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Henry VI Part 2 Act 1

[00:02:24] As by your high imperial majesty
 [00:02:27] I had in charge at my depart for France,
 [00:02:29] As procurator to your excellence,
 [00:02:31] To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
 [00:02:34] So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
 [00:02:36] In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
 [00:02:39] The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alencon,
 [00:02:41] Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend bishops,
 [00:02:45] I have perform'd my task and was espoused:
 [00:02:51] And humbly now upon my bended knee,
 [00:02:54] In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 [00:02:56] Deliver up my title in the queen
 [00:02:58] To your most gracious hands,
 [00:03:00] that are the substance
 [00:03:01] Of that great shadow I did represent;
 [00:03:04] The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 [00:03:09] The fairest queen that ever king received. Suffolk, arise.
 [00:03:19] Welcome, Queen Margaret:
 [00:03:22] I can express no kinder sign of love
 [00:03:24] Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
 [00:03:28] Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
 [00:03:31] For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
 [00:03:34] A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 [00:03:36] If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.
 [00:03:41] Great King of England and my gracious lord,
 [00:03:46] The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 [00:03:48] By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
 [00:03:53] In courtly company or at my beads,
 [00:03:55] With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
 [00:03:59] Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 [00:04:01] With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
 [00:04:03] And over-joy of heart doth minister.
 [00:04:08] Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
 [00:04:12] Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 [00:04:14] Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
 [00:04:16] Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
 [00:04:19] Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.
 [00:04:24] Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!
 [00:04:36] We thank you all.
 [00:04:40] My lord protector, so it please your grace,
 [00:04:43] Here are the articles of contracted peace
 [00:04:45] between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
 [00:04:47] For eighteen months concluded by consent.
 [00:04:57] 'Imprimis, it is agreed
 [00:05:01] between the French king Charles,
 [00:05:02] and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk,
 [00:05:03] ambassador for Henry King of England,
 [00:05:08] that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret,
 [00:05:10] daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem,
 [00:05:13] and crown her Queen of England
 [00:05:17] ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.
 [00:05:21] Item, that is further agreed that the duchy of Anjou
 [00:05:24] and the county of Maine shall be released
 [00:05:25] and delivered to the king her father'--
 [00:05:32] Uncle, how now!
 [00:05:36] Pardon me, gracious lord;
 [00:05:38] Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
 [00:05:43] And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no more.

[00:05:48] Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
 [00:05:54] 'Item, It is further agreed between them,
 [00:05:59] that the duchies of Anjou and the county of Maine
 [00:06:02] shall be released and delivered to the king her father,
 [00:06:07] and she sent over
 [00:06:09] of the King of England's own proper cost and charges,
 [00:06:14] without having any dowry.'
 [00:06:23] They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
 [00:06:31] We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
 [00:06:34] And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
 [00:06:39] We here discharge your grace
 [00:06:40] from being regent I' the parts of France,
 [00:06:42] till term of eighteen months be full expired.
 [00:06:45] Thanks, uncle Winchester,
 [00:06:46] Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
 [00:06:50] Salisbury, and Warwick;
 [00:06:51] We thank you all for the great favour done,
 [00:06:53] In entertainment to my princely queen.
 [00:06:56] Come, let us in, and with all speed
 [00:06:58] provide to see her coronation be perform'd.
 [00:07:07] Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
 [00:07:12] To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
 [00:07:17] Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
 [00:07:21] What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 [00:07:26] His valour, coin and people, in the wars?
 [00:07:30] Did he so often lodge in open field,
 [00:07:33] In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
 [00:07:36] To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 [00:07:39] Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 [00:07:42] Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
 [00:07:45] Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
 [00:07:49] Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
 [00:07:51] With all the learned council of the realm,
 [00:07:53] Studied so long,
 [00:07:55] sat in the council-house Early and late, debating to and fro
 [00:07:58] How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 [00:08:02] And shall these labours and these honours die?
 [00:08:11] O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 [00:08:16] Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 [00:08:22] Blotting your names from books of memory,
 [00:08:24] Razing the characters of your renown,
 [00:08:27] Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
 [00:08:32] Undoing all, as all had never been!
 [00:08:37] Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
 [00:08:39] This peroration with such circumstance?
 [00:08:44] For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
 [00:08:51] Ay, we will keep it, if we can;
 [00:08:55] But now it is impossible we should:
 [00:08:58] Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 [00:09:03] Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
 [00:09:05] Unto the poor King Reignier,
 [00:09:10] whose large style Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
 [00:09:12] By the death of Him that died for all,
 [00:09:15] These counties were the keys of Normandy.
 [00:09:20] But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
 [00:09:24] For grief that they are past recovery:
 [00:09:27] For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 [00:09:29] My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 [00:09:41] Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
 [00:09:46] Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

[00:09:51] And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
[00:09:55] Delivered up again with peaceful words?
[00:09:59] Mort Dieu!
[00:10:01] For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
[00:10:04] That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
[00:10:09] France should have torn and rent my very heart,
[00:10:11] Before I would have yielded to this league.
[00:10:15] I never read but England's kings
[00:10:17] have had Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives:
[00:10:21] And our King Henry gives away his own,
[00:10:25] To match with her that brings no vantages.
[00:10:31] She should have stayed in France and starved
[00:10:34] in France.
[00:10:36] My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
[00:10:40] It was the pleasure of my lord the King.
[00:10:43] My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
[00:10:45] 'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,
[00:10:47] But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
[00:10:49] Rancour will out: proud prelate,
[00:10:51] in thy face I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
[00:10:55] We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
[00:10:57] Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
[00:11:04] I prophesied France will be lost ere long.
[00:11:12] So, there goes our protector in a rage.
[00:11:18] 'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
[00:11:22] Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
[00:11:27] And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
[00:11:29] Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
[00:11:32] And heir apparent to the English crown:
[00:11:35] Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
[00:11:38] With all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
[00:11:40] There's reason he should be displeased at it.
[00:11:44] Look to it, lords!
[00:11:47] let not his smoothing words bewitch your hearts;
[00:11:50] be wise and circumspect.
[00:11:53] What though the common people favour him,
[00:11:55] Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'
[00:11:58] Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
[00:12:00] 'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
[00:12:02] With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
[00:12:07] I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
[00:12:12] He will be found a dangerous protector.
[00:12:17] Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
[00:12:20] He being of age to govern of himself?
[00:12:25] Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
[00:12:30] And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
[00:12:32] We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.
[00:12:38] This weighty business will not brook delay:
[00:12:41] I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.
[00:12:46] Cousin of Buckingham,
[00:12:51] though Humphrey's pride
[00:12:52] and greatness of his place be grief to us,
[00:12:53] Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
[00:12:56] His insolence is more intolerable
[00:12:57] Than all the princes in the land beside:
[00:13:00] If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.
[00:13:03] Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
[00:13:08] Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.
[00:13:18] Pride went before, ambition follows him.
[00:13:24] While these do labour for their own preferment,

[00:13:28] Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 [00:13:32] I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
 [00:13:34] Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 [00:13:37] Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
 [00:13:40] More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
 [00:13:42] As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
 [00:13:45] Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
 [00:13:48] Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
 [00:13:52] Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
 [00:13:55] Thy deeds, thy plainness and thy housekeeping,
 [00:13:57] Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
 [00:13:59] Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
 [00:14:03] And, cousin York, thy acts in Ireland,
 [00:14:06] In bringing them to civil discipline,
 [00:14:08] Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 [00:14:11] When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 [00:14:14] Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
 [00:14:18] The reverence of mine age and Nevelle's name
 [00:14:20] is of no little force if I command.
 [00:14:24] Join we together, for the public good,
 [00:14:26] In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 [00:14:28] The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
 [00:14:31] With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
 [00:14:33] And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
 [00:14:37] While they do tend the profit of the land.
 [00:14:42] So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 [00:14:44] And common profit of his country!
 [00:14:47] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
 [00:14:52] Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.
 [00:14:55] Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
 [00:14:59] That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
 [00:15:02] And would have kept so long as breath did last!
 [00:15:05] Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
 [00:15:10] Which I will win from France, or else be slain,
 [00:15:21] Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
 [00:15:25] Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
 [00:15:28] Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
 [00:15:34] Suffolk concluded on the articles,
 [00:15:36] The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased to change
 [00:15:42] two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 [00:15:49] I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
 [00:15:56] 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 [00:16:01] Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage
 [00:16:05] And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
 [00:16:10] Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
 [00:16:15] While as the silly owner of the goods weeps over them
 [00:16:21] and wrings his hapless hands
 [00:16:22] And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
 [00:16:27] While all is shared and all is borne away,
 [00:16:31] Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:
 [00:16:35] So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
 [00:16:39] While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
 [00:16:45] Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
 [00:16:54] Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
 [00:16:59] Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 [00:17:03] A day will come when York shall claim his own;
 [00:17:07] And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
 [00:17:12] And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
 [00:17:16] And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 [00:17:20] For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

[00:17:24] Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 [00:17:28] Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 [00:17:31] Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 [00:17:32] Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
 [00:17:38] Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
 [00:17:44] Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
 [00:17:49] To pry into the secrets of the state;
 [00:17:53] Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 [00:17:56] With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
 [00:18:01] And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 [00:18:05] Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 [00:18:13] With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
 [00:18:17] And in my standard, bear the arms of York
 [00:18:20] To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 [00:18:22] And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 [00:18:26] Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
 [00:18:42] Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 [00:18:45] Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
 [00:18:49] Why are thine eyes fixed to the sullen earth,
 [00:18:52] Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 [00:18:56] What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
 [00:19:00] Enchased with all the honours of the world?
 [00:19:03] If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 [00:19:06] Until thy head be circled with the same.
 [00:19:10] Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
 [00:19:15] What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
 [00:19:19] And, having both together heaved it up,
 [00:19:21] We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
 [00:19:24] And never more abase our sight so low
 [00:19:26] As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
 [00:19:30] O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 [00:19:34] Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
 [00:19:38] And may that hour, when I imagine ill against my king
 [00:19:41] and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 [00:19:42] Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 [00:19:50] My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
 [00:19:54] What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
 [00:19:58] with sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
 [00:20:02] Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 [00:20:08] Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
 [00:20:12] But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
 [00:20:15] And on the pieces of the broken wand
 [00:20:17] Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
 [00:20:24] And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.
 [00:20:30] This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.
 [00:20:35] Tut, this was nothing but an argument
 [00:20:38] That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
 [00:20:40] Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 [00:20:44] But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
 [00:20:49] Methought I sat in seat of majesty
 [00:20:53] In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 [00:20:56] And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
 [00:21:00] Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me
 [00:21:03] And on my head did set the diadem.
 [00:21:07] Art thou not second woman in the realm,
 [00:21:11] And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
 [00:21:15] Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 [00:21:17] Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
 [00:21:19] And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 [00:21:23] To tumble down thy husband and thyself

[00:21:24] From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
 [00:21:27] Away from me, and let me hear no more!
 [00:21:31] What, what, my lord! are you so choleric with Eleanor,
 [00:21:33] for telling but her dream?
 [00:21:36] Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
 [00:21:38] And not be cheque'd.
 [00:21:45] Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.
 [00:21:51] My lord protector,
 [00:21:52] 'tis his highness' pleasure you do prepare
 [00:21:54] to ride unto Saint Alban's,
 [00:21:56] Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.
 [00:22:00] I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
 [00:22:10] Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
 [00:22:22] Follow I must; I cannot go before,
 [00:22:25] While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
 [00:22:29] Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 [00:22:34] I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
 [00:22:36] And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
 [00:22:40] And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 [00:22:43] To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
 [00:22:49] Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
 [00:22:55] We are alone; here's none but thee and I.
 [00:22:58] Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
 [00:23:05] What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.
 [00:23:09] But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
 [00:23:13] Your grace's titles shall be multiplied.
 [00:23:18] What say'st thou, man?
 [00:23:21] hast thou as yet conferr'd With Margery Jourdain,
 [00:23:25] the witch of I, With Bolingbroke,
 [00:23:27] the cunning conjurer? And will they undertake to do me good?
 [00:23:31] This they have promised me, to show your highness
 [00:23:35] A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
 [00:23:40] That shall make answer to such questions
 [00:23:41] As by your grace shall be propounded him.
 [00:23:44] It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
 [00:23:50] When from St. Alban's we do make return,
 [00:23:53] We'll see these things effected to the full.
 [00:23:59] Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
 [00:24:03] With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
 [00:24:07] Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
 [00:24:15] Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume!
 [00:24:19] Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
 [00:24:23] The business asketh silent secrecy.
 [00:24:26] Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
 [00:24:30] Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 [00:24:34] Yet have I gold flies from another coast;
 [00:24:38] I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
 [00:24:41] And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
 [00:24:43] Yet I do find it so; for to be plain,
 [00:24:47] They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 [00:24:51] Have hired me to undermine the duchess
 [00:24:55] And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 [00:24:59] They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker.'
 [00:25:03] Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 [00:25:06] Hume, if you take not heed,
 [00:25:10] you shall go near to call them both
 [00:25:13] a pair of crafty knaves.
 [00:25:16] Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear,
 [00:25:22] at last Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
 [00:25:26] And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:

[00:25:31] Sort how it will, I will have gold for all.
[00:25:55] My masters, let's stand close:
[00:25:59] my lord protector will come this way by and by,
[00:26:02] and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.
[00:26:04] Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man!
[00:26:07] Jesu bless him!
[00:26:11] Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him.
[00:26:16] I'll be the first, sure.
[00:26:17] Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk,
[00:26:19] and not my lord protector.
[00:26:21] How now, fellow! would'st anything with me?
[00:26:23] Pardon me my lord; I took ye for my lord protector.
[00:26:26] 'To my Lord Protector!' Are your supplications to his lordship?
[00:26:31] Let me see them:
[00:26:32] what is thine?
[00:26:33] Pardon me maam. Mine is, an't please your grace,
[00:26:36] against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man,
[00:26:39] for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.
[00:26:42] Thy wife, too! that's some wrong, indeed.
[00:26:46] What's yours? What's here!
[00:26:55] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the
[00:26:58] commons of Long Melford.' How now, sir knave!
[00:27:02] Alas, sir,
[00:27:04] I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.
[00:27:08] Against my master, Thomas Horner,
[00:27:10] for saying that the Duke of York was rightful
[00:27:12] heir to the crown.
[00:27:13] What sayst thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful
[00:27:18] heir to the crown?
[00:27:22] That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said
[00:27:26] that he was, and that the king was an userer.
[00:27:31] A usurper, thou would'st say.
[00:27:35] Ay usurper user
[00:27:38] Who is there?
[00:27:39] Take this fellow in,
[00:27:40] and send for his master with a presently: we'll hear
[00:27:44] more of your matter before the King.
[00:27:48] And as for you, that love to be protected
[00:27:51] Under the wings of our protector's grace,
[00:27:55] Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[00:27:58] Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let him go.
[00:28:04] Come, let's be gone.
[00:28:12] My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
[00:28:19] Is this the fashion in the court of England?
[00:28:22] Is this the government of Britain's isle,
[00:28:25] And this the royalty of Albion's king?
[00:28:29] What shall King Henry be a pupil still
[00:28:32] Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
[00:28:34] Am I a queen in title and in style,
[00:28:38] And must be made a subject to a duke?
[00:28:40] I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
[00:28:43] Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love
[00:28:47] And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
[00:28:51] I thought King Henry had resembled thee in courage,
[00:28:53] courtship and proportion:
[00:28:59] But all his mind is bent to holiness,
[00:29:00] To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
[00:29:04] His champions are the prophets and apostles,
[00:29:07] His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
[00:29:11] His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

[00:29:13] Are brazen images of canonized saints.
 [00:29:18] I would the college of the cardinals
 [00:29:19] Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
 [00:29:21] And set the triple crown upon his head:
 [00:29:24] That were a state fit for his holiness.
 [00:29:26] Madam, be patient: as I was cause
 [00:29:29] Your highness came to England,
 [00:29:31] so will I In England work your grace's full content.
 [00:29:35] Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
 [00:29:37] The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
 [00:29:42] And grumbling York: and not the least of these
 [00:29:45] But can do more in England than the king.
 [00:29:48] And he of these that can do most of all
 [00:29:50] Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
 [00:29:52] Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.
 [00:29:55] Not all these lords do vex me half so much
 [00:29:58] As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
 [00:30:02] She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 [00:30:06] More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
 [00:30:09] Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
 [00:30:15] She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 [00:30:17] And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
 [00:30:23] Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
 [00:30:27] Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
 [00:30:31] She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 [00:30:34] The very train of her worst wearing gown
 [00:30:38] Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 [00:30:40] Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
 [00:30:45] Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
 [00:30:48] And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
 [00:30:50] That she will light to listen to the lays,
 [00:30:53] And never mount to trouble you again.
 [00:30:58] So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
 [00:31:02] For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 [00:31:04] Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 [00:31:06] Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
 [00:31:10] Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 [00:31:14] As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
 [00:31:17] Will make but little for his benefit.
 [00:31:21] So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 [00:31:25] And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.
 [00:31:28] For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
 [00:31:30] Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.
 [00:31:38] If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 [00:31:41] Then let him be deny'd the regentship.
 [00:31:42] If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 [00:31:43] Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
 [00:31:46] Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
 [00:31:47] Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
 [00:31:49] Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
 [00:31:52] The cardinal's not my better in the field.
 [00:31:53] All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
 [00:31:55] Warwick may live to be the best of all.
 [00:31:57] Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
 [00:32:00] Why Somerset should be preferred in this.
 [00:32:02] Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
 [00:32:07] Madam, the king is old enough himself to give his censure:
 [00:32:10] these are no women's matters.
 [00:32:11] If he be old enough, what needs your grace
 [00:32:14] To be protector of his excellence?

[00:32:20] Madam, I am protector of the realm;
[00:32:24] And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
[00:32:26] Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
[00:32:30] Since thou wert king--as who is king but thou?--
[00:32:33] The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
[00:32:35] The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
[00:32:38] And all the peers and nobles of the realm
[00:32:40] Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
[00:32:42] The commons hast thou rack'd;
[00:32:43] the clergy's bags Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
[00:32:47] Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
[00:32:48] Have cost a mass of public treasury.
[00:32:51] Thy cruelty in execution
[00:32:52] Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
[00:32:54] And left thee to the mercy of the law.
[00:32:55] They sale of offices and towns in France,
[00:32:58] If they were known, as the suspect is great,
[00:33:01] Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[00:33:11] Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[00:33:17] I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
[00:33:21] Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
[00:33:25] Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
[00:33:27] I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
[00:33:29] Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.
[00:33:33] Against her will! good king, look to't in time;
[00:33:37] She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
[00:33:41] Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
[00:33:43] She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.
[00:33:49] Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
[00:33:51] And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
[00:33:54] She's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,
[00:33:57] She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.
[00:34:01] Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
[00:34:07] With walking once about the quadrangle,
[00:34:10] I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
[00:34:14] As for your spiteful false objections,
[00:34:17] Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
[00:34:20] But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
[00:34:22] As I in duty love my king and country!
[00:34:29] But, to the matter that we have in hand:
[00:34:33] I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
[00:34:36] To be your regent in the realm of France.
[00:34:38] Before we make election,
[00:34:40] give me leave to show some reason, of no little force,
[00:34:42] That York is most unmeet of any man.
[00:34:45] I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
[00:34:49] First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
[00:34:53] Next, if I be appointed for the place,
[00:34:57] My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
[00:35:00] Without discharge, money, or furniture,
[00:35:03] Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
[00:35:07] Last time, I danced attendance on his will
[00:35:09] Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.
[00:35:13] That can I witness; and a fouler fact
[00:35:15] Did never traitor in the land commit.
[00:35:17] Peace, headstrong Warwick!
[00:35:19] Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?
[00:35:21] Because here is a man accused of treason:
[00:35:24] Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!
[00:35:28] Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

[00:35:33] What mean'st thou, Suffolk; tell me, what are these?
 [00:35:36] Please it your majesty, this is the man
 [00:35:38] That doth accuse his master of high treason:
 [00:35:40] His words were these: that Richard, Duke of York,
 [00:35:43] Was rightful heir unto the English crown
 [00:35:45] And that your majesty was a usurper.
 [00:35:50] Say, man, were these thy words?
 [00:35:52] An't shall please your majesty,
 [00:35:54] I never said nor thought any such matter:
 [00:35:57] God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.
 [00:36:01] By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me
 [00:36:03] in the garret one night, as we were scouring my
 [00:36:05] Lord of York's armour.
 [00:36:07] Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
 [00:36:09] I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
 [00:36:12] I do beseech your royal majesty,
 [00:36:13] Let him have all the rigor of the law.
 [00:36:15] Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
 [00:36:19] My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct
 [00:36:22] him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees
 [00:36:24] he would be even with me: I have good witness of this:
 [00:36:29] therefore I beseech your majesty,
 [00:36:31] do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.
 [00:36:38] Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?
 [00:36:52] This doom, my lord, if I may judge my case:
 [00:36:56] Let Somerset be regent over the French,
 [00:37:00] Because in York this breeds suspicion:
 [00:37:04] And let these have a day appointed them
 [00:37:05] For single combat in convenient place,
 [00:37:08] For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
 [00:37:12] This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.
 [00:37:16] I humbly thank your royal majesty.
 [00:37:18] And I accept the combat willingly.
 [00:37:21] Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case.
 [00:37:27] The spite of man prevaileth against me.
 [00:37:29] O Lord, have mercy upon me!
 [00:37:31] I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!
 [00:37:34] Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
 [00:37:39] Away with them to prison; and the day of combat
 [00:37:41] shall be the last of the next month.
 [00:37:45] Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.
 [00:38:32] Come master Bolingbroke; the duchess, I tell you,
 [00:38:35] expects performance of your promises.
 [00:38:36] Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
 [00:38:39] will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?
 [00:38:43] Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.
 [00:38:46] I have heard her reported to be
 [00:38:48] a woman of an exceptional spirit:
 [00:38:50] Master Hume, that you be by her aloft,
 [00:38:53] while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name,
 [00:38:56] and leave us.
 [00:39:02] Mother Jourdain,
 [00:39:03] be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell,
 [00:39:07] read you; and let us to our work.
 [00:39:13] Well said, my masters;
 [00:39:15] To this gear the sooner the better.
 [00:39:17] Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
 [00:39:28] Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
 [00:39:41] The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
 [00:39:45] The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl,

[00:39:48] And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,
 [00:39:56] That time best fits the work we have in hand.
 [00:39:59] Madam, stay you and fear not: whom we raise,
 [00:40:04] We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.
 [00:40:50] Adsum,
 [00:40:55] Asmath,
 [00:40:58] By the eternal God, whose name and power
 [00:41:01] Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
 [00:41:05] For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.
 [00:41:09] Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!
 [00:41:17] 'First of the king: what shall of him become?'
 [00:41:23] The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
 [00:41:30] Yet him outlive, and die a violent death.
 [00:41:37] Tell me 'What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?'
 [00:41:44] By water shall he die, and take his end.
 [00:41:50] 'What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?'
 [00:41:55] Let him shun castles;
 [00:41:57] Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
 [00:42:00] Than where castles mounted stand.
 [00:42:05] Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
 [00:42:11] Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
 [00:42:17] False fiend, avoid!
 [00:42:21] Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
 [00:42:31] Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
 [00:42:36] Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
 [00:42:42] What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
 [00:42:47] Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
 [00:42:50] My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
 [00:42:52] See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
 [00:42:55] Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
 [00:42:58] Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.
 [00:43:02] True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
 [00:43:13] Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close.
 [00:43:15] And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
 [00:43:17] take her to thee.
 [00:43:21] We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
 [00:43:28] All, away!
 [00:43:44] Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
 [00:43:47] A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
 [00:43:53] Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
 [00:44:01] What have we here?
 [00:44:05] 'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
 [00:44:09] But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
 [00:44:22] 'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?'
 [00:44:27] By water shall he die, and take his end.
 [00:44:31] What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
 [00:44:38] Let him shun castles;
 [00:44:41] Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
 [00:44:46] Than where castles mounted stand.'
 [00:44:51] Come, come, my lords;
 [00:44:55] These oracles are hardly attain'd,
 [00:44:57] And hardly understood.
 [00:45:01] The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
 [00:45:05] With him the husband of this lovely lady:
 [00:45:09] Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
 [00:45:13] A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
 [00:45:16] Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
 [00:45:19] To be the post, in hope of his reward.
 [00:45:22] At your pleasure, my good lord.
 [00:45:31] Within there, ho!

[00:45:35] Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

[00:45:38] To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

Henry VI Part 2 Act 2

[00:46:02] Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
 [00:46:04] I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
 [00:46:07] But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
 [00:46:09] And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
 [00:46:11] To see how God in all his creatures works!
 [00:46:15] Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
 [00:46:17] No marvel, an it like your majesty,
 [00:46:18] My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
 [00:46:22] They know their master loves to be aloft,
 [00:46:24] And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
 [00:46:27] My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
 [00:46:29] That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
 [00:46:32] I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
 [00:46:37] Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
 [00:46:40] Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
 [00:46:42] The treasury of everlasting joy.
 [00:46:47] Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
 [00:46:51] Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
 [00:46:53] Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 [00:46:54] That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
 [00:46:58] Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, can you do it?
 [00:47:02] To hide such malice with such holiness?
 [00:47:05] No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
 [00:47:08] So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
 [00:47:13] As who, my lord?
 [00:47:15] Why, as yourself, my lord,
 [00:47:17] An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
 [00:47:21] Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
 [00:47:24] And thy ambition, Gloucester.
 [00:47:27] And whet not on these furious peers;
 [00:47:30] For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
 [00:47:32] Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
 [00:47:34] Against this proud protector, with my sword!
 [00:47:39] Faith, holy uncle,
 [00:47:41] would 'twere come to that!
 [00:47:43] Marry, when thou darest.
 [00:47:45] Dare? Until thee priest,
 [00:47:47] plantagenets could never brook the dare.
 [00:47:50] I am plantagenet as well as thou.
 [00:47:52] And son to John of Gaunt.
 [00:47:54] In bastardy.
 [00:47:57] I scorn thy words.
 [00:47:58] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
 [00:48:00] In thine own person answer thy abuse.
 [00:48:03] Ay, where thou darest not peep:
 [00:48:04] an if thou darest,
 [00:48:05] This evening, on the east side of the grove.
 [00:48:08] Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
 [00:48:09] Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
 [00:48:12] We had had more sport.
 [00:48:13] Come with thy two-hand sword.
 [00:48:15] True, uncle.
 [00:48:17] Are ye well advised?
 [00:48:18] The east side of the grove?
 [00:48:19] I am with you.
 [00:48:21] Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!
 [00:48:22] Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.
 [00:48:26] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

[00:48:28] Protector, see to't well, protect thyself.
[00:48:32] The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
[00:48:35] How irksome is this music to my heart!
[00:48:37] When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
[00:48:41] I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.
[00:48:48] What noise is this?
[00:48:56] Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
[00:49:01] A miracle! a miracle!
[00:49:03] Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
[00:49:08] Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
[00:49:11] Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
[00:49:13] A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
[00:49:16] Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
[00:49:19] Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
[00:49:23] Here comes the townsmen on procession,
[00:49:26] To present your highness with the man.
[00:49:28] Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
[00:49:30] Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
[00:49:34] A miracle! A miracle!
[00:49:47] Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
[00:49:50] His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
[00:49:56] Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
[00:49:58] That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
[00:50:02] What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?
[00:50:05] Born blind, an't please your grace.
[00:50:07] Ay, indeed, was he.
[00:50:09] What woman is this?
[00:50:10] His wife, an't like your worship.
[00:50:12] Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
[00:50:16] Where wert thou born?
[00:50:18] At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
[00:50:20] Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
[00:50:24] Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
[00:50:27] But still remember what the Lord hath done.
[00:50:29] Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
[00:50:32] Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
[00:50:34] God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
[00:50:36] A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
[00:50:38] By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Saunders, come,
[00:50:41] Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'
[00:50:44] Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
[00:50:47] Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
[00:50:50] What, art thou lame?
[00:50:53] Ay, God Almighty help me!
[00:50:55] How camest thou so?
[00:50:56] A fall off of a tree.
[00:50:58] A plum-tree, master.
[00:51:02] How long hast thou been blind?
[00:51:04] Born so, master.
[00:51:06] What, and wouldst climb a tree?
[00:51:08] But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
[00:51:11] Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
[00:51:14] Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
[00:51:18] Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
[00:51:20] And made me climb, with danger of my life.
[00:51:24] A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
[00:51:29] Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
[00:51:38] In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
[00:51:40] Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
[00:51:43] Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

[00:51:49] Red, master; red as blood.
 [00:51:50] Why, that's well said. What colour is this gown of?
 [00:51:54] Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.
 [00:51:57] Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
 [00:52:00] And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
 [00:52:03] But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
 [00:52:07] Never, before this day, in all his life.
 [00:52:10] Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
 [00:52:14] Alas, master, I know not.
 [00:52:17] What's his name?
 [00:52:18] I know not.
 [00:52:19] Nor his?
 [00:52:20] No, indeed, master.
 [00:52:21] What's thine own name?
 [00:52:22] Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
 [00:52:24] Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom.
 [00:52:29] If thou hadst been born blind,
 [00:52:31] thou mightest as well have known all our names as thus to
 [00:52:34] name the several colours we do wear.
 [00:52:37] Sight may distinguish of colours,
 [00:52:39] but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.
 [00:52:42] Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
 [00:52:45] and might ye not think his cunning to be great,
 [00:52:48] that could restore this cripple to his legs?
 [00:52:50] O master, that you could!
 [00:52:52] My masters of Saint Alban's,
 [00:52:53] have you not a beadle in your town, and things called whips?
 [00:52:56] Yes, my lord.
 [00:52:58] Send for one presently.
 [00:52:59] Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
 [00:53:02] Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah,
 [00:53:06] if you mean to save yourself from whipping,
 [00:53:10] leap me over this stool and run.
 [00:53:13] Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
 [00:53:15] You go about to torture me in vain.
 [00:53:18] Well we must have you find your legs.
 [00:53:22] Whip him till he leap over that same stool.
 [00:53:27] Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.
 [00:53:29] Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.
 [00:53:33] A miracle!!
 [00:53:40] O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?
 [00:53:44] It made me laugh to see the villain run.
 [00:53:47] Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
 [00:53:51] Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.
 [00:53:54] Let them be whipped through every market-town,
 [00:53:56] till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
 [00:54:02] Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
 [00:54:05] True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
 [00:54:08] But you have done more miracles than I;
 [00:54:11] You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.
 [00:54:17] What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
 [00:54:20] Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
 [00:54:22] A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
 [00:54:26] Under the countenance and confederacy of Lady Eleanor,
 [00:54:29] the protector's wife,
 [00:54:30] The ringleader and head of all this rout,
 [00:54:33] Have practised dangerously against your state,
 [00:54:37] Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
 [00:54:39] Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
 [00:54:41] Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

[00:54:44] Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
 [00:54:47] And other of your highness' privy-council;
 [00:54:50] As more at large your grace shall understand.
 [00:54:53] O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
 [00:54:56] Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
 [00:54:59] Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest.
 [00:55:02] And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
 [00:55:06] Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
 [00:55:09] How I have loved my king and commonweal:
 [00:55:13] And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
 [00:55:22] Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
 [00:55:26] Noble she is, but if she have forgot
 [00:55:31] Honour and virtue and conversed with such
 [00:55:35] As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 [00:55:40] I banish her my bed and company
 [00:55:43] And give her as a prey to law and shame,
 [00:55:47] That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.
 [00:55:54] Well, for this night we will repose us here:
 [00:55:57] To-morrow toward London back again,
 [00:55:59] To look into this business thoroughly
 [00:56:00] And call these foul offenders to their answers
 [00:56:04] And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
 [00:56:06] Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
 [00:56:38] Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
 [00:56:39] Our simple supper ended, give me leave
 [00:56:43] In this close walk to satisfy myself,
 [00:56:45] In craving your opinion of my title,
 [00:56:48] Which is infallible, to England's crown.
 [00:56:53] My lord, I long to hear it at full.
 [00:56:56] Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
 [00:56:58] The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
 [00:57:09] Then thus:
 [00:57:10] Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
 [00:57:14] The first, the Black Prince died before his father
 [00:57:17] and left behind him, Richard, his only son.
 [00:57:19] Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
 [00:57:24] Till Henry Bolingbroke, The son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 [00:57:27] the fourth of Edward's sons
 [00:57:29] Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
 [00:57:33] Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
 [00:57:36] And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
 [00:57:39] Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
 [00:57:43] Father, the duke of York hath told the truth:
 [00:57:47] Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
 [00:57:49] Which now they hold by force and not by right;
 [00:57:57] For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
 [00:58:01] The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
 [00:58:04] But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
 [00:58:07] The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
 [00:58:10] I claimed the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
 [00:58:14] Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
 [00:58:17] Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
 [00:58:20] Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.
 [00:58:23] This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
 [00:58:26] As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
 [00:58:28] And therefore was kept captive til he died
 [00:58:36] But to the rest.
 [00:58:38] His eldest sister, Anne,
 [00:58:40] My mother, being heir unto the crown
 [00:58:43] Married Richard Earl of Cambridge;

[00:58:46] who was son to Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
 [00:58:51] By her I claim the kingdom:
 [00:58:56] she was heir To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
 [00:58:59] Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
 [00:59:01] Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
 [00:59:06] So, if the issue of the elder son succeed before the younger,
 [00:59:12] I am king.
 [00:59:14] What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
 [00:59:17] Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 [00:59:19] The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
 [00:59:22] Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
 [00:59:25] It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
 [00:59:28] And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
 [00:59:33] Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
 [00:59:37] And in this private plot be we the first
 [00:59:39] That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 [00:59:42] With honour of his birthright to the crown.
 [00:59:57] Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
 [01:00:03] We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 [01:00:09] Till I be crown'd and that my sword be stain'd
 [01:00:13] With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
 [01:00:15] And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
 [01:00:19] But with advice and silent secrecy.
 [01:00:23] Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
 [01:00:28] Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 [01:00:30] At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 [01:00:35] At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
 [01:00:38] Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
 [01:00:41] That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
 [01:00:44] 'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
 [01:00:49] Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.
 [01:00:51] My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
 [01:00:56] My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
 [01:01:00] Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
 [01:01:07] And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
 [01:01:10] Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
 [01:01:13] The greatest man in England but the king.
 [01:01:42] Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:
 [01:01:54] In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
 [01:01:57] Receive the sentence of the law for sins
 [01:01:59] Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
 [01:02:03] You four, from hence to prison back again;
 [01:02:07] From thence unto the place of execution:
 [01:02:09] The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
 [01:02:11] And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
 [01:02:14] You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 [01:02:18] Despoiled of your honour in your life,
 [01:02:20] Shall, after three days' open penance done,
 [01:02:21] Live in your country here in banishment,
 [01:02:23] With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
 [01:02:26] Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.
 [01:02:33] Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:
 [01:02:38] I cannot justify whom the law condemns.
 [01:03:03] I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
 [01:03:06] Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.
 [01:03:18] Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
 [01:03:22] Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself protector be;
 [01:03:29] and God shall be my hope,
 [01:03:30] My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
 [01:03:34] And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved

[01:03:38] Than when thou wert protector to thy King.
 [01:03:40] I see no reason why a king of years
 [01:03:42] Should be to be protected like a child.
 [01:03:45] God and King Henry govern England's realm.
 [01:03:48] Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
 [01:03:53] My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
 [01:04:01] As willingly do I the same resign
 [01:04:04] As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
 [01:04:09] And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
 [01:04:14] As others would ambitiously receive it.
 [01:04:20] Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
 [01:04:26] May honourable peace attend thy throne!
 [01:04:43] Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
 [01:04:55] And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
 [01:04:58] That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
 [01:05:02] His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
 [01:05:07] This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
 [01:05:15] Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
 [01:05:21] Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
 [01:05:26] Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
 [01:05:29] Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
 [01:05:36] This is the day appointed for the combat;
 [01:05:38] And ready are the appellant and defendant,
 [01:05:41] The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
 [01:05:44] So please your highness to behold the fight.
 [01:05:47] Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
 [01:05:49] Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
 [01:05:54] O God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
 [01:05:57] Here let them end it; and God defend the right!
 [01:06:17] Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack:
 [01:06:20] and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.
 [01:06:26] And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.
 [01:06:32] And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour:
 [01:06:35] drink, and fear not your man.
 [01:06:44] Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all;
 [01:06:50] and a fig for Peter!
 [01:06:52] First 'Prentice Here, Peter, I drink to thee:
 [01:06:54] and be not afraid.
 [01:06:55] Second 'Prentice Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master:
 [01:06:58] fight for credit of the 'prentices.
 [01:07:00] I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you;
 [01:07:06] for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.
 [01:07:08] Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron:
 [01:07:14] and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:
 [01:07:18] and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.
 [01:07:22] O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal
 [01:07:25] with my master, he hath learnt me so much fence already.
 [01:07:29] Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.
 [01:07:32] Sirrah, what's thy name?
 [01:07:33] Peter, forsooth.
 [01:07:36] Peter! what more?
 [01:07:37] Thump.
 [01:07:38] Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.
 [01:07:44] Masters, I am come hither, as it were,
 [01:07:51] at my man's instigation,
 [01:07:53] to prove him a knave and myself an honest man:
 [01:07:59] and touching the Duke of York,
 [01:08:03] I will take my death, I never meant him any ill,
 [01:08:07] nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore,
 [01:08:12] Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

[01:08:14] Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
[01:08:19] Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!
[01:09:08] Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.
[01:09:16] Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God,
[01:09:26] Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God,
[01:09:36] and the good wine in thy master's way.
[01:09:48] O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?
[01:09:56] O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!
[01:10:02] Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
[01:10:04] For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
[01:10:08] And God in justice hath revealed to us
[01:10:09] The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
[01:10:12] Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
[01:10:15] Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.
[01:10:32] Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
[01:10:36] And after summer evermore succeeds barren winter,
[01:10:40] with his wrathful nipping cold:
[01:10:44] So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
[01:10:50] Ten, my lord.
[01:10:53] Ten is the hour that was appointed me
[01:10:54] To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
[01:11:01] Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
[01:11:05] To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
[01:11:10] Soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
[01:11:15] My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.
[01:11:22] So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.
[01:11:24] No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
[01:11:29] Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
[01:11:34] Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
[01:11:39] See how the giddy multitude do point,
[01:11:41] And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
[01:11:45] Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
[01:11:47] And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
[01:11:49] And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!
[01:11:53] Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
[01:11:56] Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
[01:12:00] Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
[01:12:03] Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
[01:12:06] No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
[01:12:10] To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
[01:12:14] Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
[01:12:18] And he a prince and ruler of the land:
[01:12:21] Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was
[01:12:24] As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
[01:12:27] Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
[01:12:29] To every idle rascal follower.
[01:12:33] But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
[01:12:37] Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
[01:12:39] Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
[01:12:43] For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
[01:12:46] With her that hateth thee and hates us all,
[01:12:49] And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
[01:12:51] Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
[01:12:55] And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
[01:13:00] But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
[01:13:04] Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
[01:13:05] Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
[01:13:09] I must offend before I be attainted;
[01:13:13] And had I twenty times so many foes,
[01:13:17] And each of them had twenty times their power,

[01:13:20] All these could not procure me any scathe,
[01:13:23] So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
[01:13:37] Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
[01:13:40] Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away
[01:13:42] But I in danger for the breach of law.
[01:13:45] Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
[01:13:51] I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
[01:13:54] These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.
[01:13:57] I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
[01:14:01] Holden at Bury the first of this next month.
[01:14:06] And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
[01:14:12] This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
[01:14:24] My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
[01:14:32] Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
[01:14:35] An't please your grace, here my commission stays,
[01:14:38] And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
[01:14:41] To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
[01:14:45] Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
[01:14:48] So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.
[01:14:53] Entreat her not the worse in that I pray you use her well:
[01:14:58] the world may laugh again;
[01:14:59] And I may live to do you kindness if you do it her:
[01:15:08] and so, Sir John, farewell!
[01:15:11] What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!
[01:15:14] Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[01:15:23] Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
[01:15:30] For none abides with me: my joy is death;
[01:15:37] Death, at whose name I oft have been afar'd,
[01:15:39] Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
[01:15:44] Stanley, I prithe, go, and take me hence;
[01:15:47] I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
[01:15:49] Only convey me where thou art commanded.
[01:15:53] Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
[01:15:57] Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
[01:16:01] It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
[01:16:04] Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
[01:16:10] Come, Stanley, shall we go?
[01:16:12] Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
[01:16:17] And go we to attire you for our journey.
[01:16:20] My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
[01:16:24] No, it will hang upon my richest robes
[01:16:27] And show itself, attire me how I can.
[01:16:32] Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

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[01:17:07] I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come:
[01:17:09] 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
[01:17:10] Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
[01:17:13] Can you not see? or will ye not observe
[01:17:17] The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
[01:17:20] With what a majesty he holds himself,
[01:17:22] How insolent of late he is become,
[01:17:25] How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
[01:17:29] We know the time since he was mild and affable,
[01:17:32] And if we did but glance a far-off look,
[01:17:34] Immediately he was upon his knee,
[01:17:36] That all the court admired him for submission:
[01:17:40] But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
[01:17:42] When every one will give the time of day,
[01:17:44] He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
[01:17:47] And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
[01:17:50] Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
[01:17:54] Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
[01:17:58] But great men tremble when the lion roars;
[01:18:02] And Humphrey is no little man in England.
[01:18:06] First note that he is near you in descent,
[01:18:11] And should you fall, he as the next will mount.
[01:18:14] Me seemeth then it is no policy,
[01:18:17] Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears
[01:18:19] And his advantage following your decease,
[01:18:23] That he should come about your royal person
[01:18:25] Or be admitted to your highness' council.
[01:18:28] By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
[01:18:31] And when he please to make commotion,
[01:18:34] 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
[01:18:37] Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
[01:18:42] Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden
[01:18:45] And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
[01:18:48] The reverent care I bear unto my lord
[01:18:51] Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
[01:18:55] If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
[01:19:00] Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
[01:19:05] I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
[01:19:11] My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
[01:19:15] Reprove my allegation, if you can;
[01:19:18] Or else conclude my words effectual.
[01:19:23] Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
[01:19:26] And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
[01:19:27] I think I should have told your grace's tale.
[01:19:31] The duchess, by his subornation,
[01:19:33] Upon my life, began her devilish practises:
[01:19:36] Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
[01:19:38] And in his simple show he harbours treason.
[01:19:41] The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
[01:19:43] No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
[01:19:45] Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.
[01:19:48] Did he not, contrary to form of law,
[01:19:50] Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
[01:19:54] And did he not, in his protectorship,
[01:19:57] Levy great sums of money through the realm
[01:19:59] For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
[01:20:03] By means whereof the towns each day revolted.
[01:20:05] Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown.

[01:20:10] Which time will bring to light in smooth
[01:20:12] Duke Humphrey.
[01:20:14] My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
[01:20:17] To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
[01:20:19] Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
[01:20:23] Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
[01:20:26] From meaning treason to our royal person
[01:20:28] As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
[01:20:30] The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
[01:20:34] To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
[01:20:37] Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
[01:20:42] Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,
[01:20:45] For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
[01:20:48] Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
[01:20:52] For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolves.
[01:20:54] Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
[01:20:59] Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.
[01:21:04] All health unto my gracious sovereign!
[01:21:06] Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
[01:21:11] That all your interest in those territories
[01:21:12] Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
[01:21:16] Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!
[01:21:20] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
[01:21:28] As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
[01:21:32] Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud
[01:21:35] And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
[01:21:39] But I will remedy this gear ere long,
[01:21:41] Or sell my title for a glorious grave.
[01:21:45] All happiness unto my lord the king!
[01:21:51] Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
[01:21:54] Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
[01:21:58] Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
[01:22:00] I do arrest thee of high treason here.
[01:22:13] Well, Suffolk's Duke, thou shalt not see me blush
[01:22:17] Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
[01:22:21] The purest spring is not so free from mud
[01:22:25] As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
[01:22:29] Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
[01:22:36] 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
[01:22:41] And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
[01:22:45] By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
[01:22:50] Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
[01:22:54] I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
[01:22:58] Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
[01:23:00] No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
[01:23:04] Because I would not tax the needy commons,
[01:23:06] Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
[01:23:08] And never ask'd for restitution.
[01:23:10] It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
[01:23:14] I say no more than truth, so help me God!
[01:23:19] In your protectorship you did devise
[01:23:21] Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
[01:23:26] That England was defamed by tyranny.
[01:23:29] Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
[01:23:32] Pity was all the fault that was in me;
[01:23:34] For I should melt at an offender's tears,
[01:23:37] And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
[01:23:41] My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answered:
[01:23:43] But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
[01:23:45] Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

[01:23:47] I do arrest you in his highness' name;
 [01:23:49] And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 [01:23:51] To keep, until your further time of trial.
 [01:24:05] My lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
 [01:24:07] That you will clear yourself from all suspense:
 [01:24:10] My conscience tells me you are innocent.
 [01:24:16] Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
 [01:24:21] Virtue is choked with foul ambition
 [01:24:26] And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
 [01:24:30] Foul subornation is predominant
 [01:24:33] And equity exiled your highness' land.
 [01:24:37] I know their complot is to have my life,
 [01:24:41] And if my death might make this island happy,
 [01:24:44] And prove the period of their tyranny,
 [01:24:46] I would expend it with all willingness:
 [01:24:49] But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 [01:24:52] For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 [01:24:55] Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 [01:25:00] Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 [01:25:06] And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 [01:25:10] Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
 [01:25:13] The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 [01:25:16] And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 [01:25:21] Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
 [01:25:24] By false accuse doth level at my life:
 [01:25:27] And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 [01:25:34] Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
 [01:25:38] And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 [01:25:40] My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
 [01:25:47] Ay, all you have laid your heads together--
 [01:25:51] Myself had notice of your conventicles--
 [01:25:53] And all to make away my guiltless life.
 [01:25:59] I shall not want false witness to accuse me,
 [01:26:01] Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
 [01:26:05] The ancient proverb will be well effected:
 [01:26:08] 'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'
 [01:26:11] My liege, his raging is intolerable:
 [01:26:13] He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
 [01:26:15] Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
 [01:26:17] Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
 [01:26:25] Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch
 [01:26:28] Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
 [01:26:33] Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 [01:26:37] And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
 [01:26:47] Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
 [01:26:53] For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
 [01:27:11] My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
 [01:27:14] Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
 [01:27:16] What, will your highness leave the parliament?
 [01:27:20] Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
 [01:27:23] Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
 [01:27:25] My body round engirt with misery,
 [01:27:27] For what's more miserable than discontent?
 [01:27:31] Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
 [01:27:34] The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
 [01:27:37] What luring star now envies thy estate,
 [01:27:40] That these great lords and Margaret our queen
 [01:27:42] Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
 [01:27:45] Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
 [01:27:50] And as the butcher takes away the calf

[01:27:53] And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
[01:27:55] Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
[01:27:57] Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
[01:28:02] And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
[01:28:03] Looking the way her harmless young one went,
[01:28:05] And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
[01:28:08] Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
[01:28:11] With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
[01:28:13] Look after him and cannot do him good,
[01:28:15] So mighty are his vowed enemies.
[01:28:19] His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan
[01:28:21] Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'
[01:28:37] Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
[01:28:46] Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
[01:28:49] Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
[01:28:53] Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
[01:28:56] With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
[01:29:00] Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I--
[01:29:06] And yet herein I judge mine own wit good--
[01:29:10] This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
[01:29:13] To rid us of the fear we have of him.
[01:29:17] That he should die is worthy policy;
[01:29:20] But yet we want a colour for his death:
[01:29:23] 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
[01:29:27] But, in my mind, that were no policy:
[01:29:29] The king will labour still to save his life,
[01:29:32] The commons haply rise, to save his life;
[01:29:34] And yet we have but trivial argument,
[01:29:36] More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
[01:29:41] So that, by this, you would not have him die.
[01:29:44] Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
[01:29:51] 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
[01:29:55] But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
[01:29:59] Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
[01:30:03] Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
[01:30:06] To guard the chicken from a kite,
[01:30:08] As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
[01:30:13] So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
[01:30:18] Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,
[01:30:23] To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
[01:30:27] No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
[01:30:30] By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
[01:30:32] And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
[01:30:35] Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
[01:30:38] Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
[01:30:40] So he be dead; for that is good deceit
[01:30:42] Which mates him first that first intends deceit.
[01:30:45] Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
[01:30:49] Not resolute, except so much were done;
[01:30:52] For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
[01:30:54] But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
[01:30:57] Seeing the deed is meritorious,
[01:31:00] And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
[01:31:03] Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
[01:31:08] But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
[01:31:10] Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
[01:31:15] Say you consent and censure well the deed,
[01:31:17] And I'll provide his executioner,
[01:31:22] I tender so the safety of my liege.
[01:31:25] Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

[01:31:30] And so say I.
[01:31:32] And I and now we three have spoke it,
[01:31:36] It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.
[01:31:42] From Ireland am I come amain,
[01:31:44] To signify that rebels there are up
[01:31:46] And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
[01:31:49] Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,
[01:31:51] Before the wound do grow uncurable;
[01:31:54] For, being green, there is great hope of help.
[01:31:55] A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
[01:31:59] What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
[01:32:02] That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
[01:32:07] 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
[01:32:11] Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
[01:32:16] If York, with all his far-fet policy,
[01:32:18] Had been the regent there instead of me,
[01:32:20] He never would have stay'd in France so long.
[01:32:23] No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
[01:32:26] I rather would have lost my life betimes
[01:32:29] Than bring a burthen of dishonour home
[01:32:31] By staying there so long till all were lost.
[01:32:37] Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
[01:32:42] Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.
[01:32:46] Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
[01:32:50] If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
[01:32:52] No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
[01:32:56] Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
[01:32:59] Might happily have proved far worse than his.
[01:33:02] What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take all!
[01:33:06] And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
[01:33:09] My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
[01:33:14] The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms
[01:33:18] And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
[01:33:20] To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
[01:33:22] Collected choicely, from each county some,
[01:33:25] And try your hap against the Irishmen?
[01:33:31] I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
[01:33:34] Why, our authority is his consent,
[01:33:36] And what we do establish he confirms:
[01:33:39] Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
[01:33:42] I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
[01:33:46] Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
[01:33:48] A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
[01:33:51] But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
[01:33:54] No more of him; for I will deal with him
[01:33:56] That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
[01:33:59] And so break off; the day is almost spent:
[01:34:04] Lord, you and I must talk of that event.
[01:34:06] My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
[01:34:10] At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
[01:34:13] For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
[01:34:15] I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[01:34:23] Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
[01:34:30] And change misdoubt into resolution:
[01:34:34] Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art resign to death;
[01:34:38] it is not worth the enjoying:
[01:34:42] Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
[01:34:47] And find no harbour in a royal heart.
[01:34:53] Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
[01:34:57] And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

[01:35:03] My brain more busy than the labouring spider
[01:35:07] Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
[01:35:12] Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
[01:35:16] To send me packing with an host of men:
[01:35:20] I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
[01:35:25] Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
[01:35:28] 'Twas men I lack'd and you will give them me:
[01:35:34] I take it kindly; and yet be well assured
[01:35:39] You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
[01:35:57] Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
[01:36:02] I will stir up in England some black storm
[01:36:05] Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
[01:36:10] And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
[01:36:14] Until the golden circuit on my head,
[01:36:16] Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
[01:36:18] Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
[01:36:26] And, for a minister of my intent,
[01:36:29] I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
[01:36:33] John Cade of Ashford,
[01:36:35] To make commotion, as full well he can,
[01:36:39] Under the title of John Mortimer.
[01:36:41] That devil here shall be my substitute;
[01:36:45] For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
[01:36:49] In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
[01:36:52] By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
[01:36:56] How they affect the house and claim of York.
[01:37:02] Say that he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
[01:37:06] I know no pain they can inflict upon him
[01:37:08] Will make him say I moved him to these arms.
[01:37:11] Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
[01:37:15] Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength
[01:37:20] And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
[01:37:23] For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
[01:37:27] And Henry put apart, the next for me.
[01:37:45] Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
[01:37:48] We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
[01:37:49] O that it were to do! What have we done?
[01:37:52] Didst ever hear a man so penitent?
[01:37:54] Here comes my lord.
[01:37:56] Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
[01:37:57] Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
[01:37:59] Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
[01:38:01] I will reward you for this venturous deed.
[01:38:02] The king and all the peers are here at hand.
[01:38:06] Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
[01:38:07] According as I gave directions?
[01:38:08] 'Tis handsome, my lord.
[01:38:10] Away! be gone.
[01:38:24] Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
[01:38:26] Say we intend to try his grace to-day.
[01:38:28] If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
[01:38:31] I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[01:38:33] Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
[01:38:35] Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
[01:38:38] Than from true evidence of good esteem
[01:38:40] He be approved in practise culpable.
[01:38:43] God forbid any malice should prevail,
[01:38:45] That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
[01:38:47] Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
[01:38:51] I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.

[01:38:57] How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
 [01:39:06] Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?
 [01:39:11] Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.
 [01:39:16] Marry, God forfend!
 [01:39:18] God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night
 [01:39:21] The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
 [01:39:28] How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.
 [01:39:32] Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
 [01:39:33] Go, run, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!
 [01:39:39] He doth revive again: madam, be patient.
 [01:39:41] O heavenly God!
 [01:39:43] How fares my gracious lord?
 [01:39:44] Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
 [01:39:48] What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
 [01:39:51] Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
 [01:39:53] Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
 [01:39:56] And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
 [01:39:58] By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 [01:40:00] Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
 [01:40:03] Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
 [01:40:06] Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
 [01:40:08] Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
 [01:40:11] Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
 [01:40:15] Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
 [01:40:18] Yet do not go: come, basilisk,
 [01:40:20] And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
 [01:40:22] For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
 [01:40:24] In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.
 [01:40:29] Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
 [01:40:33] Although the duke was enemy to him,
 [01:40:35] Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
 [01:40:40] And for myself, foe as he was to me,
 [01:40:43] Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
 [01:40:48] Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 [01:40:51] I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 [01:40:55] Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
 [01:41:00] And all to have the noble duke alive.
 [01:41:03] What know I how the world may deem of me?
 [01:41:06] For it is known we were but hollow friends:
 [01:41:09] It may be judged I made the duke away;
 [01:41:13] So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 [01:41:16] And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 [01:41:20] This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
 [01:41:24] To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
 [01:41:27] Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!
 [01:41:31] Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 [01:41:33] What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 [01:41:37] I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
 [01:41:42] What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 [01:41:45] Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
 [01:41:53] Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
 [01:42:00] Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
 [01:42:03] Erect his statue and worship it,
 [01:42:05] And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 [01:42:10] Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea
 [01:42:15] And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
 [01:42:18] Drove back again unto my native clime?
 [01:42:22] What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 [01:42:27] Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 [01:42:31] Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?

[01:42:36] What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts
[01:42:40] And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves:
[01:42:44] And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
[01:42:49] Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock
[01:42:52] Yet AEolus would not be a murderer,
[01:42:55] But left that hateful office unto thee:
[01:42:58] The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
[01:43:02] Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
[01:43:04] With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
[01:43:10] The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands
[01:43:14] And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
[01:43:17] Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
[01:43:21] Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
[01:43:26] As far as I could ken thy chalky shores,
[01:43:30] When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
[01:43:35] I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
[01:43:38] And when the dusky sky began to rob
[01:43:41] My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
[01:43:47] I took a costly jewel from my neck,
[01:43:50] A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
[01:43:53] And threw it towards thy shore: the sea received it,
[01:44:00] And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
[01:44:05] And even with this I lost fair England's view
[01:44:11] And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart
[01:44:15] And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
[01:44:18] For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
[01:44:24] How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
[01:44:27] The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
[01:44:29] To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did
[01:44:34] When he to madding Dido would unfold
[01:44:37] His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
[01:44:41] Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
[01:44:48] Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret!
[01:44:56] For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.
[01:45:17] It is reported, mighty sovereign,
[01:45:19] That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
[01:45:22] By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
[01:45:24] Ay!
[01:45:28] The commons, like an angry hive of bees
[01:45:32] That want their leader, scatter up and down
[01:45:34] And care not who they sting in his revenge.
[01:45:38] Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
[01:45:41] Until they hear the order of his death.
[01:45:44] That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
[01:45:47] But how he died God knows, not Henry:
[01:45:50] his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
[01:45:53] And comment then upon his sudden death.
[01:45:57] That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
[01:46:02] With the rude multitude till I return.
[01:46:08] O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
[01:46:12] My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
[01:46:14] Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
[01:46:17] If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
[01:46:20] For judgment only doth belong to thee.
[01:46:26] Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.
[01:46:37] That is to see how deep my grave is made;
[01:46:41] For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
[01:46:44] For seeing him I see my life in death.
[01:47:07] As surely as my soul intends to live with that dread King
[01:47:12] that took our state upon him

[01:47:14] To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
 [01:47:17] I do believe that violent hands were laid
 [01:47:20] Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
 [01:47:24] A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
 [01:47:29] What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
 [01:47:39] See how his face is black and full of blood.
 [01:47:44] His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
 [01:47:46] Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
 [01:47:50] His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
 [01:47:56] His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 [01:47:59] And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:
 [01:48:06] Look, on the sheets his hair you see, is sticking;
 [01:48:13] His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 [01:48:17] Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
 [01:48:22] It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
 [01:48:25] The least of all these signs were probable.
 [01:48:29] Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
 [01:48:32] Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
 [01:48:35] And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
 [01:48:37] But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
 [01:48:40] And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
 [01:48:44] 'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
 [01:48:46] And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
 [01:48:49] Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
 [01:48:52] As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
 [01:48:56] Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh
 [01:49:00] And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 [01:49:03] But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 [01:49:06] Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 [01:49:10] But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 [01:49:13] Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 [01:49:16] Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?
 [01:49:20] Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?
 [01:49:23] I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
 [01:49:27] But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 [01:49:29] That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
 [01:49:32] That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
 [01:49:35] Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwick-shire,
 [01:49:38] That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
 [01:49:40] What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
 [01:49:42] He dares not calm his contumelious spirit
 [01:49:45] Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 [01:49:47] Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
 [01:49:50] Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
 [01:49:57] For every word you speak in his behalf
 [01:50:00] Is slander to your royal dignity.
 [01:50:03] Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
 [01:50:07] If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 [01:50:09] Thy mother took into her blameful bed
 [01:50:12] Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 [01:50:16] Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
 [01:50:19] And never of the Nevils' noble race.
 [01:50:20] But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee
 [01:50:23] And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
 [01:50:25] Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 [01:50:28] And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
 [01:50:31] I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
 [01:50:36] Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
 [01:50:39] And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st
 [01:50:43] That thou thyself was born in bastardy;

[01:50:46] And after all this fearful homage done,
 [01:50:49] Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
 [01:50:53] Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
 [01:50:56] Thou shall be waking well I shed thy blood,
 [01:50:58] If from this presence thou darest go with me.
 [01:51:00] Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
 [01:51:04] Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee
 [01:51:08] And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.
 [01:51:16] What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
 [01:51:20] Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
 [01:51:23] And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel
 [01:51:26] Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
 [01:51:31] What noise is this?
 [01:51:41] Why, how now, lords!
 [01:51:43] Your wrathful weapons drawn Here in our presence!
 [01:51:45] Dare you be so bold?
 [01:51:46] The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
 [01:51:47] Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
 [01:51:50] Sirs, stand apart;
 [01:51:53] The king shall know your mind.
 [01:51:58] Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 [01:52:02] Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
 [01:52:05] Or banished fair England's territories,
 [01:52:08] They will by violence tear him from your palace
 [01:52:10] And torture him with grievous lingering death.
 [01:52:14] They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
 [01:52:18] They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
 [01:52:22] And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
 [01:52:23] Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
 [01:52:27] They say, in care of your most royal person,
 [01:52:30] That if your highness should intend to sleep
 [01:52:32] And charge that no man should disturb your rest
 [01:52:35] In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
 [01:52:37] Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 [01:52:40] Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 [01:52:43] That slyly glided towards your majesty,
 [01:52:45] It were but necessary you were waked,
 [01:52:47] And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 [01:52:50] That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
 [01:52:53] From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
 [01:52:56] With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 [01:52:58] Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 [01:53:02] They say, is shamefully bereft of life.
 [01:53:05] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!
 [01:53:10] 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 [01:53:13] Could send such message to their sovereign:
 [01:53:17] But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 [01:53:19] To show how quaint an orator you are:
 [01:53:21] But all the honour Salisbury hath won
 [01:53:24] Is that he was the lord ambassador
 [01:53:26] Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.
 [01:53:28] An answer from the king,
 [01:53:30] or we will all break in!
 [01:53:33] Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.
 [01:53:35] I thank them for their tender loving care;
 [01:53:38] And had I not been cited so by them,
 [01:53:40] Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
 [01:53:44] For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 [01:53:47] Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
 [01:53:50] And therefore, by His majesty I swear,

[01:53:52] Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 [01:53:55] He shall not breathe infection in this air
 [01:53:57] But three days longer, on the pain of death.
 [01:54:01] O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!
 [01:54:07] Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
 [01:54:10] No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
 [01:54:12] Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 [01:54:14] Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
 [01:54:16] But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
 [01:54:20] If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
 [01:54:22] On any ground that I am ruler of,
 [01:54:24] The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
 [01:54:29] Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
 [01:54:35] I have great matters to impart to thee.
 [01:54:38] Mischance and sorrow go along with thee!
 [01:54:44] Heart's discontent and sour affliction
 [01:54:47] Be playfellows to keep you company!
 [01:54:51] There's two of you; the devil make a third!
 [01:54:55] And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
 [01:54:59] Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 [01:55:02] And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
 [01:55:05] Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
 [01:55:08] Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
 [01:55:11] A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
 [01:55:15] Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 [01:55:19] I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 [01:55:23] As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
 [01:55:27] Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 [01:55:29] With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 [01:55:31] As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
 [01:55:36] My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
 [01:55:38] Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
 [01:55:42] Mine hair be fixed on end, as one distract;
 [01:55:46] Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
 [01:55:51] And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
 [01:55:55] Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 [01:56:00] Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 [01:56:05] Their softest shade a grove of cypress trees!
 [01:56:11] Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
 [01:56:15] Their softest touch as smart as lizards' sting!
 [01:56:18] Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 [01:56:22] And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
 [01:56:27] All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell--
 [01:56:31] Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
 [01:56:35] And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
 [01:56:37] Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
 [01:56:39] And turn the force of them upon thyself.
 [01:56:42] You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
 [01:56:45] Ay entreat thee cease. O give me thy hand,
 [01:56:53] That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
 [01:57:00] O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 [01:57:06] That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
 [01:57:11] Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
 [01:57:18] So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 [01:57:26] 'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
 [01:57:30] I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
 [01:57:34] Adventure to be banished myself:
 [01:57:38] And banished I am, if but from thee.
 [01:57:41] No; speak not to me; even now be gone.
 [01:57:53] No. O' go not yet!

[01:58:01] And yet farewell; and farewell life with thee!
 [01:58:13] Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
 [01:58:18] Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 [01:58:21] 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
 [01:58:26] A wilderness is populous enough,
 [01:58:29] So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
 [01:58:32] For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 [01:58:35] With every several pleasure in the world,
 [01:58:39] And where thou art not, desolation.
 [01:58:47] I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
 [01:58:53] Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.
 [01:59:04] Wither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?
 [01:59:07] To signify unto his majesty
 [01:59:08] That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
 [01:59:11] For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 [01:59:13] That makes him gasp and stare and grasp the air,
 [01:59:17] Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
 [01:59:20] Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
 [01:59:22] Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
 [01:59:25] And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 [01:59:27] The secrets of his overcharged soul;
 [01:59:29] And I am sent to tell his majesty
 [01:59:30] That even now he cries aloud for him.
 [01:59:35] Go tell this heavy message to the king.
 [01:59:43] Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
 [01:59:57] Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
 [01:59:59] If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
 [02:00:02] If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
 [02:00:04] And in thy sight to die, what were it else
 [02:00:07] But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 [02:00:09] Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 [02:00:13] As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
 [02:00:17] Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
 [02:00:20] To die by thee were but to die in jest;
 [02:00:24] From thee to die were torture more than death:
 [02:00:30] O, let me stay, befall what may befall!
 [02:00:36] Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
 [02:00:39] It is applied to a deathful wound.
 [02:00:43] To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
 [02:00:47] For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 [02:00:50] I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out. Away!
 [02:00:55] I go.
 [02:00:58] And take my heart with thee.
 [02:01:06] A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
 [02:01:10] That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 [02:01:13] Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we
 [02:01:19] This way fall I to death.
 [02:01:23] This way for me.
 [02:01:42] How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
 [02:01:49] If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
 [02:01:57] Enough to purchase such another island,
 [02:02:02] So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
 [02:02:11] Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 [02:02:13] Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
 [02:02:16] Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
 [02:02:27] Bring me unto my trial when thou wilt.
 [02:02:34] Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
 [02:02:39] Can I make men live, whether they will or not?
 [02:02:46] O, torture me no more! I will confess.
 [02:02:58] Alive again? then show me where he is:

[02:03:05] I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
[02:03:20] He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
[02:03:28] Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
[02:03:34] Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
[02:03:45] Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
[02:03:58] Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
[02:04:14] O thou eternal Mover of the heavens.
[02:04:16] Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
[02:04:19] O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
[02:04:21] That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul.
[02:04:23] And from his bosom purge this black despair!
[02:04:26] See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!
[02:04:29] Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
[02:04:32] Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
[02:04:37] Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
[02:04:40] Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
[02:04:49] He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!
[02:04:56] So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
[02:05:00] Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
[02:05:05] Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
[02:05:09] And let us all to meditation.

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[02:05:23] The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
[02:05:25] Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
[02:05:28] And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
[02:05:34] That drag the tragic melancholy night;
[02:05:38] Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
[02:05:43] Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
[02:05:48] Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
[02:05:57] Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
[02:06:05] For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
[02:06:08] Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
[02:06:13] Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
[02:06:16] Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
[02:06:18] And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
[02:06:20] The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
[02:06:27] What is my ransom, master? Let me know.
[02:06:34] A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
[02:06:41] And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
[02:06:46] What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
[02:06:52] And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
[02:06:57] Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
[02:07:00] The lives of those which we have lost in fight
[02:07:02] Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!
[02:07:04] I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.
[02:07:09] And so will I and write home for it straight.
[02:07:11] I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
[02:07:15] And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[02:07:19] And so should these, if I might have my will.
[02:07:22] Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
[02:07:27] Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
[02:07:32] Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
[02:07:36] And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
[02:07:39] How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
[02:07:45] Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
[02:07:52] A cunning man did calculate my birth
[02:07:54] And told me that by water I should die:
[02:07:59] Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
[02:08:03] Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
[02:08:07] But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
[02:08:10] Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
[02:08:13] Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
[02:08:17] And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[02:08:19] Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
[02:08:22] The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
[02:08:29] The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
[02:08:36] Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
[02:08:38] Jove sometimes went disguised, and why not I?
[02:08:42] But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
[02:08:54] Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
[02:08:59] The honourable blood of Lancaster,
[02:09:02] Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
[02:09:06] Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
[02:09:11] Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
[02:09:14] And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
[02:09:17] How often hast thou waited at my cup,
[02:09:19] Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.
[02:09:23] When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
[02:09:27] Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
[02:09:31] Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;

[02:09:33] Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
[02:09:39] First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
[02:09:49] Base slave, thy words are blunt and so art thou.
[02:09:55] Convey him hence and on our longboat's side
[02:10:02] Strike off his head.
[02:10:04] Thou darest not, for thy own.
[02:10:05] Pole!
[02:10:06] Pole!
[02:10:08] Ay, kennel, puddle, sink;
[02:10:17] whose filth Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
[02:10:22] Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
[02:10:29] For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
[02:10:32] Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
[02:10:36] And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death,
[02:10:41] Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
[02:10:44] Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
[02:10:47] And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
[02:10:50] For daring to affy a mighty lord
[02:10:52] Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
[02:10:58] By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
[02:11:05] The false revolting Normans thorough thee
[02:11:08] Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
[02:11:11] Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
[02:11:15] And sent the ragged wounded soldiers home.
[02:11:19] The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
[02:11:20] Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
[02:11:22] As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
[02:11:25] And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
[02:11:29] By shameful murder of a guiltless king
[02:11:32] Burns with revenging fire;
[02:11:36] The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
[02:11:39] And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
[02:11:45] Is crept into the palace of our king.
[02:11:48] And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.
[02:11:55] O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
[02:12:02] Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
[02:12:09] It is impossible that I should die
[02:12:12] By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
[02:12:16] Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
[02:12:19] Ay but thy deeds shall stay thy fury soon
[02:12:22] I go of message from the queen to France;
[02:12:26] I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.
[02:12:32] Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
[02:12:39] 'tis thee I fear.
[02:12:42] Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
[02:12:48] What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
[02:12:53] My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
[02:12:56] Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
[02:13:01] Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
[02:13:06] Far be it we should honour such as these
[02:13:09] With humble suit: no, rather let my head
[02:13:12] Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
[02:13:15] Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
[02:13:18] And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
[02:13:20] Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
[02:13:27] True nobility is exempt from fear:
[02:13:32] More can I bear than you dare execute.
[02:13:37] Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
[02:13:40] Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
[02:13:46] That this my death may never be forgot!

[02:13:51] Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
[02:13:55] A Roman sworder and banditto slave
[02:13:57] Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
[02:14:01] Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
[02:14:03] Pompey the Great; and Suffolk...
[02:14:09] ...dies by pirates.
[02:14:14] And as for those whose ransom we have set,
[02:14:18] It is our pleasure one of them depart;
[02:14:21] So come you with us and let him go.
[02:14:34] There let his head and lifeless body lie,
[02:14:38] Until the queen his mistress bury it.
[02:14:47] O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
[02:14:53] His body will I bear unto the king:
[02:14:56] If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
[02:15:05] So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[02:15:13] Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath;
[02:15:15] they have been up these two days.
[02:15:18] They have the more need to sleep now, then.
[02:15:20] I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
[02:15:23] the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.
[02:15:26] So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.
[02:15:29] Well, I say it was never merry world in England
[02:15:34] since gentlemen came up.
[02:15:35] O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.
[02:15:39] The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.
[02:15:42] Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.
[02:15:45] True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation;
[02:15:50] which is as much to say as,
[02:15:52] let the magistrates be labouring men;
[02:15:55] and therefore should we be magistrates.
[02:15:56] Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a
[02:15:58] brave mind than a hard hand.
[02:16:02] I see them! I see them!
[02:16:06] There's Best's son, tanner of Wingham,--
[02:16:08] He shall have the skin of our enemies,
[02:16:10] to make dog's-leather of.
[02:16:11] And Dick the Butcher,--
[02:16:12] Then is sin struck down like an ox,
[02:16:14] and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.
[02:16:15] And Smith the weaver,--
[02:16:17] Argo, their thread of life is spun.
[02:16:19] Come, come, let's fall in with them.
[02:16:23] John Cade!!
[02:16:51] We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,--
[02:16:55] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.
[02:16:57] For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with
[02:17:03] the spirit of putting down kings and princes,
[02:17:06] --Command silence.
[02:17:10] Silence!
[02:17:12] My father was a Mortimer,--
[02:17:15] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.
[02:17:17] My mother a Plantagenet,--
[02:17:19] I knew her well; she was a midwife.
[02:17:22] My wife descended of the Lacies,--
[02:17:25] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter,
[02:17:27] and sold many laces.
[02:17:28] Therefore am I of an honourable house.
[02:17:31] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;
[02:17:34] and there was he borne, under hedge,
[02:17:36] Valiant I am.

[02:17:38] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.
 [02:17:41] I am able to endure much.
 [02:17:46] O no doubt of that; for I have seen him
 [02:17:48] whipped three market-days together.
 [02:17:49] Be valiant, then; for your captain is valiant,
 [02:17:55] and vows reformation.
 [02:18:00] There shall be in England
 [02:18:02] seven, eight me loaves sold for a penny:
 [02:18:06] the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops
 [02:18:10] and I will make it felony to drink small beer:
 [02:18:13] all the realm shall be in common;
 [02:18:18] and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass:
 [02:18:21] and when I am king, as king I will be,--
 [02:18:24] God save your majesty!
 [02:18:27] I thank you, good people: there shall be no money;
 [02:18:33] all shall eat and drink on my score;
 [02:18:37] and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree
 [02:18:42] like brothers and worship me their lord.
 [02:18:46] The first thing we do is, kill all the lawyers.
 [02:18:49] Ay.
 [02:18:51] Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing,
 [02:18:54] that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment?
 [02:19:00] that parchment, being scribbled o'er,
 [02:19:03] should undo a man? Some say the bee stings:
 [02:19:08] I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but once
 [02:19:12] seal to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.
 [02:19:16] How now! who's there?
 [02:19:19] The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read
 [02:19:21] and cast accompt.
 [02:19:23] O monstrous!
 [02:19:24] We took him setting of boys' copies.
 [02:19:26] I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour;
 [02:19:32] unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.
 [02:19:38] Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee:
 [02:19:49] what is thy name?
 [02:19:51] Emmanuel.
 [02:19:53] Thus thou use to write thy name,
 [02:19:56] Alas thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain dealing man
 [02:20:00] Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up
 [02:20:03] that I can write my name.
 [02:20:04] He hath confessed:
 [02:20:08] Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen
 [02:20:15] and ink-horn about his neck.
 [02:20:22] Where's our general?
 [02:20:25] Here I am, thou particular fellow.
 [02:20:26] Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford
 [02:20:30] and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.
 [02:20:33] Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.
 [02:20:40] He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself:
 [02:20:43] he is but a knight, is a'?
 [02:20:44] No.
 [02:20:45] To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently.
 [02:20:59] Rise up Sir John Mortimer.
 [02:21:15] Now have at him!
 [02:21:33] Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
 [02:21:37] Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
 [02:21:40] Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
 [02:21:45] The king is merciful, if you repent.
 [02:21:48] But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
 [02:21:50] If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

[02:21:58] As for these silken-coated slaves, I care not:
[02:22:03] It is to you, good people, that I speak,
[02:22:06] Over whom, in time to come, I hope to rule;
[02:22:09] For I am rightful heir unto the crown.
[02:22:11] Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
[02:22:14] And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?
[02:22:16] And Adam was a gardener.
[02:22:17] And what of that?
[02:22:18] Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
[02:22:22] Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?
[02:22:25] Ay, sir.
[02:22:26] By her he had two children at one birth.
[02:22:28] That's false.
[02:22:29] Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
[02:22:36] The elder of them, being put to nurse,
[02:22:39] Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
[02:22:41] And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
[02:22:44] Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
[02:22:46] His son am I; deny it, if you can.
[02:22:49] Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.
[02:22:52] Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
[02:22:55] and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it;
[02:22:58] therefore deny it not.
[02:23:00] And will you credit this base drudge's words,
[02:23:02] That speaks he knows not what?
[02:23:05] Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.
[02:23:09] Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.
[02:23:12] He lies, for I invented it myself.
[02:23:16] Go to then, tell the king from me, that, for his
[02:23:20] father's sake, Henry the Fifth,
[02:23:22] I am content he shall reign;
[02:23:24] but I'll be protector over him.
[02:23:27] And furthermore, well have the Lord Say's head
[02:23:30] for selling the dukedom of Maine.
[02:23:31] And good reason; for thereby is England maimed,
[02:23:36] and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up.
[02:23:40] Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say
[02:23:43] hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch:
[02:23:48] and more than that, he can speak French;
[02:23:51] and therefore he is a traitor.
[02:23:52] O gross and miserable ignorance!
[02:23:55] Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our
[02:23:57] enemies; go to, then, I ask but this:
[02:24:00] can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy
[02:24:05] be a good counsellor, or no?
[02:24:08] No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.
[02:24:13] Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
[02:24:16] Assail them with the army of the king.
[02:24:18] Herald, away; and throughout every town
[02:24:21] Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
[02:24:23] That those which fly before the battle ends
[02:24:25] May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
[02:24:28] Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
[02:24:31] And you that be the king's friends, follow me.
[02:24:34] And you that love the commons, follow me.
[02:24:44] Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
[02:24:54] We will not spare one lord, one gentleman:
[02:24:58] Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
[02:25:02] For they are thrifty honest men,
[02:25:04] and such as would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

[02:25:08] They are all in order and march toward us.
[02:25:11] But then are we in order when we are most out of order.
[02:25:21] Come, march forward.
[02:25:25] Cade! Cade! Cade!
[02:26:22] Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
[02:26:25] Here, sir.
[02:26:28] They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
[02:26:32] and thou behavedst thyself
[02:26:33] as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house:
[02:26:36] therefore thus will I reward thee,
[02:26:38] the Lent shall be as long again as it is;
[02:26:41] Eh?
[02:26:42] thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.
[02:26:49] I desire no more.
[02:26:52] And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.
[02:27:16] This monument of the victory will I bear;
[02:27:19] and the bodies will be dragged at my heels
[02:27:22] till I do come to London, where we will have the
[02:27:25] mayor's sword borne before us.
[02:27:30] If we mean to thrive and do good,
[02:27:34] break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.
[02:27:37] Fear not that, I warrant thee.
[02:27:40] Come, let's march towards London.
[02:27:46] John Cade! John Cade!
[02:28:01] Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
[02:28:06] And makes it fearful and degenerate;
[02:28:10] Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
[02:28:20] But who can cease to weep and look on this?
[02:28:28] Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
[02:28:35] But where's the body that I should embrace?
[02:28:38] What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?
[02:28:42] I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
[02:28:44] For God forbid so many simple souls
[02:28:46] Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
[02:28:48] Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
[02:28:50] Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
[02:28:52] But stay, I'll read it over once again.
[02:28:56] Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
[02:29:01] Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
[02:29:04] And could it not enforce them to relent,
[02:29:06] That were unworthy to behold the same?
[02:29:09] Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
[02:29:12] Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.
[02:29:15] How, madam!
[02:29:17] Still lamenting Suffolk's death?
[02:29:20] I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
[02:29:22] Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.
[02:29:25] No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.
[02:29:33] How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?
[02:29:35] The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
[02:29:38] Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
[02:29:40] Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
[02:29:42] And calls your grace usurper openly
[02:29:44] And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
[02:29:48] His army is a ragged multitude
[02:29:50] Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
[02:29:52] Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
[02:29:54] Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
[02:29:57] All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
[02:29:59] They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

[02:30:02] O graceless men! they know not what they do.
 [02:30:05] My gracious lord, return to Killingworth,
 [02:30:07] Until a power be raised to put them down.
 [02:30:10] Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
 [02:30:12] These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!
 [02:30:15] Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
 [02:30:17] Therefore away with us to Killingworth.
 [02:30:19] So might your grace's person be in danger.
 [02:30:21] The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
 [02:30:23] And therefore in this city will I stay
 [02:30:25] And live alone as secret as I may.
 [02:30:28] Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
 [02:30:30] The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
 [02:30:32] The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
 [02:30:33] Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
 [02:30:35] To spoil the city and your royal court.
 [02:30:37] Then linger not, my lord, away, take horse.
 [02:30:39] Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succor us.
 [02:30:43] My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.
 [02:30:47] Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.
 [02:30:51] Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
 [02:30:53] The trust I have is in mine innocence,
 [02:30:55] And therefore am I bold and resolute.
 [02:31:31] Jack Cade!
 [02:31:52] Now is Mortimer lord of London.
 [02:31:59] I charge and command that, at the city's cost,
 [02:32:04] the pissing-conduit run nothing but
 [02:32:06] claret wine this first year of our reign.
 [02:32:12] And henceforward it shall be treason
 [02:32:16] for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.
 [02:32:21] Jack Cade! Jack Cade!
 [02:32:22] Knock him down there.
 [02:32:28] If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more:
 [02:32:34] I think he hath a very fair warning. My lord,
 [02:32:37] there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.
 [02:32:43] Come, then, let's go fight with them; but first, go
 [02:32:49] and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can,
 [02:32:53] burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.
 [02:34:24] So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy;
 [02:34:29] others to the inns of court; down with them all.
 [02:35:58] I have a suit unto your lordship.
 [02:36:01] Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.
 [02:36:05] Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.
 [02:36:09] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then;
 [02:36:12] for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear,
 [02:36:14] and 'tis not whole yet.
 [02:36:15] Nay, John, it will be stinking law
 [02:36:16] for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.
 [02:36:19] I have thought upon it, it shall be so.
 [02:36:25] Away, burn all the records of the realm:
 [02:36:30] my mouth shall be the parliament of England.
 [02:36:38] Then we are like to have biting statutes,
 [02:36:40] unless his teeth be pulled out.
 [02:36:42] And henceforward all things shall be in common.
 [02:36:52] My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say,
 [02:36:54] which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay
 [02:36:57] one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound,
 [02:37:01] the last subsidy.
 [02:37:02] Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.
 [02:37:29] thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord!

[02:37:37] now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.
[02:37:47] What canst thou answer to my majesty
[02:37:50] for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur kiss my backside,
[02:37:53] the dauphin of France?
[02:37:57] Be it known unto thee by these presence,
[02:38:01] even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom
[02:38:05] that must sweep the court clean
[02:38:06] of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously
[02:38:12] corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school;
[02:38:17] and whereas, before, our forefathers
[02:38:19] had no other books but the score and the tally,
[02:38:22] thou hast caused printing to be used,
[02:38:25] and contrary to the king, his crown and dignity,
[02:38:28] thou hast built a paper-mill.
[02:38:32] It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee
[02:38:36] that usually speak of a noun and a verb,
[02:38:39] and such abominable words
[02:38:40] as no Christian ear can endure to hear.
[02:38:44] Thou hast appointed justices of peace,
[02:38:47] to call poor men before them
[02:38:50] about matters they were not able to answer.
[02:38:52] Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because
[02:38:54] they could not read, thou hast hanged them;
[02:39:02] when, indeed, only for that cause
[02:39:03] they have been most worthy to live.
[02:39:08] Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?
[02:39:15] What of that?
[02:39:16] Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak,
[02:39:22] when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.
[02:39:25] And work in their shirt; as myself, for example,
[02:39:29] that am a butcher.
[02:39:34] You men of Kent,--
[02:39:35] What say you of Kent?
[02:39:38] Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'
[02:39:42] Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.
[02:39:48] Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
[02:40:11] Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ,
[02:40:17] Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
[02:40:25] Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
[02:40:28] The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
[02:40:36] Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
[02:40:42] I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
[02:40:48] Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
[02:40:52] Justice with favour have I always done;
[02:40:58] Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
[02:41:05] When have I aught exacted at your hands,
[02:41:09] But to maintain the king, the realm and you?
[02:41:15] Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
[02:41:18] Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
[02:41:21] And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
[02:41:24] Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
[02:41:27] Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
[02:41:32] You cannot but forbear to murder me:
[02:41:38] This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
[02:41:41] For your behoof,--
[02:41:42] Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?
[02:41:47] Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
[02:41:51] Those that I never saw and struck them dead.
[02:41:54] O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?
[02:41:58] These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

[02:42:03] Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.
[02:42:08] Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
[02:42:13] Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
[02:42:17] Why dost thou quiver, man?
[02:42:21] The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.
[02:42:25] Nay, he nods at us, as who should say,
[02:42:34] I'll be even with them:
[02:42:40] I'll see if his head will stand steadier
[02:42:41] on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.
[02:42:49] Tell me wherein have I offended most?
[02:42:58] Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
[02:43:04] Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
[02:43:09] Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
[02:43:15] Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
[02:43:23] These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,
[02:43:27] This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
[02:43:32] O, let me live!
[02:43:43] I feel remorse in myself with his words;
[02:43:48] but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be
[02:43:53] but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him!
[02:44:00] he has a familiar under his tongue;
[02:44:05] he speaks not o' God's name.
[02:44:07] Go, take him away, I say, and strike
[02:44:08] off his head presently; and then break into his
[02:44:12] son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer,
[02:44:17] and strike off his head,
[02:44:19] and bring them both upon two poles hither.
[02:44:24] It shall be done.
[02:44:28] Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
[02:44:33] God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
[02:44:37] How would it fare with your departed souls?
[02:44:44] And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
[02:44:48] Away with him! and do as I command ye.
[02:44:54] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear
[02:44:57] a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;
[02:45:01] there shall not a maid be married,
[02:45:03] but she shall pay to me
[02:45:04] her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of
[02:45:09] me in capite; and we charge and command that their
[02:45:16] wives shall be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.
[02:45:31] My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside
[02:45:35] to take up commodities upon our bills?
[02:45:39] Marry, presently.
[02:45:41] O, brave!
[02:45:47] But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another,
[02:45:57] But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another,
[02:46:03] for they loved well when they were alive.
[02:46:06] Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of
[02:46:09] some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil
[02:46:16] of the city until night: for with these borne before us,
[02:46:21] instead of maces, will we ride through
[02:46:24] the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away!
[02:46:42] Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! Kill
[02:46:45] and knock down! throw them into Thames!
[02:46:50] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold
[02:46:53] to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?
[02:46:56] Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
[02:47:01] Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
[02:47:05] Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
[02:47:08] And here pronounce free pardon to them all

[02:47:10] That will forsake thee and go home in peace.
 [02:47:13] What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
 [02:47:17] And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
 [02:47:20] Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
 [02:47:24] Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
 [02:47:28] Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
 [02:47:32] Who hateth him and honours not his father,
 [02:47:36] Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
 [02:47:40] Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.
 [02:47:45] God save the king! God save the king!
 [02:47:50] What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?
 [02:47:54] And you, base peasants, do ye believe him?
 [02:47:57] will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks?
 [02:48:01] Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates,
 [02:48:04] that you should leave me at the White Hart in
 [02:48:06] Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out
 [02:48:09] these arms till you had recovered your ancient
 [02:48:11] freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards,
 [02:48:17] and delight to live in slavery to the nobility.
 [02:48:22] Let them break your backs with burthens, take your
 [02:48:27] houses over your heads, ravish your wives
 [02:48:30] and daughters before your faces: as for me,
 [02:48:34] I will make shift for one;
 [02:48:36] and so, God's curse light upon you all!
 [02:48:38] We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!
 [02:48:43] Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
 [02:48:45] That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
 [02:48:49] Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 [02:48:52] And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
 [02:48:57] Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
 [02:49:01] The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
 [02:49:05] Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
 [02:49:09] Methinks already in this civil broil
 [02:49:11] I see them lording it in London streets,
 [02:49:15] Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet.
 [02:49:20] Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
 [02:49:25] Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
 [02:49:29] To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
 [02:49:34] Spare England, for it is your native coast;
 [02:49:40] Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
 [02:49:45] God on our side, doubt not of victory.
 [02:49:50] A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.
 [02:50:01] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro
 [02:50:05] as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them
 [02:50:11] to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate.
 [02:50:20] I see them lay their heads together to surprise me.
 [02:50:25] My sword make way for me, for here is no staying.
 [02:50:30] In despite of the devils and hell,
 [02:50:32] have through the very midst of you?
 [02:50:34] What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
 [02:50:38] And he that brings his head unto the king
 [02:50:39] Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
 [02:50:57] Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
 [02:51:00] To reconcile you all unto the king.
 [02:51:46] Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
 [02:51:48] And could command no more content than I?
 [02:51:52] No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
 [02:51:55] But I was made a king, at nine months old.
 [02:52:00] Was never subject long'd to be a king
 [02:52:01] As I do long and wish to be a subject.

[02:52:05] Health and glad tidings to your majesty!
 [02:52:07] Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
 [02:52:10] Or is he but retired to make him strong?
 [02:52:12] He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
 [02:52:15] And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
 [02:52:18] Expect your highness' doom of life or death.
 [02:52:21] Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
 [02:52:23] To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
 [02:52:27] Soldiers, this day have you redeemed your lives,
 [02:52:30] And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
 [02:52:33] Continue still in this so good a mind,
 [02:52:36] And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
 [02:52:38] Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
 [02:52:41] And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
 [02:52:44] I do dismiss you to your several countries.
 [02:52:46] God save the king! God save the king!
 [02:52:56] Please it your grace to be advertised
 [02:52:57] The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
 [02:53:00] And with a puissant and a mighty force
 [02:53:01] Of gallowglasses and stout kerns
 [02:53:03] Is marching hitherward in proud array,
 [02:53:05] And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 [02:53:07] His arms are only to remove from thee
 [02:53:09] The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
 [02:53:13] Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd.
 [02:53:18] Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
 [02:53:20] Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
 [02:53:23] But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
 [02:53:25] And now is York in arms to second him.
 [02:53:27] I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
 [02:53:29] And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
 [02:53:32] Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
 [02:53:35] And, Somerset, we'll commit thee thither,
 [02:53:36] Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
 [02:53:39] I will yield my lord to prison willingly,
 [02:53:42] Or unto death, to do my country good.
 [02:53:46] In any case, be not too rough in terms;
 [02:53:47] For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.
 [02:53:50] I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
 [02:53:53] As all things shall redound unto your good.
 [02:54:11] Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
 [02:54:15] For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
 [02:54:40] Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword,
 [02:54:48] and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me
 [02:54:56] in these woods and durst not peep out,
 [02:54:58] for all the country is laid for me; but now
 [02:55:06] am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life
 [02:55:09] for a thousand years I could stay no longer.
 [02:55:13] Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden,
 [02:55:17] to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while,
 [02:55:22] which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach
 [02:55:26] this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet'
 [02:55:32] was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a
 [02:55:38] sallet, my brainpan had been cleft with a brown bill;
 [02:55:41] and many a time, when I have been dry and
 [02:55:46] bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a
 [02:55:50] quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet'
 [02:56:01] must serve me to feed on.
 [02:56:16] Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
 [02:56:21] And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

[02:56:35] This small inheritance my father left me
 [02:56:39] Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
 [02:56:45] I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
 [02:56:49] Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy:
 [02:56:53] Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
 [02:56:58] And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
 [02:57:04] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray,
 [02:57:07] for entering his fee-simple without leave.
 [02:57:15] Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
 [02:57:22] crowns of the king carrying my head to him:
 [02:57:28] but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow
 [02:57:31] my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.
 [02:57:35] Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
 [02:57:40] I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?
 [02:57:42] Is't not enough to break into my garden,
 [02:57:47] And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 [02:57:48] Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 [02:57:51] But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?
 [02:57:55] Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached,
 [02:57:58] and beard thee too. Look on me well:
 [02:58:10] I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou
 [02:58:15] and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all
 [02:58:19] as dead as a doornails, I pray God I may never eat grass more.
 [02:58:25] Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
 [02:58:31] That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 [02:58:35] Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 [02:58:41] Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 [02:58:47] See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
 [02:58:51] Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
 [02:58:56] Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
 [02:59:00] Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
 [02:59:04] My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 [02:59:10] And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 [02:59:14] Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
 [02:59:21] As for words, whose greatness answers words,
 [02:59:29] Let this my sword report what speech forbears.
 [02:59:36] By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I
 [02:59:40] heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out
 [02:59:48] this burly-boned clown in chines of beef
 [02:59:52] ere thou sleep in thy sheath,
 [02:59:55] I beseech God on my knees thou
 [02:59:58] mayst be turned to hobnails.
 [03:00:23] O, I am slain!
 [03:00:35] famine and no other hath slain me:
 [03:00:41] let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
 [03:00:47] but the ten meals I have lost, and I'll defy them all.
 [03:01:00] Wither, garden; and be henceforth
 [03:01:05] a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,
 [03:01:10] because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.
 [03:01:17] Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
 [03:01:25] Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell
 [03:01:33] Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort
 [03:01:39] all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any,
 [03:01:46] am vanquished by famine, not by valour.
 [03:01:54] How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
 [03:02:03] Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
 [03:02:08] And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 [03:02:13] So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 [03:02:22] Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 [03:02:24] Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,

[03:02:29] And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
[03:02:35] Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
[03:02:39] Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

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[03:03:33] From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
[03:03:38] And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
[03:03:42] Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
[03:03:48] To entertain great England's lawful king.
[03:03:54] Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
[03:04:01] Let them obey that know not how to rule;
[03:04:06] This hand was made to handle naught but gold.
[03:04:11] I cannot give due action to my words,
[03:04:13] Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
[03:04:16] A sceptre shall it have, have I a sword,
[03:04:22] On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.
[03:04:28] Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
[03:04:33] The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
[03:04:39] York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
[03:04:43] Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
[03:04:48] Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
[03:04:50] A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
[03:04:52] To know the reason of these arms in peace;
[03:04:55] Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
[03:04:58] Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
[03:05:00] Should raise so great a power without his leave,
[03:05:04] Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
[03:05:08] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
[03:05:14] O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
[03:05:15] I am so angry at these abject terms;
[03:05:20] But I must make fair weather yet a while,
[03:05:25] Till Henry be more weak and I more strong,--
[03:05:31] Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
[03:05:33] That I have given no answer all this while;
[03:05:36] My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
[03:05:40] The cause why I have brought this army hither
[03:05:44] Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
[03:05:47] Seditious to his grace and to the state.
[03:05:49] That is too much presumption on thy part:
[03:05:54] But if thy arms be to no other end,
[03:05:56] The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
[03:05:59] The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.
[03:06:05] Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
[03:06:08] Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
[03:06:19] Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
[03:06:24] Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
[03:06:29] Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,
[03:06:32] You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
[03:06:37] And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
[03:06:39] Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
[03:06:43] As pledges of my fealty and love;
[03:06:46] I'll send them all as willing as I live:
[03:06:48] Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
[03:06:50] Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
[03:06:54] York, I commend this kind submission:
[03:07:07] In all submission and humility
[03:07:09] York doth present himself unto your highness.
[03:07:12] Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
[03:07:16] To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
[03:07:19] And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
[03:07:22] Who since I heard to be discomfited.
[03:07:24] If one so rude and of so mean disposition
[03:07:27] May pass into the presence of a king,

[03:07:29] Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
[03:07:32] The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
[03:07:36] The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!
[03:07:39] O, let me view his visage, being dead,
[03:07:41] That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
[03:07:49] Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
[03:07:52] I was, an't like your majesty.
[03:07:55] How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
[03:07:57] Alexander Iden, that's my name;
[03:08:00] A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
[03:08:03] So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
[03:08:05] He were created knight for his good service.
[03:08:08] Iden, kneel down.
[03:08:16] Rise up a knight.
[03:08:20] We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
[03:08:22] And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
[03:08:24] May Iden live to merit such a bounty.
[03:08:26] And never live but true unto his liege!
[03:08:31] See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:
[03:08:33] Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.
[03:08:34] For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
[03:08:37] But boldly stand and front him to his face.
[03:08:42] How now! is Somerset at liberty?
[03:08:48] Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
[03:08:54] And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
[03:08:57] Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
[03:09:01] False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
[03:09:05] Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
[03:09:09] King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
[03:09:16] Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
[03:09:18] Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
[03:09:24] That head of thine doth not become a crown;
[03:09:27] Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
[03:09:30] And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
[03:09:34] That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
[03:09:40] Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
[03:09:44] Is able with the change to kill and cure.
[03:09:47] Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
[03:09:49] And with the same to act controlling laws.
[03:09:53] Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
[03:09:58] O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.
[03:10:02] O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
[03:10:09] Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown;
[03:10:12] Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
[03:10:22] Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
[03:10:31] If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
[03:10:36] Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[03:10:41] I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
[03:10:44] They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
[03:10:47] Call hither Clifford! bid him come amain,
[03:10:50] To say if that the bastard boys of York
[03:10:53] Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[03:10:58] O blood-besotted Neapolitan,
[03:11:02] Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
[03:11:09] The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
[03:11:12] Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
[03:11:15] That for my surety will refuse the boys!
[03:11:20] See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.
[03:11:26] And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.
[03:11:38] Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[03:11:41] I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
[03:11:45] Nay, do not fright us with an angry look;
[03:11:48] We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
[03:11:53] For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
[03:11:58] This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
[03:12:03] But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
[03:12:07] To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
[03:12:10] Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
[03:12:12] Makes him oppose himself against his king.
[03:12:14] He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
[03:12:16] And chop away that factious pate of his.
[03:12:18] He is arrested, but will not obey;
[03:12:22] His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
[03:12:26] Will you not, sons?
[03:12:29] Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
[03:12:31] And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
[03:12:37] Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
[03:12:43] Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
[03:12:48] I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
[03:12:55] Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
[03:13:00] That with the very shaking of their chains
[03:13:03] They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
[03:13:08] Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.
[03:13:27] Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death.
[03:13:36] And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
[03:13:38] If thou darest bring them to the baiting place.
[03:13:41] Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
[03:13:43] Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
[03:13:46] Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
[03:13:50] Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
[03:13:53] And such a piece of service will you do,
[03:13:56] If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
[03:13:58] Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
[03:14:02] As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
[03:14:04] Nay, we shall heed you thoroughly anon.
[03:14:10] Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
[03:14:16] Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
[03:14:20] Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
[03:14:22] Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
[03:14:26] O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
[03:14:30] If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
[03:14:32] Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
[03:14:36] Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
[03:14:38] And shame thine honourable age with blood?
[03:14:42] Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
[03:14:44] Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
[03:14:48] For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me
[03:14:50] That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
[03:14:53] My lord, I have consider'd with myself
[03:14:55] The title of this most renowned duke;
[03:14:58] And in my conscience do repute his grace
[03:15:01] The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
[03:15:04] Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
[03:15:06] I have.
[03:15:09] Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
[03:15:12] It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
[03:15:16] But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
[03:15:21] Who shall be bound by any solemn vow
[03:15:22] To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
[03:15:26] To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

[03:15:28] To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 [03:15:31] To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 [03:15:34] And have no other reason for this wrong
 [03:15:36] But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
 [03:15:39] A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
 [03:15:47] Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
 [03:15:48] Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
 [03:15:55] Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.
 [03:16:01] I am resolved for death or dignity.
 [03:16:06] The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
 [03:16:10] You were best to go to bed and dream again,
 [03:16:13] To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
 [03:16:16] I am resolved to bear a greater storm
 [03:16:20] Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
 [03:16:22] And so to arms, victorious father,
 [03:16:26] To quell the rebels and their complices.
 [03:16:28] Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
 [03:16:32] For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.
 [03:16:34] Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
 [03:16:37] If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
 [03:16:54] Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
 [03:16:59] And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 [03:17:02] Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
 [03:17:05] And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
 [03:17:10] Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
 [03:17:15] Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 [03:17:20] Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.
 [03:17:31] Of one or both of us the time is come.
 [03:17:36] Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
 [03:17:42] For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
 [03:17:45] Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
 [03:17:50] As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 [03:17:53] It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
 [03:18:03] What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
 [03:18:06] With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
 [03:18:09] But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
 [03:18:11] Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
 [03:18:15] But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
 [03:18:19] So let it help me now against thy sword
 [03:18:21] As I in justice and true right express it.
 [03:18:25] My soul and body on the action both!
 [03:18:30] A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.
 [03:18:34] The end crowns all.
 [03:20:46] Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
 [03:20:55] Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
 [03:21:06] Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
 [03:21:11] Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 [03:21:14] Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
 [03:21:18] Whom angry heavens do make their minister
 [03:21:21] Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 [03:21:24] Hot coals of vengeance!
 [03:21:31] Let no soldier fly. He that is truly dedicate to war
 [03:21:35] Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
 [03:21:38] Hath not essentially but by circumstance
 [03:21:40] The name of valour.
 [03:21:54] O, let the vile world end,
 [03:21:57] And the promised flames of the last day
 [03:21:58] Knit earth and heaven together!
 [03:22:02] Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 [03:22:05] Particularities and petty sounds

[03:22:07] To cease!
[03:22:18] Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
[03:22:21] To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
[03:22:24] The silver livery of advised age,
[03:22:27] And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
[03:22:29] To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
[03:22:37] My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
[03:22:42] It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
[03:22:49] No more will I their babes: tears virginal
[03:22:55] Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
[03:22:59] And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
[03:23:04] Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
[03:23:09] Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
[03:23:14] Meet I an infant of the house of York,
[03:23:15] Into as many gobbets will I cut it
[03:23:18] As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
[03:23:22] In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
[03:23:31] Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[03:23:40] As did AEneas old Anchises bear,
[03:23:44] So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
[03:23:53] But then AEneas bare a living load,
[03:23:59] Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[03:24:56] So, lie thou there;
[03:25:03] For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
[03:25:05] The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
[03:25:09] Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
[03:25:12] Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
[03:25:17] Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[03:26:00] Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
[03:26:08] Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
[03:26:12] What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
[03:26:17] Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
[03:26:20] To give the enemy way, and to secure us
[03:26:22] By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[03:26:27] If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
[03:26:30] Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
[03:26:32] As well we may, if not through your neglect,
[03:26:35] We shall to London get, where you are loved
[03:26:38] And where this breach now in our fortunes made
[03:26:41] May readily be stopp'd.
[03:26:43] But that my heart's on future mischief set,
[03:26:45] I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
[03:26:48] But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
[03:26:50] Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
[03:26:54] Away, for your relief! and we will live
[03:26:55] To see their day and them our fortune give:
[03:26:58] Away, my lord, away!
[03:27:31] Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
[03:27:39] That winter lion, who in rage forgets
[03:27:41] Aged contusions and all brush of time,
[03:27:46] And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
[03:27:48] Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
[03:27:52] Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
[03:27:55] If Salisbury be lost.
[03:27:58] My noble father,
[03:27:59] Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
[03:28:02] Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
[03:28:05] Persuaded him from any further act:
[03:28:07] But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
[03:28:10] And like rich hangings in a homely house,

[03:28:13] So was his will in his old feeble body.
[03:28:19] But, noble as he is, look where he comes.
[03:28:32] Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
[03:28:39] By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
[03:28:46] God knows how long it is I have to live;
[03:28:50] And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
[03:28:53] You have defended me from imminent death.
[03:28:57] Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
[03:29:03] 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
[03:29:06] Being opposites of such repairing nature.
[03:29:10] I know our safety is to follow them;
[03:29:13] For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
[03:29:17] To call a present court of parliament.
[03:29:20] Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
[03:29:24] What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
[03:29:27] After them! nay, before them, if we can.
[03:29:33] Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
[03:29:39] Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
[03:29:45] Shall be eternized in all age to come.
[03:29:49] Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:
[03:29:54] And more such days as these to us befall!