 The one his purple blood right well resembles,  
42 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth.

1 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!  
2 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.  
3  
4 SON.  
5 How will my mother, for a father's death,  
6 Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!  
7  
8 FATHER.  
9 How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,  
10 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!  
11  
12 KING HENRY.  
13 How will the country, for these woeful chances,  
14 Misthink the king and not be satisfied!  
15  
16 SON.  
17 Was ever son so rued a father's death?  
18  
19 FATHER.  
20 Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?  
21  
22 KING HENRY.  
23 Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?  
24 Much is your sorrow, mine ten times so much.  
25  
26 SON.  
27 I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.  
28  
29 EXIT WITH THE BODY.  
30  
31 FATHER.  
32 These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
33 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
34 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;  
35 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
36 And so obsequious will thy father be,  
37 Even for the loss of thee, having no more,  
38 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.  
39 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
40 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.  
41  
42 EXIT WITH THE BODY.

1  
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41  
42

ENTER RICHARD

KING HENRY.

Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

RICHARD. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings?

KING HENRY.

More than I seem, and less than I was born to;  
A man at least, for less I should not be;  
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

RICHARD.

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

KING HENRY.

Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

RICHARD.

But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

KING HENRY.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Not to be seen; my crown is call'd content  
Say, if I blow a feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust,  
Such is the lightness of a common man.

RICHARD.

We are true subjects to the king,—King Edward.

KING HENRY.

In God's name then; your king's name be obey'd;  
And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.  
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

1

2 RICHARD

3 Think'st thou I am an executioner?

4

5 KING HENRY.

6 A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

7 And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

8 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

9 And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

10 And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

11 Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,

12 And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—

13 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

14 The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

15 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

16 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;

17 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

18 And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.

19 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

20 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,

21 An indigested and deformed lump,

22 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

23 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

24 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;

25 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

26 Thou cam'st—

27

28 RICHARD.

29 I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech.

30 For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

31 For I have often heard my mother say

32 I came into the world with my legs forward.

33 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste

34 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

35 The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried

36 'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'

37 And so I was, which plainly signified

38 That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

39 Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

40 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

41 I have no brother, I am like no brother,

42 And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,



1 Be resident in men like one another,  
2 And not in me! I am myself alone.--  
3 George, beware! thou keep'st me from the light;  
4 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
5 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies  
6 That Edward shall be fearful of his life,  
7 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
8 King Henry and the prince his son are gone;  
9 George, thy turn is next, and then the rest,  
10 Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
11 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
12 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

13  
14 KING HENRY.

15 Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.  
16 O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

17  
18 RICHARD STABS KING HENRY

19  
20 RICHARD.  
21 What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
22 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
23 See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death!  
24 O, may such purple tears be always shed  
25 From those that wish the downfall of our house!--

26  
27 ENTER MARGARET, JOAN LA PUCELLE & ELEANOR

28  
29 MARGARET  
30 Died each of you the subjects to thier hate;  
31 The cursed houses of this fractured isle.  
32 If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
33 Exceeding those that I can wish upon them,  
34 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
35 And then hurl down their indignation  
36 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

37  
38 JOAN LA PUCELLE  
39 Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
40 And see the cities and the towns defaced  
41 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.  
42 Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,

1 And wash away thy country's stained spots.  
2 As looks the mother on her lowly babe  
3 When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
4  
5 ELEANOR  
6 This sorrow that I have by right is yours;  
7 And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.  
8 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
9 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
10 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
11 Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
12 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!  
13  
14 MARGARET.  
15 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb,  
16 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins,  
17 O, but remember this another day,  
18 When God shall split thy very heart with sorrow  
19 And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!  
20  
21 RICHARD  
22 Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.  
23 Now is the winter of our discontent  
24 Made glorious summer by this son of York.  
25  
26 THE END  
27