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Henry VI Part 3 Act 1

[00:01:57] This is the palace of the fearful king,
[00:02:01] And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
[00:02:08] For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'
[00:02:11] Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
[00:02:13] We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
[00:02:16] Thanks, gentle Norfolk:
[00:02:17] And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
[00:02:20] Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
[00:02:22] Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
[00:02:26] I mean to take possession of my right.
[00:02:29] Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
[00:02:31] The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
[00:02:34] Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
[00:02:40] I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
[00:02:45] Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[00:03:38] My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
[00:03:42] Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
[00:03:47] Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
[00:03:50] To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
[00:03:57] Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father.
[00:03:59] And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
[00:04:02] On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.
[00:04:04] If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!
[00:04:08] The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
[00:04:10] What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
[00:04:13] My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
[00:04:16] Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
[00:04:17] Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
[00:04:20] He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
[00:04:23] My gracious lord, here in the parliament
[00:04:25] Let us assail the family of York.
[00:04:27] Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
[00:04:30] Ah, know you not the city favours them,
[00:04:32] And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
[00:04:34] But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
[00:04:36] Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
[00:04:39] To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
[00:04:42] Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
[00:04:45] Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[00:04:52] Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
[00:04:55] and kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
[00:04:58] I am thy sovereign.
[00:05:00] I am thine.
[00:05:02] For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
[00:05:04] 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
[00:05:06] Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
[00:05:09] Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
[00:05:11] In following this usurping Henry.
[00:05:13] Whom should he follow but his natural king?
[00:05:15] True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.
[00:05:20] And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
[00:05:24] It must and shall be so: content thyself.
[00:05:28] Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
[00:05:30] He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
[00:05:33] And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
[00:05:35] And Warwick shall disprove it.
[00:05:39] You forget that we are those which chased you from the field
[00:05:44] And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

[00:05:47] March'd through the city to the palace gates.
 [00:05:49] Yes, Warwick, I do remember it to my grief;
 [00:05:52] And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
 [00:05:56] Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
 [00:05:59] Thy kinsman and thy friends, I'll have more lives
 [00:06:03] Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
 [00:06:06] Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
 [00:06:09] I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
 [00:06:11] As shall revenge his death before I stir.
 [00:06:14] Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
 [00:06:23] Will you we show our title to the crown?
 [00:06:26] If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
 [00:06:29] What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
 [00:06:32] Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
 [00:06:35] Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
 [00:06:38] I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
 [00:06:39] Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop
 [00:06:41] And seized upon their towns and provinces.
 [00:06:43] Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
 [00:06:47] The lord protector lost it, and not I:
 [00:06:49] When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
 [00:06:51] You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
 [00:06:53] Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
 [00:06:55] Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
 [00:06:58] Good father, as thou lovest and honourest arms,
 [00:07:00] Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.
 [00:07:02] Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
 [00:07:04] Sons, peace!
 [00:07:05] Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.
 [00:07:07] Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
 [00:07:14] And be you silent and attentive too,
 [00:07:18] For he that interrupts him shall not live.
 [00:07:21] Plantagenet, why seeks thou to dipose thee?
 [00:07:25] Are we not both plantagenets by birth
 [00:07:27] and from two brothers linearly decent?
 [00:07:31] Suppose by right and equity, thou be king.
 [00:07:35] Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
 [00:07:37] Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
 [00:07:40] No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
 [00:07:44] Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
 [00:07:46] And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
 [00:07:49] Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
 [00:07:55] My title's good, and better far than his.
 [00:07:57] Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
 [00:08:01] Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
 [00:08:04] 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
 [00:08:07] I know not what to say; my title's weak.--
 [00:08:11] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
 [00:08:16] What then?
 [00:08:17] An if he may, then am I lawful king;
 [00:08:20] For Richard, in the view of many lords,
 [00:08:22] Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
 [00:08:24] Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
 [00:08:25] He rose against him, being his sovereign,
 [00:08:28] And made him to resign his crown perforce.
 [00:08:31] Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
 [00:08:38] Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
 [00:08:41] No; for he could not so resign his crown
 [00:08:49] But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
 [00:08:51] Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

[00:08:52] His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
[00:08:56] Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
[00:08:58] My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
[00:09:03] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
[00:09:05] King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
[00:09:09] Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
[00:09:12] May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
[00:09:15] Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
[00:09:18] O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
[00:09:20] Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
[00:09:24] Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
[00:09:26] Or I will fill the house with armed men,
[00:09:30] And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
[00:09:33] Write up his title with usurping blood.
[00:09:45] My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
[00:09:48] Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
[00:10:01] Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
[00:10:06] And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
[00:10:10] Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.
[00:10:13] Captain: Conduct them into the fields.
[00:10:17] Away!
[00:10:30] I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
[00:10:34] Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
[00:10:36] What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
[00:10:39] What good is this to England and himself!
[00:10:41] Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
[00:10:44] How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
[00:10:46] I cannot stay to hear these articles.
[00:10:48] Nor I.
[00:10:49] Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
[00:10:51] Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
[00:10:55] In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
[00:10:59] Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
[00:11:02] And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
[00:11:05] In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
[00:11:07] Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[00:11:10] Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
[00:11:15] They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.
[00:11:20] Ah, Exeter!
[00:11:21] Why should you sigh, my lord?
[00:11:23] Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
[00:11:27] Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
[00:11:31] But be it as it may:
[00:11:39] I here entail The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
[00:11:42] Conditionally, that here thou take thine oath
[00:11:46] To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
[00:11:50] To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
[00:11:53] And neither by treason nor hostility
[00:11:54] To seek to put me down and reign thyself.
[00:12:05] This oath I willingly take and will perform.
[00:12:16] Long live the King!
[00:12:18] Long live the King!
[00:12:21] And long live thou and these thy forward sons!
[00:12:26] Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.
[00:12:29] Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!
[00:12:43] Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll take my leave.
[00:12:46] But I'll to Wakefield to my castle.
[00:12:50] And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
[00:12:53] And I to Norfolk with my followers.
[00:12:57] And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

[00:13:04] Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
[00:13:06] I'll steal away.
[00:13:07] Exeter, so will I.
[00:13:08] Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
[00:13:11] Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
[00:13:13] Who can be patient in such extremes?
[00:13:16] Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid
[00:13:20] And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
[00:13:23] Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father
[00:13:26] Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
[00:13:29] Father, you cannot disinherit me:
[00:13:31] If you be king, why should not I succeed?
[00:13:33] Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:
[00:13:36] The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.
[00:13:39] Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
[00:13:45] I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
[00:13:50] Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me;
[00:13:54] And given unto the house of York such head
[00:13:55] As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
[00:13:59] To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
[00:14:02] What is it, but to make thy sepulchre
[00:14:05] And creep into it far before thy time?
[00:14:07] Warwick is chancellor. Salisbury lord of Calais;
[00:14:11] And the duke is made protector of the realm;
[00:14:14] And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
[00:14:16] The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
[00:14:20] Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
[00:14:22] The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
[00:14:25] Before I would have granted to that act.
[00:14:28] But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
[00:14:32] And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
[00:14:36] Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
[00:14:39] Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
[00:14:41] Whereby my son is disinherited.
[00:14:46] The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
[00:14:50] Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
[00:14:53] And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
[00:14:56] And utter ruin of the house of York.
[00:15:00] Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;
[00:15:05] Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.
[00:15:07] Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
[00:15:10] Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
[00:15:12] Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
[00:15:14] Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
[00:15:16] When I return with victory from the field
[00:15:18] I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.
[00:15:21] Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[00:15:28] Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
[00:15:32] Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
[00:15:35] Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
[00:15:39] Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
[00:15:41] Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
[00:15:44] Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
[00:15:50] The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
[00:15:55] I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
[00:15:58] Come, cousin you shall be the messenger.
[00:16:04] And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[00:16:12] Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
[00:16:14] No, I can better play the orator.
[00:16:15] But I have reasons strong and forcible.

[00:16:17] Why, how now, sons! At a strife?
[00:16:23] What is your quarrel? how began it first?
[00:16:27] No quarrel, but a slight contention.
[00:16:29] About what?
[00:16:33] About that which concerns your grace and us;
[00:16:36] The crown of England, father, which is yours.
[00:16:39] Mine boy? not till King Henry be dead.
[00:16:43] Your right depends not on his life or death.
[00:16:45] Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
[00:16:48] By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
[00:16:50] It will outrun you, father, in the end.
[00:16:51] I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
[00:16:56] But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
[00:16:59] I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
[00:17:02] No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
[00:17:05] I shall be, if I claim by open war.
[00:17:07] I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
[00:17:11] Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
[00:17:20] An oath is of no moment, being not took
[00:17:22] Before a true and lawful magistrate,
[00:17:24] That hath authority over him that swears:
[00:17:27] Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
[00:17:30] Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
[00:17:32] Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
[00:17:35] Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
[00:17:39] How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
[00:17:41] Within whose circuit is Elysium
[00:17:44] And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
[00:17:47] Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
[00:17:50] Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
[00:17:52] Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
[00:17:54] Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
[00:18:06] Cousin, thou shalt to London presently,
[00:18:08] And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
[00:18:10] Richard and George, you shalt to Norfolk straight,
[00:18:12] And tell him privily of our intent.
[00:18:14] You Edward, shall to Edmund Brooke, Lord Cobham,
[00:18:18] With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
[00:18:20] In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
[00:18:22] Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
[00:18:25] While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
[00:18:28] But that I seek occasion how to rise,
[00:18:33] And yet the king not privy to my drift,
[00:18:37] Nor any of the house of Lancaster?
[00:18:40] But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?
[00:18:43] The queen with all the northern earls and lords
[00:18:46] Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
[00:18:49] She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
[00:18:51] And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
[00:18:53] Ay, with my sword.
[00:18:59] What! think'st thou that we fear them?
[00:19:03] Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
[00:19:06] Haste you to London cousin Montague:
[00:19:07] Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
[00:19:09] Whom we have left protectors of the king,
[00:19:11] With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
[00:19:14] And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.
[00:19:16] Cousin, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
[00:19:22] Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
[00:19:25] You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

[00:19:28] The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
[00:19:32] She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.
[00:19:39] What, with five thousand men?
[00:19:40] Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
[00:19:43] A woman's general; what should we fear?
[00:19:50] I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
[00:19:52] And issue forth and bid them battle straight.
[00:19:54] Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
[00:20:03] I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
[00:20:06] Many a battle have I won in France,
[00:20:07] When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
[00:20:13] Why should I not now have the like success?
[00:21:06] Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
[00:21:10] Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!
[00:21:16] Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
[00:21:21] As for the brat of this accursed duke,
[00:21:24] Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
[00:21:27] And I, my lord, will bear him company.
[00:21:30] Soldiers, away with him!
[00:21:32] Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
[00:21:35] Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[00:21:40] How now! is he dead already?
[00:21:43] Or is it fear that makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.
[00:21:47] So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
[00:21:50] That trembles under his devouring paws;
[00:21:52] Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
[00:21:55] I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
[00:21:58] Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.
[00:22:00] In vain thou speak'st, poor boy;
[00:22:02] my father's blood hath stopp'd the passage
[00:22:04] where thy words should enter.
[00:22:05] Then let my father's blood open it again:
[00:22:08] He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
[00:22:12] Had thy brethren here, their lives and thine
[00:22:16] Were not revenge sufficient for me;
[00:22:20] No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves
[00:22:24] And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
[00:22:26] It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
[00:22:30] The sight of any of the house of York
[00:22:33] Is as a fury to torment my soul;
[00:22:36] And till I root out their accursed line
[00:22:39] And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
[00:22:43] Therefore--
[00:22:44] O, let me pray before I take my death!
[00:22:46] To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
[00:22:50] Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
[00:22:51] I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
[00:22:54] Thy father hath.
[00:22:55] But 'twas ere I was born.
[00:22:57] Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
[00:23:00] Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[00:23:06] Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!
[00:23:12] Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
[00:23:16] And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
[00:23:19] Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
[00:23:22] Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[00:24:29] The army of the queen hath got the field:
[00:24:32] My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
[00:24:36] And all my followers to the eager foe
[00:24:39] Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind

[00:24:43] Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
 [00:24:47] My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
 [00:24:53] But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 [00:24:55] Like men born to renown by life or death.
 [00:24:59] Three times did Richard make a lane to me.
 [00:25:02] And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
 [00:25:06] And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 [00:25:08] With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
 [00:25:10] In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
 [00:25:14] And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 [00:25:16] and George cried 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
 [00:25:20] Edward. 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
 [00:25:28] A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
 [00:25:32] With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
 [00:25:37] We boded again; as I have seen a swan
 [00:25:41] With bootless labour swim against the tide
 [00:25:44] And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
 [00:25:52] Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 [00:25:59] And I am faint and cannot fly their fury:
 [00:26:05] And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
 [00:26:14] The sands are number'd that make up my life;
 [00:26:19] Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
 [00:26:41] Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
 [00:26:46] I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
 [00:26:52] I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
 [00:26:57] Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
 [00:27:01] Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
 [00:27:04] With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
 [00:27:07] My ashes, like the phoenix, may bring forth
 [00:27:11] A bird that will revenge upon you all:
 [00:27:16] And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 [00:27:19] Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
 [00:27:26] Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
 [00:27:31] So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
 [00:27:35] So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 [00:27:40] So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 [00:27:43] Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
 [00:27:46] O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 [00:27:54] And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
 [00:27:58] And, if though canst for blushing, view this face,
 [00:28:02] And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
 [00:28:05] Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
 [00:28:09] I will not bandy with thee word for word,
 [00:28:12] But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
 [00:28:14] Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
 [00:28:16] I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
 [00:28:18] Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
 [00:28:22] Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
 [00:28:25] To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
 [00:28:27] What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
 [00:28:30] For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 [00:28:32] When he might spurn him with his foot away?
 [00:28:35] It is war's prize to take all vantages;
 [00:28:38] And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
 [00:29:03] Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
 [00:29:06] So doth the cony struggle in the net.
 [00:29:09] So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
 [00:29:12] So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
 [00:29:18] What would your grace have done unto him now?
 [00:29:20] Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

[00:29:25] Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
[00:29:30] That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
[00:29:33] Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
[00:29:55] What! was it you that would be England's king?
[00:30:03] Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
[00:30:05] And made a preachment of your high descent?
[00:30:10] Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
[00:30:15] The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
[00:30:19] And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
[00:30:24] Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
[00:30:26] Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
[00:30:30] Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
[00:30:39] Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
[00:30:46] That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
[00:30:50] Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
[00:30:55] And if thine eyes can water for his death,
[00:30:59] I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
[00:31:09] Alas poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
[00:31:15] I should lament thy miserable state.
[00:31:20] I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
[00:31:25] What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
[00:31:29] That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
[00:31:34] Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
[00:31:39] And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
[00:31:44] Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
[00:31:54] Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
[00:32:01] York cannot speak, unless he wears a crown.
[00:32:07] A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:
[00:32:17] Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[00:32:30] Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
[00:32:36] Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
[00:32:42] And this is he was his adopted heir.
[00:32:48] But how is it that great Plantagenet
[00:32:50] Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
[00:32:55] As I bethink me, you should not be king
[00:32:58] Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
[00:33:02] And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
[00:33:05] And rob his temples of the diadem,
[00:33:08] Now in his life, against your holy oath?
[00:33:14] O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
[00:33:20] Off with the crown, and with the crown his head;
[00:33:29] And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
[00:33:36] That is my office, for my father's sake.
[00:33:38] Nay, stay; lets hear the orisons he makes.
[00:33:54] She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
[00:34:00] Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
[00:34:04] How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
[00:34:07] To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
[00:34:09] Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
[00:34:15] But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
[00:34:21] Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
[00:34:23] I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
[00:34:29] To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
[00:34:32] Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
[00:34:40] Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
[00:34:42] Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
[00:34:45] Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
[00:34:48] Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
[00:34:53] 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
[00:34:57] But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

[00:35:02] 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
 [00:35:06] The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
 [00:35:10] 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
 [00:35:13] The want thereof makes thee abominable:
 [00:35:19] O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
 [00:35:25] How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 [00:35:29] To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 [00:35:32] And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
 [00:35:37] Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
 [00:35:43] Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 [00:35:52] Bids't thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
 [00:35:56] Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
 [00:36:01] For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 [00:36:04] And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 [00:36:11] These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
 [00:36:17] And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 [00:36:22] 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.
 [00:36:28] Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
 [00:36:31] That hardly can I cheque my eyes from tears.
 [00:36:36] That face of his the hungry cannibals
 [00:36:40] Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
 [00:36:42] But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 [00:36:48] O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
 [00:36:54] See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
 [00:37:02] This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 [00:37:12] And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 [00:37:19] Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
 [00:37:28] And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 [00:37:31] Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
 [00:37:34] Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
 [00:37:40] And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'
 [00:37:58] There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
 [00:38:08] And in thy need such comfort come to thee
 [00:38:10] As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
 [00:38:21] Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
 [00:38:25] My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!
 [00:38:31] Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
 [00:38:35] I should not for my life but weep with him.
 [00:38:39] To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.
 [00:38:43] What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
 [00:38:50] Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 [00:38:53] And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
 [00:39:02] Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
 [00:39:13] And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.
 [00:39:27] Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
 [00:39:29] My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.
 [00:39:47] Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
 [00:39:52] That York may overlook the town of York.

Henry VI Part 3 Act 2

[00:40:23] I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
[00:40:28] Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
[00:40:30] From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
[00:40:32] Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
[00:40:34] Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
[00:40:36] Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
[00:40:38] The happy tidings of his good escape.
[00:40:45] How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
[00:40:48] I cannot joy, until I be resolved
[00:40:49] Where our right valiant father is become.
[00:40:55] I saw him in the battle range about;
[00:40:58] And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
[00:41:01] Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
[00:41:04] As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
[00:41:07] Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
[00:41:09] Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
[00:41:12] The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
[00:41:15] So fared our father with his enemies;
[00:41:18] So fled his enemies my warlike father:
[00:41:22] Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
[00:41:31] See how the morning opes her golden gates,
[00:41:33] And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
[00:41:36] How well resembles it the prime of youth,
[00:41:38] Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!
[00:41:49] Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
[00:41:54] Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
[00:42:01] Not separated with the racking clouds,
[00:42:03] But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
[00:42:08] See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
[00:42:14] As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
[00:42:17] Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
[00:42:22] In this the heaven figures some event.
[00:42:25] 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
[00:42:31] I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
[00:42:34] That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
[00:42:37] Each one already blazing by our meeds,
[00:42:39] Should notwithstanding join our lights together
[00:42:42] And over-shine the earth as this the world.
[00:42:48] Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
[00:42:51] Upon my target three fair-shining suns.
[00:42:56] Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
[00:42:58] You love the breeder better than the male.
[00:43:07] But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
[00:43:09] Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
[00:43:12] Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
[00:43:16] When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
[00:43:20] Your princely father and my loving lord!
[00:43:22] O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
[00:43:26] Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
[00:43:31] Environed he was with many foes,
[00:43:34] And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
[00:43:36] Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
[00:43:39] But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
[00:43:42] And many strokes, though with a little axe,
[00:43:45] Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
[00:43:48] By many hands your father was subdued;
[00:43:51] But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
[00:43:53] Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,

[00:43:56] Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
[00:43:59] Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
[00:44:02] The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
[00:44:04] A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
[00:44:07] Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
[00:44:11] And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
[00:44:15] They took his head, and on the gates of York
[00:44:18] They set the same; and there it doth remain,
[00:44:21] The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
[00:44:32] Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
[00:44:38] Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
[00:44:45] O Clifford, savage Clifford! thou hast slain
[00:44:50] The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
[00:44:56] And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
[00:44:58] For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
[00:45:06] Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
[00:45:10] Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
[00:45:15] Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
[00:45:20] For never henceforth shall I joy again,
[00:45:23] Never, O never shall I see more joy!
[00:45:33] I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
[00:45:37] Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
[00:45:44] Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
[00:45:48] For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
[00:45:50] Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
[00:45:53] And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
[00:45:59] To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
[00:46:03] Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me
[00:46:07] Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
[00:46:09] Or die renowned by attempting it.
[00:46:12] His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
[00:46:15] His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
[00:46:17] Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
[00:46:19] Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
[00:46:22] For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
[00:46:25] Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.
[00:46:39] How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?
[00:46:49] Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
[00:46:53] Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
[00:46:57] Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
[00:47:01] The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
[00:47:05] O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!
[00:47:12] O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
[00:47:17] Which held three dearly as his soul's redemption,
[00:47:21] Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
[00:47:28] Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
[00:47:33] And now, to add more measure to your woes,
[00:47:39] I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
[00:48:01] After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
[00:48:03] Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
[00:48:07] Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
[00:48:10] Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
[00:48:14] I, then in London keeper of the king,
[00:48:16] Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
[00:48:19] And very well appointed, as I thought,
[00:48:23] March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
[00:48:26] Bearing the king in my behalf along;
[00:48:28] For by my scouts I was advertised
[00:48:29] That she was coming with a full intent
[00:48:31] To dash our late decree in parliament

[00:48:33] Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
 [00:48:39] Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met
 [00:48:45] Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 [00:48:51] But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 [00:48:56] Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 [00:48:58] That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
 [00:49:02] Or whether 'twas report of her success;
 [00:49:04] Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 [00:49:07] Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
 [00:49:10] I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
 [00:49:18] Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 [00:49:22] Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 [00:49:26] Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
 [00:49:29] Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 [00:49:34] I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 [00:49:38] With promise of high pay and great rewards:
 [00:49:42] But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 [00:49:50] And we in them no hope to win the day;
 [00:49:56] So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
 [00:50:02] My Lord the Duke of Norfolk and myself,
 [00:50:04] In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:
 [00:50:06] For in the marches here we heard you were,
 [00:50:08] Making another head to fight again.
 [00:50:13] Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
 [00:50:17] Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
 [00:50:21] 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
 [00:50:27] Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 [00:50:29] But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.
 [00:50:36] Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
 [00:50:41] For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
 [00:50:44] Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
 [00:50:47] And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
 [00:50:51] Were he as famous and as bold in war
 [00:50:54] As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.
 [00:50:57] I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
 [00:51:00] 'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
 [00:51:04] But in this troublous time what's to be done?
 [00:51:08] Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
 [00:51:11] And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 [00:51:14] Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
 [00:51:16] Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 [00:51:18] Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 [00:51:21] If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.
 [00:51:27] Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
 [00:51:31] And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 [00:51:35] Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 [00:51:44] With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
 [00:51:45] And of their feather many more proud birds,
 [00:51:47] Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
 [00:51:50] He swore consent to your succession,
 [00:51:53] His oath enrolled in the parliament;
 [00:51:55] And now to London all the crew are gone,
 [00:51:57] To frustrate both his oath and what beside
 [00:51:59] May make against the house of Lancaster.
 [00:52:02] Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
 [00:52:09] Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
 [00:52:14] With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
 [00:52:17] Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
 [00:52:19] Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 [00:52:24] Why, Via! to London will we march amain,

[00:52:28] And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
 [00:52:31] But never once again turn back and fly.
 [00:52:35] Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
 [00:52:39] Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
 [00:52:41] That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.
 [00:52:44] Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 [00:52:47] And when thou fail'st--as God forbid the hour!--
 [00:52:50] Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!
 [00:52:54] No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
 [00:52:58] The next degree is England's royal throne;
 [00:53:02] For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 [00:53:05] In every borough as we pass along;
 [00:53:07] And he that throws not up his cap for joy
 [00:53:10] Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
 [00:53:15] King Edward, George, brave Richard, Montague,
 [00:53:22] Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
 [00:53:27] But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
 [00:53:30] Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
 [00:53:32] As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
 [00:53:35] I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
 [00:53:37] Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!
 [00:53:42] God and St. George!
 [00:53:45] How now! what news?
 [00:53:47] The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
 [00:53:49] The queen is coming with a puissant host;
 [00:53:51] And craves your company for speedy counsel.
 [00:53:53] Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's away.
 [00:54:30] Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
 [00:54:34] Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
 [00:54:36] That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
 [00:54:39] Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
 [00:54:44] Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
 [00:54:48] To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
 [00:54:51] Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
 [00:54:53] Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.
 [00:54:57] My gracious liege, this too much lenity
 [00:55:02] And harmful pity must be laid aside.
 [00:55:05] To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
 [00:55:09] Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
 [00:55:13] Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
 [00:55:17] Not his that spoils her young before her face.
 [00:55:20] Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 [00:55:24] Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
 [00:55:27] The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
 [00:55:30] And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
 [00:55:33] Ambitious York doth level at thy crown,
 [00:55:37] Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
 [00:55:41] He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 [00:55:44] And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
 [00:55:47] Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 [00:55:52] Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 [00:55:54] Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 [00:55:57] Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
 [00:56:01] And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 [00:56:03] Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 [00:56:06] Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
 [00:56:09] Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
 [00:56:11] Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 [00:56:14] Offer their own lives in their young's defence?
 [00:56:17] For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

[00:56:23] Were it not pity that this goodly boy
[00:56:26] Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
[00:56:29] And long hereafter say unto his child,
[00:56:32] 'What my great-grandfather and his grandsire got
[00:56:34] My careless father fondly gave away?'
[00:56:38] Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
[00:56:45] And let his manly face, which promiseth
[00:56:47] Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
[00:56:50] To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.
[00:56:57] Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
[00:57:00] Inferring arguments of mighty force.
[00:57:03] But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
[00:57:06] That things ill-got had ever bad success?
[00:57:10] I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
[00:57:13] And would my father had left me no more!
[00:57:16] For all the rest is held at such a rate
[00:57:19] As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
[00:57:21] Than in possession and jot of pleasure.
[00:57:26] Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
[00:57:29] How it doth grieve me that thy head stands here!
[00:57:35] My lord, cheer up your spirits: your foes are nigh,
[00:57:40] And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
[00:57:45] You promised knighthood to our forward son:
[00:57:47] Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
[00:57:49] Edward, kneel down.
[00:57:59] Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
[00:58:07] And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.
[00:58:11] My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
[00:58:14] I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
[00:58:16] And in that quarrel use it to the death.
[00:58:18] Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.
[00:58:22] Royal commanders, be in readiness:
[00:58:23] For with a band of thirty thousand men comes Warwick,
[00:58:25] backing of the Duke of York;
[00:58:26] And in the towns, as they do march along,
[00:58:28] Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
[00:58:31] Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.
[00:58:33] I would your highness would depart the field:
[00:58:35] The queen hath best success when you are absent.
[00:58:36] Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
[00:58:38] Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.
[00:58:40] Be it with resolution then to fight.
[00:58:44] My royal father, cheer these noble lords
[00:58:46] And hearten those that fight in your defence:
[00:58:49] Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'
[00:59:06] Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
[00:59:10] And set thy diadem upon my head;
[00:59:13] Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
[00:59:15] Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
[00:59:22] Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
[00:59:24] Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
[00:59:28] I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
[00:59:32] I was adopted heir by his consent:
[00:59:33] Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
[00:59:36] You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
[00:59:39] Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
[00:59:41] To blot out me, and put his own son in.
[00:59:43] And reason too:
[00:59:44] Who should succeed the father but the son?
[00:59:46] Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

[00:59:50] Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
 [00:59:54] Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
 [00:59:56] 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
 [00:59:57] Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
 [01:00:01] For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
 [01:00:03] What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
 [01:00:06] Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
 [01:00:12] When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
 [01:00:15] Your legs did better service than your hands.
 [01:00:18] Then 'twas my turn to flee, and now 'tis thine.
 [01:00:21] You said so much before, and yet you fled.
 [01:00:24] 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
 [01:00:26] No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
 [01:00:30] Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
 [01:00:33] The execution of my big-swoln heart
 [01:00:35] Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
 [01:00:38] I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
 [01:00:40] Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
 [01:00:43] As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
 [01:00:46] But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.
 [01:00:49] Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
 [01:00:51] Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
 [01:00:53] I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
 [01:00:55] I am a king, and privileged to speak.
 [01:00:57] My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
 [01:00:58] Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
 [01:01:01] Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
 [01:01:03] By him that made us all, I am resolved
 [01:01:06] that Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
 [01:01:09] Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
 [01:01:13] A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
 [01:01:14] That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
 [01:01:16] If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
 [01:01:20] For York in justice puts his armour on.
 [01:01:23] If that be right which Warwick says is right,
 [01:01:25] There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
 [01:01:28] Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
 [01:01:31] For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
 [01:01:34] But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
 [01:01:36] But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
 [01:01:39] Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
 [01:01:42] As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
 [01:01:46] Iron of Naples hid with English guilt,
 [01:01:49] Whose father bears the title of a king,--
 [01:01:52] As if a channel should be call'd the sea,--
 [01:01:55] Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
 [01:01:57] To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
 [01:02:01] A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
 [01:02:04] To make this shameless callet know herself.
 [01:02:07] Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
 [01:02:11] Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
 [01:02:13] And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
 [01:02:15] By that false woman, as this king by thee.
 [01:02:19] His father revell'd in the heart of France,
 [01:02:22] And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
 [01:02:25] And had he match'd according to his state,
 [01:02:26] He might have kept that glory to this day;
 [01:02:30] But when he took a beggar to his bed,
 [01:02:33] And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
 [01:02:37] Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,

[01:02:40] That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
[01:02:43] And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
[01:02:47] For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
[01:02:50] Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
[01:02:53] And we, in pity of the gentle king,
[01:02:55] Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
[01:02:57] But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
[01:03:00] And that thy summer bred us no increase,
[01:03:01] We set the axe to thy usurping root;
[01:03:04] And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
[01:03:06] Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
[01:03:09] We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
[01:03:11] Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.
[01:03:13] And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
[01:03:16] Not willing any longer conference,
[01:03:18] Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
[01:03:20] Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
[01:03:22] And either victory, or else a grave.
[01:03:24] Stay, Edward.
[01:03:25] No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
[01:03:27] These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[01:04:49] Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
[01:04:52] I lay me down a little while to breathe;
[01:04:58] For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
[01:05:02] Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
[01:05:04] And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.
[01:05:16] Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
[01:05:20] For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
[01:05:24] How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?
[01:05:26] Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
[01:05:28] Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
[01:05:31] What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
[01:05:33] Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
[01:05:35] And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.
[01:05:38] Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
[01:05:42] Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
[01:05:44] Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
[01:05:48] And in the very pangs of death he cried,
[01:05:50] Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,
[01:05:53] 'Warwick, revenge! my son, revenge my death!'
[01:05:58] So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
[01:06:00] That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
[01:06:03] The noble Salisbury gave up the ghost.
[01:06:11] Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
[01:06:16] I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
[01:06:25] Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
[01:06:29] Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
[01:06:34] And look upon, as if the tragedy
[01:06:36] Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
[01:06:41] Here on my knee I vow to God above,
[01:06:46] I'll never pause again, never stand still,
[01:06:49] Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine
[01:06:51] Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
[01:06:55] O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
[01:06:58] And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
[01:07:02] And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
[01:07:05] I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
[01:07:09] Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
[01:07:12] Beseeching thee, if with they will it stands
[01:07:14] That to my foes this body must be prey,

[01:07:17] Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
[01:07:19] And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
[01:07:28] Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
[01:07:32] Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.
[01:07:34] Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
[01:07:39] Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
[01:07:41] Away, away! Once more, sweet lords farewell.
[01:07:49] Yet let us all together to our troops,
[01:07:51] And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
[01:07:53] This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
[01:07:55] For yet is hope of life and victory.
[01:07:59] Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.
[01:08:13] Clifford! Clifford!
[01:08:28] Richard! Richard!
[01:08:35] Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
[01:08:39] Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
[01:08:41] And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
[01:08:44] Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
[01:08:47] Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
[01:08:52] This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
[01:08:56] And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
[01:09:00] And here's the heart that triumphs in their death
[01:09:04] And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
[01:09:08] To execute the like upon thyself;
[01:09:10] And so, have at thee!
[01:10:15] Nay Warwick, single out some other chase;
[01:10:17] For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
[01:11:19] This battle fares like to the morning's war,
[01:11:23] When dying clouds contend with growing light,
[01:11:26] What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
[01:11:28] Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
[01:11:33] Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
[01:11:35] Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
[01:11:38] Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
[01:11:41] Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
[01:11:45] Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
[01:11:48] Now one the better, then another best;
[01:11:51] Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
[01:11:53] Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
[01:11:57] So is the equal poise of this fell war.
[01:12:09] Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
[01:12:13] To whom God will, there be the victory!
[01:12:17] For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
[01:12:20] Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
[01:12:22] They prosper best of all when I am thence.
[01:12:26] Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
[01:12:32] For what is in this world but grief and woe?
[01:12:38] O God! methinks it were a happy life,
[01:12:43] To be no better than a homely swain;
[01:12:46] To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
[01:12:50] To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
[01:12:53] Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
[01:12:57] How many make the hour full complete;
[01:13:00] How many hours bring about the day;
[01:13:03] How many days will finish up the year;
[01:13:06] How many years a mortal man may live.
[01:13:10] When this is known, then to divide the times:
[01:13:16] So many hours must I tend my flock;
[01:13:19] So many hours must I take my rest;
[01:13:23] So many hours must I contemplate;

[01:13:26] So many hours must I sport myself;
 [01:13:31] So many days my ewes have been with young;
 [01:13:35] So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean:
 [01:13:39] So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
 [01:13:44] So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 [01:13:49] Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 [01:13:53] Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 [01:13:59] Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 [01:14:06] Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 [01:14:08] To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 [01:14:11] Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 [01:14:13] To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 [01:14:18] O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 [01:14:23] And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 [01:14:28] His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle.
 [01:14:32] His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 [01:14:35] All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 [01:14:39] Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 [01:14:43] His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 [01:14:46] His body couched in a curious bed,
 [01:14:50] When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.
 [01:15:06] Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
 [01:15:10] This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 [01:15:14] May be possessed with some store of crowns;
 [01:15:18] And I, that haply take them from him now,
 [01:15:21] May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 [01:15:24] To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 [01:15:30] Who's this?
 [01:15:39] O God! it is my father's face,
 [01:15:46] Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 [01:15:53] O heavy times, begetting such events!
 [01:16:00] From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 [01:16:04] My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
 [01:16:05] Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 [01:16:11] And I, who at his hands received my life,
 [01:16:18] Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 [01:16:26] Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
 [01:16:31] And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
 [01:16:41] My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 [01:16:45] And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.
 [01:16:50] O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 [01:16:53] Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 [01:16:55] Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 [01:16:59] Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 [01:17:02] And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 [01:17:05] Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.
 [01:17:19] Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 [01:17:22] Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold:
 [01:17:24] For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 [01:17:30] But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
 [01:17:42] Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
 [01:17:50] Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 [01:17:54] Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
 [01:18:02] Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 [01:18:06] Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart!
 [01:18:11] O, pity, God, this miserable age!
 [01:18:16] What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 [01:18:19] Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
 [01:18:22] This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
 [01:18:26] O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

[01:18:30] And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!
 [01:18:34] Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
 [01:18:39] O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
 [01:18:42] O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
 [01:18:46] The red rose and the white are on his face,
 [01:18:49] The fatal colours of our striving houses:
 [01:18:54] The one his purple blood right well resembles;
 [01:18:58] The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
 [01:19:05] Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
 [01:19:07] If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
 [01:19:10] How will my mother for a father's death
 [01:19:13] Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!
 [01:19:16] How will my wife for slaughter of my son
 [01:19:18] Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!
 [01:19:22] How will the country for these woful chances
 [01:19:24] Misthink the king and not be satisfied!
 [01:19:27] Was ever son so rued a father's death?
 [01:19:30] Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?
 [01:19:33] Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
 [01:19:38] Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
 [01:19:43] I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
 [01:19:51] These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
 [01:19:55] My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
 [01:20:00] For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
 [01:20:04] My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 [01:20:10] And so obsequious will thy father be,
 [01:20:13] Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
 [01:20:17] As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
 [01:20:22] I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 [01:20:30] For I have murdered where I should not kill.
 [01:20:41] Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 [01:20:46] Here sits a king more woful than you are.
 [01:20:50] Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
 [01:20:53] And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
 [01:20:56] Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
 [01:21:00] Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
 [01:21:03] Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 [01:21:06] Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 [01:21:08] With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
 [01:21:11] And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 [01:21:15] Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
 [01:21:18] Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
 [01:21:21] Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
 [01:21:23] Or else come after: I'll away before.
 [01:21:25] Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
 [01:21:33] Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 [01:21:37] Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
 [01:22:20] Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
 [01:22:32] Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
 [01:22:37] O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
 [01:22:42] More than my body's parting with my soul!
 [01:22:47] My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
 [01:22:53] And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
 [01:23:00] Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
 [01:23:08] The common people swarm like summer flies;
 [01:23:15] And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
 [01:23:20] And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
 [01:23:24] O, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 [01:23:33] Or as thy father and his father did,
 [01:23:35] Giving no ground unto the house of York,

[01:23:40] They never then had sprung like summer flies;
 [01:23:46] I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
 [01:23:53] Had left no mourning widows for our death;
 [01:23:59] And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 [01:24:04] For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
 [01:24:08] And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
 [01:24:14] Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 [01:24:25] No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 [01:24:31] The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 [01:24:35] For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
 [01:24:41] The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 [01:24:47] And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
 [01:24:53] Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
 [01:24:59] I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
 [01:26:02] Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
 [01:26:09] And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
 [01:26:16] Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 [01:26:27] That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 [01:26:29] No, 'tis impossible he should escape,
 [01:26:35] For, though before his face I speak the words
 [01:26:37] Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
 [01:26:40] And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
 [01:26:54] Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
 [01:26:58] A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
 [01:27:01] See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
 [01:27:04] If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
 [01:27:11] Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
 [01:27:19] Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
 [01:27:22] In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
 [01:27:25] But set his murdering knife unto the root
 [01:27:28] From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
 [01:27:32] I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
 [01:27:40] From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
 [01:27:44] Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
 [01:27:48] Instead whereof let this supply the room:
 [01:27:52] Measure for measure must be answered.
 [01:27:55] Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
 [01:27:58] That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
 [01:28:03] Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
 [01:28:07] And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
 [01:28:12] I think his understanding is bereft.
 [01:28:14] Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
 [01:28:20] Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
 [01:28:23] And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
 [01:28:25] O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
 [01:28:31] 'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
 [01:28:33] Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
 [01:28:35] Which in the time of death he gave our father.
 [01:28:37] If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
 [01:28:41] Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
 [01:28:44] Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
 [01:28:46] Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
 [01:28:49] While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
 [01:28:52] Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
 [01:28:54] Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
 [01:28:57] Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
 [01:29:00] They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
 [01:29:03] What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
 [01:29:07] When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
 [01:29:11] I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

[01:29:16] If this right hand would buy two hour's life,
[01:29:19] That I in all despite might rail at him,
[01:29:22] This hand should chop it off, and with it issuing blood
[01:29:24] Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst
[01:29:27] York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
[01:29:31] Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
[01:29:41] And rear it in the place your father's stands.
[01:29:48] And now to London with triumphant march,
[01:29:51] There to be crowned England's royal king:
[01:29:56] From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
[01:29:59] And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
[01:30:02] So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
[01:30:05] And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
[01:30:07] The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
[01:30:11] For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
[01:30:13] Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
[01:30:17] First will I see the coronation;
[01:30:19] And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
[01:30:21] To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
[01:30:25] Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
[01:30:29] For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
[01:30:33] And never will I undertake the thing
[01:30:35] Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
[01:30:40] Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
[01:30:47] And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
[01:30:51] Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.
[01:30:54] Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;
[01:30:56] For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.
[01:30:57] Tut, that's a foolish observation:
[01:30:59] Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
[01:31:01] To see these honours in possession.

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[01:31:23] Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
[01:31:27] For through this glade anon the deer will come;
[01:31:30] And in this covert will we make our stand,
[01:31:33] Culling the principal of all the deer.
[01:31:36] I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
[01:31:38] That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
[01:31:45] Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
[01:31:50] Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
[01:31:56] And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
[01:31:59] I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
[01:32:02] In this self-place where now we mean to stand.
[01:32:04] Hey, here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.
[01:32:11] From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
[01:32:15] To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
[01:32:20] No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
[01:32:23] Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
[01:32:28] Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
[01:32:33] No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
[01:32:37] No humble suitors press to speak for right,
[01:32:41] No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
[01:32:44] For how can I help them, and not myself?
[01:32:48] Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
[01:32:53] This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.
[01:32:58] Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
[01:33:02] For wise men say it is the wisest course.
[01:33:04] Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
[01:33:07] Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.
[01:33:13] My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
[01:33:17] And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
[01:33:19] Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
[01:33:21] To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
[01:33:26] Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
[01:33:30] For Warwick is a subtle orator,
[01:33:32] And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
[01:33:37] By this account then Margaret may win him;
[01:33:41] For she's a woman to be pitied much:
[01:33:44] Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give;
[01:33:51] She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
[01:33:54] He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
[01:33:57] She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
[01:34:01] He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
[01:34:05] That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
[01:34:09] Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
[01:34:15] Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
[01:34:18] And in conclusion wins the king from her,
[01:34:20] With promise of his sister, and what else,
[01:34:23] To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
[01:34:28] O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
[01:34:33] Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!
[01:34:54] Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?
[01:35:01] More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
[01:35:05] A man at least, for less I should not be;
[01:35:07] And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
[01:35:09] Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
[01:35:14] Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.
[01:35:17] But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?
[01:35:24] My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
[01:35:28] Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,

[01:35:30] Nor to be seen: my crown is called content:
[01:35:36] A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
[01:35:38] Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
[01:35:43] Your crown content and you must be contented
[01:35:46] To go along with us; for as we think,
[01:35:49] You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
[01:35:52] And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
[01:35:54] Will apprehend you as his enemy.
[01:35:57] But did you never swear, and break an oath?
[01:36:00] No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
[01:36:03] Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
[01:36:06] Here in this country, where we now remain.
[01:36:10] I was anointed king at nine months old;
[01:36:15] My father and my grandfather were kings,
[01:36:17] And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
[01:36:20] And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
[01:36:24] No;
[01:36:26] For we were subjects but while you were king.
[01:36:31] Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
[01:36:36] Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
[01:36:43] Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
[01:36:50] And as the air blows it to me again,
[01:36:53] Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
[01:36:55] And yielding to another when it blows,
[01:36:58] Comanded always by the greater gust;
[01:37:01] Such is the lightness of you common men.
[01:37:06] But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
[01:37:09] My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
[01:37:13] Go where you will, the king shall be comanded;
[01:37:17] And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.
[01:37:21] We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.
[01:37:25] So would you be again to Henry,
[01:37:28] If he were seated as King Edward is.
[01:37:30] We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
[01:37:33] To go with us unto the officers.
[01:37:36] In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
[01:37:40] And what God will, that let your king perform;
[01:37:45] And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
[01:39:13] Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
[01:39:19] This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
[01:39:22] His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
[01:39:25] Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
[01:39:30] Which we in justice cannot well deny,
[01:39:32] Because in quarrel of the house of York
[01:39:34] The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
[01:39:37] Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
[01:39:39] It were dishonour to deny it her.
[01:39:42] It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
[01:39:49] Yea, is it so?
[01:39:52] I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
[01:39:54] Before the king will grant her humble suit.
[01:39:57] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
[01:40:00] Silence!
[01:40:01] Widow, we will consider of your suit;
[01:40:05] And come some other time to know our mind.
[01:40:07] Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
[01:40:09] May it please your highness to resolve me now;
[01:40:12] And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
[01:40:14] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
[01:40:17] An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

[01:40:19] Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a clap.
 [01:40:21] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
 [01:40:24] Merry. God's forbid! for he'll take vantages.
 [01:40:27] How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
 [01:40:29] I think he means to beg a child of her.
 [01:40:32] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.
 [01:40:34] Three, my most gracious lord.
 [01:40:36] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.
 [01:40:38] 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.
 [01:40:42] Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
 [01:40:49] Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.
 [01:40:53] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
 [01:40:56] Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.
 [01:41:12] Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
 [01:41:16] Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
 [01:41:19] And would you not do much to do them good?
 [01:41:21] To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
 [01:41:24] Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
 [01:41:27] Therefore I came unto your majesty.
 [01:41:30] I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
 [01:41:35] So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
 [01:41:40] What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
 [01:41:45] What you command, that rests in me to do.
 [01:41:48] But you will take exceptions to my boon.
 [01:41:50] No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
 [01:41:53] Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
 [01:41:57] Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
 [01:42:02] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
 [01:42:04] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
 [01:42:09] Why stops my lord, shall I not hear my task?
 [01:42:12] An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
 [01:42:17] That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
 [01:42:20] Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
 [01:42:23] I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
 [01:42:32] But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
 [01:42:37] The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
 [01:42:39] Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
 [01:42:43] What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
 [01:42:47] My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
 [01:42:52] That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
 [01:42:56] No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
 [01:43:01] Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
 [01:43:03] But now you partly may perceive my mind.
 [01:43:04] My mind will never grant what I perceive
 [01:43:06] Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
 [01:43:12] To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
 [01:43:21] To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
 [01:43:26] Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
 [01:43:29] Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
 [01:43:31] For by that loss I will not purchase them.
 [01:43:33] Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
 [01:43:35] Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
 [01:43:41] But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
 [01:43:45] Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
 [01:43:48] Please you dismiss me either with 'ay' or 'no.'
 [01:43:51] Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;
 [01:43:53] No if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.
 [01:43:55] Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
 [01:44:02] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
 [01:44:04] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[01:44:07] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
 [01:44:12] Her words do show her wit incomparable;
 [01:44:16] All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
 [01:44:21] One way or other, she is for a king;
 [01:44:25] And she shall be my love, or else my queen.--
 [01:44:38] Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
 [01:44:46] 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
 [01:44:50] I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 [01:44:52] But far unfit to be a sovereign.
 [01:44:56] Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee
 [01:45:00] I speak no more than what my soul intends;
 [01:45:03] And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
 [01:45:06] And that is more than I will yield unto:
 [01:45:09] I know I am too mean to be your queen,
 [01:45:13] And yet too good to be your concubine.
 [01:45:16] You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.
 [01:45:21] 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.
 [01:45:25] No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
 [01:45:27] Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
 [01:45:29] And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
 [01:45:32] Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
 [01:45:35] To be the father unto many sons.
 [01:45:37] Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
 [01:45:48] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
 [01:45:51] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
 [01:45:55] Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
 [01:45:59] The widow likes it not, for she looks vexed.
 [01:46:02] You'll think it strange if I should marry her.
 [01:46:05] To whom, my lord?
 [01:46:08] Why, Clarence, to myself.
 [01:46:11] That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
 [01:46:14] That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
 [01:46:15] By so much is the wonder in extremes.
 [01:46:17] Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
 [01:46:23] Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.
 [01:46:26] My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
 [01:46:34] And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
 [01:46:37] See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
 [01:46:39] And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
 [01:46:41] To question of his apprehension.
 [01:46:44] Sweet widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.
 [01:46:59] Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
 [01:47:07] Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
 [01:47:10] That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
 [01:47:13] To cross me from the golden time I look for!
 [01:47:18] And yet, between my soul's desire and me--
 [01:47:21] The lustful Edward's title buried--
 [01:47:24] Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
 [01:47:29] And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
 [01:47:32] To take their rooms, ere I can plant myself:
 [01:47:36] A cold premeditation for my purpose!
 [01:47:41] Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
 [01:47:44] Like one that stands upon a promontory,
 [01:47:46] And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
 [01:47:49] Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
 [01:47:51] And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
 [01:47:54] Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
 [01:47:56] So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
 [01:47:58] And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
 [01:48:02] And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,

[01:48:03] Flattering me with impossibilities.
[01:48:06] My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
[01:48:09] Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
[01:48:18] Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
[01:48:22] What other pleasure can the world afford?
[01:48:27] I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
[01:48:30] And deck my body in gay ornaments,
[01:48:32] And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
[01:48:38] O miserable thought! and more unlikely
[01:48:42] Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
[01:48:45] Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
[01:48:50] And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
[01:48:53] She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
[01:48:58] To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
[01:49:01] To make an envious mountain on my back,
[01:49:03] Where sits deformity to mock my body;
[01:49:07] To shape my legs of an unequal size;
[01:49:10] To disproportion me in every part,
[01:49:12] Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
[01:49:15] That carries no impression like the dam.
[01:49:17] And am I then a man to be beloved?
[01:49:19] O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
[01:49:23] Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
[01:49:26] But to command, to cheque, to o'erbear such
[01:49:29] As are of better person than myself,
[01:49:32] I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
[01:49:35] And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
[01:49:39] Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
[01:49:42] Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
[01:49:47] And yet I know not how to get the crown,
[01:49:50] For many lives stand between me and home:
[01:49:53] And I,--like one lost in a thorny wood,
[01:49:56] That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
[01:50:00] Seeking a way and straying from the way;
[01:50:02] Not knowing how to find the open air,
[01:50:04] But toiling desperately to find it out,--
[01:50:06] Torment myself to catch the English crown:
[01:50:09] And from that torment I will free myself,
[01:50:11] Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
[01:50:15] Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
[01:50:21] And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
[01:50:24] And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
[01:50:27] And frame my face to all occasions.
[01:50:34] I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
[01:50:40] I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
[01:50:45] I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
[01:50:47] Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
[01:50:51] And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
[01:50:54] I can add colours to the chameleon,
[01:50:56] Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
[01:50:59] And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
[01:51:02] Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
[01:51:05] Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.
[01:51:32] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
[01:51:35] Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
[01:51:39] And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.
[01:51:42] No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
[01:51:45] Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve
[01:51:49] Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
[01:51:52] Great Albion's queen in former golden days:

[01:51:56] But now mischance hath trod my title down,
[01:52:00] And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
[01:52:03] Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
[01:52:07] And to my humble state conform myself.
[01:52:09] Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
[01:52:14] From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
[01:52:19] And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
[01:52:23] Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
[01:52:29] And sit thee by our side:
[01:52:36] Yield not thy neck
[01:52:37] To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
[01:52:41] Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
[01:52:44] Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
[01:52:47] It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.
[01:52:51] Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts
[01:52:54] And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
[01:52:59] Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
[01:53:03] That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
[01:53:06] Is of a king become a banish'd man,
[01:53:09] And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
[01:53:13] While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
[01:53:17] Usurps the regal title and the seat
[01:53:19] Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
[01:53:23] This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
[01:53:26] With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
[01:53:30] Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
[01:53:35] And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
[01:53:39] Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
[01:53:43] Our people and our peers are both misled,
[01:53:46] Our treasures seized, our soldiers put to flight,
[01:53:50] And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.
[01:53:54] Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
[01:53:59] While we bethink a means to break it off.
[01:54:01] The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.
[01:54:06] The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.
[01:54:08] O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
[01:54:19] And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!
[01:54:22] What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?
[01:54:24] Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.
[01:54:27] Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
[01:54:32] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
[01:54:36] For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
[01:54:39] From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
[01:54:41] My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
[01:54:43] I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
[01:54:48] First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
[01:54:50] And then to crave a league of amity;
[01:54:53] And lastly, to confirm that amity
[01:54:55] With a nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
[01:54:58] That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
[01:55:01] To England's king in lawful marriage.
[01:55:06] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.
[01:55:09] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
[01:55:13] I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
[01:55:15] Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
[01:55:21] To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
[01:55:23] Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
[01:55:25] Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.
[01:55:31] King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
[01:55:35] Before you answer Warwick. His demand

[01:55:38] Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
 [01:55:43] But from deceit bred by necessity;
 [01:55:45] For how can tyrants safely govern home,
 [01:55:47] Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
 [01:55:51] To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
 [01:55:55] That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
 [01:55:58] Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
 [01:56:02] Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
 [01:56:06] Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
 [01:56:10] For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
 [01:56:13] Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
 [01:56:16] Injurious Margaret!
 [01:56:17] And why not queen?
 [01:56:20] Because thy father Henry did usurp;
 [01:56:23] And thou no more are prince than she is queen.
 [01:56:26] Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
 [01:56:28] Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
 [01:56:30] And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
 [01:56:33] Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
 [01:56:35] And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 [01:56:38] Who by his prowess conquered all France:
 [01:56:40] From these our Henry lineally descends.
 [01:56:44] Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
 [01:56:49] You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 [01:56:51] All that which Henry Fifth had gotten?
 [01:56:54] Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
 [01:56:57] But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
 [01:56:59] Of threescore and two years; a silly time
 [01:57:03] To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.
 [01:57:05] Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
 [01:57:07] Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
 [01:57:09] And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
 [01:57:12] Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 [01:57:14] Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
 [01:57:16] For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.
 [01:57:22] Call him my king by whose injurious doom
 [01:57:23] My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 [01:57:25] Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
 [01:57:28] Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 [01:57:30] When nature brought him to the door of death?
 [01:57:32] No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
 [01:57:35] This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
 [01:57:38] And I the house of York.
 [01:57:39] Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
 [01:57:44] Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
 [01:57:46] While I use further conference with Warwick.
 [01:57:51] Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!
 [01:57:57] Now Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
 [01:58:01] Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
 [01:58:03] To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
 [01:58:06] Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
 [01:58:09] But is he gracious in the people's eye?
 [01:58:12] The more that Henry was unfortunate.
 [01:58:15] Then further, all dissembling set aside,
 [01:58:19] Tell me for truth the measure of his love
 [01:58:21] Unto our sister Bona.
 [01:58:24] Such it seems
 [01:58:25] As may beseem a monarch like himself.
 [01:58:29] Myself have often heard him say and swear
 [01:58:34] That this his love was an eternal plant,

[01:58:38] Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
[01:58:41] The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
[01:58:44] Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
[01:58:49] Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.
[01:58:53] Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
[01:59:03] Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
[01:59:06] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
[01:59:09] When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
[01:59:13] Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
[01:59:17] Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
[01:59:23] And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
[01:59:25] Touching the jointure that your king must make,
[01:59:27] Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
[01:59:29] Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
[01:59:33] That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
[01:59:37] To Edward, but not to the English king.
[01:59:39] Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
[01:59:42] By this alliance to make void my suit:
[01:59:46] Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
[01:59:48] And still is friend to him and Margaret:
[01:59:51] But if your title to the crown be weak,
[01:59:54] As may appear by Edward's good success,
[01:59:57] Then 'tis but reason that I be released
[01:59:58] From giving aid which late I promised.
[02:00:00] Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
[02:00:03] That your estate requires and mine can yield.
[02:00:06] Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
[02:00:09] Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
[02:00:12] And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
[02:00:15] You have a father able to maintain you;
[02:00:18] And better 'twere you troubled him than France.
[02:00:20] Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
[02:00:25] Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
[02:00:29] I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
[02:00:32] Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
[02:00:37] Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;
[02:00:40] For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[02:00:46] Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.
[02:00:49] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
[02:00:52] Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
[02:00:53] These from our king unto your majesty:
[02:00:56] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[02:01:19] Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?
[02:01:25] Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
[02:01:30] Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
[02:01:34] What! has your king married the Lady Grey!
[02:01:38] And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
[02:01:41] Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
[02:01:44] Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
[02:01:47] Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
[02:01:50] I told your majesty as much before:
[02:01:53] This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.
[02:02:00] King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
[02:02:03] And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
[02:02:05] That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
[02:02:10] No more my king, for he dishonours me,
[02:02:13] But most himself, if he could see his shame.
[02:02:20] Did I impale him with the regal crown?
[02:02:25] Did I put Henry from his native right?
[02:02:26] And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

[02:02:31] Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
[02:02:39] And to repair my honour lost for him,
[02:02:43] I here renounce him and return to Henry.
[02:02:49] My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
[02:02:53] And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
[02:02:56] I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
[02:02:58] And replant Henry in his former state.
[02:03:04] Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
[02:03:15] And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
[02:03:19] And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.
[02:03:24] So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
[02:03:29] That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
[02:03:31] With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
[02:03:33] I'll undertake to land them on our coast
[02:03:36] And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
[02:03:38] Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
[02:03:41] But by thy help to this distressed queen?
[02:03:43] Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
[02:03:47] Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
[02:03:50] My quarrel and this English queen's are one.
[02:03:52] And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
[02:03:54] And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
[02:03:57] Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
[02:03:59] You shall have aid.
[02:04:00] Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
[02:04:03] Then, England's messenger, return in post,
[02:04:05] And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
[02:04:08] That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
[02:04:11] To revel it with him and his new bride:
[02:04:14] Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.
[02:04:17] Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
[02:04:21] I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
[02:04:24] Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
[02:04:27] And I am ready to put armour on.
[02:04:29] Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
[02:04:34] And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
[02:04:38] There's thy reward: be gone.
[02:04:43] But, Warwick,
[02:04:44] Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
[02:04:46] Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
[02:04:48] And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
[02:04:50] And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
[02:04:51] Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
[02:04:58] What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
[02:05:09] This shall assure my constant loyalty,
[02:05:13] That if our queen and this young prince agree,
[02:05:14] I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
[02:05:18] To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
[02:05:22] Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
[02:05:27] Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
[02:05:30] Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
[02:05:32] And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
[02:05:34] That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
[02:05:39] Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
[02:05:43] And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[02:05:49] Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
[02:05:53] I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
[02:05:56] For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[02:06:21] I came from Edward as ambassador,
[02:06:24] But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

[02:06:28] Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
[02:06:31] But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
[02:06:37] Had he none else to make a stale but me?
[02:06:41] Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
[02:06:45] I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
[02:06:48] And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
[02:06:53] Not that I pity Henry's misery,
[02:06:57] But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

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[02:07:23] Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
[02:07:24] Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
[02:07:27] Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
[02:07:30] Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
[02:07:34] How could he stay till Warwick made return?
[02:07:36] My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
[02:07:39] And his well-chosen bride.
[02:07:41] I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
[02:08:04] Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
[02:08:07] That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
[02:08:10] As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
[02:08:13] Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
[02:08:16] That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
[02:08:19] Suppose they take offence without a cause,
[02:08:22] They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
[02:08:24] Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
[02:08:27] And shall have your will, because our king:
[02:08:31] Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
[02:08:33] Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
[02:08:35] No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
[02:08:38] Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
[02:08:41] To sunder them that yoke so well together.
[02:08:56] Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
[02:08:59] Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
[02:09:00] Should not become my wife and England's queen.
[02:09:04] And you too, Somerset and Montague,
[02:09:06] Speak freely what you think.
[02:09:08] Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
[02:09:11] Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
[02:09:12] About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
[02:09:14] And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
[02:09:16] Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
[02:09:18] What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
[02:09:21] By such invention as I can devise?
[02:09:23] Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
[02:09:26] Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
[02:09:28] 'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
[02:09:33] Why, knows not Montague that of itself
[02:09:35] England is safe, if true within itself?
[02:09:38] But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
[02:09:39] 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
[02:09:42] Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
[02:09:44] Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
[02:09:46] And with their helps only defend ourselves;
[02:09:49] In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
[02:09:51] For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
[02:09:54] To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
[02:09:56] Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
[02:09:58] And for this once my will shall stand for law.
[02:10:03] And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
[02:10:05] To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
[02:10:07] Unto the brother of your loving bride;
[02:10:10] She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
[02:10:12] But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
[02:10:15] Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
[02:10:17] Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
[02:10:19] And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
[02:10:21] Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife

[02:10:25] That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
[02:10:30] In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
[02:10:32] Which being shallow, you give me leave
[02:10:34] To play the broker in mine own behalf;
[02:10:36] And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
[02:10:38] Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
[02:10:42] And not be tied unto his brother's will.
[02:10:44] My lords, before it pleased his majesty
[02:10:48] To raise my state to title of a queen,
[02:10:50] Do me but right, and you must all confess
[02:10:52] That I was not ignoble of descent;
[02:10:55] And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
[02:10:59] But as this title honours me and mine,
[02:11:01] So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
[02:11:05] Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
[02:11:08] My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
[02:11:12] What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
[02:11:14] So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
[02:11:16] And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
[02:11:20] Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
[02:11:23] Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
[02:11:26] Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
[02:11:29] And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
[02:11:37] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[02:11:46] Now, messenger, what letters or what news
[02:11:47] From France?
[02:11:48] My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
[02:11:51] But such as I, without your special pardon,
[02:11:54] Dare not relate.
[02:11:55] Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
[02:11:57] Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
[02:12:01] What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?
[02:12:03] At my depart, these were his very words:
[02:12:07] 'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
[02:12:10] That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
[02:12:13] To revel it with him and his new bride.'
[02:12:16] Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
[02:12:23] But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
[02:12:26] These were her words, utter'd with mad disdain:
[02:12:31] 'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
[02:12:34] I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'
[02:12:38] I blame not her, she could say little less;
[02:12:40] She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
[02:12:45] For I have heard that she was there in place.
[02:12:47] 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
[02:12:50] And I am ready to put armour on.'
[02:12:55] Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
[02:13:01] But what said Warwick to these injuries?
[02:13:04] He, more incensed against your majesty
[02:13:07] Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
[02:13:11] 'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
[02:13:14] And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.'
[02:13:19] Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
[02:13:33] Well I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
[02:13:39] They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
[02:13:46] But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
[02:13:50] Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship
[02:13:53] That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
[02:13:58] Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
[02:14:06] Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

[02:14:11] For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
 [02:14:15] That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
 [02:14:17] I may not prove inferior to yourself.
 [02:14:21] You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
 [02:14:32] Not I:
 [02:14:33] My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
 [02:14:34] Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
 [02:14:42] Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
 [02:14:48] Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
 [02:14:51] And haste is needful in this desperate case.
 [02:14:53] Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
 [02:14:55] Myself in person will straight follow you.
 [02:14:57] But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
 [02:14:59] Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
 [02:15:02] Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
 [02:15:04] Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
 [02:15:06] If it be so, then both depart to him;
 [02:15:08] I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
 [02:15:11] But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
 [02:15:13] Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 [02:15:15] That I may never have you in suspect.
 [02:15:17] So God help Montague as he proves true!
 [02:15:20] And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
 [02:15:26] Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
 [02:15:32] Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
 [02:15:39] Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
 [02:15:42] Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
 [02:15:45] Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
 [02:16:11] Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
 [02:16:15] The common people by numbers swarm to us.
 [02:16:20] But see where Somerset and Clarence come!
 [02:16:24] Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
 [02:16:27] Fear not that, my lord.
 [02:16:31] Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
 [02:16:33] And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
 [02:16:39] To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 [02:16:41] Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
 [02:16:45] Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
 [02:16:49] Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
 [02:16:53] But come, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
 [02:16:57] And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
 [02:17:01] Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 [02:17:04] His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
 [02:17:06] And but attended by a simple guard,
 [02:17:08] We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
 [02:17:11] Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
 [02:17:14] So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 [02:17:18] At unawares may beat down Edward's guard
 [02:17:20] And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
 [02:17:25] For I intend but only to surprise him.
 [02:17:29] You that will follow me to this attempt,
 [02:17:31] Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
 [02:17:34] Henry! Henry! Henry
 [02:17:37] Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
 [02:17:40] For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
 [02:17:55] Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
 [02:18:07] The king by this is set him down to sleep.
 [02:18:11] What, will he not to bed?
 [02:18:14] Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
 [02:18:19] Never to lie and take his natural rest

[02:18:20] Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
[02:18:26] To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
[02:18:29] If Warwick be so near as men report.
[02:18:31] But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
[02:18:34] That with the king here resteth in his tent?
[02:18:37] 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
[02:18:42] O, is it so? But why commands the king
[02:18:50] That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
[02:18:54] While he himself keeps in the cold field?
[02:18:59] 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
[02:19:03] Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
[02:19:06] I like it better than a dangerous honour.
[02:19:09] If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
[02:19:12] 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
[02:19:14] Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
[02:19:17] Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
[02:19:21] But to defend his person from night-foes?
[02:19:35] Who goes there?
[02:19:40] Stay, or thou diest!
[02:19:51] What are they that fly there?
[02:19:52] Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is The duke.
[02:20:02] Why, Warwick, when we parted,
[02:20:05] Thou call'dst me king.
[02:20:07] Ay, but the case is alter'd:
[02:20:10] When you disgraced me in my embassy,
[02:20:13] Then I degraded you from being king,
[02:20:16] And come now to create you Duke of York.
[02:20:20] Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
[02:20:25] That know not how to use ambassadors,
[02:20:27] Nor how to be contented with one wife,
[02:20:30] Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
[02:20:34] Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
[02:20:39] Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
[02:20:45] Yea, brother of Clarence, are thou here too?
[02:20:49] Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
[02:20:53] Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
[02:20:58] Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
[02:21:02] Edward will always bear himself as king:
[02:21:06] Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
[02:21:10] My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
[02:21:17] Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[02:21:28] But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
[02:21:31] And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
[02:21:39] My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
[02:21:40] See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
[02:21:42] Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
[02:21:56] So, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
[02:22:01] What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
[02:22:04] It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[02:22:23] What now remains, my lords, for us to do
[02:22:24] But march to London with our soldiers?
[02:22:28] Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
[02:22:31] To free King Henry from imprisonment
[02:22:34] And see him seated in the regal throne.
[02:22:41] These news I must confess are full of grief;
[02:22:43] Yet, dearest sister, bear it as you may:
[02:22:45] Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
[02:22:50] Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
[02:22:54] And I the rather wean me from despair
[02:22:55] For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

[02:22:59] This is it that makes me bridle passion
 [02:23:01] And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
 [02:23:05] Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
 [02:23:08] And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 [02:23:10] Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
 [02:23:13] King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
 [02:23:19] But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
 [02:23:22] I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
 [02:23:23] To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
 [02:23:26] Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down,
 [02:23:29] But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,--
 [02:23:31] For trust not him that hath once broken faith,--
 [02:23:33] I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 [02:23:35] To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
 [02:23:37] There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
 [02:23:40] Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
 [02:23:43] If Warwick take us we are sure to die.
 [02:23:57] Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
 [02:23:59] Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 [02:24:00] Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
 [02:24:03] Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
 [02:24:05] Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 [02:24:07] He hath good usage and great liberty,
 [02:24:09] And, often but attended with weak guard,
 [02:24:12] Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 [02:24:15] I have advertised him by secret means
 [02:24:17] That if about this hour he make this way
 [02:24:19] He shall here find his friends with horse and men
 [02:24:21] To set him free from his captivity.
 [02:24:24] This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
 [02:24:27] Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.
 [02:24:33] Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
 [02:24:36] Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
 [02:24:39] Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
 [02:24:41] Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
 [02:24:43] But whither shall we then?
 [02:24:44] To Lynn, my lord,
 [02:24:45] And ship from thence to Flanders.
 [02:24:47] Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
 [02:24:49] Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
 [02:24:51] But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
 [02:24:53] Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
 [02:24:57] Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.
 [02:24:59] Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.
 [02:25:02] Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
 [02:25:05] And pray that I may repossess the crown.
 [02:25:22] Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
 [02:25:29] Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
 [02:25:32] And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
 [02:25:34] My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
 [02:25:36] At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
 [02:25:40] Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
 [02:25:43] But if an humble prayer may prevail,
 [02:25:45] I then crave pardon of your majesty.
 [02:25:48] For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
 [02:25:51] Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,
 [02:25:54] For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
 [02:25:57] Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
 [02:26:00] Conceive when after many moody thoughts
 [02:26:04] At last by notes of household harmony

[02:26:06] They quite forget their loss of liberty.
 [02:26:11] But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
 [02:26:16] And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
 [02:26:19] He was the author, thou the instrument.
 [02:26:22] Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
 [02:26:27] By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
 [02:26:31] And that the people of this blessed land
 [02:26:33] May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
 [02:26:37] Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
 [02:26:40] I here resign my government to thee,
 [02:26:44] For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
 [02:26:47] Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
 [02:26:49] And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 [02:26:52] By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
 [02:26:54] For few men rightly temper with the stars:
 [02:26:58] Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
 [02:27:00] For choosing me when Clarence is in place.
 [02:27:04] No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
 [02:27:07] To whom the heavens in thy nativity
 [02:27:09] Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
 [02:27:11] As likely to be blest in peace and war;
 [02:27:13] And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
 [02:27:16] And I choose Clarence only for protector.
 [02:27:19] Warwick and Clarence give me both your hands:
 [02:27:24] Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
 [02:27:28] That no dissension hinder government:
 [02:27:31] I make you both protectors of this land,
 [02:27:34] While I myself will lead a private life
 [02:27:37] And in devotion spend my latter days,
 [02:27:39] To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.
 [02:27:42] What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
 [02:27:44] That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
 [02:27:47] For on thy fortune I repose myself.
 [02:27:50] Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:
 [02:27:57] We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
 [02:28:00] To Henry's body, and supply his place;
 [02:28:02] I mean, in bearing weight of government,
 [02:28:05] While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
 [02:28:08] And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
 [02:28:10] Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
 [02:28:13] And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
 [02:28:16] What else? and that succession be determined.
 [02:28:20] Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
 [02:28:23] But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
 [02:28:25] Let me entreat, for I command no more,
 [02:28:29] That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
 [02:28:31] Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
 [02:28:33] For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
 [02:28:36] My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.
 [02:28:39] It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
 [02:28:43] My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
 [02:28:46] Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
 [02:28:49] My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
 [02:28:52] Come hither, England's hope.
 [02:28:58] If secret powers
 [02:28:59] Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
 [02:29:02] This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
 [02:29:07] His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
 [02:29:10] His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
 [02:29:14] His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself

[02:29:17] Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
 [02:29:24] Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
 [02:29:26] Must help you more than you are hurt by me.
 [02:29:33] What news, my friend?
 [02:29:34] That Edward is escaped from your brother,
 [02:29:36] And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
 [02:29:38] Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
 [02:29:40] He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester
 [02:29:42] And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
 [02:29:44] In secret ambush on the forest side
 [02:29:45] And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
 [02:29:47] For hunting was his daily exercise.
 [02:29:49] My brother was too careless of his charge.
 [02:29:52] But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
 [02:29:53] A salve for any sore that may betide.
 [02:30:10] My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
 [02:30:14] For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
 [02:30:15] And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
 [02:30:19] As Henry's late presaging prophecy
 [02:30:21] Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
 [02:30:24] So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
 [02:30:27] What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
 [02:30:31] Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
 [02:30:33] Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
 [02:30:35] Till storms be past of civil enmity.
 [02:30:37] Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
 [02:30:41] 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.
 [02:30:44] It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
 [02:30:47] Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.
 [02:31:09] Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and Lord Stanley,
 [02:31:13] Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
 [02:31:15] And says that once more I shall interchange
 [02:31:18] My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
 [02:31:22] Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas
 [02:31:25] And brought desired help from Burgundy:
 [02:31:28] What then remains, we being thus arrived
 [02:31:30] From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
 [02:31:32] But that we enter, as into our dukedom?
 [02:31:53] The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;
 [02:31:57] For many men that stumble at the threshold
 [02:31:58] Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
 [02:32:01] Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
 [02:32:05] By fair or foul means we must enter in,
 [02:32:09] For hither will our friends repair to us.
 [02:32:10] My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.
 [02:32:12] My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
 [02:32:17] And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
 [02:32:21] For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
 [02:32:23] But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
 [02:32:26] Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
 [02:32:29] True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
 [02:32:31] Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
 [02:32:34] As being well content with that alone.
 [02:32:36] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
 [02:32:38] He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
 [02:32:40] Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
 [02:32:44] Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
 [02:32:49] Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
 [02:33:02] A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
 [02:33:05] The good old man would fain that all were well,

[02:33:06] So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
[02:33:09] I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
[02:33:10] Both him and all his brothers unto reason.
[02:33:15] So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
[02:33:19] But in the night or in the time of war.
[02:33:24] What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[02:33:26] For Edward will defend the town and thee,
[02:33:29] And all those friends that deign to follow me.
[02:33:34] Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
[02:33:36] Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.
[02:33:39] Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
[02:33:42] To help King Edward in his time of storm,
[02:33:45] As every loyal subject ought to do.
[02:33:48] Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
[02:33:52] Our title to the crown and only claim
[02:33:54] Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
[02:33:57] Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
[02:33:59] I came to serve a king and not a duke.
[02:34:01] Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[02:34:03] Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we'll debate
[02:34:07] By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
[02:34:10] What talk you of debating? In few words,
[02:34:13] If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
[02:34:16] I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone
[02:34:17] To keep them back that come to succor you:
[02:34:20] Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
[02:34:22] Ay!
[02:34:24] Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
[02:34:26] Resolve yourself and let us claim the crown.
[02:34:29] When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
[02:34:31] Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
[02:34:34] Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
[02:34:36] And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
[02:34:39] Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
[02:34:41] The brut thereof will bring you many friends.
[02:34:49] Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
[02:34:51] And Henry but usurps the diadem.
[02:34:54] Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
[02:34:58] And now will I be Edward's champion.
[02:35:00] Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
[02:35:03] Come, master-mayor, make thou proclamation.
[02:35:22] Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of
[02:35:27] England and France, and lord of Ireland.
[02:35:33] True and just heir, Duke of York, Earl of March and Ulster
[02:35:40] And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
[02:35:43] By this I challenge him to single fight.
[02:35:51] Long live Edward the Fourth!
[02:35:55] Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you all:
[02:36:00] If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
[02:36:03] Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
[02:36:07] And when the morning sun shall raise his car
[02:36:10] Above the border of this horizon,
[02:36:12] We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
[02:36:16] For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
[02:36:20] Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
[02:36:24] And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[02:36:36] What counsel, lords?
[02:36:37] For Edward now doth march amain to London;
[02:36:39] And many giddy people flock to him.
[02:36:42] Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

[02:36:45] A little fire is quickly trodden out;
[02:36:47] Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
[02:36:49] In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
[02:36:52] Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
[02:36:54] Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
[02:36:57] The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
[02:36:59] Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
[02:37:01] Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
[02:37:02] Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
[02:37:04] And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
[02:37:06] In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
[02:37:11] My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
[02:37:15] Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
[02:37:17] Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
[02:37:19] Shall rest in London till we come to him.
[02:37:22] Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
[02:37:25] Farewell, my sovereign.
[02:37:26] Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.
[02:37:29] In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
[02:37:31] Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!
[02:37:34] Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.
[02:37:36] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
[02:37:39] Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
[02:37:42] And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
[02:37:46] Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.
[02:38:00] Here at the palace I will rest awhile.
[02:38:03] Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
[02:38:06] Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
[02:38:10] Should not be able to encounter mine.
[02:38:13] The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.
[02:38:18] That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
[02:38:21] I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
[02:38:24] Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
[02:38:29] My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
[02:38:32] My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
[02:38:36] My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
[02:38:42] I have not been desirous of their wealth,
[02:38:43] Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.
[02:38:47] Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
[02:38:52] Then why should they love Edward more than me?
[02:38:56] No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
[02:39:00] And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
[02:39:02] The lamb will never cease to follow him.
[02:39:06] Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?
[02:39:08] Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;
[02:39:11] And once again proclaim us King of England.
[02:39:21] You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
[02:39:24] Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
[02:39:29] And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
[02:39:34] Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[02:39:43] And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course
[02:39:46] Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
[02:39:48] The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
[02:39:51] Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Henry VI Part 3 Act 5

[02:40:04] Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
[02:40:08] How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
[02:40:10] By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
[02:40:12] Where is the post that came from Montague?
[02:40:15] How far off is our brother Montague?
[02:40:17] By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.
[02:40:20] And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
[02:40:22] At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
[02:40:25] And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[02:40:29] Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
[02:40:31] It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
[02:40:34] The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
[02:40:37] Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
[02:40:40] They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.
[02:40:45] O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
[02:40:50] Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
[02:40:53] That we could hear no news of his repair?
[02:40:54] Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
[02:40:58] Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
[02:41:01] Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
[02:41:05] And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
[02:41:08] Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
[02:41:12] Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
[02:41:15] Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
[02:41:20] And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
[02:41:24] I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
[02:41:27] Or did he make the jest against his will?
[02:41:29] Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
[02:41:32] Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
[02:41:34] I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
[02:41:37] 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
[02:41:40] Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
[02:41:43] Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
[02:41:47] And weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
[02:41:51] And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
[02:41:57] But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
[02:42:01] And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
[02:42:05] What is the body when the head is off?
[02:42:07] Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
[02:42:10] But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
[02:42:13] The king was sliely finger'd from the deck!
[02:42:16] You left King Henry at the Bishop's palace,
[02:42:19] And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
[02:42:21] 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
[02:42:25] Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
[02:42:32] Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
[02:42:36] I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
[02:42:39] And with the other fling it at thy face,
[02:42:42] Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.
[02:42:45] Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
[02:42:50] This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair
[02:42:54] Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
[02:42:57] Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
[02:43:01] 'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'
[02:43:06] O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
[02:43:10] Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[02:43:17] The gates are open, let us enter too.
[02:43:19] So other foes may set upon our backs.

[02:43:20] Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
[02:43:22] Will issue out again and bid us battle:
[02:43:24] If not, the city being but of small defence,
[02:43:25] We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
[02:43:28] O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.
[02:43:31] Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[02:43:36] Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
[02:43:39] Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
[02:43:42] The harder match'd, the greater victory:
[02:43:44] My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.
[02:43:48] Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[02:43:51] Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
[02:43:54] Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
[02:43:56] And thou shalt be the third if this sword hold.
[02:43:58] And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
[02:44:02] Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
[02:44:05] With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
[02:44:08] More than the nature of a brother's love!
[02:44:10] Clarence. Clarence for Lancaster.
[02:44:14] et tu Brute. Wilt thou stab Caesar to?
[02:44:18] A parley sent to George of Clarence.
[02:44:40] Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.
[02:44:51] Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[02:44:57] Look here, I throw my infamy at thee
[02:45:01] I will not rinate my father's house,
[02:45:02] Who gave his blood to line the stones together,
[02:45:04] And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
[02:45:08] That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
[02:45:11] To bend the fatal instruments of war
[02:45:13] Against his brother and his lawful king?
[02:45:16] Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
[02:45:19] To keep that oath were more impiety
[02:45:21] Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
[02:45:24] I am so sorry for my trespass made
[02:45:26] That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
[02:45:28] I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
[02:45:31] With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee--
[02:45:33] As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad--
[02:45:37] To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
[02:45:41] And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
[02:45:45] And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
[02:45:55] Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
[02:46:00] And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
[02:46:04] For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
[02:46:09] Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
[02:46:14] Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
[02:46:19] Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.
[02:46:24] O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!
[02:46:30] What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
[02:46:35] Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
[02:46:39] Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
[02:46:44] I will away towards Barnet presently,
[02:46:46] And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.
[02:46:49] Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
[02:46:57] Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[02:49:06] So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
[02:49:16] For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
[02:49:22] Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
[02:49:28] That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[02:49:40] Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

[02:49:56] And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
 [02:50:10] Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
 [02:50:18] My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows.
 [02:50:26] That I must yield my body to the earth
 [02:50:31] And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 [02:50:39] Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 [02:50:46] Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 [02:50:51] Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
 [02:50:57] Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
 [02:51:02] And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
 [02:51:10] These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
 [02:51:15] Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 [02:51:19] To search the secret treasons of the world:
 [02:51:25] The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
 [02:51:30] Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
 [02:51:34] For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
 [02:51:38] And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
 [02:51:47] Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 [02:51:57] My parks, my walks, my manors that I had.
 [02:52:04] Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
 [02:52:12] Is nothing left me but my body's length.
 [02:52:20] Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 [02:52:32] And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
 [02:52:47] Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are.
 [02:52:52] We might recover all our loss again;
 [02:52:55] The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
 [02:52:58] Even now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!
 [02:53:03] Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
 [02:53:13] If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand.
 [02:53:18] And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
 [02:53:26] Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
 [02:53:32] Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
 [02:53:36] That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
 [02:53:42] Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
 [02:53:46] Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;
 [02:53:51] And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
 [02:53:54] And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
 [02:53:59] And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
 [02:54:02] Which sounded like a canon in a vault,
 [02:54:03] That might not be distinguished; but at last
 [02:54:07] I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
 [02:54:10] 'O, farewell, Warwick!'
 [02:54:16] Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
 [02:54:24] For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.
 [02:55:11] Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
 [02:55:38] Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
 [02:55:41] And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
 [02:55:45] But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 [02:55:50] I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
 [02:55:53] That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 [02:55:57] Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
 [02:56:01] I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
 [02:56:03] Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast
 [02:56:06] And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
 [02:56:09] A little gale will soon disperse that cloud
 [02:56:11] And blow it to the source from whence it came:
 [02:56:15] Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
 [02:56:18] For every cloud engenders not a storm.
 [02:56:21] The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
 [02:56:26] And Somerset, with Oxford fled to her:

[02:56:28] If she have time to breathe be well assured
[02:56:30] Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
[02:56:36] We are advertised by our loving friends
[02:56:37] That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
[02:56:40] We, having now the best at Barnet field,
[02:56:42] Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
[02:56:47] And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
[02:56:49] In every county as we go along.
[02:56:52] Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.
[02:56:57] Courage!
[02:58:36] Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
[02:58:44] But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
[02:58:50] What though the mast be now blown overboard,
[02:58:53] The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
[02:58:56] And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
[02:59:00] Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
[02:59:05] Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
[02:59:09] With tearful eyes add water to the sea
[02:59:12] And give more strength to that which hath too much,
[02:59:17] Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rocks,
[02:59:21] Which industry and courage might have saved?
[02:59:26] Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
[02:59:37] Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
[02:59:44] And Montague our topmost; what of him?
[02:59:50] Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
[02:59:55] Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
[03:00:00] And Somerset another goodly mast?
[03:00:05] The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
[03:00:08] And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
[03:00:13] For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
[03:00:18] We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
[03:00:20] But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
[03:00:28] From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
[03:00:32] As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
[03:00:38] And what is Edward but ruthless sea?
[03:00:45] What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
[03:00:52] And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
[03:00:58] All these the enemies to our poor bark.
[03:01:07] Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
[03:01:14] Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
[03:01:20] Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
[03:01:25] Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
[03:01:35] This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
[03:01:42] If case some one of you would fly from us,
[03:01:46] That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers
[03:01:51] More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
[03:02:01] Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
[03:02:10] 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
[03:02:19] Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
[03:02:22] Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
[03:02:25] Infuse his breast with magnanimity
[03:02:29] And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
[03:02:35] I speak not this as doubting any here
[03:02:40] For did I but suspect a fearful man
[03:02:42] He should have leave to go away betimes,
[03:02:45] Lest in our need he might infect another
[03:02:48] And make him of like spirit to himself.
[03:02:54] If any such be here--as God forbid!--
[03:02:58] Let him depart before we need his help.
[03:03:06] Women and children of so high a courage,

[03:03:08] And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
[03:03:16] O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
[03:03:19] Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
[03:03:23] To bear his image and renew his glories!
[03:03:26] And he that will not fight for such a hope.
[03:03:29] Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
[03:03:33] If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
[03:03:38] Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.
[03:03:42] And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.
[03:03:44] Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand.
[03:03:46] Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
[03:03:50] I thought no less: it is his policy
[03:03:51] To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
[03:03:52] But he's deceived; we are in readiness.
[03:03:56] Ay!
[03:03:57] This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
[03:04:01] Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.
[03:04:16] Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
[03:04:21] Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
[03:04:26] Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
[03:04:31] I need not add more fuel to your fire,
[03:04:34] For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out
[03:04:40] Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!
[03:04:49] Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
[03:04:57] My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
[03:05:03] Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
[03:05:07] Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
[03:05:11] Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
[03:05:16] His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
[03:05:20] His statutes cancell'd and his treasure spent;
[03:05:23] And yonder stands the wolf that makes this spoil.
[03:05:29] You fight in justice lords: then, in God's name, lords,
[03:05:36] Be valiant and give signal to the fight.
[03:08:08] Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
[03:08:15] Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
[03:08:18] For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
[03:08:21] Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
[03:08:23] For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
[03:08:26] Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[03:08:32] So part we sadly in this troublous world,
[03:08:35] To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
[03:08:43] Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
[03:08:45] Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
[03:08:47] It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!
[03:08:55] Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
[03:09:03] What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
[03:09:13] Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
[03:09:18] For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
[03:09:24] And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
[03:09:32] Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
[03:09:36] Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
[03:09:39] Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
[03:09:43] Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
[03:09:46] Which traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
[03:09:49] Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!
[03:09:52] That you might still have worn the petticoat,
[03:09:53] And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
[03:09:56] Let AEsop fable in a winter's night;
[03:09:57] His currish riddles sort not with this place.
[03:10:00] By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

[03:10:02] Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
[03:10:04] For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
[03:10:06] Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.
[03:10:09] Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
[03:10:11] Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
[03:10:13] I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
[03:10:16] Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
[03:10:21] And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
[03:10:25] I am your better, traitors as ye are:
[03:10:27] And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
[03:10:31] Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
[03:10:36] Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[03:10:38] And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[03:10:42] O, kill me too!
[03:10:44] Marry, and shall.
[03:10:45] Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.
[03:10:46] Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
[03:10:48] What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
[03:10:51] Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
[03:10:54] I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
[03:10:56] Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
[03:10:58] What? what?
[03:11:00] The Tower, the Tower. I'll root them out.
[03:11:09] O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
[03:11:22] Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
[03:11:35] They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
[03:11:46] Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
[03:11:49] If this foul deed were by to equal it:
[03:11:56] He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
[03:12:03] And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
[03:12:10] What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
[03:12:17] No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak:
[03:12:25] And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
[03:12:37] Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
[03:12:46] How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
[03:12:52] You have no children, butchers! if you had,
[03:12:56] The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
[03:13:00] But if you ever chance to have a child,
[03:13:05] Look in his youth to have him so cut off
[03:13:07] As, deathmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!
[03:13:11] Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
[03:13:13] Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here,
[03:13:24] Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
[03:13:28] What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.
[03:13:33] By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
[03:13:35] Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
[03:13:38] Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
[03:13:40] Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
[03:13:43] 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
[03:13:48] What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher? Richard.
[03:13:58] Hard-favour'd Richard? Where art thou?
[03:14:05] Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
[03:14:14] Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
[03:14:18] Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
[03:14:27] So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!
[03:14:49] Where's Richard gone?
[03:14:51] To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
[03:14:54] To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
[03:14:59] He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
[03:15:16] Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

[03:15:18] With pay and thanks, and let's away to London
[03:15:23] To see our gentle queen how well she fares:
[03:15:27] By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.
[03:16:05] Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
[03:16:11] Ay, my good lord:--my lord, I should say rather;
[03:16:15] 'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:
[03:16:20] 'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,
[03:16:21] And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'
[03:16:26] Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[03:16:38] So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
[03:16:42] So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece
[03:16:45] And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
[03:16:50] What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
[03:17:00] What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
[03:17:18] Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
[03:17:23] The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
[03:17:27] The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
[03:17:30] With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
[03:17:34] And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
[03:17:36] Have now the fatal object in my eye
[03:17:38] Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.
[03:17:43] Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
[03:17:47] That taught his son the office of a fowl!
[03:17:50] An yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
[03:17:55] I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
[03:18:00] Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
[03:18:05] The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
[03:18:08] Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
[03:18:12] Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
[03:18:17] Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
[03:18:18] My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
[03:18:20] Than can my ears that tragic history.
[03:18:25] But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?
[03:18:33] Think'st thou I am an executioner?
[03:18:36] A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
[03:18:38] If murdering innocents be executing,
[03:18:40] Why, then thou art an executioner.
[03:18:42] Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
[03:18:44] Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
[03:18:46] Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
[03:18:49] And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
[03:18:54] Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
[03:18:59] And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
[03:19:01] And many an orphan's water-standing eye--
[03:19:05] Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
[03:19:08] And orphans for their parents timeless death--
[03:19:11] Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
[03:19:16] The owl shriek'd at thy birth,--an evil sign;
[03:19:20] The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
[03:19:24] Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
[03:19:30] The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
[03:19:31] And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
[03:19:36] Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
[03:19:38] And, yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
[03:19:41] To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
[03:19:44] Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
[03:19:48] Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
[03:19:51] To signify thou camest to bite the world:
[03:19:55] And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
[03:19:58] Thou camest--

[03:19:59] I'll hear no more: die, prophet in thy speech:
[03:20:02] For this amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
[03:20:05] Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
[03:20:09] God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!
[03:20:17] What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
[03:20:19] Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
[03:20:25] See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
[03:20:28] O, may such purple tears be alway shed
[03:20:30] From those that wish the downfall of our house!
[03:20:33] If any spark of life be yet remaining,
[03:20:37] Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[03:20:42] I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
[03:20:50] Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
[03:20:53] For I have often heard my mother say
[03:20:54] I came into the world with my legs forward:
[03:20:58] Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
[03:21:01] And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
[03:21:04] The midwife wonder'd and the women cried
[03:21:08] 'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
[03:21:12] And so I was; which plainly signified
[03:21:16] That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
[03:21:23] Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
[03:21:27] Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
[03:21:32] I have no brother, I am like no brother;
[03:21:37] And this word 'love,' which graybeards call divine,
[03:21:40] Be resident in men like one another
[03:21:42] And not in me: I am myself alone.
[03:22:01] Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
[03:22:06] But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
[03:22:11] For I will buz abroad such prophecies
[03:22:12] That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
[03:22:15] And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
[03:22:22] King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
[03:22:25] Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
[03:22:30] Counting myself but bad till I be best.
[03:22:37] I'll throw thy body in another room
[03:22:40] And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[03:24:14] Long live Edward the Fourth!
[03:24:25] Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
[03:24:29] Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
[03:24:34] What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
[03:24:39] Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
[03:24:44] Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
[03:24:47] For hardy and undoubted champions;
[03:24:50] Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
[03:24:54] With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
[03:25:00] That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion
[03:25:04] And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
[03:25:09] Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat
[03:25:15] And made our footstool of security.
[03:25:21] Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
[03:25:42] Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
[03:25:48] Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
[03:25:51] Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
[03:25:55] That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
[03:26:00] And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
[03:26:09] Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
[03:26:12] And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
[03:26:19] The duty that I owe unto your majesty
[03:26:21] I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

[03:26:24] Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
[03:26:26] And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
[03:26:29] Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[03:26:34] To say the truth so Judas kissed his master
[03:26:36] And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.
[03:26:39] Now am I seated as my soul delights,
[03:26:43] Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
[03:26:47] What will your grace have done with Margaret?
[03:26:49] Reignier, her father, to the king of France
[03:26:51] Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
[03:26:54] And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
[03:26:56] Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
[03:26:59] And now what rests but that we spend the time
[03:27:02] With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
[03:27:06] Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
[03:27:08] Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
[03:27:13] For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.