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# HENRY VI

## *Part 3*

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
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Folger Shakespeare Library

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## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

*Michael Witmore*

Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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## Textual Introduction

### By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in

chains of magic were not bound,␣”), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With ␣blood␣ and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest ␣soldier.␣ Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

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## Synopsis

The English crown changes hands often in *Henry VI, Part 3*. At first, Richard, Duke of York, is allied with Warwick. York invades the throne-room of Henry VI with Warwick's army, but allows Henry to remain king if he makes York his heir—thus disinheriting Henry's son, Prince Edward.

Infuriated, Henry's queen, Margaret, raises an army. York breaks his oath to Henry and fights for the crown. After Margaret and her supporters kill York, Warwick proclaims that York's son Edward is king. Edward, now Edward IV, captures Henry.

Warwick breaks with King Edward and joins with Margaret to raise a French army. King Edward's brother Clarence joins with Warwick to capture Edward and free King Henry.

Richard, now Duke of Gloucester, rescues his brother, King Edward, who returns, captures King Henry, and leads an army against Warwick. When Clarence abandons Warwick, Warwick is defeated and killed. King Edward captures Margaret and helps to kill her son, Prince Edward. Richard murders King Henry and begins to plot his way to the crown.

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# Characters in the Play

KING HENRY VI

QUEEN MARGARET

PRINCE EDWARD

Lord CLIFFORD

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND

Earl of WESTMORLAND

Duke of EXETER

Earl of OXFORD

Sir John SOMERVILLE

*Lancastrian supporters*

Earl of WARWICK

Marquess of MONTAGUE

Duke of SOMERSET

*Supporters first of York,  
then of Lancaster*

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of YORK

EDWARD, Earl of March, later KING EDWARD IV

GEORGE, later Duke of CLARENCE

RICHARD, later Duke of GLOUCESTER

RUTLAND

*Sons of Richard,  
Duke of York*

SIR JOHN Mortimer, York's uncle

LADY GREY, later QUEEN ELIZABETH

Earl RIVERS, brother to the queen

Duke of NORFOLK

Earl of PEMBROKE

Lord STAFFORD

Lord HASTINGS

Sir William STANLEY

Sir John MONTGOMERY

*Yorkist supporters*

KING LEWIS of France

LADY BONA, his sister-in-law

Rutland's TUTOR

A SON that has killed his father

A FATHER that has killed his son

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

A NOBLEMAN

POST

FIRST WATCH

SECOND WATCH



THIRD WATCH

HUNTSMAN

LIEUTENANT at the Tower of London

FIRST MESSENGER

SECOND MESSENGER

Other MESSENGERS

MAYOR of York

SOLDIER

Soldiers, Servants, Attendants, Drummers, Trumpeters, Sir Hugh  
Mortimer, Henry, Earl of Richmond, Aldermen of York, Mayor of  
Coventry, Nurse, the infant prince, and Others

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# ACT 1

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## Scene 1

*Alarum. Enter [Richard] Plantagenet, [Duke of York];  
Edward; Richard; Norfolk; Montague; Warwick; and  
Soldiers, [all wearing the white rose.]*

WARWICK

FTLN 0001 I wonder how the King escaped our hands.

YORK

FTLN 0002 While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
FTLN 0003 He slyly stole away and left his men;  
FTLN 0004 Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,  
FTLN 0005 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, 5  
FTLN 0006 Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,  
FTLN 0007 Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
FTLN 0008 Charged our main battle's front and, breaking in,  
FTLN 0009 Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDWARD

FTLN 0010 Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10  
FTLN 0011 Is either slain or wounded dangerous.  
FTLN 0012 I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.  
FTLN 0013 That this is true, father, behold his blood.

*[He shows his bloody sword.]*

MONTAGUE, *[to York, showing his sword]*

FTLN 0014 And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,  
FTLN 0015 Whom I encountered as the battles joined. 15

RICHARD, *[holding up a severed head]*

FTLN 0016 Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

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YORK

FTLN 0017 Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.

FTLN 0018 But is your Grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

NORFOLK

FTLN 0019 Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

RICHARD

FTLN 0020 Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

WARWICK

FTLN 0021 And so do I, victorious prince of York.

FTLN 0022 Before I see thee seated in that throne

FTLN 0023 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

FTLN 0024 I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

FTLN 0025 This is the palace of the fearful king, 25

FTLN 0026 And this the regal seat. Possess it, York,

FTLN 0027 For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK

FTLN 0028 Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will,

FTLN 0029 For hither we have broken in by force.

NORFOLK

FTLN 0030 We'll all assist you. He that flies shall die. 30

YORK

FTLN 0031 Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords.—

FTLN 0032 And soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

*They go up ʹonto a dais or platform.ʹ*

WARWICK

FTLN 0033 And when the King comes, offer him no violence

FTLN 0034 Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

*ʹSoldiers exit or retire out of sight.ʹ*

YORK

FTLN 0035 The Queen this day here holds her parliament, 35

FTLN 0036 But little thinks we shall be of her council.

FTLN 0037 By words or blows, here let us win our right.

RICHARD

FTLN 0038 Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

WARWICK

FTLN 0039 "The Bloody Parliament" shall this be called

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FTLN 0040 Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king 40  
FTLN 0041 And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice  
FTLN 0042 Hath made us bywords to our enemies.

YORK

FTLN 0043 Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute.  
FTLN 0044 I mean to take possession of my right.

WARWICK

FTLN 0045 Neither the King nor he that loves him best, 45  
FTLN 0046 The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
FTLN 0047 Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.  
FTLN 0048 I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.  
FTLN 0049 Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*York sits in the chair of state.*

*Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,  
Westmorland, Exeter, and the rest, all wearing  
the red rose.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0050 My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50  
FTLN 0051 Even in the chair of state! Belike he means,  
FTLN 0052 Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
FTLN 0053 To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
FTLN 0054 Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,  
FTLN 0055 And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have vowed 55  
FTLN 0056 revenge  
FTLN 0057 On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0058 If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0059 The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0060 What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down. 60  
FTLN 0061 My heart for anger burns. I cannot brook it.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0062 Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmorland.

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CLIFFORD

FTLN 0063     Patience is for poltroons such as he.  
 FTLN 0064     He durst not sit there had your father lived.  
 FTLN 0065     My gracious lord, here in the Parliament 65  
 FTLN 0066     Let us assail the family of York.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0067     Well hast thou spoken, cousin. Be it so.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0068     Ah, know you not the city favors them,  
 FTLN 0069     And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

「EXETER」

FTLN 0070     But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly. 70

KING HENRY

FTLN 0071     Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
 FTLN 0072     To make a shambles of the Parliament House!  
 FTLN 0073     Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats  
 FTLN 0074     Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—  
 FTLN 0075     Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne 75  
 FTLN 0076     And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.  
 FTLN 0077     I am thy sovereign.

FTLN 0078     YORK    I am thine.

EXETER

FTLN 0079     For shame, come down. He made thee Duke of  
 FTLN 0080     York. 80

YORK

FTLN 0081     It was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

EXETER

FTLN 0082     Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WARWICK

FTLN 0083     Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown  
 FTLN 0084     In following this usurping Henry.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0085     Whom should he follow but his natural king? 85

WARWICK

FTLN 0086     True, Clifford, that's Richard, Duke of York.

KING HENRY, *「to York」*

FTLN 0087      And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

YORK

FTLN 0088      It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

WARWICK, *「to King Henry」*

FTLN 0089      Be Duke of Lancaster. Let him be king.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0090      He is both king and Duke of Lancaster, 90

FTLN 0091      And that the lord of Westmorland shall maintain.

WARWICK

FTLN 0092      And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget

FTLN 0093      That we are those which chased you from the field

FTLN 0094      And slew your fathers and, with colors spread,

FTLN 0095      Marched through the city to the palace gates. 95

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0096      Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

FTLN 0097      And by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0098      Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,

FTLN 0099      Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives

FTLN 0100      Than drops of blood were in my father's veins. 100

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0101      Urge it no more, lest that, instead of words,

FTLN 0102      I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

FTLN 0103      As shall revenge his death before I stir.

WARWICK

FTLN 0104      Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats!

YORK

FTLN 0105      Will you we show our title to the crown? 105

FTLN 0106      If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0107      What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

FTLN 0108      *「Thy」* father was as thou art, Duke of York;

FTLN 0109      Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.

FTLN 0110      I am the son of Henry the Fifth, 110

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FTLN 0111      Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop  
 FTLN 0112      And seized upon their towns and provinces.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 0113      Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 0114      The Lord Protector lost it and not I.  
 FTLN 0115      When I was crowned, I was but nine months old. 115  
 RICHARD  
 FTLN 0116      You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you  
 FTLN 0117      lose.—  
 FTLN 0118      Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.  
 EDWARD  
 FTLN 0119      Sweet father, do so. Set it on your head.  
 MONTAGUE, *['to York']*  
 FTLN 0120      Good brother, as thou lov'st and honorest arms, 120  
 FTLN 0121      Let's fight it out and not stand caviling thus.  
 RICHARD  
 FTLN 0122      Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.  
 FTLN 0123      YORK    Sons, peace!  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 0124      Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak!  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 0125      Plantagenet shall speak first. Hear him, lords, 125  
 FTLN 0126      And be you silent and attentive too,  
 FTLN 0127      For he that interrupts him shall not live.  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 0128      Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
 FTLN 0129      Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?  
 FTLN 0130      No. First shall war unpeople this my realm; 130  
 FTLN 0131      Ay, and their colors, often borne in France,  
 FTLN 0132      And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,  
 FTLN 0133      Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?  
 FTLN 0134      My title's good, and better far than his.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 0135      Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king. 135

KING HENRY

FTLN 0136 Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

YORK

FTLN 0137 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

KING HENRY, *「aside」*

FTLN 0138 I know not what to say; my title's weak.—

FTLN 0139 Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

FTLN 0140 YORK What then?

140

KING HENRY

FTLN 0141 An if he may, then am I lawful king;

FTLN 0142 For Richard, in the view of many lords,

FTLN 0143 Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,

FTLN 0144 Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

YORK

FTLN 0145 He rose against him, being his sovereign,

145

FTLN 0146 And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WARWICK

FTLN 0147 Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,

FTLN 0148 Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

EXETER

FTLN 0149 No, for he could not so resign his crown

FTLN 0150 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

150

KING HENRY

FTLN 0151 Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

EXETER

FTLN 0152 His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK

FTLN 0153 Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXETER

FTLN 0154 My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

KING HENRY, *「aside」*

FTLN 0155 All will revolt from me and turn to him.

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NORTHUMBERLAND, *「to York」*

FTLN 0156 Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

FTLN 0157 Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.



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WARWICK

FTLN 0158 Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0159 Thou art deceived. 'Tis not thy southern power  
 FTLN 0160 Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, 160  
 FTLN 0161 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
 FTLN 0162 Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0163 King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
 FTLN 0164 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defense.  
 FTLN 0165 May that ground gape and swallow me alive 165  
 FTLN 0166 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0167 O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

YORK

FTLN 0168 Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—  
 FTLN 0169 What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

WARWICK, *['to King Henry']*

FTLN 0170 Do right unto this princely Duke of York, 170  
 FTLN 0171 Or I will fill the house with armèd men,  
 FTLN 0172 And over the chair of state, where now he sits,  
 FTLN 0173 Write up his title with usurping blood.

*He stamps with his foot,  
 and the Soldiers show themselves.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0174 My lord of Warwick, hear but one word:  
 FTLN 0175 Let me for this my lifetime reign as king. 175

YORK

FTLN 0176 Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
 FTLN 0177 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0178 I am content. Richard Plantagenet,  
 FTLN 0179 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0180 What wrong is this unto the Prince your son! 180

WARWICK

FTLN 0181      What good is this to England and himself!

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0182      Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0183      How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0184      I cannot stay to hear these articles.

FTLN 0185      NORTHUMBERLAND      Nor I. 185

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0186      Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

WESTMORLAND

FTLN 0187      Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

FTLN 0188      In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0189      Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

FTLN 0190      And die in bands for this unmanly deed. 190

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0191      In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,

FTLN 0192      Or live in peace abandoned and despised!

*Westmorland, Northumberland, Clifford,  
and their Soldiers exit.*

WARWICK

FTLN 0193      Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

EXETER

FTLN 0194      They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0195      Ah, Exeter! 195

FTLN 0196      WARWICK      Why should you sigh, my lord?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0197      Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

FTLN 0198      Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

FTLN 0199      But be it as it may. (*To York.*) I here entail

FTLN 0200      The crown to thee and to thine heirs forever, 200

FTLN 0201      Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

FTLN 0202      To cease this civil war and, whilst I live,

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FTLN 0203 To honor me as thy king and sovereign,  
 FTLN 0204 And neither by treason nor hostility  
 FTLN 0205 To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 205

YORK  
 FTLN 0206 This oath I willingly take and will perform.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 0207 Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.  
*「York stands, and King Henry ascends the dais.」*  
 KING HENRY, *「to York」*  
 FTLN 0208 And long live thou and these thy forward sons!  
*「They embrace.」*

YORK  
 FTLN 0209 Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.  
 EXETER  
 FTLN 0210 Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes. 210  
*Sennet. Here they come down.*

YORK, *「to King Henry」*  
 FTLN 0211 Farewell, my gracious lord. I'll to my castle.  
 WARWICK  
 FTLN 0212 And I'll keep London with my soldiers.  
 NORFOLK  
 FTLN 0213 And I to Norfolk with my followers.  
 MONTAGUE  
 FTLN 0214 And I unto the sea, from whence I came.  
*「York, Edward, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk,  
 Montague, and their Soldiers exit.」*

KING HENRY  
 FTLN 0215 And I with grief and sorrow to the court. 215

*Enter Queen 「Margaret, with Prince Edward.」*

EXETER  
 FTLN 0216 Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her  
 FTLN 0217 anger.  
 FTLN 0218 I'll steal away.  
 FTLN 0219 KING HENRY Exeter, so will I.  
*「They begin to exit.」*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0220     Nay, go not from me. I will follow thee. 220

KING HENRY

FTLN 0221     Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0222     Who can be patient in such extremes?

FTLN 0223     Ah, wretched man, would I had died a maid

FTLN 0224     And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

FTLN 0225     Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father. 225

FTLN 0226     Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?

FTLN 0227     Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,

FTLN 0228     Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

FTLN 0229     Or nourished him as I did with my blood,

FTLN 0230     Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood 230

FTLN 0231     there,

FTLN 0232     Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir

FTLN 0233     And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 0234     Father, you cannot disinherit me.

FTLN 0235     If you be king, why should not I succeed? 235

KING HENRY

FTLN 0236     Pardon me, Margaret.—Pardon me, sweet son.

FTLN 0237     The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforced me.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0238     Enforced thee? Art thou king and wilt be forced?

FTLN 0239     I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch,

FTLN 0240     Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me, 240

FTLN 0241     And giv'n unto the house of York such head

FTLN 0242     As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance!

FTLN 0243     To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

FTLN 0244     What is it but to make thy sepulcher

FTLN 0245     And creep into it far before thy time? 245

FTLN 0246     Warwick is Chancellor and the lord of Callice;

FTLN 0247     Stern Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas;

FTLN 0248     The Duke is made Protector of the realm;

FTLN 0249     And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds

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FTLN 0250      The trembling lamb environèd with wolves. 250  
 FTLN 0251      Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
 FTLN 0252      The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes  
 FTLN 0253      Before I would have granted to that act.  
 FTLN 0254      But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honor.  
 FTLN 0255      And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself 255  
 FTLN 0256      Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
 FTLN 0257      Until that act of Parliament be repealed  
 FTLN 0258      Whereby my son is disinherited.  
 FTLN 0259      The northern lords that have forsworn thy colors  
 FTLN 0260      Will follow mine if once they see them spread; 260  
 FTLN 0261      And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace  
 FTLN 0262      And utter ruin of the house of York.  
 FTLN 0263      Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away.  
 FTLN 0264      Our army is ready. Come, we'll after them.  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 0265      Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak. 265  
 QUEEN MARGARET  
 FTLN 0266      Thou hast spoke too much already. Get thee gone.  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 0267      Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay 'with' me?  
 QUEEN MARGARET  
 FTLN 0268      Ay, to be murdered by his enemies!  
 PRINCE EDWARD  
 FTLN 0269      When I return with victory 'from' the field,  
 FTLN 0270      I'll see your Grace. Till then, I'll follow her. 270  
 QUEEN MARGARET  
 FTLN 0271      Come, son, away. We may not linger thus.  
    'Queen Margaret and Prince Edward exit.'  
 KING HENRY  
 FTLN 0272      Poor queen! How love to me and to her son  
 FTLN 0273      Hath made her break out into terms of rage!  
 FTLN 0274      Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,  
 FTLN 0275      Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire, 275  
 FTLN 0276      Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
 FTLN 0277      Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.

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FTLN 0278      The loss of those three lords torments my heart.  
FTLN 0279      I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.  
FTLN 0280      Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger. 280  
EXETER  
FTLN 0281      And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.  
   *Flourish. 'They' exit.*

   'Scene 2'  
   *Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague,*  
   *'all wearing the white rose.'*

RICHARD  
FTLN 0282      Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.  
EDWARD  
FTLN 0283      No, I can better play the orator.  
MONTAGUE  
FTLN 0284      But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter the Duke of York.*

YORK  
FTLN 0285      Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?  
FTLN 0286      What is your quarrel? How began it first? 5  
EDWARD  
FTLN 0287      No quarrel, but a slight contention.  
FTLN 0288      YORK    About what?  
RICHARD  
FTLN 0289      About that which concerns your Grace and us:  
FTLN 0290      The crown of England, father, which is yours.  
YORK  
FTLN 0291      Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead. 10  
RICHARD  
FTLN 0292      Your right depends not on his life or death.  
EDWARD  
FTLN 0293      Now you are heir; therefore enjoy it now.

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FTLN 0294	By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,	
FTLN 0295	It will outrun you, father, in the end.	
	YORK	
FTLN 0296	I took an oath that he should quietly reign.	15
	EDWARD	
FTLN 0297	But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.	
FTLN 0298	I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0299	No, God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.	
	YORK	
FTLN 0300	I shall be, if I claim by open war.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0301	I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.	20
	YORK	
FTLN 0302	Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0303	An oath is of no moment, being not took	
FTLN 0304	Before a true and lawful magistrate	
FTLN 0305	That hath authority over him that swears.	
FTLN 0306	Henry had none, but did usurp the place.	25
FTLN 0307	Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,	
FTLN 0308	Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.	
FTLN 0309	Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think	
FTLN 0310	How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,	
FTLN 0311	Within whose circuit is Elysium	30
FTLN 0312	And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.	
FTLN 0313	Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest	
FTLN 0314	Until the white rose that I wear be dyed	
FTLN 0315	Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.	
	YORK	
FTLN 0316	Richard, enough. I will be king or die.—	35
FTLN 0317	Brother, thou shalt to London presently,	
FTLN 0318	And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—	
FTLN 0319	Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk	
FTLN 0320	And tell him privily of our intent.—	
FTLN 0321	You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,	40

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FTLN 0322 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise;  
 FTLN 0323 In them I trust, for they are soldiers  
 FTLN 0324 Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
 FTLN 0325 While you are thus employed, what resteth more  
 FTLN 0326 But that I seek occasion how to rise, 45  
 FTLN 0327 And yet the King not privy to my drift,  
 FTLN 0328 Nor any of the house of Lancaster.

*Enter 「a Messenger.」*

FTLN 0329 But stay, what news? Why com'st thou in such post?  
 MESSENGER  
 FTLN 0330 The Queen with all the northern earls and lords  
 FTLN 0331 Intend here to besiege you in your castle. 50  
 FTLN 0332 She is hard by with twenty thousand men.  
 FTLN 0333 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord. *「He exits.」*

YORK

FTLN 0334 Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that we fear  
 FTLN 0335 them?—  
 FTLN 0336 Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me; 55  
 FTLN 0337 My brother Montague shall post to London.  
 FTLN 0338 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 FTLN 0339 Whom we have left Protectors of the King,  
 FTLN 0340 With powerful policy strengthen themselves  
 FTLN 0341 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths. 60

MONTAGUE

FTLN 0342 Brother, I go. I'll win them, fear it not.  
 FTLN 0343 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.  
*Montague exits.*

*Enter 「Sir John」 Mortimer, and his brother,  
 「Sir Hugh Mortimer.」*

YORK

FTLN 0344 Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,  
 FTLN 0345 You are come to Sandal in a happy hour.  
 FTLN 0346 The army of the Queen mean to besiege us. 65



SIR JOHN

FTLN 0347 She shall not need; we'll meet her in the field.

FTLN 0348 YORK What, with five thousand men?

RICHARD

FTLN 0349 Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

FTLN 0350 A woman's general; what should we fear?

*A march afar off.*

EDWARD

FTLN 0351 I hear their drums. Let's set our men in order,

70

FTLN 0352 And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

YORK

FTLN 0353 Five men to twenty: though the odds be great,

FTLN 0354 I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

FTLN 0355 Many a battle have I won in France

FTLN 0356 Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one.

75

FTLN 0357 Why should I not now have the like success?

*Alarum. 'They' exit.*

「Scene 3」

*Enter Rutland and his Tutor.*

RUTLAND

FTLN 0358 Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their hands?

*Enter Clifford 'with Soldiers, all wearing the red rose.'*

FTLN 0359 Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0360 Chaplain, away. Thy priesthood saves thy life.

FTLN 0361 As for the brat of this accursèd duke,

FTLN 0362 Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

5

TUTOR

FTLN 0363 And I, my lord, will bear him company.

FTLN 0364 CLIFFORD Soldiers, away with him.

TUTOR

FTLN 0365 Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
 FTLN 0366 Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

*He exits, 「dragged off by Soldiers.」*

CLIFFORD, 「approaching Rutland」

FTLN 0367 How now? Is he dead already? Or is it fear 10  
 FTLN 0368 That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUTLAND

FTLN 0369 So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
 FTLN 0370 That trembles under his devouring paws;  
 FTLN 0371 And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;  
 FTLN 0372 And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder. 15  
 FTLN 0373 Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword  
 FTLN 0374 And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.  
 FTLN 0375 Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.  
 FTLN 0376 I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.  
 FTLN 0377 Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 20

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0378 In vain thou speak'st, poor boy. My father's blood  
 FTLN 0379 Hath stopped the passage where thy words should  
 FTLN 0380 enter.

RUTLAND

FTLN 0381 Then let my father's blood open it again;  
 FTLN 0382 He is a man and, Clifford, cope with him. 25

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0383 Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
 FTLN 0384 Were not revenge sufficient for me.  
 FTLN 0385 No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves  
 FTLN 0386 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
 FTLN 0387 It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart. 30  
 FTLN 0388 The sight of any of the house of York  
 FTLN 0389 Is as a fury to torment my soul,  
 FTLN 0390 And till I root out their accursèd line  
 FTLN 0391 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
 FTLN 0392 Therefore— *「He raises his rapier.」* 35

RUTLAND

FTLN 0393 O, let me pray before I take my death!  
 FTLN 0394 To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0395 Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUTLAND

FTLN 0396 I never did thee harm. Why wilt thou slay me?

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0397 Thy father hath. 40

FTLN 0398 RUTLAND But 'twas ere I was born.

FTLN 0399 Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,

FTLN 0400 Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,

FTLN 0401 He be as miserably slain as I.

FTLN 0402 Ah, let me live in prison all my days, 45

FTLN 0403 And when I give occasion of offense

FTLN 0404 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0405 No cause? Thy father slew my father; therefore die.

*He stabs Rutland.*

RUTLAND

FTLN 0406 *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!* *He dies.*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0407 Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet! 50

FTLN 0408 And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,

FTLN 0409 Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood,

FTLN 0410 Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.

*He exits, with Soldiers carrying off Rutland's body.*

Scene 4

*Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York, wearing the  
 white rose.*

YORK

FTLN 0411 The army of the Queen hath got the field.

FTLN 0412 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;

FTLN 0413 And all my followers to the eager foe  
 FTLN 0414 Turn back and fly like ships before the wind,  
 FTLN 0415 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves. 5  
 FTLN 0416 My sons, God knows what hath bechancèd them;  
 FTLN 0417 But this I know: they have demeaned themselves  
 FTLN 0418 Like men borne to renown by life or death.  
 FTLN 0419 Three times did Richard make a lane to me  
 FTLN 0420 And thrice cried "Courage, father, fight it out!" 10  
 FTLN 0421 And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
 FTLN 0422 With purple falchion painted to the hilt  
 FTLN 0423 In blood of those that had encountered him;  
 FTLN 0424 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
 FTLN 0425 Richard cried "Charge, and give no foot of ground!" 15  
 FTLN 0426 And cried "A crown or else a glorious tomb;  
 FTLN 0427 A scepter or an earthly sepulcher!"  
 FTLN 0428 With this we charged again; but, out alas,  
 FTLN 0429 We 'budded' again, as I have seen a swan  
 FTLN 0430 With bootless labor swim against the tide 20  
 FTLN 0431 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

*A short alarum within.*

FTLN 0432 Ah, hark, the fatal followers do pursue,  
 FTLN 0433 And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;  
 FTLN 0434 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.  
 FTLN 0435 The sands are numbered that makes up my life. 25  
 FTLN 0436 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen 'Margaret,' Clifford, Northumberland,  
 the young Prince 'Edward,' and Soldiers,  
 'all wearing the red rose.'*

FTLN 0437 Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,  
 FTLN 0438 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.  
 FTLN 0439 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0440 Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0441 Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm

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FTLN 0442	With downright payment showed unto my father.	
FTLN 0443	Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car	
FTLN 0444	And made an evening at the noontide prick.	
	YORK	
FTLN 0445	My ashes, as the Phoenix', may bring forth	35
FTLN 0446	A bird that will revenge upon you all;	
FTLN 0447	And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,	
FTLN 0448	Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.	
FTLN 0449	Why come you not? What, multitudes, and fear?	
	CLIFFORD	
FTLN 0450	So cowards fight when they can fly no further;	40
FTLN 0451	So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;	
FTLN 0452	So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,	
FTLN 0453	Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.	
	YORK	
FTLN 0454	O Clifford, but bethink thee once again	
FTLN 0455	And in thy thought o'errun my former time;	45
FTLN 0456	And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face	
FTLN 0457	And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice	
FTLN 0458	Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.	
	CLIFFORD	
FTLN 0459	I will not bandy with thee word for word,	
FTLN 0460	But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.	50
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0461	Hold, valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes	
FTLN 0462	I would prolong a while the traitor's life.—	
FTLN 0463	Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.	
	NORTHUMBERLAND	
FTLN 0464	Hold, Clifford, do not honor him so much	
FTLN 0465	To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.	55
FTLN 0466	What valor were it when a cur doth grin	
FTLN 0467	For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,	
FTLN 0468	When he might spurn him with his foot away?	
FTLN 0469	It is war's prize to take all vantages,	
FTLN 0470	And ten to one is no impeach of valor.	60

*「They attack York.」*

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CLIFFORD

FTLN 0471     Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0472     So doth the coney struggle in the net.

YORK

FTLN 0473     So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;

FTLN 0474     So true men yield with robbers, so o'ermatched.

*York is overcome.*

NORTHUMBERLAND, *to Queen Margaret*

FTLN 0475     What would your Grace have done unto him now? 65

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0476     Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

FTLN 0477     Come, make him stand upon this molehill here

FTLN 0478     That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,

FTLN 0479     Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

*They place York on a small prominence.*

FTLN 0480     What, was it you that would be England's king? 70

FTLN 0481     Was 't you that reveled in our parliament

FTLN 0482     And made a preachment of your high descent?

FTLN 0483     Where are your mess of sons to back you now,

FTLN 0484     The wanton Edward and the lusty George?

FTLN 0485     And where's that valiant crookback prodigy, 75

FTLN 0486     Dickie, your boy, that with his grumbling voice

FTLN 0487     Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

FTLN 0488     Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

FTLN 0489     Look, York, I stained this napkin with the blood

FTLN 0490     That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point 80

FTLN 0491     Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

FTLN 0492     And if thine eyes can water for his death,

FTLN 0493     I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

*She gives him a bloody cloth.*

FTLN 0494     Alas, poor York, but that I hate thee deadly

FTLN 0495     I should lament thy miserable state. 85

FTLN 0496     I prithee grieve to make me merry, York.

FTLN 0497     What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails

FTLN 0498     That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

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FTLN 0499	Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst be mad;	
FTLN 0500	And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.	90
FTLN 0501	Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.	
FTLN 0502	Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport.—	
FTLN 0503	York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.	
FTLN 0504	A crown for York! <i>「She is handed a paper crown.」</i>	
FTLN 0505	And, lords, bow low to him.	95
FTLN 0506	Hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.	
	<i>「She puts the crown on York's head.」</i>	
FTLN 0507	Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.	
FTLN 0508	Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,	
FTLN 0509	And this is he was his adopted heir.	
FTLN 0510	But how is it that great Plantagenet	100
FTLN 0511	Is crowned so soon and broke his solemn oath?—	
FTLN 0512	As I bethink me, you should not be king	
FTLN 0513	Till our King Henry had shook hands with Death.	
FTLN 0514	And will you pale your head in Henry's glory	
FTLN 0515	And rob his temples of the diadem	105
FTLN 0516	Now, in his life, against your holy oath?	
FTLN 0517	O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.	
FTLN 0518	Off with the crown and, with the crown, his head;	
FTLN 0519	And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.	
	CLIFFORD	
FTLN 0520	That is my office, for my father's sake.	110
	QUEEN MARGARET	
FTLN 0521	Nay, stay, let's hear the orisons he makes.	
	YORK	
FTLN 0522	She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of	
FTLN 0523	France,	
FTLN 0524	Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth:	
FTLN 0525	How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex	115
FTLN 0526	To triumph like an Amazonian trull	
FTLN 0527	Upon their woes whom Fortune captivates.	
FTLN 0528	But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,	
FTLN 0529	Made impudent with use of evil deeds,	
FTLN 0530	I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.	120

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FTLN 0531	To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,	
FTLN 0532	Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not	
FTLN 0533	shameless.	
FTLN 0534	Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,	
FTLN 0535	Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,	125
FTLN 0536	Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.	
FTLN 0537	Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?	
FTLN 0538	It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,	
FTLN 0539	Unless the adage must be verified	
FTLN 0540	That beggars mounted run their horse to death.	130
FTLN 0541	'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,	
FTLN 0542	But God He knows thy share thereof is small.	
FTLN 0543	'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;	
FTLN 0544	The contrary doth make thee wondered at.	
FTLN 0545	'Tis government that makes them seem divine;	135
FTLN 0546	The want thereof makes thee abominable.	
FTLN 0547	Thou art as opposite to every good	
FTLN 0548	As the Antipodes are unto us	
FTLN 0549	Or as the south to the Septentrion.	
FTLN 0550	O, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide,	140
FTLN 0551	How couldst thou drain the lifeblood of the child	
FTLN 0552	To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,	
FTLN 0553	And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?	
FTLN 0554	Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;	
FTLN 0555	Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.	145
FTLN 0556	Bidd'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish.	
FTLN 0557	Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy will;	
FTLN 0558	For raging wind blows up incessant showers,	
FTLN 0559	And when the rage allays, the rain begins.	
FTLN 0560	These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,	150
FTLN 0561	And every drop cries vengeance for his death	
FTLN 0562	'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false	
FTLN 0563	Frenchwoman!	
	NORTHUMBERLAND, <i>['aside']</i>	
FTLN 0564	Beshrew me, but his passions moves me so	
FTLN 0565	That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.	155



YORK

FTLN 0566 That face of his the hungry cannibals  
 FTLN 0567 Would not have touched, would not have stained  
 FTLN 0568 with blood;  
 FTLN 0569 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
 FTLN 0570 O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania. 160  
 FTLN 0571 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears.  
 FTLN 0572 This cloth thou dipped'st in blood of my sweet boy,  
 FTLN 0573 And I with tears do wash the blood away.

*He hands her the cloth.*

FTLN 0574 Keep thou the napkin and go boast of this;  
 FTLN 0575 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 165  
 FTLN 0576 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears.  
 FTLN 0577 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears  
 FTLN 0578 And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed."

*He hands her the paper crown.*

FTLN 0579 There, take the crown and, with the crown, my  
 FTLN 0580 curse, 170  
 FTLN 0581 And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
 FTLN 0582 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.—  
 FTLN 0583 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,  
 FTLN 0584 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0585 Had he been slaughterman to all my kin, 175  
 FTLN 0586 I should not for my life but weep with him  
 FTLN 0587 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0588 What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?  
 FTLN 0589 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
 FTLN 0590 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears. 180

CLIFFORD, *He stabs York twice*

FTLN 0591 Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death!

QUEEN MARGARET, *He stabs York*

FTLN 0592 And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

YORK

FTLN 0593 Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God.

FTLN 0594

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.

*「He dies.」*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0595

Off with his head, and set it on York gates,

185

FTLN 0596

So York may overlook the town of York.

*Flourish. 「They」 exit, 「Soldiers carrying York's body.」*

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## 「ACT 2」

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### 「Scene 1」

*A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power,  
「all wearing the white rose.」*

EDWARD

FTLN 0597	I wonder how our princely father scaped,	
FTLN 0598	Or whether he be scaped away or no	
FTLN 0599	From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.	
FTLN 0600	Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;	
FTLN 0601	Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;	5
FTLN 0602	Or had he scaped, methinks we should have heard	
FTLN 0603	The happy tidings of his good escape.	
FTLN 0604	How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?	

RICHARD

FTLN 0605	I cannot joy until I be resolved	
FTLN 0606	Where our right valiant father is become.	10
FTLN 0607	I saw him in the battle range about	
FTLN 0608	And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.	
FTLN 0609	Methought he bore him in the thickest troop	
FTLN 0610	As doth a lion in a herd of neat,	
FTLN 0611	Or as a bear encompassed round with dogs,	15
FTLN 0612	Who having pinched a few and made them cry,	
FTLN 0613	The rest stand all aloof and bark at him;	
FTLN 0614	So fared our father with his enemies;	
FTLN 0615	So fled his enemies my warlike father.	
FTLN 0616	Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son.	20
FTLN 0617	See how the morning opes her golden gates	

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FTLN 0618 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.  
 FTLN 0619 How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
 FTLN 0620 Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!

EDWARD

FTLN 0621 Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns? 25

RICHARD

FTLN 0622 Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,  
 FTLN 0623 Not separated with the racking clouds  
 FTLN 0624 But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.  
 FTLN 0625 See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
 FTLN 0626 As if they vowed some league inviolable. 30  
 FTLN 0627 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun;  
 FTLN 0628 In this, the heaven figures some event.

EDWARD

FTLN 0629 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.  
 FTLN 0630 I think it cites us, brother, to the field,  
 FTLN 0631 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, 35  
 FTLN 0632 Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
 FTLN 0633 Should notwithstanding join our lights together  
 FTLN 0634 And overshine the earth, as this the world.  
 FTLN 0635 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
 FTLN 0636 Upon my target three fair shining suns. 40

RICHARD

FTLN 0637 Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,  
 FTLN 0638 You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter 'a Messenger, ' blowing.*

FTLN 0639 But what art thou whose heavy looks foretell  
 FTLN 0640 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

MESSENGER

FTLN 0641 Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on 45  
 FTLN 0642 Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,  
 FTLN 0643 Your princely father and my loving lord.

EDWARD

FTLN 0644 O, speak no more, for I have heard too much!

---

RICHARD

FTLN 0645 Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0646 Environèd he was with many foes, 50  
FTLN 0647 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
FTLN 0648 Against the Greeks that would have entered Troy.  
FTLN 0649 But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
FTLN 0650 And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
FTLN 0651 Hews down and fells the hardest-timbered oak. 55  
FTLN 0652 By many hands your father was subdued,  
FTLN 0653 But only slaughtered by the ireful arm  
FTLN 0654 Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,  
FTLN 0655 Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite,  
FTLN 0656 Laughed in his face; and when with grief he wept, 60  
FTLN 0657 The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks  
FTLN 0658 A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood  
FTLN 0659 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain.  
FTLN 0660 And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
FTLN 0661 They took his head and on the gates of York 65  
FTLN 0662 They set the same, and there it doth remain,  
FTLN 0663 The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed. *He exits.*

EDWARD

FTLN 0664 Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,  
FTLN 0665 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.  
FTLN 0666 O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain 70  
FTLN 0667 The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
FTLN 0668 And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,  
FTLN 0669 For hand to hand he would have vanquished thee.  
FTLN 0670 Now my soul's palace is become a prison;  
FTLN 0671 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body 75  
FTLN 0672 Might in the ground be closèd up in rest,  
FTLN 0673 For never henceforth shall I joy again.  
FTLN 0674 Never, O never, shall I see more joy! *He weeps.*

RICHARD

FTLN 0675 I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture  
FTLN 0676 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart; 80

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FTLN 0677	Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,	
FTLN 0678	For selfsame wind that I should speak withal	
FTLN 0679	Is kindling coals that fires all my breast	
FTLN 0680	And burns me up with flames that tears would	
FTLN 0681	quench.	85
FTLN 0682	To weep is to make less the depth of grief:	
FTLN 0683	Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me.	
FTLN 0684	Richard, I bear thy name. I'll venge thy death	
FTLN 0685	Or die renowned by attempting it.	
	EDWARD	
FTLN 0686	His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;	90
FTLN 0687	His dukedom and his chair with me is left.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0688	Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,	
FTLN 0689	Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun;	
FTLN 0690	For "chair" and "dukedom," "throne" and	
FTLN 0691	"kingdom" say;	95
FTLN 0692	Either that is thine or else thou wert not his.	
	<i>March. Enter Warwick, Marquess Montague, and their army, [all wearing the white rose.]</i>	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0693	How now, fair lords? What fare, what news abroad?	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0694	Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount	
FTLN 0695	Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance	
FTLN 0696	Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,	100
FTLN 0697	The words would add more anguish than the wounds.	
FTLN 0698	O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain.	
	EDWARD	
FTLN 0699	O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet	
FTLN 0700	Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption	
FTLN 0701	Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.	105
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0702	Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears.	
FTLN 0703	And now to add more measure to your woes,	

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FTLN 0704	I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.	
FTLN 0705	After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,	
FTLN 0706	Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,	110
FTLN 0707	Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,	
FTLN 0708	Were brought me of your loss and his depart.	
FTLN 0709	I, then in London, keeper of the King,	
FTLN 0710	Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,	
FTLN 0711	Marched toward Saint Albans to intercept the	115
FTLN 0712	Queen,	
FTLN 0713	Bearing the King in my behalf along;	
FTLN 0714	For by my scouts I was advertised	
FTLN 0715	That she was coming with a full intent	
FTLN 0716	To dash our late decree in Parliament	120
FTLN 0717	Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.	
FTLN 0718	Short tale to make, we at Saint Albans met,	
FTLN 0719	Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought.	
FTLN 0720	But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,	
FTLN 0721	Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,	125
FTLN 0722	That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen,	
FTLN 0723	Or whether 'twas report of her success	
FTLN 0724	Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,	
FTLN 0725	Who thunders to his captives blood and death,	
FTLN 0726	I cannot judge; but to conclude with truth,	130
FTLN 0727	Their weapons like to lightning came and went;	
FTLN 0728	Our soldiers', like the night owl's lazy flight	
FTLN 0729	Or like 'an idle' thresher with a flail,	
FTLN 0730	Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.	
FTLN 0731	I cheered them up with justice of our cause,	135
FTLN 0732	With promise of high pay and great rewards,	
FTLN 0733	But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,	
FTLN 0734	And we, in them, no hope to win the day,	
FTLN 0735	So that we fled: the King unto the Queen;	
FTLN 0736	Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself	140
FTLN 0737	In haste, posthaste, are come to join with you;	
FTLN 0738	For in the Marches here we heard you were,	
FTLN 0739	Making another head to fight again.	

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EDWARD

FTLN 0740     Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?  
 FTLN 0741     And when came George from Burgundy to England?                     145

WARWICK

FTLN 0742     Some six miles off the Duke is with the soldiers,  
 FTLN 0743     And, for your brother, he was lately sent  
 FTLN 0744     From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
 FTLN 0745     With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICHARD

FTLN 0746     'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled.                     150  
 FTLN 0747     Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
 FTLN 0748     But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

WARWICK

FTLN 0749     Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear?  
 FTLN 0750     For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine  
 FTLN 0751     Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head                     155  
 FTLN 0752     And wring the awful scepter from his fist,  
 FTLN 0753     Were he as famous and as bold in war  
 FTLN 0754     As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICHARD

FTLN 0755     I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not.  
 FTLN 0756     'Tis love I bear thy glories make me speak.                     160  
 FTLN 0757     But in this troublous time, what's to be done?  
 FTLN 0758     Shall we go throw away our coats of steel  
 FTLN 0759     And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
 FTLN 0760     Numb'ring our Ave Marys with our beads?  
 FTLN 0761     Or shall we on the helmets of our foes                     165  
 FTLN 0762     Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
 FTLN 0763     If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.

WARWICK

FTLN 0764     Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,  
 FTLN 0765     And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
 FTLN 0766     Attend me, lords: the proud insulting queen,                     170  
 FTLN 0767     With Clifford and the haught Northumberland  
 FTLN 0768     And of their feather many more proud birds,  
 FTLN 0769     Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.



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FTLN 0770	He swore consent to your succession,	
FTLN 0771	His oath enrollèd in the Parliament.	175
FTLN 0772	And now to London all the crew are gone	
FTLN 0773	To frustrate both his oath and what beside	
FTLN 0774	May make against the house of Lancaster.	
FTLN 0775	Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.	
FTLN 0776	Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,	180
FTLN 0777	With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,	
FTLN 0778	Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,	
FTLN 0779	Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,	
FTLN 0780	Why, <i>via</i> , to London will we march,	
FTLN 0781	And once again bestride our foaming steeds,	185
FTLN 0782	And once again cry "Charge!" upon our foes,	
FTLN 0783	But never once again turn back and fly.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0784	Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak.	
FTLN 0785	Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day	
FTLN 0786	That cries "Retire!" if Warwick bid him stay.	190
	EDWARD	
FTLN 0787	Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,	
FTLN 0788	And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—	
FTLN 0789	Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 0790	No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;	
FTLN 0791	The next degree is England's royal throne:	195
FTLN 0792	For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed	
FTLN 0793	In every borough as we pass along,	
FTLN 0794	And he that throws not up his cap for joy	
FTLN 0795	Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.	
FTLN 0796	King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,	200
FTLN 0797	Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,	
FTLN 0798	But sound the trumpets and about our task.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 0799	Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,	
FTLN 0800	As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,	
FTLN 0801	I come to pierce it or to give thee mine.	205

EDWARD

FTLN 0802 Then strike up drums! God and Saint George for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

FTLN 0803 WARWICK How now, what news?

MESSENGER

FTLN 0804 The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
FTLN 0805 The Queen is coming with a puissant host,  
FTLN 0806 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

210

WARWICK

FTLN 0807 Why, then it sorts. Brave warriors, let's away!

*They all exit.*

「Scene 2」

*Flourish. Enter King 「Henry,」 Queen 「Margaret,」  
Clifford, Northumberland, and young Prince 「Edward,  
all wearing the red rose」 with Drum and Trumpets,  
「the head of York fixed above them.」*

QUEEN MARGARET, 「to King Henry」

FTLN 0808 Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.  
FTLN 0809 Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
FTLN 0810 That sought to be encompassed with your crown.  
FTLN 0811 Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0812 Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack!  
FTLN 0813 To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
FTLN 0814 Withhold revenge, dear God! 'Tis not my fault,  
FTLN 0815 Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

5

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0816 My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
FTLN 0817 And harmful pity must be laid aside.  
FTLN 0818 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
FTLN 0819 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
FTLN 0820 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

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FTLN 0821	Not his that spoils her young before her face.	
FTLN 0822	Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?	15
FTLN 0823	Not he that sets his foot upon her back.	
FTLN 0824	The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,	
FTLN 0825	And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.	
FTLN 0826	Ambitious York did level at thy crown,	
FTLN 0827	Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows.	20
FTLN 0828	He, but a duke, would have his son a king	
FTLN 0829	And raise his issue like a loving sire;	
FTLN 0830	Thou being a king, blest with a goodly son,	
FTLN 0831	Didst yield consent to disinherit him,	
FTLN 0832	Which argued thee a most unloving father.	25
FTLN 0833	Unreasonable creatures feed their young;	
FTLN 0834	And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,	
FTLN 0835	Yet in protection of their tender ones,	
FTLN 0836	Who hath not seen them, even with those wings	
FTLN 0837	Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,	30
FTLN 0838	Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,	
FTLN 0839	Offering their own lives in their young's defense?	
FTLN 0840	For shame, my liege, make them your precedent.	
FTLN 0841	Were it not pity that this goodly boy	
FTLN 0842	Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,	35
FTLN 0843	And long hereafter say unto his child	
FTLN 0844	"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,	
FTLN 0845	My careless father fondly gave away"?	
FTLN 0846	Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy,	
FTLN 0847	And let his manly face, which promiseth	40
FTLN 0848	Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart	
FTLN 0849	To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.	

KING HENRY

FTLN 0850	Full well hath Clifford played the orator,	
FTLN 0851	Inferring arguments of mighty force.	
FTLN 0852	But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear	45
FTLN 0853	That things ill got had ever bad success?	
FTLN 0854	And happy always was it for that son	
FTLN 0855	Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?	

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FTLN 0856 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,  
 FTLN 0857 And would my father had left me no more; 50  
 FTLN 0858 For all the rest is held at such a rate  
 FTLN 0859 As brings a thousandfold more care to keep  
 FTLN 0860 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
 FTLN 0861 Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know  
 FTLN 0862 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here. 55

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0863 My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,  
 FTLN 0864 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
 FTLN 0865 You promised knighthood to our forward son.  
 FTLN 0866 Unsheathe your sword and dub him presently.—  
 FTLN 0867 Edward, kneel down. *He kneels.* 60

KING HENRY, *dubbing him knight*

FTLN 0868 Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,  
 FTLN 0869 And learn this lesson: draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE EDWARD, *rising*

FTLN 0870 My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
 FTLN 0871 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown  
 FTLN 0872 And in that quarrel use it to the death. 65

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0873 Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

FTLN 0874 Royal commanders, be in readiness,  
 FTLN 0875 For with a band of thirty thousand men  
 FTLN 0876 Comes Warwick backing of the Duke of York,  
 FTLN 0877 And in the towns as they do march along 70  
 FTLN 0878 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.  
 FTLN 0879 Deraign your battle, for they are at hand. *He exits.*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0880 I would your Highness would depart the field.  
 FTLN 0881 The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0882 Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. 75

KING HENRY

FTLN 0883 Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0884 Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 0885 My royal father, cheer these noble lords

FTLN 0886 And hearten those that fight in your defense.

FTLN 0887 Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry "Saint 80

FTLN 0888 George!"

*March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard,  
"George," Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers,  
"all wearing the white rose."*

EDWARD

FTLN 0889 Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace

FTLN 0890 And set thy diadem upon my head,

FTLN 0891 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0892 Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy. 85

FTLN 0893 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

FTLN 0894 Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDWARD

FTLN 0895 I am his king, and he should bow his knee.

FTLN 0896 I was adopted heir by his consent.

FTLN 0897 Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear, 90

FTLN 0898 You that are king, though he do wear the crown,

FTLN 0899 Have caused him, by new act of Parliament,

FTLN 0900 To blot out me and put his own son in.

FTLN 0901 CLIFFORD And reason too:

FTLN 0902 Who should succeed the father but the son? 95

RICHARD

FTLN 0903 Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0904 Ay, crookback, here I stand to answer thee,

FTLN 0905 Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

RICHARD

FTLN 0906 'Twas you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0907 Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied. 100

RICHARD

FTLN 0908 For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight!

WARWICK

FTLN 0909 What sayst thou, Henry? Wilt thou yield the crown?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0910 Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick, dare you  
FTLN 0911 speak?

FTLN 0912 When you and I met at Saint Albans last, 105

FTLN 0913 Your legs did better service than your hands.

WARWICK

FTLN 0914 Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0915 You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WARWICK

FTLN 0916 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.

NORTHUMBERLAND

FTLN 0917 No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay. 110

RICHARD

FTLN 0918 Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—

FTLN 0919 Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain

FTLN 0920 The execution of my big-swoll'n heart

FTLN 0921 Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0922 I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child? 115

RICHARD

FTLN 0923 Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

FTLN 0924 As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.

FTLN 0925 But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0926 Have done with words, my lords, and hear me  
FTLN 0927 speak. 120

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0928       Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0929       I prithee, give no limits to my tongue.

FTLN 0930       I am a king and privileged to speak.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 0931       My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

FTLN 0932       Cannot be cured by words; therefore, be still. 125

RICHARD

FTLN 0933       Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.

FTLN 0934       By Him that made us all, I am resolved

FTLN 0935       That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDWARD

FTLN 0936       Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?

FTLN 0937       A thousand men have broke their fasts today 130

FTLN 0938       That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

WARWICK

FTLN 0939       If thou deny, their blood upon thy head,

FTLN 0940       For York in justice puts his armor on.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 0941       If that be right which Warwick says is right,

FTLN 0942       There is no wrong, but everything is right. 135

「RICHARD」

FTLN 0943       Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,

FTLN 0944       For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 0945       But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,

FTLN 0946       But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,

FTLN 0947       Marked by the Destinies to be avoided, 140

FTLN 0948       As venom toads or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICHARD

FTLN 0949       Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,

FTLN 0950       Whose father bears the title of a king,

FTLN 0951       As if a channel should be called the sea,

FTLN 0952	Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art	145
FTLN 0953	extraught,	
FTLN 0954	To let thy tongue detect thy baseborn heart?	

EDWARD

FTLN 0955	A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns	
FTLN 0956	To make this shameless callet know herself.—	
FTLN 0957	Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,	150
FTLN 0958	Although thy husband may be Menelaus;	
FTLN 0959	And ne’er was Agamemnon’s brother wronged	
FTLN 0960	By that false woman as this king by thee.	
FTLN 0961	His father reveled in the heart of France,	
FTLN 0962	And tamed the King, and made the Dauphin stoop;	155
FTLN 0963	And had he matched according to his state,	
FTLN 0964	He might have kept that glory to this day.	
FTLN 0965	But when he took a beggar to his bed	
FTLN 0966	And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day,	
FTLN 0967	Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him	160
FTLN 0968	That washed his father’s fortunes forth of France	
FTLN 0969	And heaped sedition on his crown at home.	
FTLN 0970	For what hath broached this tumult but thy pride?	
FTLN 0971	Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,	
FTLN 0972	And we, in pity of the gentle king,	165
FTLN 0973	Had slipped our claim until another age.	

GEORGE

FTLN 0974	But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,	
FTLN 0975	And that thy summer bred us no increase,	
FTLN 0976	We set the axe to thy usurping root;	
FTLN 0977	And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,	170
FTLN 0978	Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,	
FTLN 0979	We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down	
FTLN 0980	Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.	

EDWARD

FTLN 0981      And in this resolution, I defy thee,  
FTLN 0982      Not willing any longer conference, 175  
FTLN 0983      Since thou denied'st the gentle king to speak.—





*Enter Richard, 「wearing the white rose.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 1002	Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?	
FTLN 1003	Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,	15
FTLN 1004	Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance,	
FTLN 1005	And in the very pangs of death he cried,	
FTLN 1006	Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,	
FTLN 1007	"Warwick, revenge! Brother, revenge my death!"	
FTLN 1008	So, underneath the belly of their steeds,	20
FTLN 1009	That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,	
FTLN 1010	The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.	

WARWICK

FTLN 1011	Then let the earth be drunken with our blood!	
FTLN 1012	I'll kill my horse because I will not fly.	
FTLN 1013	Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,	25
FTLN 1014	Wailing our losses whiles the foe doth rage,	
FTLN 1015	And look upon, as if the tragedy	
FTLN 1016	Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors?	

*「He kneels.」*

FTLN 1017	Here on my knee I vow to God above	
FTLN 1018	I'll never pause again, never stand still,	30
FTLN 1019	Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine	
FTLN 1020	Or Fortune given me measure of revenge.	

EDWARD

FTLN 1021	O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,	
FTLN 1022	And in this vow do chain my soul to thine	
	<i>「He kneels.」</i>	
FTLN 1023	And, ere my knee rise from the Earth's cold face,	35
FTLN 1024	I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,	
FTLN 1025	Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,	
FTLN 1026	Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands	
FTLN 1027	That to my foes this body must be prey,	
FTLN 1028	Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope	40
FTLN 1029	And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.	

*「Edward and Warwick stand.」*

FTLN 1030 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
 FTLN 1031 Where'er it be, in heaven or in Earth.

RICHARD

FTLN 1032 Brother, give me thy hand.—And, gentle Warwick,  
 FTLN 1033 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms. 45  
 FTLN 1034 I that did never weep now melt with woe  
 FTLN 1035 That winter should cut off our springtime so.

WARWICK

FTLN 1036 Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEORGE

FTLN 1037 Yet let us all together to our troops  
 FTLN 1038 And give them leave to fly that will not stay, 50  
 FTLN 1039 And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
 FTLN 1040 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
 FTLN 1041 As victors wear at the Olympian Games.  
 FTLN 1042 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,  
 FTLN 1043 For yet is hope of life and victory. 55  
 FTLN 1044 Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

*They exit.*

「Scene 4」

*Excursions. Enter, 「at separate doors,」 Richard 「wearing  
 the white rose,」 and Clifford, 「wearing the red rose.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 1045 Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.  
 FTLN 1046 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
 FTLN 1047 And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,  
 FTLN 1048 Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.

CLIFFORD

FTLN 1049 Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone. 5  
 FTLN 1050 This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,  
 FTLN 1051 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,  
 FTLN 1052 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death  
 FTLN 1053 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

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FTLN 1054 To execute the like upon thyself. 10  
 FTLN 1055 And so, have at thee!

*They fight; Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

RICHARD

FTLN 1056 Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase,  
 FTLN 1057 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

*They exit.*

「Scene 5」

*Alarum. Enter King Henry alone, 「wearing the red rose.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1058 This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
 FTLN 1059 When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
 FTLN 1060 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
 FTLN 1061 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
 FTLN 1062 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea 5  
 FTLN 1063 Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
 FTLN 1064 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
 FTLN 1065 Forced to retire by fury of the wind.  
 FTLN 1066 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
 FTLN 1067 Now one the better, then another best, 10  
 FTLN 1068 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
 FTLN 1069 Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd.  
 FTLN 1070 So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
 FTLN 1071 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

*「He sits on a small prominence.」*

FTLN 1072 To whom God will, there be the victory; 15  
 FTLN 1073 For Margaret my queen and Clifford too  
 FTLN 1074 Have chid me from the battle, swearing both  
 FTLN 1075 They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
 FTLN 1076 Would I were dead, if God's good will were so,  
 FTLN 1077 For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20  
 FTLN 1078 O God! Methinks it were a happy life

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FTLN 1079	To be no better than a homely swain,	
FTLN 1080	To sit upon a hill as I do now,	
FTLN 1081	To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,	
FTLN 1082	Thereby to see the minutes how they run:	25
FTLN 1083	How many makes the hour full complete,	
FTLN 1084	How many hours brings about the day,	
FTLN 1085	How many days will finish up the year,	
FTLN 1086	How many years a mortal man may live.	
FTLN 1087	When this is known, then to divide the times:	30
FTLN 1088	So many hours must I tend my flock,	
FTLN 1089	So many hours must I take my rest,	
FTLN 1090	So many hours must I contemplate,	
FTLN 1091	So many hours must I sport myself,	
FTLN 1092	So many days my ewes have been with young,	35
FTLN 1093	So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,	
FTLN 1094	So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;	
FTLN 1095	So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,	
FTLN 1096	Passed over to the end they were created,	
FTLN 1097	Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.	40
FTLN 1098	Ah, what a life were this! How sweet, how lovely!	
FTLN 1099	Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade	
FTLN 1100	To shepherds looking on their silly sheep	
FTLN 1101	Than doth a rich embroidered canopy	
FTLN 1102	To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?	45
FTLN 1103	O yes, it doth, a thousandfold it doth.	
FTLN 1104	And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,	
FTLN 1105	His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,	
FTLN 1106	His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,	
FTLN 1107	All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,	50
FTLN 1108	Is far beyond a prince's delicates—	
FTLN 1109	His viands sparkling in a golden cup,	
FTLN 1110	His body couchèd in a curious bed—	
FTLN 1111	When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.	

*Alarum. Enter at one door a Son that hath killed his  
Father, 'carrying the body.'*

SON

FTLN 1112 Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. 55  
 FTLN 1113 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 FTLN 1114 May be possessèd with some store of crowns,  
 FTLN 1115 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 FTLN 1116 May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
 FTLN 1117 To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60  
 FTLN 1118 Who's this? O God! It is my father's face,  
 FTLN 1119 Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.  
 FTLN 1120 O heavy times, begetting such events!  
 FTLN 1121 From London by the King was I pressed forth.  
 FTLN 1122 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man, 65  
 FTLN 1123 Came on the part of York, pressed by his master.  
 FTLN 1124 And I, who at his hands received my life,  
 FTLN 1125 Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.  
 FTLN 1126 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;  
 FTLN 1127 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee. 70  
 FTLN 1128 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,  
 FTLN 1129 And no more words till they have flowed their fill.

「He weeps.」

KING HENRY

FTLN 1130 O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
 FTLN 1131 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,  
 FTLN 1132 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. 75  
 FTLN 1133 Weep, wretched man. I'll aid thee tear for tear,  
 FTLN 1134 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,  
 FTLN 1135 Be blind with tears and break, o'ercharged with grief.

*Enter at another door a Father that hath killed his Son,  
 bearing of his 「Son's body.」*

FATHER

FTLN 1136 Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,  
 FTLN 1137 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80  
 FTLN 1138 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
 FTLN 1139 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?  
 FTLN 1140 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!

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FTLN 1141	Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,	
FTLN 1142	Throw up thine eye! See, see, what showers arise,	85
FTLN 1143	Blown with the windy tempest of my heart	
FTLN 1144	Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and heart!	
FTLN 1145	O, pity God this miserable age!	
FTLN 1146	What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,	
FTLN 1147	Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural	90
FTLN 1148	This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!	
FTLN 1149	O, boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,	
FTLN 1150	And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!	
KING HENRY		
FTLN 1151	Woe above woe, grief more than common grief!	
FTLN 1152	O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!	95
FTLN 1153	O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!	
FTLN 1154	The red rose and the white are on his face,	
FTLN 1155	The fatal colors of our striving houses;	
FTLN 1156	The one his purple blood right well resembles,	
FTLN 1157	The other his pale cheeks methinks presenteth.	100
FTLN 1158	Wither one rose and let the other flourish;	
FTLN 1159	If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.	
SON		
FTLN 1160	How will my mother for a father's death	
FTLN 1161	Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!	
FATHER		
FTLN 1162	How will my wife for slaughter of my son	105
FTLN 1163	Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!	
KING HENRY		
FTLN 1164	How will the country for these woeful chances	
FTLN 1165	Misthink the King and not be satisfied!	
SON		
FTLN 1166	Was ever son so rued a father's death?	
FATHER		
FTLN 1167	Was ever father so bemoaned his son?	110
KING HENRY		
FTLN 1168	Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?	
FTLN 1169	Much is your sorrow, mine ten times so much.	

SON

FTLN 1170 I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.  
*He exits, bearing the body.*

FATHER

FTLN 1171 These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
 FTLN 1172 My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulcher, 115  
 FTLN 1173 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.  
 FTLN 1174 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
 FTLN 1175 And so obsequious will thy father be  
 FTLN 1176 'E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,  
 FTLN 1177 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120  
 FTLN 1178 I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,  
 FTLN 1179 For I have murdered where I should not kill.  
*He exits, bearing the body.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1180 Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,  
 FTLN 1181 Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince  
 Edward, and Exeter, all wearing the red rose.*

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 1182 Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled, 125  
 FTLN 1183 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.  
 FTLN 1184 Away, for Death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1185 Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain.  
 FTLN 1186 Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
 FTLN 1187 Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130  
 FTLN 1188 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath  
 FTLN 1189 And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,  
 FTLN 1190 Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.

EXETER

FTLN 1191 Away, for Vengeance comes along with them.  
 FTLN 1192 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed; 135  
 FTLN 1193 Or else come after; I'll away before.



KING HENRY

FTLN 1194 Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;  
 FTLN 1195 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
 FTLN 1196 Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away!

*They exit.*

## 「Scene 6」

*A loud alarum. Enter Clifford,  
 「wearing the red rose,」 wounded.*

CLIFFORD

FTLN 1197	Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,	
FTLN 1198	Which whiles it lasted gave King Henry light.	
FTLN 1199	O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow	
FTLN 1200	More than my body's parting with my soul!	
FTLN 1201	My love and fear glued many friends to thee;	5
FTLN 1202	And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melts,	
FTLN 1203	Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud York;	
FTLN 1204	And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?	
FTLN 1205	And who shines now but Henry's enemies?	
FTLN 1206	O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent	10
FTLN 1207	That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,	
FTLN 1208	Thy burning car never had scorched the Earth!	
FTLN 1209	And Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,	
FTLN 1210	Or as thy father and his father did,	
FTLN 1211	Giving no ground unto the house of York,	15
FTLN 1212	They never then had sprung like summer flies;	
FTLN 1213	I and ten thousand in this luckless realm	
FTLN 1214	Had left no mourning widows for our death,	
FTLN 1215	And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.	
FTLN 1216	For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?	20
FTLN 1217	And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?	
FTLN 1218	Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;	
FTLN 1219	No way to fly, no strength to hold out flight.	
FTLN 1220	The foe is merciless and will not pity,	

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FTLN 1221 For at their hands I have deserved no pity. 25  
 FTLN 1222 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
 FTLN 1223 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.  
 FTLN 1224 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest.  
 FTLN 1225 I stabbed your fathers' bosoms; split my breast.  
*He faints.*

*Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick,  
 Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, and George,  
 all wearing the white rose.*

EDWARD

FTLN 1226 Now breathe we, lords. Good fortune bids us pause 30  
 FTLN 1227 And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
 FTLN 1228 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen  
 FTLN 1229 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
 FTLN 1230 As doth a sail filled with a fretting gust  
 FTLN 1231 Command an argosy to stem the waves. 35  
 FTLN 1232 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WARWICK

FTLN 1233 No, 'tis impossible he should escape,  
 FTLN 1234 For, though before his face I speak the words,  
 FTLN 1235 Your brother Richard marked him for the grave,  
 FTLN 1236 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 40  
*Clifford groans, and dies.*

RICHARD

FTLN 1237 Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?  
 FTLN 1238 A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

EDWARD

FTLN 1239 See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,  
 FTLN 1240 If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

RICHARD

FTLN 1241 Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford, 45  
 FTLN 1242 Who not contented that he lopped the branch  
 FTLN 1243 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
 FTLN 1244 But set his murd'ring knife unto the root

---

FTLN 1245	From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,	
FTLN 1246	I mean our princely father, Duke of York.	50
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1247	From off the gates of York fetch down the head,	
FTLN 1248	Your father's head, which Clifford placèd there;	
FTLN 1249	Instead whereof let this supply the room.	
FTLN 1250	Measure for measure must be answerèd.	
	EDWARD	
FTLN 1251	Bring forth that fatal screech owl to our house	55
FTLN 1252	That nothing sung but death to us and ours;	
FTLN 1253	Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,	
FTLN 1254	And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1255	I think 'his' understanding is bereft.—	
FTLN 1256	Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to	60
FTLN 1257	thee?—	
FTLN 1258	Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,	
FTLN 1259	And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1260	O, would he did—and so, perhaps, he doth!	
FTLN 1261	'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,	65
FTLN 1262	Because he would avoid such bitter taunts	
FTLN 1263	Which in the time of death he gave our father.	
	GEORGE	
FTLN 1264	If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1265	Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.	
	EDWARD	
FTLN 1266	Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.	70
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1267	Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.	
	GEORGE	
FTLN 1268	While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1269	Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.	

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EDWARD

FTLN 1270      Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

GEORGE

FTLN 1271      Where's Captain Margaret to fence you now? 75

WARWICK

FTLN 1272      They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.

RICHARD

FTLN 1273      What, not an oath? Nay, then, the world goes hard

FTLN 1274      When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

FTLN 1275      I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

FTLN 1276      If this right hand would buy 'but' two hours' life 80

FTLN 1277      That I in all despite might rail at him,

FTLN 1278      This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing

FTLN 1279      blood

FTLN 1280      Stifle the villain whose unstaunched thirst

FTLN 1281      York and young Rutland could not satisfy. 85

WARWICK

FTLN 1282      Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

FTLN 1283      And rear it in the place your father's stands.

FTLN 1284      And now to London with triumphant march,

FTLN 1285      There to be crownèd England's royal king,

FTLN 1286      From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France 90

FTLN 1287      And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen;

FTLN 1288      So shalt thou sinew both these lands together,

FTLN 1289      And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

FTLN 1290      The scattered foe that hopes to rise again;

FTLN 1291      For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt, 95

FTLN 1292      Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

FTLN 1293      First will I see the coronation,

FTLN 1294      And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea

FTLN 1295      To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDWARD

FTLN 1296      Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be; 100

FTLN 1297      For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,

FTLN 1298      And never will I undertake the thing

FTLN 1299      Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

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FTLN 1300	Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,	
FTLN 1301	And George, of Clarence. Warwick as ourself	105
FTLN 1302	Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.	

RICHARD

FTLN 1303	Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester,	
FTLN 1304	For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.	

WARWICK

FTLN 1305	Tut, that's a foolish observation.	
FTLN 1306	Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,	110
FTLN 1307	To see these honors in possession.	

*They exit, 「with Clifford's body.」*

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# 「ACT 3」

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## 「Scene 1」

*Enter 「two Gamekeepers,」  
with crossbows in their hands.*

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1308 Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,  
FTLN 1309 For through this laund anon the deer will come;  
FTLN 1310 And in this covert will we make our stand,  
FTLN 1311 Culling the principal of all the deer.

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1312 I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot. 5

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1313 That cannot be. The noise of thy crossbow  
FTLN 1314 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
FTLN 1315 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.  
FTLN 1316 And for the time shall not seem tedious,  
FTLN 1317 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day 10  
FTLN 1318 In this self place where now we mean to stand.

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1319 Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

*Enter King 「Henry, in disguise,」 with a prayer book.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 1320 From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
FTLN 1321 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
FTLN 1322 No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine! 15  
FTLN 1323 Thy place is filled, thy scepter wrung from thee,

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FTLN 1324	Thy balm washed off wherewith thou 'wast' anointed.	
FTLN 1325	No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,	
FTLN 1326	No humble suitors press to speak for right,	
FTLN 1327	No, not a man comes for redress of thee;	20
FTLN 1328	For how can I help them an not myself?	
	FIRST GAMEKEEPER, 'aside to Second Gamekeeper'	
FTLN 1329	Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.	
FTLN 1330	This is the quondam king. Let's seize upon him.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1331	Let me embrace the sour adversaries,	
FTLN 1332	For wise men say it is the wisest course.	25
	SECOND GAMEKEEPER, 'aside to First Gamekeeper'	
FTLN 1333	Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.	
	FIRST GAMEKEEPER, 'aside to Second Gamekeeper'	
FTLN 1334	Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1335	My queen and son are gone to France for aid,	
FTLN 1336	And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick	
FTLN 1337	Is thither gone to crave the French king's sister	30
FTLN 1338	To wife for Edward. If this news be true,	
FTLN 1339	Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost,	
FTLN 1340	For Warwick is a subtle orator,	
FTLN 1341	And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.	
FTLN 1342	By this account, then, Margaret may win him,	35
FTLN 1343	For she's a woman to be pitied much.	
FTLN 1344	Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast,	
FTLN 1345	Her tears will pierce into a marble heart.	
FTLN 1346	The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,	
FTLN 1347	And Nero will be tainted with remorse	40
FTLN 1348	To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.	
FTLN 1349	Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give;	
FTLN 1350	She on his left side craving aid for Henry;	
FTLN 1351	He on his right asking a wife for Edward.	
FTLN 1352	She weeps and says her Henry is deposed;	45
FTLN 1353	He smiles and says his Edward is installed;	
FTLN 1354	That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,	

---

FTLN 1355	Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,	
FTLN 1356	Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,	
FTLN 1357	And in conclusion wins the King from her	50
FTLN 1358	With promise of his sister and what else	
FTLN 1359	To strengthen and support King Edward's place.	
FTLN 1360	O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou, poor soul,	
FTLN 1361	Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.	
	SECOND GAMEKEEPER	
FTLN 1362	Say, what art thou <sup>that</sup> talk'st of kings and queens?	55
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1363	More than I seem, and less than I was born to:	
FTLN 1364	A man at least, for less I should not be;	
FTLN 1365	And men may talk of kings, and why not I?	
	SECOND GAMEKEEPER	
FTLN 1366	Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1367	Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.	60
	SECOND GAMEKEEPER	
FTLN 1368	But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1369	My crown is in my heart, not on my head;	
FTLN 1370	Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,	
FTLN 1371	Nor to be seen. My crown is called content;	
FTLN 1372	A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.	65
	SECOND GAMEKEEPER	
FTLN 1373	Well, if you be a king crowned with content,	
FTLN 1374	Your crown content and you must be contented	
FTLN 1375	To go along with us. For, as we think,	
FTLN 1376	You are the king King Edward hath deposed;	
FTLN 1377	And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance	70
FTLN 1378	Will apprehend you as his enemy.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 1379	But did you never swear and break an oath?	
	SECOND GAMEKEEPER	
FTLN 1380	No, never such an oath, nor will not now.	



KING HENRY

FTLN 1381 Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1382 Here in this country, where we now remain. 75

KING HENRY

FTLN 1383 I was anointed king at nine months old.

FTLN 1384 My father and my grandfather were kings,

FTLN 1385 And you were sworn true subjects unto me.

FTLN 1386 And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1387 No, for we were subjects but while you were king. 80

KING HENRY

FTLN 1388 Why, am I dead? Do I not breathe a man?

FTLN 1389 Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

FTLN 1390 Look as I blow this feather from my face

FTLN 1391 And as the air blows it to me again,

FTLN 1392 Obeying with my wind when I do blow 85

FTLN 1393 And yielding to another when it blows,

FTLN 1394 Commanded always by the greater gust,

FTLN 1395 Such is the lightness of you common men.

FTLN 1396 But do not break your oaths, for of that sin

FTLN 1397 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty. 90

FTLN 1398 Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,

FTLN 1399 And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1400 We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1401 So would you be again to Henry

FTLN 1402 If he were seated as King Edward is. 95

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

FTLN 1403 We charge you in God's name and the King's

FTLN 1404 To go with us unto the officers.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1405 In God's name, lead. Your king's name be obeyed,

FTLN 1406 And what God will, that let your king perform.

FTLN 1407 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. 100

*They exit.*

## 「Scene 2」

*Enter King Edward, 「Richard, Duke of」 Gloucester,  
「George, Duke of」 Clarence, Lady Grey,  
「and Attendants.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1408 Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Albans field  
FTLN 1409 This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,  
FTLN 1410 His land then seized on by the conqueror.  
FTLN 1411 Her suit is now to repossess those lands,  
FTLN 1412 Which we in justice cannot well deny, 5  
FTLN 1413 Because in quarrel of the house of York  
FTLN 1414 The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

RICHARD

FTLN 1415 Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit;  
FTLN 1416 It were dishonor to deny it her.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1417 It were no less, but yet I'll make a pause. 10

FTLN 1418 RICHARD, 「*aside to Clarence*」 Yea, is it so?

FTLN 1419 I see the lady hath a thing to grant  
FTLN 1420 Before the King will grant her humble suit.

CLARENCE, 「*formerly GEORGE, aside to Richard*」

FTLN 1421 He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!  
FTLN 1422 RICHARD, 「*aside to Clarence*」 Silence! 15

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1423 Widow, we will consider of your suit,  
FTLN 1424 And come some other time to know our mind.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1425 Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.  
FTLN 1426 May it please your Highness to resolve me now,  
FTLN 1427 And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

RICHARD, 「*aside to Clarence*」

FTLN 1428 Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant you all your lands,  
FTLN 1429 An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.  
FTLN 1430 Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

---

CLARENCE, *aside to Richard*  
FTLN 1431 I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.  
RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*  
FTLN 1432 God forbid that, for he'll take vantages. 25  
KING EDWARD  
FTLN 1433 How many children hast thou, widow? Tell me.  
CLARENCE, *aside to Richard*  
FTLN 1434 I think he means to beg a child of her.  
RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*  
FTLN 1435 Nay, then, whip me; he'll rather give her two.  
FTLN 1436 LADY GREY Three, my most gracious lord.  
RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*  
FTLN 1437 You shall have four if you'll be ruled by him. 30  
KING EDWARD  
FTLN 1438 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.  
LADY GREY  
FTLN 1439 Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.  
KING EDWARD  
FTLN 1440 Lords, give us leave. I'll try this widow's wit.  
*Richard and Clarence stand aside.*  
RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*  
FTLN 1441 Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave  
FTLN 1442 Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch. 35  
KING EDWARD  
FTLN 1443 Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?  
LADY GREY  
FTLN 1444 Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.  
KING EDWARD  
FTLN 1445 And would you not do much to do them good?  
LADY GREY  
FTLN 1446 To do them good I would sustain some harm.  
KING EDWARD  
FTLN 1447 Then get your husband's lands to do them good. 40  
LADY GREY  
FTLN 1448 Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

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KING EDWARD

FTLN 1449 I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1450 So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1451 What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1452 What you command that rests in me to do. 45

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1453 But you will take exceptions to my boon.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1454 No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1455 Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1456 Why, then, I will do what your Grace commands.

RICHARD, *「aside to Clarence」*

FTLN 1457 He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble. 50

CLARENCE, *「aside to Richard」*

FTLN 1458 As red as fire! Nay, then, her wax must melt.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1459 Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1460 An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1461 That's soon performed because I am a subject.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1462 Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee. 55

LADY GREY

FTLN 1463 I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

*「She curtsies and begins to exit.」*

RICHARD, *「aside to Clarence」*

FTLN 1464 The match is made; she seals it with a cursy.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1465 But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1466     The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1467     Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

FTLN 1468     What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1469     My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,

FTLN 1470     That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1471     No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1472     Why, then, you mean not as I thought you did. 65

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1473     But now you partly may perceive my mind.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1474     My mind will never grant what I perceive

FTLN 1475     Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1476     To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1477     To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1478     Why, then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1479     Why, then, mine honesty shall be my dower,

FTLN 1480     For by that loss I will not purchase them.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1481     Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1482     Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me. 75

FTLN 1483     But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

FTLN 1484     Accords not with the sadness of my suit.

FTLN 1485     Please you dismiss me either with ay or no.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1486     Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;

FTLN 1487     No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand. 80

LADY GREY

FTLN 1488       Then no, my lord; my suit is at an end.

RICHARD, *「aside to Clarence」*

FTLN 1489       The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.

CLARENCE, *「aside to Richard」*

FTLN 1490       He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

KING EDWARD, *「aside」*

FTLN 1491       Her looks doth argue her replete with modesty;

FTLN 1492       Her words doth show her wit incomparable; 85

FTLN 1493       All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

FTLN 1494       One way or other, she is for a king,

FTLN 1495       And she shall be my love or else my queen.—

FTLN 1496       Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

LADY GREY

FTLN 1497       'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord. 90

FTLN 1498       I am a subject fit to jest withal,

FTLN 1499       But far unfit to be a sovereign.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1500       Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

FTLN 1501       I speak no more than what my soul intends,

FTLN 1502       And that is, to enjoy thee for my love. 95

LADY GREY

FTLN 1503       And that is more than I will yield unto.

FTLN 1504       I know I am too mean to be your queen

FTLN 1505       And yet too good to be your concubine.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1506       You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

LADY GREY

FTLN 1507       'Twill grieve your Grace my sons should call you 100

FTLN 1508       father.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1509       No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

FTLN 1510       Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,

FTLN 1511       And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

FTLN 1512       Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing 105

FTLN 1513       To be the father unto many sons.

FTLN 1514       Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*

FTLN 1515 The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

CLARENCE, *aside to Richard*

FTLN 1516 When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1517 Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had. 110

RICHARD

FTLN 1518 The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1519 You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1520 To who, my lord?

FTLN 1521 KING EDWARD Why, Clarence, to myself.

RICHARD

FTLN 1522 That would be ten days' wonder at the least. 115

CLARENCE

FTLN 1523 That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

RICHARD

FTLN 1524 By so much is the wonder in extremes.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1525 Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both

FTLN 1526 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

NOBLEMAN

FTLN 1527 My gracious lord, Henry, your foe, is taken 120

FTLN 1528 And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1529 See that he be conveyed unto the Tower.

*Nobleman exits.*

FTLN 1530 And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

FTLN 1531 To question of his apprehension.—

FTLN 1532 Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her *honorably.* 125

*They exit.*

*Richard remains.*

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RICHARD

FTLN 1533	Ay, Edward will use women honorably!	
FTLN 1534	Would he were wasted—marrow, bones, and all—	
FTLN 1535	That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring	
FTLN 1536	To cross me from the golden time I look for.	
FTLN 1537	And yet, between my soul's desire and me,	130
FTLN 1538	The lustful Edward's title buried,	
FTLN 1539	Is Clarence, Henry, and his son, young Edward,	
FTLN 1540	And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies	
FTLN 1541	To take their rooms ere I can place myself.	
FTLN 1542	A cold premeditation for my purpose.	135
FTLN 1543	Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty	
FTLN 1544	Like one that stands upon a promontory	
FTLN 1545	And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,	
FTLN 1546	Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,	
FTLN 1547	And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,	140
FTLN 1548	Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way.	
FTLN 1549	So do I wish the crown, being so far off,	
FTLN 1550	And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,	
FTLN 1551	And so, I say, I'll cut the causes off,	
FTLN 1552	Flattering me with impossibilities.	145
FTLN 1553	My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,	
FTLN 1554	Unless my hand and strength could equal them.	
FTLN 1555	Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,	
FTLN 1556	What other pleasure can the world afford?	
FTLN 1557	I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap	150
FTLN 1558	And deck my body in gay ornaments,	
FTLN 1559	And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.	
FTLN 1560	O miserable thought, and more unlikely	
FTLN 1561	Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!	
FTLN 1562	Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb,	155
FTLN 1563	And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,	
FTLN 1564	She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe	
FTLN 1565	To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;	
FTLN 1566	To make an envious mountain on my back,	



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FTLN 1567	Where sits Deformity to mock my body;	160
FTLN 1568	To shape my legs of an unequal size;	
FTLN 1569	To disproportion me in every part,	
FTLN 1570	Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,	
FTLN 1571	That carries no impression like the dam.	
FTLN 1572	And am I then a man to be beloved?	165
FTLN 1573	O monstrous fault to harbor such a thought!	
FTLN 1574	Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me	
FTLN 1575	But to command, to check, to o'erbear such	
FTLN 1576	As are of better person than myself,	
FTLN 1577	I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,	170
FTLN 1578	And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell	
FTLN 1579	Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head	
FTLN 1580	Be round impalèd with a glorious crown.	
FTLN 1581	And yet I know not how to get the crown,	
FTLN 1582	For many lives stand between me and home;	175
FTLN 1583	And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,	
FTLN 1584	That rents the thorns and is rent with the thorns,	
FTLN 1585	Seeking a way and straying from the way,	
FTLN 1586	Not knowing how to find the open air,	
FTLN 1587	But toiling desperately to find it out,	180
FTLN 1588	Torment myself to catch the English crown.	
FTLN 1589	And from that torment I will free myself	
FTLN 1590	Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.	
FTLN 1591	Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,	
FTLN 1592	And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart,	185
FTLN 1593	And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,	
FTLN 1594	And frame my face to all occasions.	
FTLN 1595	I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;	
FTLN 1596	I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;	
FTLN 1597	I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,	190
FTLN 1598	Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,	
FTLN 1599	And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.	
FTLN 1600	I can add colors to the chameleon,	
FTLN 1601	Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,	

FTLN 1602 And set the murderous Machiavel to school. 195  
 FTLN 1603 Can I do this and cannot get a crown?  
 FTLN 1604 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

*He exits.*

「Scene 3」

*Flourish. Enter Lewis the French king, his sister  
 「the Lady」 Bona, his Admiral called Bourbon,  
 Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford,  
 「the last three wearing the red rose.」*

*Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1605 Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
 FTLN 1606 Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state  
 FTLN 1607 And birth that thou shouldst stand while Lewis  
 FTLN 1608 doth sit.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1609 No, mighty King of France. Now Margaret 5  
 FTLN 1610 Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve  
 FTLN 1611 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
 FTLN 1612 Great Albion's queen in former golden days,  
 FTLN 1613 But now mischance hath trod my title down  
 FTLN 1614 And with dishonor laid me on the ground, 10  
 FTLN 1615 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune  
 FTLN 1616 And to my humble seat conform myself.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1617 Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep  
 FTLN 1618 despair?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1619 From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears 15  
 FTLN 1620 And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares.

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KING LEWIS

FTLN 1621      Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
 FTLN 1622      And sit thee by our side. *Seats her by him.*  
 FTLN 1623                      Yield not thy neck  
 FTLN 1624      To Fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind      20  
 FTLN 1625      Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
 FTLN 1626      Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief.  
 FTLN 1627      It shall be eased if France can yield relief.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1628      Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts  
 FTLN 1629      And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.      25  
 FTLN 1630      Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis  
 FTLN 1631      That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
 FTLN 1632      Is, of a king, become a banished man  
 FTLN 1633      And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
 FTLN 1634      While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,      30  
 FTLN 1635      Usurps the regal title and the seat  
 FTLN 1636      Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
 FTLN 1637      This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
 FTLN 1638      With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
 FTLN 1639      Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;      35  
 FTLN 1640      And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.  
 FTLN 1641      Scotland hath will to help but cannot help;  
 FTLN 1642      Our people and our peers are both misled,  
 FTLN 1643      Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
 FTLN 1644      And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.      40

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1645      Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm  
 FTLN 1646      While we bethink a means to break it off.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1647      The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1648      The more I stay, the more I'll succor thee.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1649      O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.      45

*Enter Warwick, 「wearing the white rose.」*

- FTLN 1650      And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.  
KING LEWIS
- FTLN 1651      What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?  
QUEEN MARGARET
- FTLN 1652      Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.  
KING LEWIS, 「*standing*」
- FTLN 1653      Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?  
*He descends. She ariseth.*
- QUEEN MARGARET, 「*aside*」
- FTLN 1654      Ay, now begins a second storm to rise,      50  
FTLN 1655      For this is he that moves both wind and tide.  
WARWICK
- FTLN 1656      From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
FTLN 1657      My lord and sovereign and thy vowèd friend,  
FTLN 1658      I come in kindness and unfeignèd love,  
FTLN 1659      First, to do greetings to thy royal person,      55  
FTLN 1660      And then to crave a league of amity,  
FTLN 1661      And, lastly, to confirm that amity  
FTLN 1662      With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
FTLN 1663      That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
FTLN 1664      To England's king in lawful marriage.      60  
QUEEN MARGARET, 「*aside*」
- FTLN 1665      If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.  
WARWICK, *speaking to 「Lady」 Bona*
- FTLN 1666      And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,  
FTLN 1667      I am commanded, with your leave and favor,  
FTLN 1668      Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
FTLN 1669      To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart,      65  
FTLN 1670      Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,  
FTLN 1671      Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.  
QUEEN MARGARET
- FTLN 1672      King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak  
FTLN 1673      Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
FTLN 1674      Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,      70

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FTLN 1675	But from deceit, bred by necessity;	
FTLN 1676	For how can tyrants safely govern home	
FTLN 1677	Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?	
FTLN 1678	To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice:	
FTLN 1679	That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,	75
FTLN 1680	Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.	
FTLN 1681	Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and	
FTLN 1682	marriage	
FTLN 1683	Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor;	
FTLN 1684	For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,	80
FTLN 1685	Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1686	Injurious Margaret!	
FTLN 1687	PRINCE EDWARD                      And why not "Queen"?	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1688	Because thy father Henry did usurp,	
FTLN 1689	And thou no more art prince than she is queen.	85
	OXFORD	
FTLN 1690	Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,	
FTLN 1691	Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;	
FTLN 1692	And after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,	
FTLN 1693	Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;	
FTLN 1694	And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,	90
FTLN 1695	Who by his prowess conquerèd all France.	
FTLN 1696	From these our Henry lineally descends.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 1697	Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse	
FTLN 1698	You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost	
FTLN 1699	All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten.	95
FTLN 1700	Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.	
FTLN 1701	But, for the rest: you tell a pedigree	
FTLN 1702	Of threescore and two years, a silly time	
FTLN 1703	To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.	
	OXFORD	
FTLN 1704	Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,	100
FTLN 1705	Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,	
FTLN 1706	And not bewray thy treason with a blush?	

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WARWICK

FTLN 1707 Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
 FTLN 1708 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
 FTLN 1709 For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king. 105

OXFORD

FTLN 1710 Call him my king, by whose injurious doom  
 FTLN 1711 My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
 FTLN 1712 Was done to death? And more than so, my father,  
 FTLN 1713 Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,  
 FTLN 1714 When nature brought him to the door of death? 110  
 FTLN 1715 No, Warwick, no. While life upholds this arm,  
 FTLN 1716 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

FTLN 1717 WARWICK And I the house of York.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1718 Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,  
 FTLN 1719 Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside 115  
 FTLN 1720 While I use further conference with Warwick.

*They stand aloof.*

QUEEN MARGARET, *aside*

FTLN 1721 Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him  
 FTLN 1722 not.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1723 Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
 FTLN 1724 Is Edward your true king? For I were loath 120  
 FTLN 1725 To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WARWICK

FTLN 1726 Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1727 But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WARWICK

FTLN 1728 The more that Henry was unfortunate.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1729 Then further, all dissembling set aside, 125  
 FTLN 1730 Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
 FTLN 1731 Unto our sister Bona.

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FTLN 1732    WARWICK                    Such it seems  
 FTLN 1733        As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
 FTLN 1734        Myself have often heard him say and swear                    130  
 FTLN 1735        That this his love was an 'eternal' plant,  
 FTLN 1736        Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,  
 FTLN 1737        The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,  
 FTLN 1738        Exempt from envy but not from disdain,  
 FTLN 1739        Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.                                135

KING LEWIS  
 FTLN 1740        Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

LADY BONA  
 FTLN 1741        Your grant or your denial shall be mine.  
 FTLN 1742        (*Speaks to Warwick.*) Yet I confess that often ere this  
 FTLN 1743        day,  
 FTLN 1744        When I have heard your king's desert recounted,                    140  
 FTLN 1745        Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

KING LEWIS  
 FTLN 1746        Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's.  
 FTLN 1747        And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
 FTLN 1748        Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
 FTLN 1749        Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—                    145  
 FTLN 1750        Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
 FTLN 1751        That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE EDWARD  
 FTLN 1752        To Edward, but not to the English king.

QUEEN MARGARET  
 FTLN 1753        Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device  
 FTLN 1754        By this alliance to make void my suit.                                150  
 FTLN 1755        Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

KING LEWIS  
 FTLN 1756        And still is friend to him and Margaret.  
 FTLN 1757        But if your title to the crown be weak,  
 FTLN 1758        As may appear by Edward's good success,  
 FTLN 1759        Then 'tis but reason that I be released                                155  
 FTLN 1760        From giving aid which late I promised.

FTLN 1761 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
 FTLN 1762 That your estate requires and mine can yield.

WARWICK

FTLN 1763 Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,  
 FTLN 1764 Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.— 160  
 FTLN 1765 And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,  
 FTLN 1766 You have a father able to maintain you,  
 FTLN 1767 And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1768 Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,  
 FTLN 1769 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings! 165  
 FTLN 1770 I will not hence till with my talk and tears,  
 FTLN 1771 Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold  
 FTLN 1772 Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love,  
 FTLN 1773 For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

*Post blowing a horn within.*

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1774 Warwick, this is some post to us or thee. 170

*Enter the Post.*

POST *speaks to Warwick.*

FTLN 1775 My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,  
 FTLN 1776 Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague.  
 FTLN 1777 (*To Lewis.*) These from our king unto your Majesty.  
 FTLN 1778 (*To Margaret.*) And, madam, these for you—from  
 FTLN 1779 whom, I know not. *They all read their letters.* 175

OXFORD, *aside*

FTLN 1780 I like it well that our fair queen and mistress  
 FTLN 1781 Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE EDWARD, *aside*

FTLN 1782 Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.  
 FTLN 1783 I hope all's for the best.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1784 Warwick, what are thy news? And yours, fair queen? 180

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1785 Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.



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WARWICK

FTLN 1786 Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1787 What, has your king married the Lady Grey,

FTLN 1788 And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

FTLN 1789 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? 185

FTLN 1790 Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?

FTLN 1791 Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1792 I told your Majesty as much before.

FTLN 1793 This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

WARWICK

FTLN 1794 King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heaven 190

FTLN 1795 And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

FTLN 1796 That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's—

FTLN 1797 No more my king, for he dishonors me,

FTLN 1798 But most himself, if he could see his shame.

FTLN 1799 Did I forget that by the house of York 195

FTLN 1800 My father came untimely to his death?

FTLN 1801 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?

FTLN 1802 Did I impale him with the regal crown?

FTLN 1803 Did I put Henry from his native right?

FTLN 1804 And am I guerdoned at the last with shame? 200

FTLN 1805 Shame on himself, for my desert is honor!

FTLN 1806 And to repair my honor lost for him,

FTLN 1807 I here renounce him and return to Henry.

*He removes the white rose.*

FTLN 1808 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

FTLN 1809 And henceforth I am thy true servitor. 205

FTLN 1810 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona

FTLN 1811 And replant Henry in his former state.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1812 Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love,

FTLN 1813 And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

FTLN 1814 And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend. 210

WARWICK

FTLN 1815	So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,	
FTLN 1816	That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us	
FTLN 1817	With some few bands of chosen soldiers,	
FTLN 1818	I'll undertake to land them on our coast	
FTLN 1819	And force the tyrant from his seat by war.	215
FTLN 1820	'Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him.	
FTLN 1821	And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,	
FTLN 1822	He's very likely now to fall from him	
FTLN 1823	For matching more for wanton lust than honor,	
FTLN 1824	Or than for strength and safety of our country.	220

LADY BONA

FTLN 1825 Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged  
FTLN 1826 But by thy help to this distressed queen?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1827 Renownèd prince, how shall poor Henry live  
FTLN 1828 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

LADY BONA

FTLN 1829            My quarrel and this English queen's are one.            225

WARWICK

FTLN 1830                    And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1831 And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's.  
FTLN 1832 Therefore at last I firmly am resolved  
FTLN 1833 You shall have aid.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1834      Let me give humble thanks for all, at once.      230

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1835      Then, England's messenger, return in post,  
FTLN 1836      And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
FTLN 1837      That Lewis of France is sending over maskers  
FTLN 1838      To revel it with him and his new bride.  
FTLN 1839      Thou seest what's passed; go fear thy king withal.      235

LADY BONA

FTLN 1840      Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
FTLN 1841      I wear the willow garland for his sake.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1842 Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside  
FTLN 1843 And I am ready to put armor on.

WARWICK

FTLN 1844 Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 240  
FTLN 1845 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.  
FTLN 1846 There's thy reward. *「Gives money.」*  
FTLN 1847 Be gone. *Post exits.*

KING LEWIS

But, Warwick,  
FTLN 1848 Thou and Oxford with five thousand men 245  
FTLN 1849 Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle;  
FTLN 1850 And as occasion serves, this noble queen  
FTLN 1851 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
FTLN 1852 Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:  
FTLN 1853 What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? 250  
FTLN 1854

WARWICK

FTLN 1855 This shall assure my constant loyalty:  
FTLN 1856 That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
FTLN 1857 I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,  
FTLN 1858 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 1859 Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion. 255  
FTLN 1860 Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous.  
FTLN 1861 Therefore, delay not; give thy hand to Warwick,  
FTLN 1862 And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
FTLN 1863 That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 1864 Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it, 260  
FTLN 1865 And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.  
*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

KING LEWIS

FTLN 1866 Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,  
FTLN 1867 And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral,  
FTLN 1868 Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.  
FTLN 1869 I long till Edward fall by war's mischance 265  
FTLN 1870 For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

---

*All but Warwick exit.*

WARWICK

FTLN 1871 I came from Edward as ambassador,  
FTLN 1872 But I return his sworn and mortal foe.  
FTLN 1873 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
FTLN 1874 But dreadful war shall answer his demand. 270  
FTLN 1875 Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
FTLN 1876 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.  
FTLN 1877 I was the chief that raised him to the crown,  
FTLN 1878 And I'll be chief to bring him down again:  
FTLN 1879 Not that I pity Henry's misery, 275  
FTLN 1880 But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

*He exits.*

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## 「ACT 4」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter Richard 「of Gloucester,」 Clarence, Somerset,  
and Montague, 「all wearing the white rose.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 1881      Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you  
FTLN 1882      Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?  
FTLN 1883      Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLARENCE

FTLN 1884      Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France.  
FTLN 1885      How could he stay till Warwick made return?

5

*Flourish.*

SOMERSET

FTLN 1886      My lords, forbear this talk. Here comes the King.

FTLN 1887      RICHARD    And his well-chosen bride.

CLARENCE

FTLN 1888      I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Enter King Edward, 「with Attendants,」  
Lady Grey, 「now Queen Elizabeth,」 Pembroke, Stafford,  
Hastings, 「and others, all wearing the white rose.」  
Four stand on one side, and four on the other.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1889      Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,  
FTLN 1890      That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

10

CLARENCE

FTLN 1891      As well as Lewis of France or the Earl of Warwick,

FTLN 1892	Which are so weak of courage and in judgment	
FTLN 1893	That they'll take no offense at our abuse.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 1894	Suppose they take offense without a cause,	
FTLN 1895	They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,	15
FTLN 1896	Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1897	And shall have your will because our king.	
FTLN 1898	Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 1899	Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?	
FTLN 1900	RICHARD Not I.	20
FTLN 1901	No, God forbid that I should wish them severed	
FTLN 1902	Whom God hath joined together. Ay, and 'twere pity	
FTLN 1903	To sunder them that yoke so well together.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 1904	Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,	
FTLN 1905	Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey	25
FTLN 1906	Should not become my wife and England's queen?	
FTLN 1907	And you too, Somerset and Montague,	
FTLN 1908	Speak freely what you think.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 1909	Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis	
FTLN 1910	Becomes your enemy for mocking him	30
FTLN 1911	About the marriage of the Lady Bona.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 1912	And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,	
FTLN 1913	Is now dishonorèd by this new marriage.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 1914	What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased	
FTLN 1915	By such invention as I can devise?	35
	MONTAGUE	
FTLN 1916	Yet to have joined with France in such alliance	
FTLN 1917	Would more have strengthened this our	
FTLN 1918	commonwealth	
FTLN 1919	'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.	

HASTINGS

FTLN 1920	Why, knows not Montague that of itself	40
FTLN 1921	England is safe, if true within itself?	

MONTAGUE

FTLN 1922 | But the safer when 'tis backed with France.

HASTINGS

FTLN 1923	'Tis better using France than trusting France.	
FTLN 1924	Let us be backed with God and with the seas	
FTLN 1925	Which He hath giv'n for fence impregnable,	45
FTLN 1926	And with their helps only defend ourselves.	
FTLN 1927	In them and in ourselves our safety lies.	

CLARENCE

FTLN 1928	For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
FTLN 1929	To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1930	Ay, what of that? It was my will and grant,	50
FTLN 1931	And for this once my will shall stand for law.	

RICHARD

FTLN 1932	And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well	
FTLN 1933	To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales	
FTLN 1934	Unto the brother of your loving bride.	
FTLN 1935	She better would have fitted me or Clarence;	55
FTLN 1936	But in your bride you bury brotherhood.	

CLARENCE

FTLN 1937	Or else you would not have bestowed the heir
FTLN 1938	Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
FTLN 1939	And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1940	Alas, poor Clarence, is it for a wife	60
FTLN 1941	That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.	

CLARENCE

FTLN 1942	In choosing for yourself you showed your judgment,	
FTLN 1943	Which, being shallow, you shall give me leave	
FTLN 1944	To play the broker in mine own behalf.	
FTLN 1945	And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.	65

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1946 Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king  
FTLN 1947 And not be tied unto his brother's will.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 1948 My lords, before it pleased his Majesty  
FTLN 1949 To raise my state to title of a queen,  
FTLN 1950 Do me but right and you must all confess 70  
FTLN 1951 That I was not ignoble of descent,  
FTLN 1952 And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
FTLN 1953 But as this title honors me and mine,  
FTLN 1954 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
FTLN 1955 Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow. 75

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1956 My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.  
FTLN 1957 What danger or what sorrow can befall thee  
FTLN 1958 So long as Edward is thy constant friend  
FTLN 1959 And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
FTLN 1960 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too, 80  
FTLN 1961 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;  
FTLN 1962 Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
FTLN 1963 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

RICHARD, *aside*

FTLN 1964 I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

*Enter a Post.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1965 Now, messenger, what letters or what news from 85  
FTLN 1966 France?

POST

FTLN 1967 My sovereign liege, no letters and few words  
FTLN 1968 But such as I without your special pardon  
FTLN 1969 Dare not relate.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1970 Go to, we pardon thee. Therefore, in brief, 90  
FTLN 1971 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
FTLN 1972 What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?



POST

FTLN 1973 At my depart, these were his very words:  
 FTLN 1974 "Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,  
 FTLN 1975 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers 95  
 FTLN 1976 To revel it with him and his new bride."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1977 Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.  
 FTLN 1978 But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

POST

FTLN 1979 These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:  
 FTLN 1980 "Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, 100  
 FTLN 1981 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1982 I blame not her; she could say little less;  
 FTLN 1983 She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?  
 FTLN 1984 For I have heard that she was there in place.

POST

FTLN 1985 "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are 105  
 FTLN 1986 done,  
 FTLN 1987 And I am ready to put armor on."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1988 Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
 FTLN 1989 But what said Warwick to these injuries?

POST

FTLN 1990 He, more incensed against your Majesty 110  
 FTLN 1991 Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:  
 FTLN 1992 "Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
 FTLN 1993 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

KING EDWARD

FTLN 1994 Ha! Durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
 FTLN 1995 Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned. 115  
 FTLN 1996 They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.  
 FTLN 1997 But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

POST

FTLN 1998 Ay, gracious sovereign, they are so linked in  
 FTLN 1999 friendship

FTLN 2000	That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's	120
FTLN 2001	daughter.	
	CLARENCE, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 2002	Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.—	
FTLN 2003	Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,	
FTLN 2004	For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter,	
FTLN 2005	That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage	125
FTLN 2006	I may not prove inferior to yourself.	
FTLN 2007	You that love me and Warwick, follow me.	
	<i>Clarence exits, and Somerset follows.</i>	
	RICHARD, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 2008	Not I. My thoughts aim at a further matter:	
FTLN 2009	I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 2010	Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?	130
FTLN 2011	Yet am I armed against the worst can happen,	
FTLN 2012	And haste is needful in this desp'rate case.	
FTLN 2013	Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf	
FTLN 2014	Go levy men and make prepare for war.	
FTLN 2015	They are already, or quickly will be, landed.	135
FTLN 2016	Myself in person will straight follow you.	
	<i>Pembroke and Stafford exit.</i>	
FTLN 2017	But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,	
FTLN 2018	Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,	
FTLN 2019	Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance.	
FTLN 2020	Tell me if you love Warwick more than me.	140
FTLN 2021	If it be so, then both depart to him.	
FTLN 2022	I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.	
FTLN 2023	But if you mind to hold your true obedience,	
FTLN 2024	Give me assurance with some friendly vow,	
FTLN 2025	That I may never have you in suspect.	145
	MONTAGUE	
FTLN 2026	So God help Montague as he proves true!	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 2027	And Hastings as he favors Edward's cause!	

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2028 Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

RICHARD

FTLN 2029 Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2030 Why, so. Then am I sure of victory.

150

FTLN 2031 Now therefore let us hence and lose no hour

FTLN 2032 Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

*They exit.*

「Scene 2」

*Enter Warwick and Oxford in England,  
「wearing the red rose,」 with French Soldiers.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2033 Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well.

FTLN 2034 The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter Clarence and Somerset.*

FTLN 2035 But see where Somerset and Clarence comes.—

FTLN 2036 Speak suddenly, my lords: are we all friends?

FTLN 2037 CLARENCE Fear not that, my lord.

5

WARWICK

FTLN 2038 Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,

FTLN 2039 And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardice

FTLN 2040 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

FTLN 2041 Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love;

FTLN 2042 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

10

FTLN 2043 Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings.

FTLN 2044 But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be  
FTLN 2045 thine.

FTLN 2046 And now, what rests but, in night's coverture

FTLN 2047 Thy brother being carelessly encamped,

15

FTLN 2048 His soldiers lurking in the town about,

FTLN 2049 And but attended by a simple guard,

---

FTLN 2050	We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?	
FTLN 2051	Our scouts have found the adventure very easy;	
FTLN 2052	That, as Ulysses and stout Diomed	20
FTLN 2053	With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents	
FTLN 2054	And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,	
FTLN 2055	So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,	
FTLN 2056	At unawares may beat down Edward's guard	
FTLN 2057	And seize himself. I say not "slaughter him,"	25
FTLN 2058	For I intend but only to surprise him.	
FTLN 2059	You that will follow me to this attempt,	
FTLN 2060	Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.	
	<i>They all cry "Henry!"</i>	
FTLN 2061	Why then, let's on our way in silent sort.	
FTLN 2062	For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!	30
	<i>They exit.</i>	

「Scene 3」

*Enter three Watchmen to guard 「King Edward's」 tent,  
「all wearing the white rose.」*

FIRST WATCH

FTLN 2063 Come on, my masters, each man take his stand.

FTLN 2064 The King by this is set him down to sleep.

FTLN 2065 SECOND WATCH What, will he not to bed?

FIRST WATCH

FTLN 2066 Why, no, for he hath made a solemn vow

FTLN 2067 Never to lie and take his natural rest 5

FTLN 2068 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed.

SECOND WATCH

FTLN 2069 Tomorrow, then, belike shall be the day,

FTLN 2070 If Warwick be so near as men report.

THIRD WATCH

FTLN 2071 But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

FTLN 2072 That with the King here resteth in his tent? 10

## FIRST WATCH

FTLN 2073 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

## THIRD WATCH

FTLN 2074 O, is it so? But why commands the King  
FTLN 2075 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
FTLN 2076 While he himself keeps in the cold field?

## SECOND WATCH

FTLN 2077 'Tis the more honor, because more dangerous. 15

## THIRD WATCH

FTLN 2078 Ay, but give me worship and quietness;  
FTLN 2079 I like it better than a dangerous honor.  
FTLN 2080 If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
FTLN 2081 'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

## FIRST WATCH

FTLN 2082 Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. 20

## SECOND WATCH

FTLN 2083 Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent  
FTLN 2084 But to defend his person from night foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, ¶ all wearing  
the red rose, ¶ and French Soldiers, silent all.*

## WARWICK

FTLN 2085 This is his tent, and see where stand his guard.  
FTLN 2086 Courage, my masters. Honor, now or never!  
FTLN 2087 But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 25

FTLN 2088 FIRST WATCH Who goes there?

FTLN 2089 SECOND WATCH Stay, or thou diest!

*Warwick and the rest cry all "Warwick, Warwick!"  
and set upon the guard, who fly, crying "Arm, Arm!"  
Warwick and the rest following them.*

*The drum playing and trumpet sounding,  
enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing  
King ¶ Edward ¶ out in his gown, sitting in a chair.  
Richard and Hastings flies over the stage.*

SOMERSET

FTLN 2090     What are they that fly there?

FTLN 2091     WARWICK                     Richard and Hastings.

FTLN 2092     Let them go. Here is the Duke. 30

FTLN 2093     KING EDWARD                     The Duke?

FTLN 2094     Why, Warwick, when we parted, thou call'dst me king.

FTLN 2095     WARWICK     Ay, but the case is altered.

FTLN 2096     When you disgraced me in my embassy,

FTLN 2097     Then I degraded you from being king 35

FTLN 2098     And come now to create you Duke of York.

FTLN 2099     Alas, how should you govern any kingdom

FTLN 2100     That know not how to use ambassadors,

FTLN 2101     Nor how to be contented with one wife,

FTLN 2102     Nor how to use your brothers brotherly, 40

FTLN 2103     Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

FTLN 2104     Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2105     Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

FTLN 2106     Nay, then, I see that Edward needs must down.

FTLN 2107     Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance, 45

FTLN 2108     Of thee thyself and all thy complices,

FTLN 2109     Edward will always bear himself as king.

FTLN 2110     Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,

FTLN 2111     My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WARWICK

FTLN 2112     Then for his mind be Edward England's king, 50

*Takes off his crown.*

FTLN 2113     But Henry now shall wear the English crown

FTLN 2114     And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.—

FTLN 2115     My lord of Somerset, at my request,

FTLN 2116     See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed

FTLN 2117     Unto my brother, Archbishop of York. 55

FTLN 2118     When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

FTLN 2119     I'll follow you and tell what answer

FTLN 2120     Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.—

FTLN 2121     Now for awhile farewell, good Duke of York.

FTLN 2135	Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,	
FTLN 2136	Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard	
FTLN 2137	Or by his foe surprised at unawares;	
FTLN 2138	And, as I further have to understand,	10
FTLN 2139	Is new committed to the Bishop of York,	
FTLN 2140	Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.	

RIVERS

FTLN 2141     These news I must confess are full of grief;  
FTLN 2142     Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may.  
FTLN 2143     Warwick may lose that now hath won the day. 15

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2144     Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay;  
FTLN 2145     And I the rather wean me from despair  
FTLN 2146     For love of Edward's offspring in my womb.  
FTLN 2147     This is it that makes me bridle passion  
FTLN 2148     And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross. 20  
FTLN 2149     Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear  
FTLN 2150     And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
FTLN 2151     Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown  
FTLN 2152     King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

RIVERS

FTLN 2153     But, madam, where is Warwick then become? 25

QUEEN ELIZABETH

FTLN 2154     I am informèd that he comes towards London  
FTLN 2155     To set the crown once more on Henry's head.  
FTLN 2156     Guess thou the rest: King Edward's friends must  
FTLN 2157     down.  
FTLN 2158     But to prevent the tyrant's violence— 30  
FTLN 2159     For trust not him that hath once broken faith—  
FTLN 2160     I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary  
FTLN 2161     To save at least the heir of Edward's right.  
FTLN 2162     There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.  
FTLN 2163     Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly. 35  
FTLN 2164     If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

*They exit.*



## 「Scene 5」

*Enter Richard 「of Gloucester,」 Lord Hastings,  
and Sir William Stanley, 「with Soldiers,  
all wearing the white rose.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 2165	Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,	
FTLN 2166	Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither	
FTLN 2167	Into this chiefest thicket of the park.	
FTLN 2168	Thus 「stands」 the case: you know our king, my brother,	
FTLN 2169	Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands	5
FTLN 2170	He hath good usage and great liberty,	
FTLN 2171	And, often but attended with weak guard,	
FTLN 2172	「Comes」 hunting this way to disport himself.	
FTLN 2173	I have advertised him by secret means	
FTLN 2174	That, if about this hour he make this way	10
FTLN 2175	Under the color of his usual game,	
FTLN 2176	He shall here find his friends with horse and men	
FTLN 2177	To set him free from his captivity.	

*Enter King Edward, 「wearing the white rose,」  
and a Huntsman with him.*

HUNTSMAN

FTLN 2178	This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.	
-----------	--	--

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2179	Nay, this way, man. See where the huntsmen stand.—	15
FTLN 2180	Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the	
FTLN 2181	rest,	
FTLN 2182	Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's deer?	

RICHARD

FTLN 2183	Brother, the time and case requireth haste.	
FTLN 2184	Your horse stands ready at the park corner.	20

FTLN 2185	KING EDWARD	But whither shall we then?
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HASTINGS

FTLN 2186	To Lynn, my lord, and shipped from thence	
FTLN 2187	to Flanders.	

RICHARD

FTLN 2188 Well guessed, believe me, for that was my meaning.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2189 Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness. 25

RICHARD

FTLN 2190 But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2191 Huntsman, what sayst thou? Wilt thou go along?

HUNTSMAN

FTLN 2192 Better do so than tarry and be hanged.

RICHARD

FTLN 2193 Come then, away! Let's ha' no more ado.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2194 Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown, 30

FTLN 2195 And pray that I may repossess the crown.

*They exit.*

「Scene 6」

*Flourish. Enter King Henry the Sixth, Clarence,  
Warwick, Somerset, young Henry 「Earl of Richmond,」  
Oxford, Montague, 「all wearing the red rose,」  
and Lieutenant 「of the Tower.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2196 Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

FTLN 2197 Have shaken Edward from the regal seat

FTLN 2198 And turned my captive state to liberty,

FTLN 2199 My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,

FTLN 2200 At our enlargement what are thy due fees? 5

LIEUTENANT

FTLN 2201 Subjects may challenge nothing of their sov'reigns,

FTLN 2202 But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

FTLN 2203 I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2204 For what, lieutenant? For well using me?

---

FTLN 2205	Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,	10
FTLN 2206	For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure,	
FTLN 2207	Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds	
FTLN 2208	Conceive when, after many moody thoughts,	
FTLN 2209	At last by notes of household harmony	
FTLN 2210	They quite forget their loss of liberty.—	15
FTLN 2211	But, Warwick, after God thou sett'st me free,	
FTLN 2212	And chiefly, therefore, I thank God and thee.	
FTLN 2213	He was the author, thou the instrument.	
FTLN 2214	Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite	
FTLN 2215	By living low where Fortune cannot hurt me,	20
FTLN 2216	And that the people of this blessed land	
FTLN 2217	May not be punished with my thwarting stars,	
FTLN 2218	Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,	
FTLN 2219	I here resign my government to thee,	
FTLN 2220	For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.	25
WARWICK		
FTLN 2221	Your Grace hath still been famed for virtuous	
FTLN 2222	And now may seem as wise as virtuous	
FTLN 2223	By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice,	
FTLN 2224	For few men rightly temper with the stars.	
FTLN 2225	Yet, in this one thing let me blame your Grace:	30
FTLN 2226	For choosing me when Clarence is in place.	
CLARENCE		
FTLN 2227	No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,	
FTLN 2228	To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity	
FTLN 2229	Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown	
FTLN 2230	As likely to be blest in peace and war;	35
FTLN 2231	And therefore I yield thee my free consent.	
WARWICK		
FTLN 2232	And I choose Clarence only for Protector.	
KING HENRY		
FTLN 2233	Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.	
FTLN 2234	Now join your hands, and with your hands your	
FTLN 2235	hearts,	40
FTLN 2236	That no dissension hinder government.	

*「He joins their hands.」*

FTLN 2237	I make you both Protectors of this land,	
FTLN 2238	While I myself will lead a private life	
FTLN 2239	And in devotion spend my latter days,	
FTLN 2240	To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.	45
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2241	What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 2242	That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,	
FTLN 2243	For on thy fortune I repose myself.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2244	Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content.	
FTLN 2245	We'll yoke together like a double shadow	50
FTLN 2246	To Henry's body, and supply his place—	
FTLN 2247	I mean, in bearing weight of government—	
FTLN 2248	While he enjoys the honor and his ease.	
FTLN 2249	And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful	
FTLN 2250	Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor	55
FTLN 2251	And all his lands and goods <i>「be」</i> confiscate.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 2252	What else? And that succession be determinèd.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2253	Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2254	But with the first of all your chief affairs	
FTLN 2255	Let me entreat—for I command no more—	60
FTLN 2256	That Margaret your queen and my son Edward	
FTLN 2257	Be sent for, to return from France with speed,	
FTLN 2258	For till I see them here, by doubtful fear	
FTLN 2259	My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.	
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 2260	It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.	65
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2261	My lord of Somerset, what youth is that	
FTLN 2262	Of whom you seem to have so tender care?	

SOMERSET

FTLN 2263 My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

KING HENRY, 「to Richmond」

FTLN 2264 Come hither, England's hope.

*Lays his hand on 「Richmond's」 head.*

FTLN 2265 If secret powers 70

FTLN 2266 Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

FTLN 2267 This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

FTLN 2268 His looks are full of peaceful majesty,

FTLN 2269 His head by nature framed to wear a crown,

FTLN 2270 His hand to wield a scepter, and himself 75

FTLN 2271 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

FTLN 2272 Make much of him, my lords, for this is he

FTLN 2273 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post.*

FTLN 2274 WARWICK What news, my friend?

POST

FTLN 2275 That Edward is escapèd from your brother 80

FTLN 2276 And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WARWICK

FTLN 2277 Unsavory news! But how made he escape?

POST

FTLN 2278 He was conveyed by Richard, Duke of Gloucester,

FTLN 2279 And the Lord Hastings, who attended him

FTLN 2280 In secret ambush on the forest side 85

FTLN 2281 And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescued him,

FTLN 2282 For hunting was his daily exercise.

WARWICK

FTLN 2283 My brother was too careless of his charge.

FTLN 2284 But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

FTLN 2285 A salve for any sore that may betide. 90

*All but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford exit.*

SOMERSET, 「to Oxford」

FTLN 2286 My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's,

FTLN 2287 For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,

FTLN 2288 And we shall have more wars before 't be long.  
 FTLN 2289 As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
 FTLN 2290 Did glad my heart with hope of this young 95  
 FTLN 2291 Richmond,  
 FTLN 2292 So doth my heart misgive me in these conflicts  
 FTLN 2293 What may befall him, to his harm and ours.  
 FTLN 2294 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
 FTLN 2295 Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany 100  
 FTLN 2296 Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXFORD

FTLN 2297 Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,  
 FTLN 2298 'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall down.

SOMERSET

FTLN 2299 It shall be so. He shall to Brittany.  
 FTLN 2300 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. 105

*They exit.*

「Scene 7」

*Flourish. Enter 「King」 Edward, Richard, Hastings,  
 and Soldiers, 「all wearing the white rose.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2301 Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest:  
 FTLN 2302 Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,  
 FTLN 2303 And says that once more I shall interchange  
 FTLN 2304 My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.  
 FTLN 2305 Well have we passed, and now re-passed, the seas, 5  
 FTLN 2306 And brought desired help from Burgundy.  
 FTLN 2307 What then remains, we being thus arrived  
 FTLN 2308 From Ravenspurgh Haven before the gates of York,  
 FTLN 2309 But that we enter as into our dukedom?

*「Hastings knocks at the gate.」*

RICHARD

FTLN 2310 The gates made fast? Brother, I like not this. 10

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FTLN 2311	For many men that stumble at the threshold	
FTLN 2312	Are well foretold that danger lurks within.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 2313	Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us.	
FTLN 2314	By fair or foul means we must enter in,	
FTLN 2315	For hither will our friends repair to us.	15
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 2316	My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.	
	<i>He knocks.</i>	
	<i>Enter on the walls the Mayor of York and his brethren,</i>	
	<i>the Aldermen.</i>	
	MAYOR	
FTLN 2317	My lords, we were forewarnèd of your coming,	
FTLN 2318	And shut the gates for safety of ourselves,	
FTLN 2319	For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 2320	But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,	20
FTLN 2321	Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.	
	MAYOR	
FTLN 2322	True, my good lord, I know you for no less.	
	KING EDWARD	
FTLN 2323	Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,	
FTLN 2324	As being well content with that alone.	
	RICHARD, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 2325	But when the fox hath once got in his nose,	25
FTLN 2326	He'll soon find means to make the body follow.	
	HASTINGS	
FTLN 2327	Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?	
FTLN 2328	Open the gates. We are King Henry's friends.	
	MAYOR	
FTLN 2329	Ay, say you so? The gates shall then be opened.	
	<i>He descends with the Aldermen.</i>	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2330	A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.	30

HASTINGS

FTLN 2331 The good old man would fain that all were well,  
FTLN 2332 So 'twere not long of him; but being entered,  
FTLN 2333 I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
FTLN 2334 Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2335 So, master mayor, these gates must not be shut 35  
FTLN 2336 But in the night or in the time of war.  
FTLN 2337 What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys.  
*Takes his keys.*  
FTLN 2338 For Edward will defend the town and thee  
FTLN 2339 And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2340 Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40  
FTLN 2341 Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2342 Welcome, Sir John. But why come you in arms?

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2343 To help King Edward in his time of storm,  
FTLN 2344 As every loyal subject ought to do.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2345 Thanks, good Montgomery. But we now forget 45  
FTLN 2346 Our title to the crown, and only claim  
FTLN 2347 Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2348 Then fare you well, for I will hence again.  
FTLN 2349 I came to serve a king and not a duke.—  
FTLN 2350 Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

*The Drum begins to march.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2351 Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll debate  
FTLN 2352 By what safe means the crown may be recovered.



MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2353	What talk you of debating? In few words,	
FTLN 2354	If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,	
FTLN 2355	I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone	55
FTLN 2356	To keep them back that come to succor you.	
FTLN 2357	Why shall we fight if you pretend no title?	

RICHARD

FTLN 2358 | Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2359	When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim.	
FTLN 2360	Till then 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.	60

HASTINGS

FTLN 2361 | Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.

RICHARD

FTLN 2362	And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
FTLN 2363	Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
FTLN 2364	The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2365	Then be it as you will, for 'tis my right,	65
FTLN 2366	And Henry but usurps the diadem.	

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2367	Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
FTLN 2368	And now will I be Edward's champion.

HASTINGS

FTLN 2369	Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaimed.—	
FTLN 2370	Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.	70

*Flourish. Sound.*

FTLN 2371	SOLDIER 「reads」	<i>Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of</i>
FTLN 2372		<i>God, King of England and France, and Lord of</i>
FTLN 2373		<i>Ireland, &amp;c.</i>

MONTGOMERY

FTLN 2374	And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,	
FTLN 2375	By this I challenge him to single fight.	75

*Throws down his gauntlet.*

FTLN 2376	ALL	Long live Edward the Fourth!
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KING EDWARD

FTLN 2377 Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.  
 FTLN 2378 If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.  
 FTLN 2379 Now, for this night let's harbor here in York,  
 FTLN 2380 And when the morning sun shall raise his car 80  
 FTLN 2381 Above the border of this horizon,  
 FTLN 2382 We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;  
 FTLN 2383 For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.  
 FTLN 2384 Ah, froward Clarence, how evil it beseems thee  
 FTLN 2385 To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother! 85  
 FTLN 2386 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.  
 FTLN 2387 Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;  
 FTLN 2388 And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

*They exit.*

「Scene 8」

*Flourish. Enter King 「Henry,」 Warwick, Montague,  
 Clarence, Oxford, and 「Exeter, all wearing the red rose.」*

WARWICK

FTLN 2389 What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
 FTLN 2390 With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
 FTLN 2391 Hath passed in safety through the Narrow Seas,  
 FTLN 2392 And with his troops doth march amain to London,  
 FTLN 2393 And many giddy people flock to him. 5

KING HENRY

FTLN 2394 Let's levy men and beat him back again.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2395 A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
 FTLN 2396 Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

WARWICK

FTLN 2397 In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
 FTLN 2398 Not mutinous in peace yet bold in war. 10  
 FTLN 2399 Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,  
 FTLN 2400 Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent

FTLN 2401	The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.—	
FTLN 2402	Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,	
FTLN 2403	Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find	15
FTLN 2404	Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st.—	
FTLN 2405	And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,	
FTLN 2406	In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—	
FTLN 2407	My sovereign, with the loving citizens,	
FTLN 2408	Like to his island girt in with the ocean,	20
FTLN 2409	Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,	
FTLN 2410	Shall rest in London till we come to him.	
FTLN 2411	Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—	
FTLN 2412	Farewell, my sovereign.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2413	Farewell, my Hector and my Troy's true hope.	25
	CLARENCE	
FTLN 2414	In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2415	Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.	
	MONTAGUE	
FTLN 2416	Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.	
	OXFORD	
FTLN 2417	And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.	
	<i>He kisses Henry's hand.</i>	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2418	Sweet Oxford and my loving Montague	30
FTLN 2419	And all at once, once more a happy farewell.	
	WARWICK	
FTLN 2420	Farewell, sweet lords. Let's meet at Coventry.	
	<i>All but King Henry and Exeter exit.</i>	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2421	Here at the palace will I rest awhile.	
FTLN 2422	Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your Lordship?	
FTLN 2423	Methinks the power that Edward hath in field	35
FTLN 2424	Should not be able to encounter mine.	
	EXETER	
FTLN 2425	The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.	

KING HENRY

FTLN 2426 That's not my fear. My meed hath got me fame.  
 FTLN 2427 I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,  
 FTLN 2428 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays. 40  
 FTLN 2429 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
 FTLN 2430 My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,  
 FTLN 2431 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.  
 FTLN 2432 I have not been desirous of their wealth  
 FTLN 2433 Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies, 45  
 FTLN 2434 Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.  
 FTLN 2435 Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
 FTLN 2436 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;  
 FTLN 2437 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 FTLN 2438 The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

*Shout within "À York! À York!"*

EXETER

FTLN 2439 Hark, hark, my lord, what shouts are these?

*Enter King Edward and Richard and Soldiers,  
 all wearing the white rose.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2440 Seize on the shamefaced Henry, bear him hence,  
 FTLN 2441 And once again proclaim us King of England.—  
 FTLN 2442 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow.  
 FTLN 2443 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry 55  
 FTLN 2444 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—  
 FTLN 2445 Hence with him to the Tower. Let him not speak.

*Soldiers exit with King Henry and Exeter.*

FTLN 2446 And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
 FTLN 2447 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.  
 FTLN 2448 The sun shines hot, and if we use delay, 60  
 FTLN 2449 Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

RICHARD

FTLN 2450 Away betimes, before his forces join,  
 FTLN 2451 And take the great-grown traitor unawares.  
 FTLN 2452 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

*They exit.*

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## 「ACT 5」

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### 「Scene 1」

*Enter Warwick, 「wearing the red rose,」 the Mayor of  
Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2453     Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—  
FTLN 2454     How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

FIRST MESSENGER

FTLN 2455     By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

「*He exits.*」

WARWICK

FTLN 2456     How far off is our brother Montague?  
FTLN 2457     Where is the post that came from Montague?

5

SECOND MESSENGER

FTLN 2458     By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

「*He exits.*」

*Enter, 「upon the walls,」 Somerville  
「wearing the red rose.」*

WARWICK

FTLN 2459     Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?  
FTLN 2460     And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

SOMERVILLE

FTLN 2461     At Southam I did leave him with his forces  
FTLN 2462     And do expect him here some two hours hence.

10

「*Drum offstage.*」

WARWICK

FTLN 2463     Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

SOMERVILLE

FTLN 2464 It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.  
 FTLN 2465 The drum your Honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

WARWICK

FTLN 2466 Who should that be? Belike unlooked-for friends.

SOMERVILLE

FTLN 2467 They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. 15

*March. Flourish. Enter [below, King] Edward,  
 Richard, and Soldiers, [including a Trumpeter,  
 all wearing the white rose.]*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2468 Go, Trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

RICHARD

FTLN 2469 See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

WARWICK

FTLN 2470 O unbid spite, is sportful Edward come?  
 FTLN 2471 Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,  
 FTLN 2472 That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2473 Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,  
 FTLN 2474 Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?  
 FTLN 2475 Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,  
 FTLN 2476 And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WARWICK

FTLN 2477 Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence, 25  
 FTLN 2478 Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down,  
 FTLN 2479 Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,  
 FTLN 2480 And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

RICHARD

FTLN 2481 I thought at least he would have said "the King."  
 FTLN 2482 Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

WARWICK

FTLN 2483 Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

RICHARD

FTLN 2484 Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give.

FTLN 2485 I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WARWICK

FTLN 2486 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2487 Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift. 35

WARWICK

FTLN 2488 Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;

FTLN 2489 And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again,

FTLN 2490 And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2491 But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.

FTLN 2492 And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40

FTLN 2493 What is the body when the head is off?

RICHARD

FTLN 2494 Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

FTLN 2495 But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

FTLN 2496 The King was slyly fingered from the deck.

FTLN 2497 You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace, 45

FTLN 2498 And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2499 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

RICHARD

FTLN 2500 Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel  
FTLN 2501 down.

FTLN 2502 Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools. 50

WARWICK

FTLN 2503 I had rather chop this hand off at a blow

FTLN 2504 And with the other fling it at thy face

FTLN 2505 Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2506 Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

FTLN 2507 This hand, fast wound about thy coalblack hair, 55

FTLN 2508 Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

FTLN 2509 Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood:

FTLN 2510 "Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."



*Enter Oxford, [below, wearing the red rose,  
with [Soldiers, [Drum and Colors.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2511 O, cheerful colors, see where Oxford comes!

FTLN 2512 OXFORD Oxford, Oxford for Lancaster!

60

*[Oxford and his troops exit as through a city gate.]*

RICHARD

FTLN 2513 The gates are open; let us enter too.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2514 So other foes may set upon our backs.

FTLN 2515 Stand we in good array, for they no doubt

FTLN 2516 Will issue out again and bid us battle.

FTLN 2517 If not, the city being but of small defense,

65

FTLN 2518 We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*[Oxford enters aloft.]*

WARWICK

FTLN 2519 O welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

*Enter Montague, [below, wearing the red rose,  
with [Soldiers, [Drum and Colors.*

FTLN 2520 MONTAGUE Montague, Montague for Lancaster!

RICHARD

FTLN 2521 Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

FTLN 2522 Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear!

70

*[Montague and his troops exit as through a city gate.]*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2523 The harder matched, the greater victory.

FTLN 2524 My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter Somerset, [below, wearing the red rose,  
with [Soldiers, [Drum and Colors.*

FTLN 2525 SOMERSET Somerset, Somerset for Lancaster!

RICHARD

FTLN 2526 Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,  
 FTLN 2527 Have sold their lives unto the house of York, 75  
 FTLN 2528 And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*「Somerset and his troops exit as through a city gate.」*

*Enter Clarence, 「below, wearing the red rose,」  
 with 「Soldiers,」 Drum and Colors.*

WARWICK

FTLN 2529 And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,  
 FTLN 2530 Of force enough to bid his brother battle,  
 FTLN 2531 With whom 「an」 upright zeal to right prevails  
 FTLN 2532 More than the nature of a brother's love.— 80  
 FTLN 2533 Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2534 Father of Warwick, know you what this means?  
*「He removes the red rose.」*

FTLN 2535 Look, here I throw my infamy at thee.  
*「He throws the rose at Warwick.」*

FTLN 2536 I will not ruin my father's house,  
 FTLN 2537 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together 85  
 FTLN 2538 And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwick,  
 FTLN 2539 That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
 FTLN 2540 To bend the fatal instruments of war  
 FTLN 2541 Against his brother and his lawful king?  
 FTLN 2542 Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath. 90

FTLN 2543 To keep that oath were more impiety  
 FTLN 2544 Than Jephthah when he sacrificed his daughter.  
 FTLN 2545 I am so sorry for my trespass made  
 FTLN 2546 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
 FTLN 2547 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe, 95  
 FTLN 2548 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—  
 FTLN 2549 As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad—  
 FTLN 2550 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
 FTLN 2551 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee  
 FTLN 2552 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.— 100

FTLN 2553	Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends.—
FTLN 2554	And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
FTLN 2555	For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2556	Now, welcome more, and ten times more beloved,	
FTLN 2557	Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.	105

RICHARD

FTLN 2558 | Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

WARWICK

FTLN 2559	O, passing traitor, perjured and unjust.
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KING EDWARD

FTLN 2560 | What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

FTLN 2561 | Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WARWICK

FTLN 2562	Alas, I am not cooped here for defense.	110
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FTLN 2563	I will away towards Barnet presently
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FTLN 2564 | And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2565 | Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—

*Warwick exits from the walls and descends.*

FTLN 2566 | Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!

*They exit. March. Warwick and his company follows.*

「Scene 2」

*Alarum and excursions. Enter 'King' Edward, 'wearing the white rose,' bringing forth Warwick, 'wearing the red rose,' wounded.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2567	So, lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear,
FTLN 2568	For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.
FTLN 2569	Now, Montague, sit fast. I seek for thee,
FTLN 2570	That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

*He exits.*

## WARWICK

FTLN 2571	Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,	5
FTLN 2572	And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?	
FTLN 2573	Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,	
FTLN 2574	My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows	
FTLN 2575	That I must yield my body to the earth	
FTLN 2576	And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.	10
FTLN 2577	Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,	
FTLN 2578	Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,	
FTLN 2579	Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,	
FTLN 2580	Whose top branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree	
FTLN 2581	And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.	15
FTLN 2582	These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black	
FTLN 2583	veil,	
FTLN 2584	Have been as piercing as the midday sun	
FTLN 2585	To search the secret treasons of the world.	
FTLN 2586	The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,	20
FTLN 2587	Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers,	
FTLN 2588	For who lived king but I could dig his grave?	
FTLN 2589	And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?	
FTLN 2590	Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!	
FTLN 2591	My parks, my walks, my manors that I had	25
FTLN 2592	Even now forsake me; and of all my lands	
FTLN 2593	Is nothing left me but my body's length.	
FTLN 2594	Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?	
FTLN 2595	And live we how we can, yet die we must.	

*Enter Oxford and Somerset, 「both wearing the red rose.」*

## SOMERSET

FTLN 2596	Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,	30
FTLN 2597	We might recover all our loss again.	
FTLN 2598	The Queen from France hath brought a puissant	
FTLN 2599	power;	
FTLN 2600	Even now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou fly—	

## WARWICK

FTLN 2601	Why, then, I would not fly. Ah, Montague,	35
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FTLN 2602 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand  
 FTLN 2603 And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.  
 FTLN 2604 Thou lov'st me not, for, brother, if thou didst,  
 FTLN 2605 Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood  
 FTLN 2606 That glues my lips and will not let me speak. 40  
 FTLN 2607 Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOMERSET

FTLN 2608 Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last,  
 FTLN 2609 And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
 FTLN 2610 And said "Commend me to my valiant brother."  
 FTLN 2611 And more he would have said, and more he spoke, 45  
 FTLN 2612 Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,  
 FTLN 2613 That mought not be distinguished, but at last  
 FTLN 2614 I well might hear, delivered with a groan,  
 FTLN 2615 "O, farewell, Warwick."

WARWICK

FTLN 2616 Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves, 50  
 FTLN 2617 For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.  
*He dies.*

OXFORD

FTLN 2618 Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power!  
*Here they bear away his body. They exit.*

「Scene 3」

*Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard,  
 Clarence, and the rest, 「all wearing the white rose.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2619 Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
 FTLN 2620 And we are graced with wreaths of victory.  
 FTLN 2621 But in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
 FTLN 2622 I spy a black suspicious threat'ning cloud  
 FTLN 2623 That will encounter with our glorious sun 5  
 FTLN 2624 Ere he attain his easeful western bed.  
 FTLN 2625 I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen

FTLN 2626 Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast  
 FTLN 2627 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2628 A little gale will soon disperse that cloud 10  
 FTLN 2629 And blow it to the source from whence it came;  
 FTLN 2630 Thy very beams will dry those vapors up,  
 FTLN 2631 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

RICHARD

FTLN 2632 The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
 FTLN 2633 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her. 15  
 FTLN 2634 If she have time to breathe, be well assured  
 FTLN 2635 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2636 We are advertised by our loving friends  
 FTLN 2637 That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury.  
 FTLN 2638 We having now the best at Barnet Field 20  
 FTLN 2639 Will thither straight, for willingness rids way,  
 FTLN 2640 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
 FTLN 2641 In every county as we go along.  
 FTLN 2642 Strike up the drum, cry "Courage!" and away.

*They exit.*

「Scene 4」

*Flourish. March. Enter Queen 「Margaret,」  
 young 「Prince」 Edward, Somerset, Oxford,  
 and Soldiers, 「all wearing the red rose.」*

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2643 Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss  
 FTLN 2644 But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
 FTLN 2645 What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
 FTLN 2646 The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
 FTLN 2647 And half our sailors swallowed in the flood? 5  
 FTLN 2648 Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he  
 FTLN 2649 Should leave the helm and, like a fearful lad,

---

FTLN 2650	With tearful eyes add water to the sea	
FTLN 2651	And give more strength to that which hath too much,	
FTLN 2652	Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,	10
FTLN 2653	Which industry and courage might have saved?	
FTLN 2654	Ah, what a shame, ah, what a fault were this!	
FTLN 2655	Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?	
FTLN 2656	And Montague our topmast; what of him?	
FTLN 2657	Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these?	15
FTLN 2658	Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?	
FTLN 2659	And Somerset another goodly mast?	
FTLN 2660	The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?	
FTLN 2661	And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I	
FTLN 2662	For once allowed the skillful pilot's charge?	20
FTLN 2663	We will not from the helm to sit and weep,	
FTLN 2664	But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,	
FTLN 2665	From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.	
FTLN 2666	As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.	
FTLN 2667	And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?	25
FTLN 2668	What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?	
FTLN 2669	And Richard but a ragged fatal rock—	
FTLN 2670	All these the enemies to our poor bark?	
FTLN 2671	Say you can swim: alas, 'tis but awhile;	
FTLN 2672	Tread on the sand: why, there you quickly sink;	30
FTLN 2673	Bestride the rock: the tide will wash you off	
FTLN 2674	Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.	
FTLN 2675	This speak I, lords, to let you understand,	
FTLN 2676	If case some one of you would fly from us,	
FTLN 2677	That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers	35
FTLN 2678	More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.	
FTLN 2679	Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided	
FTLN 2680	'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.	
PRINCE EDWARD		
FTLN 2681	Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit	
FTLN 2682	Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,	40
FTLN 2683	Infuse his breast with magnanimity	
FTLN 2684	And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.	

FTLN 2685 I speak not this as doubting any here,  
 FTLN 2686 For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
 FTLN 2687 He should have leave to go away betimes, 45  
 FTLN 2688 Lest in our need he might infect another  
 FTLN 2689 And make him of like spirit to himself.  
 FTLN 2690 If any such be here, as God forbid,  
 FTLN 2691 Let him depart before we need his help.

OXFORD

FTLN 2692 Women and children of so high a courage, 50  
 FTLN 2693 And warriors faint? Why, 'twere perpetual shame!  
 FTLN 2694 O, brave young prince, thy famous grandfather  
 FTLN 2695 Doth live again in thee. Long mayst thou live  
 FTLN 2696 To bear his image and renew his glories!

SOMERSET

FTLN 2697 And he that will not fight for such a hope, 55  
 FTLN 2698 Go home to bed and, like the owl by day,  
 FTLN 2699 If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2700 Thanks, gentle Somerset.—Sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2701 And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

FTLN 2702 Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60  
 FTLN 2703 Ready to fight. Therefore be resolute. *He exits.*

OXFORD

FTLN 2704 I thought no less. It is his policy  
 FTLN 2705 To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

SOMERSET

FTLN 2706 But he's deceived. We are in readiness.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2707 This cheers my heart to see your forwardness. 65

OXFORD

FTLN 2708 Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.



*Flourish, and march. Enter 'King' Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Soldiers, 'all wearing the white rose.'*

KING EDWARD, *'to his army'*

FTLN 2709 Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood  
 FTLN 2710 Which by the heavens' assistance and your strength  
 FTLN 2711 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
 FTLN 2712 I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70  
 FTLN 2713 For, well I wot, you blaze to burn them out.  
 FTLN 2714 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

QUEEN MARGARET, *'to her army'*

FTLN 2715 Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say  
 FTLN 2716 My tears gainsay, for every word I speak  
 FTLN 2717 You see I drink the water of my eye. 75  
 FTLN 2718 Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,  
 FTLN 2719 Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurped,  
 FTLN 2720 His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,  
 FTLN 2721 His statutes cancelled and his treasure spent,  
 FTLN 2722 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80  
 FTLN 2723 You fight in justice. Then, in God's name, lords,  
 FTLN 2724 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight!

*Alarum, retreat, excursions. They exit.*

*'Scene 5'*

*Flourish. Enter 'King' Edward, Richard, 'and' Clarence, 'all wearing the white rose, with Soldiers guarding' Queen 'Margaret,' Oxford, 'and' Somerset, 'all wearing the red rose, prisoners.'*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2725 Now here a period of tumultuous broils.  
 FTLN 2726 Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.  
 FTLN 2727 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
 FTLN 2728 Go bear them hence. I will not hear them speak.

OXFORD

FTLN 2729 For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. 5

SOMERSET

FTLN 2730 Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2731 So part we sadly in this troublous world

FTLN 2732 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

*「Oxford and Somerset」 exit, 「under guard.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2733 Is proclamation made that who finds Edward

FTLN 2734 Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

RICHARD

FTLN 2735 It is, and lo where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Prince 「Edward, wearing the red rose,  
under guard.」*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2736 Bring forth the gallant; let us hear him speak.

FTLN 2737 What, can so young a thorn begin to prick?—

FTLN 2738 Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

FTLN 2739 For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, 15

FTLN 2740 And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2741 Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

FTLN 2742 Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:

FTLN 2743 Resign thy chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,

FTLN 2744 Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee 20

FTLN 2745 Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2746 Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

RICHARD

FTLN 2747 That you might still have worn the petticoat

FTLN 2748 And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2749 Let Aesop fable in a winter's night; 25

FTLN 2750 His currish riddles sorts not with this place.

RICHARD

FTLN 2751 By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2752 Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

RICHARD

FTLN 2753 For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2754 Nay, take away this scolding crookback, rather. 30

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2755 Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

CLARENCE, *['to Prince Edward']*

FTLN 2756 Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE EDWARD

FTLN 2757 I know my duty. You are all undutiful.

FTLN 2758 Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,

FTLN 2759 And thou misshapen Dick, I tell you all 35

FTLN 2760 I am your better, traitors as you are,

FTLN 2761 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2762 Take that, the likeness of this railer here! *Stabs him.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2763 Sprawl'st thou? Take that to end thy agony!

*Richard stabs him.*

CLARENCE

FTLN 2764 And there's for twitting me with perjury. 40

*Clarence stabs him.*

FTLN 2765 QUEEN MARGARET O, kill me too!

FTLN 2766 RICHARD Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2767 Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

RICHARD

FTLN 2768 Why should she live to fill the world with words?

*['Queen Margaret faints.']*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2769 What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery. 45

*['They attempt to revive her.']*

RICHARD, *「taking Clarence aside」*

FTLN 2770 Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother.  
 FTLN 2771 I'll hence to London on a serious matter.  
 FTLN 2772 Ere you come there, be sure to hear some news.

FTLN 2773 CLARENCE What? What?

FTLN 2774 RICHARD *「The」* Tower, the Tower! *He exits.* 50

QUEEN MARGARET, *「rising from her swoon」*

FTLN 2775 O Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy mother, boy.  
 FTLN 2776 Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!  
 FTLN 2777 They that stabbed Caesar shed no blood at all,  
 FTLN 2778 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
 FTLN 2779 If this foul deed were by to equal it. 55

FTLN 2780 He was a man; this, in respect, a child,  
 FTLN 2781 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
 FTLN 2782 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
 FTLN 2783 No, no, my heart will burst an if I speak,  
 FTLN 2784 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60

FTLN 2785 Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,  
 FTLN 2786 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!  
 FTLN 2787 You have no children, butchers. If you had,  
 FTLN 2788 The thought of them would have stirred up remorse.  
 FTLN 2789 But if you ever chance to have a child, 65  
 FTLN 2790 Look in his youth to have him so cut off  
 FTLN 2791 As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2792 Away with her. Go bear her hence perforce.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2793 Nay, never bear me hence! Dispatch me here.  
 FTLN 2794 Here sheathe thy sword; I'll pardon thee my death. 70  
 FTLN 2795 What, wilt thou not?—Then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2796 By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2797 Good Clarence, do! Sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2798 Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2799     Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself.     75  
 FTLN 2800     'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.  
 FTLN 2801     What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,  
 FTLN 2802     Richard,  
 FTLN 2803     Hard-favored Richard? Richard, where art thou?  
 FTLN 2804     Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed;     80  
 FTLN 2805     Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2806     Away, I say! *「(To Soldiers.)」* I charge you bear her  
 FTLN 2807     hence.

QUEEN MARGARET

FTLN 2808     So come to you and yours as to this prince!  
    *Queen 「Margaret」 exits 「under guard.*  
    *Soldiers carry off Prince Edward's body.」*

FTLN 2809     KING EDWARD     Where's Richard gone?     85

CLARENCE

FTLN 2810     To London all in post, and, as I guess,  
 FTLN 2811     To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2812     He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.  
 FTLN 2813     Now march we hence. Discharge the common sort  
 FTLN 2814     With pay and thanks, and let's away to London     90  
 FTLN 2815     And see our gentle queen how well she fares.  
 FTLN 2816     By this I hope she hath a son for me.

*「They」 exit.*

*「Scene 6」*

*Enter 「King」 Henry the Sixth, 「wearing the red rose,」*  
*and Richard 「of Gloucester, wearing the white rose,」*  
*with the Lieutenant 「above」 on the 「Tower」 walls.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2817     Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

KING HENRY

FTLN 2818 Ay, my good lord—"my lord," I should say rather.  
 FTLN 2819 'Tis sin to flatter; "good" was little better:  
 FTLN 2820 "Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,  
 FTLN 2821 And both preposterous: therefore, not "good lord." 5

RICHARD, *['to Lieutenant']*

FTLN 2822 Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.  
*['Lieutenant exits.']*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2823 So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;  
 FTLN 2824 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece  
 FTLN 2825 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
 FTLN 2826 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10

RICHARD

FTLN 2827 Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
 FTLN 2828 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2829 The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
 FTLN 2830 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 FTLN 2831 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, 15  
 FTLN 2832 Have now the fatal object in my eye  
 FTLN 2833 Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and  
 FTLN 2834 killed.

RICHARD

FTLN 2835 Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete  
 FTLN 2836 That taught his son the office of a fowl! 20  
 FTLN 2837 And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2838 I Daedalus, my poor boy Icarus,  
 FTLN 2839 Thy father Minos, that denied our course;  
 FTLN 2840 The sun that seared the wings of my sweet boy  
 FTLN 2841 Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea 25  
 FTLN 2842 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
 FTLN 2843 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
 FTLN 2844 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point

---

FTLN 2845	Than can my ears that tragic history.	
FTLN 2846	But wherefore dost thou come? Is 't for my life?	30
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2847	Think'st thou I am an executioner?	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2848	A persecutor I am sure thou art.	
FTLN 2849	If murdering innocents be executing,	
FTLN 2850	Why, then, thou art an executioner.	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2851	Thy son I killed for his presumption.	35
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2852	Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst presume,	
FTLN 2853	Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.	
FTLN 2854	And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand	
FTLN 2855	Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,	
FTLN 2856	And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's	40
FTLN 2857	And many an orphan's water-standing eye,	
FTLN 2858	Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,	
FTLN 2859	Orphans for their parents' timeless death,	
FTLN 2860	Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.	
FTLN 2861	The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;	45
FTLN 2862	The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;	
FTLN 2863	Dogs howled, and hideous tempest shook down trees;	
FTLN 2864	The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top;	
FTLN 2865	And chatt'ring pies in dismal discords sung;	
FTLN 2866	Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,	50
FTLN 2867	And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope:	
FTLN 2868	To wit, an indigested and deformèd lump,	
FTLN 2869	Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.	
FTLN 2870	Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born	
FTLN 2871	To signify thou cam'st to bite the world.	55
FTLN 2872	And if the rest be true which I have heard,	
FTLN 2873	Thou cam'st—	
	RICHARD	
FTLN 2874	I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech;	

*Stabs him.*

FTLN 2875 For this amongst the rest was I ordained.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2876 Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

60

FTLN 2877 O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

*Dies.*

RICHARD

FTLN 2878 What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

FTLN 2879 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

FTLN 2880 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.

FTLN 2881 O, may such purple tears be always shed

65

FTLN 2882 From those that wish the downfall of our house.

FTLN 2883 If any spark of life be yet remaining,

FTLN 2884 Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—

*Stabs him again.*

FTLN 2885 I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

FTLN 2886 Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,

70

FTLN 2887 For I have often heard my mother say

FTLN 2888 I came into the world with my legs forward.

FTLN 2889 Had I not reason, think you, to make haste

FTLN 2890 And seek their ruin that usurped our right?

FTLN 2891 The midwife wondered, and the women cried

75

FTLN 2892 "O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"

FTLN 2893 And so I was, which plainly signified

FTLN 2894 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

FTLN 2895 Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

FTLN 2896 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

80

FTLN 2897 I have no brother, I am like no brother;

FTLN 2898 And this word "love," which graybeards call divine,

FTLN 2899 Be resident in men like one another

FTLN 2900 And not in me. I am myself alone.

FTLN 2901 Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,

85

FTLN 2902 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;

FTLN 2903 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies

FTLN 2904 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

FTLN 2905 And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

FTLN 2906 King Henry and the Prince his son are gone.

90



FTLN 2907 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,  
 FTLN 2908 Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
 FTLN 2909 I'll throw thy body in another room,  
 FTLN 2910 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  
*He exits, 'carrying out the body.'*

「Scene 7」

*Flourish. Enter King 'Edward,' Queen 'Elizabeth,'  
 Clarence, Richard 'of Gloucester,' Hastings, Nurse,  
 'carrying infant Prince Edward,' and Attendants.*

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2911 Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
 FTLN 2912 Repurchased with the blood of enemies.  
 FTLN 2913 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
 FTLN 2914 Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!  
 FTLN 2915 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold 'renowned' 5  
 FTLN 2916 For hardy and undoubted champions;  
 FTLN 2917 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
 FTLN 2918 And two Northumberlands; two braver men  
 FTLN 2919 Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound.  
 FTLN 2920 With them the two brave bears, Warwick and 10  
 FTLN 2921 Montague,  
 FTLN 2922 That in their chains fettered the kingly lion  
 FTLN 2923 And made the forest tremble when they roared.  
 FTLN 2924 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat  
 FTLN 2925 And made our footstool of security.— 15  
 FTLN 2926 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—  
 FTLN 2927 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
 FTLN 2928 Have in our armors watched the winter's night,  
 FTLN 2929 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
 FTLN 2930 That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace, 20  
 FTLN 2931 And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

RICHARD, *aside*

FTLN 2932 I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;  
 FTLN 2933 For yet I am not looked on in the world.  
 FTLN 2934 This shoulder was ordained so thick to heave,  
 FTLN 2935 And heave it shall some weight or break my back. 25  
 FTLN 2936 Work thou the way and that shalt execute.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2937 Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen,  
 FTLN 2938 And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2939 The duty that I owe unto your Majesty  
 FTLN 2940 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. 30

*He kisses the infant.*

*King Edward*

FTLN 2941 Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

RICHARD

FTLN 2942 And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
 FTLN 2943 Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

*He kisses the infant.*

FTLN 2944 *Aside.* To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master  
 FTLN 2945 And cried "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm. 35

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2946 Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
 FTLN 2947 Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

CLARENCE

FTLN 2948 What will your Grace have done with Margaret?  
 FTLN 2949 Reignier, her father, to the King of France  
 FTLN 2950 Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem, 40  
 FTLN 2951 And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

KING EDWARD

FTLN 2952 Away with her, and waft her hence to France.  
 FTLN 2953 And now what rests but that we spend the time  
 FTLN 2954 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
 FTLN 2955 Such as befits the pleasure of the court? 45  
 FTLN 2956 Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell, sour annoy,  
 FTLN 2957 For here I hope begins our lasting joy.

*Flourish. They all exit.*

