

**HENRY VI, PART 3***A line-by-line translation***Act 1, Scene 1****Shakespeare**

*Alarum. Enter YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers*

**WARWICK**

I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

**YORK**

While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
He slyly stole away and left his men:  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,  
5 Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,  
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in  
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

**EDWARD**

10 Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;  
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:  
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

**MONTAGUE**

15 And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,  
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

**RICHARD**

Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

*Throwing down SOMERSET's head*

**YORK**

Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.  
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

**NORFOLK**

20 Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

**RICHARD**

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

**WARWICK**

And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,  
Before I see thee seated in that throne  
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,  
25 I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.  
This is the palace of the fearful king,  
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;  
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

**YORK**

Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;  
30 For hither we have broken in by force.

**NORFOLK**

We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

**Shakescleare Translation**

*An alarm sounds. YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and soldiers enter.*

**WARWICK**

I wonder how the king escaped us.

**YORK**

While we followed the horsemen of the north, he tricked us, ran away, and left his men. After that, the great Lord of Northumberland, whose ears were used to the sounds of war and hated for his soldiers ever to retreat, encouraged his spiritless army. He himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all in armor, charged at the front of our battalion. When they got through, they were killed by the swords of ordinary soldiers.

**EDWARD**

Lord Stafford's father, the Duke of Buckingham, is either killed or hurt badly. I split his helmet visor with a hit directly from above. You can see that it's true, father – look at his blood.

**MONTAGUE**

And, brother, here is the Earl of Wiltshire's blood. I fought with him when the battle started.

**RICHARD**

*[To Somerset's head]* And you speak for me and tell them what I did.

*RICHARD throws SOMERSET's head down.*

**YORK**

Out of all my sons, Richard deserves the most. But, are you dead, my Lord of Somerset?

**NORFOLK**

I hope all the descendants of John of Gaunt  meet the same fate!

 John of Gaunt is the father of Henry IV and appears in Shakespeare's play *Richard II*.

**RICHARD**

And I hope to deal similarly with King Henry's head.

**WARWICK**

And so do I. Victorious Prince of York, I swear by heaven that my eyes shall never close until I see you seated in that throne, which has been stolen by the house of Lancaster. This is the palace of the frightened king, and this is the royal throne. Sit on it, York! Because it is yours and does not belong to King Henry's heirs.

**YORK**

Help me, then, my good Warwick, and I will, since we have already broken in by force.

**NORFOLK**

We'll all help you out. He that runs away shall die.

**YORK**

Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;  
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

*They go up*

**WARWICK**

35 And when the king comes, offer no violence,  
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

**YORK**

The queen this day here holds her parliament,  
But little thinks we shall be of her council:  
By words or blows here let us win our right.

**RICHARD**

40 Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

**WARWICK**

The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,  
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,  
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice  
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

**YORK**

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

**WARWICK**

Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,  
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.  
50 I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:  
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY VI, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest*

**KING HENRY VI**

My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,  
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,  
55 Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,  
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.  
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father.  
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd  
revenge  
60 On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

**CLIFFORD**

The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

**WESTMORELAND**

What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:  
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

**KING HENRY VI**

65 Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

**CLIFFORD**

Patience is for poltroons, such as he:  
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.  
My gracious lord, here in the parliament  
Let us assail the family of York.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

70 Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

**YORK**

Thanks, noble Norfolk. Stay next to me, my lords. And  
soldiers, stay and settle next to me tonight.

*They go up to the throne.*

**WARWICK**

And when the king comes, don't be violent towards him,  
unless he tries to push you out by force.

**YORK**

The queen holds her parliament here today, but she doesn't  
know that we'll be her council. Let us win our right to the  
throne here—either with words or hits!

**RICHARD**

Let's stay inside this house, armed as we are now.

**WARWICK**

We will call it the bloody parliament, unless Plantagenet,  
Duke of York, is king, and shy Henry deposed. His  
cowardliness has made us well-known to our enemies.

**YORK**

Don't leave me, then, my lords. Be bold! I am planning to  
claim my right.

**WARWICK**

Neither the king, nor he who loves him the most, the  
proudest one that supports his House of Lancaster, will  
dare to move, if Warwick threatens to swoop down on  
them. I'll establish Plantagenet  as king—try to unseat  
him if you dare. Be resolved, Richard! Take hold of the  
English crown!

*A trumpet sounds. KING HENRY VI, CLIFFORD,  
NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others  
enter.*

**KING HENRY VI**

My lords, look where the obstinate rebel is sitting—on the  
throne! Perhaps he plans to take over the crown and rule as  
king, supported by the power of Warwick, that disloyal lord.  
Earl of Northumberland, he killed your father. And yours,  
Lord Clifford. And you both have sworn to take revenge on  
him, his sons, his acolytes, and his friends.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

If I am not avenged, heavens take revenge on me!

**CLIFFORD**

In hope of that revenge, I'll wear armor instead of black  
mourning clothes.

**WESTMORELAND**

What? Shall we allow this? Let's put him in his place. My  
heart burns with anger and I can't endure it.

**KING HENRY VI**

Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

**CLIFFORD**

Patience is for cowards like him! He would not have dared  
to sit there if your father were alive. My gracious lord, let us  
attack the family of York here in the parliament.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

You have spoken well, cousin. Let's do it.

 Plantagenet is the Duke of York's last name.

**KING HENRY VI**

Ah, know you not the city favours them,  
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

**EXETER**

But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

**KING HENRY VI**

Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,  
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!  
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats  
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.  
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,  
and kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;  
I am thy sovereign.

75

80

**YORK**

I am thine.

**EXETER**

For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.

**YORK**

'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

**EXETER**

Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

**WARWICK**

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

85

**CLIFFORD**

Whom should he follow but his natural king?

**WARWICK**

True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

**KING HENRY VI**

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

**YORK**

It must and shall be so: content thyself.

90

**WARWICK**

Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

**WESTMORELAND**

He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;  
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

**WARWICK**

And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget  
That we are those which chased you from the field  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

95

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

100

**WESTMORELAND**

Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,  
Thy kinsman and thy friends, I'll have more lives  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

**KING HENRY VI**

Ah, don't you know that the citizens of London like them  
and that they have a group of soldiers at their command?

**EXETER**

But when the duke is killed, they'll run away quickly.

**KING HENRY VI**

This couldn't be further from my thoughts. To make a  
slaughter-house of the parliament house! Cousin of Exeter,  
I will use frowns, words and threats instead of weapons.  
You, rebellious Duke of York, step down from my throne and  
kneel for grace and mercy at my feet. I am your king.

**YORK**

No, I am yours.

**EXETER**

For shame, come down! He made you Duke of York.

**YORK**

It was my inheritance and so is my right to the throne [3].

[3] York claims that he has the right to the throne because of the earldom that he inherited which had belonged to the Mortimer family (which thought it had a stronger claim to the throne than Henry and the Lancastrians).

**EXETER**

Your father was a traitor to the crown.

**WARWICK**

Exeter, you are a traitor to the crown because you follow  
Henry who usurped the throne.

**CLIFFORD**

Whom should we follow but his rightful king?

**WARWICK**

That's true, Clifford. And his rightful king is Richard Duke of  
York.

**KING HENRY VI**

So I should stand here while you sit on my throne?

**YORK**

That must be and shall be what happens. Accept it.

**WARWICK**

Be Duke of Lancaster and let him be king.

**WESTMORELAND**

He is both king and Duke of Lancaster. The Lord of  
Westmoreland will stand by that.

**WARWICK**

And Warwick will disagree with it. You are forgetting that  
we're the ones who chased you from the battlefield and  
killed your fathers, and marched through the city to the  
palace gates with military flags.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Yes, Warwick. I remember it and it makes me grieve. And, I  
swear by my father's soul, you and your house will regret it.

**WESTMORELAND**

[To YORK] Plantagenet, by the time I've through with you,  
your sons here, your kinsmen, and your friends, I'll have  
killed more men than there were drops of blood in my  
father's veins.

**CLIFFORD**

Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,  
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger  
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

105

**WARWICK**

Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

**YORK**

Will you we show our title to the crown?  
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

**KING HENRY VI**

What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?  
110 Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;  
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:  
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,  
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop  
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

**WARWICK**

115 Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

**KING HENRY VI**

The lord protector lost it, and not I:  
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

**RICHARD**

You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.  
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

**EDWARD**

120 Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

**MONTAGUE**

Good brother, as thou lovest and honourst arms,  
Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

**RICHARD**

Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

**YORK**

Sons, peace!

**KING HENRY VI**

125 Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

**WARWICK**

Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;  
And be you silent and attentive too,  
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

**KING HENRY VI**

130 Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?  
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,  
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,  
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?  
135 My title's good, and better far than his.

**WARWICK**

Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

**KING HENRY VI**

Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

**YORK**

'Twas by rebellion against his king.

**CLIFFORD**

You'd better stop talking now, Warwick. Or else, instead of exchanging words, I'll send you a messenger who will revenge Westmoreland's father's death before I even move.

**WARWICK**

Poor Clifford! How I mock his meaningless threats!

**YORK**

Do you want me to explain my claim to the throne? If not, our swords will make a case for it in the battlefield.

**KING HENRY VI**

What title do you have, you traitor to the crown? Your father was Duke of York, just like you. Your grandfather, Roger Mortimer, was the Earl of March. I am the son of Henry V, who made the French prince and the French people submit and he took over their towns and provinces.

**WARWICK**

Don't talk about France since you have lost all of it.

**KING HENRY VI**

I didn't lose it. The Lord Protector did. I was only nine months old when I was crowned king.

**RICHARD**

You are old enough now, and I think you're losing even now.  
Father, tear the crown off the usurper's head.

**EDWARD**

Sweet father, do it. Put it on your own head.

**MONTAGUE**

Good brother, since you love and honor fighting, let's fight it out and not stand arguing here over details.

**RICHARD**

Let the drums and trumpets sound, and the king will run away.

**YORK**

Sons, calm down!

**KING HENRY VI**

You calm down! And let King Henry speak.

**WARWICK**

Plantagenet shall speak first <sup>A</sup>. Hear him, lords. And be silent and pay attention too, because whoever interrupts him will be killed.

**KING HENRY VI**

Do you think that I will leave my kingly throne, where my grandfather and my father sat? No. I'd sooner let war kill everyone in my kingdom. Yes, and their military flags will be my burial sheet. Those flags were often carried in France, and now, it makes us sad to say, they're flown in England too. Why do you lose heart, lords? My claim to the throne is good and much better than his.

**WARWICK**

Prove it, Henry, and you'll be king.

**KING HENRY VI**

Henry the Fourth got the crown by conquering.

**YORK**

He won it in a rebellion against his king.

<sup>A</sup> King Henry VI and Warwick both refer to themselves in the third person.

**KING HENRY VI**

[*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.--  
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

140

**YORK**

What then?

**KING HENRY VI**

An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

145

**YORK**

He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

**WARWICK**

Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

**EXETER**

No; for he could not so resign his crown  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

150

**KING HENRY VI**

Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

**EXETER**

His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

**YORK**

Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

**EXETER**

My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

155

**KING HENRY VI**

[*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

**WARWICK**

Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,  
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

160

**CLIFFORD**

King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,  
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:  
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

165

**KING HENRY VI**

O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

**YORK**

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

170

**KING HENRY VI**

[*To himself*] I don't know what to say now. My claim to the throne is indeed weak.

[*To YORK*] Tell me, can't a king adopt an heir?

**YORK**

And then what?

**KING HENRY VI**

And if he may, then I am the lawful king because, as many lords saw in person, Richard resigned the crown to Henry IV. Henry IV's heir was my father, and I am my father's heir. 5

5 Shakespeare depicts Henry IV's conquest of the throne in *Richard II*. The story of King Henry's father is told in *Henry IV, Parts One and Two*, and *Henry V*.

**YORK**

Henry rose up against Richard, although Richard was his king, and forced him to give up his crown.

**WARWICK**

Suppose, my lords, that Richard gave it up voluntarily. Don't you think that would invalidate his family's right to the crown? 6

6 York's claim to the throne (the Mortimer family claim) descends from Richard II.

**EXETER**

No, because he would not have willingly given up his crown except to make sure that the next rightful heir would succeed him and rule.

**KING HENRY VI**

Are you against us, Duke of Exeter?

**EXETER**

York has the better claim to the throne, and so forgive me.

**YORK**

Why do you whisper, my lords, and not answer?

**EXETER**

My conscience tells me he is the lawful king.

**KING HENRY VI**

[*To himself*] Everyone will rebel against me and turn to him.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Plantagenet, although you claim that it's your right to be king, don't think that Henry will removed so easily.

**WARWICK**

He shall be removed in spite of everything.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

You are mistaken. You're so presumptuous and proud about your powers in the south, but not all of them taken together—Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Kent—would be strong enough to put the Duke of York on the throne if I stand in his way.

**CLIFFORD**

King Henry, I don't care if your claim to the throne is right or wrong. I, Lord Clifford, vow to fight to defend you. Let the ground open up and swallow me alive, if ever I kneel to the man that killed my father!

**KING HENRY VI**

Oh, Clifford! Your words bring my heart back to life.

**YORK**

Henry of Lancaster, give up your crown. What are you muttering about, or what are you conspiring, lords?

**WARWICK**

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

175

*He stamps with his foot and the soldiers show themselves*

**KING HENRY VI**

My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:  
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

**YORK**

Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

**KING HENRY VI**

180 I am content: Richard Plantagenet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

**CLIFFORD**

What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

**WARWICK**

What good is this to England and himself!

**WESTMORELAND**

Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

**CLIFFORD**

185 How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

**WESTMORELAND**

I cannot stay to hear these articles.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Nor I.

**CLIFFORD**

Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

**WESTMORELAND**

190 Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

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

**CLIFFORD**

In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,  
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!

195

*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND*

**WARWICK**

Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

**EXETER**

They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

**KING HENRY VI**

Ah, Exeter!

**WARWICK**

Why should you sigh, my lord?

**KING HENRY VI**

200 Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,  
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

**WARWICK**

Give up the throne to this noble Duke of York. If not, I will fill this Parliament House with armed soldiers, and I'll write the Duke's title above the throne he now sits on with the blood of the usurping Henry.

*WARWICK stamps his foot and the soldiers reveal themselves.*

**KING HENRY VI**

My Lord of Warwick, listen to just one word. Let me rule as king for my lifetime.

**YORK**

If you leave the crown to me and my heirs after you die, we'll let you rule in peace for the rest of your life.

**KING HENRY VI**

I am satisfied. Richard Plantagenet, you can have the kingdom after my death.

**CLIFFORD**

You do a great wrong to your son, the prince!

**WARWICK**

But it's good for England and the king himself!

**WESTMORELAND**

Unworthy, fearful and despairing Henry!

**CLIFFORD**

How you have hurt both yourself and us!

**WESTMORELAND**

I can't stay to hear the terms of agreement.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Neither can I.

**CLIFFORD**

Come, friend, and let us tell the queen these news.

**WESTMORELAND**

Goodbye, you timid and wretched king. There is no honor at all in your weak blood.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

I hope you'll be fall prey to the House of York and die in chains for this unmanly decision!

**CLIFFORD**

I hope you'll be killed in a terrible war or else live in peace but abandoned and despised!

*NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND exit.*

**WARWICK**

Look this way, Henry, and don't pay attention to them.

**EXETER**

They are looking for revenge so they won't give up.

**KING HENRY VI**

Ah, Exeter!

**WARWICK**

Why do you sigh, my lord?

**KING HENRY VI**

Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but for my son. I have unnaturally disinherited him. But it is what it is. I here

But be it as it may: I here entail  
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;  
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath  
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,  
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,  
And neither by treason nor hostility  
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

205

**YORK**

This oath I willingly take and will perform.

**WARWICK**

210 Long live King Henry! Plantagenet embrace him.

**KING HENRY VI**

And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

**YORK**

Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

**EXETER**

Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

*Sennet. Here they come down*

**YORK**

215 Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

**WARWICK**

And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

**NORFOLK**

And I to Norfolk with my followers.

**MONTAGUE**

And I unto the sea from whence I came.

*Exeunt YORK, EDWARD, EDMUND, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK,  
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, their Soldiers, and Attendants*

**KING HENRY VI**

220 And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD*

**EXETER**

Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:  
I'll steal away.

**KING HENRY VI**

Exeter, so will I.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

225 Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

**KING HENRY VI**

Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Who can be patient in such extremes?  
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
230 Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father.  
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,  
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,  
235 Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than have that savage duke thine heir  
And disinherited thine only son.

bequeath the crown to you and to your heirs forever. Under this condition: that you swear to me here to stop this civil war and to honor me as your king while I live. And that you promise not to attempt to overthrow me and rule yourself, either by committing treason or declaring open war against me.

**YORK**

I will gladly take this oath and keep it.

**WARWICK**

Long live King Henry! Embrace him, Plantagenet.

**KING HENRY VI**

And long live you and these eager sons of yours!

**YORK**

Now York and Lancaster have made peace.

**EXETER**

Cursed be he who tries to make them enemies!

*There is a trumpet call signaling a procession. York and his sons come down from the throne here.*

**YORK**

Goodbye, my gracious lord. I'll go to my castle.

**WARWICK**

And I'll stay in London with my soldiers.

**NORFOLK**

And I'll go to Norfolk with my followers.

**MONTAGUE**

And I'll go to the sea where I came from.

*YORK, EDWARD, EDMUND, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK,  
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, their Soldiers, and Attendants all  
exit.*

**KING HENRY VI**

And I'll go to the court with my grief and sorrow.

*QUEEN MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD enter.*

**EXETER**

Here comes the queen and her looks give away her anger.  
I'll slip away.

**KING HENRY VI**

Exeter, so will I.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

No, don't go away from me. I will follow you.

**KING HENRY VI**

Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Who can be patient in such extreme situations? Ah, you wretched man! I wish I had died a virgin and never had seen you or given birth to your son, now that you've proven to be such an unloving father. Has he deserved to lose his inheritance like this? If you had loved him half as much as I do, or felt my labor pains, or nursed him with my breast milk, you would have shed blood from your heart rather than make that barbarous duke your heir and disinherited your only son.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Father, you cannot disinherit me:  
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

**KING HENRY VI**

240 Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:  
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?  
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me;  
245 And given unto the house of York such head  
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre  
And creep into it far before thy time?  
250 Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;  
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;  
The duke is made protector of the realm;  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds  
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
255 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes  
Before I would have granted to that act.  
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:  
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself  
260 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd  
Whereby my son is disinherited.  
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;  
265 And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace  
And utter ruin of the house of York.  
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;  
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

**KING HENRY VI**

Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

270 Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

**KING HENRY VI**

Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

When I return with victory from the field  
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

275 Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

*Exeunt QUEEN MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD*

**KING HENRY VI**

Poor queen! how love to me and to her son  
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!  
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,  
280 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,  
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle  
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!  
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:  
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.  
285 Come, cousin you shall be the messenger.

**EXETER**

And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

*Exeunt*

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Father, you can't disinherit me! If you are the king, why  
shouldn't I be next in line for the throne?

**KING HENRY VI**

I am sorry, Margaret. I am sorry, my sweet son. The Earl of  
Warwick and the duke forced me to do it.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Forced you! Are you a king who will be forced? I am  
ashamed to hear you speak. Ah, fearful rascal! You have  
ruined yourself, your son, and me. And you have given so  
much free rein to the house of York that now you rule with  
their permission. Leaving the throne to him and his heirs  
can only mean that you're digging your own grave and  
creeping into it long before your time? Warwick is  
chancellor and the lord of Calais, stern Falconbridge rules  
over the seas, the duke is the protector of the country and  
yet you think you're safe? This is a safety that's like when a  
shaking lamb is surrounded by wolves. If I—a silly  
woman—had been there, the soldiers would have thrown  
my head on their spears before I would have made this  
agreement. But you care more about your life than your  
honor. Because I have seen that now, I divorce myself from  
you here, both from your royal table, Henry, and from your  
bed, until this parliamentary act disinheriting my son is  
revoked. The northern lords that have falsely sworn their  
loyalty to you will follow my own flag once they see it fly.  
And it will be flown indeed, which will disgrace you and  
utterly ruin the House of York. And so I leave you with that  
thought. Come, son, let's go. Our army is ready. Come, we'll  
follow them.

**KING HENRY VI**

Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

You have spoken too much already. Get lost.

**KING HENRY VI**

Gentle son Edward, will you stay with me?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Yes, to be murdered by his enemies.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

When I return victorious from the battlefield, I'll come see  
you. Until then, I'll stick with her.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Come, son, let's go. We can't stay here any longer.

*QUEEN MARGARET and PRINCE EDWARD exit.*

**KING HENRY VI**

Poor queen! It's love for me and her son that has made her  
express this great rage! I hope she'll be revenged on that  
hateful duke, whose arrogance, combined with desire for  
power, will deprive me of my crown. Like a hungry eagle, he  
will feed on the body of me and of my son! The loss of those  
three lords troubles me greatly. I'll write to them and plead  
with them to come back to me. Come, friend, you will be my  
messenger.

**EXETER**

And I, I hope, that I can make peace between them all.

*All exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE*

**RICHARD**

Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

**EDWARD**

No, I can better play the orator.

**MONTAGUE**

But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter YORK*

**YORK**

5 Why, how now, sons and brother! At a strife?  
What is your quarrel? How began it first?

**EDWARD**

No quarrel, but a slight contention.

**YORK**

About what?

**RICHARD**

About that which concerns your grace and us;  
10 The crown of England, father, which is yours.

**YORK**

Mine boy? not till King Henry be dead.

**RICHARD**

Your right depends not on his life or death.

**EDWARD**

Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:  
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,  
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

**YORK**

I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

**EDWARD**

But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:  
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

**RICHARD**

No; God forbid your grace should be forsown.

**YORK**

20 I shall be, if I claim by open war.

**RICHARD**

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

**YORK**

Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

### Shakescleare Translation

*RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE enter.*

**RICHARD**

Brother, let me do this, even though I'm the youngest.

**EDWARD**

No, I am a better public speaker than you.

**MONTAGUE**

But I have strong and compelling reasons to be the one.

*YORK enters.*

**YORK**

What's going on, my sons and brother? Are you fighting?  
What is your argument about? What started it?

**EDWARD**

It's not an argument. Just a small disagreement.

**YORK**

What about?

**RICHARD**

About something that concerns your grace and us—the  
English crown, father, which is yours.

**YORK**

Mine, boy? Not until King Henry is dead.

**RICHARD**

Your right to the throne doesn't depend on his life or death.

**EDWARD**

You're the rightful heir, so take the throne now. Father,  
giving the house of Lancaster time to rest and recover itself  
will bring you down in the end.

**YORK**

I took an oath that he could reign peacefully.

**EDWARD**

But any promise can be broken for the sake of a kingdom. I  
would break a thousand promises if I could only rule for  
one year.

**RICHARD**

No, God forbid that your grace should break an oath.

**YORK**

I would be breaking one, if I started an open war to claim  
the throne.

**RICHARD**

I'll prove otherwise, if you'll hear what I have to say.

**YORK**

You can't, son. It's impossible.

**RICHARD**

An oath is of no moment, being not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears:  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;  
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.  
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we finger thus? I cannot rest  
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

**YORK**

Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.  
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,  
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.  
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,  
And tell him privily of our intent.  
You Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:  
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger*

**YORK**

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?  
50

**MESSENGER**

The queen with all the northern earls and lords  
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:  
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

**YORK**

Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear  
them?  
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
My brother Montague shall post to London:  
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

**MONTAGUE**

Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:  
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

65

*Exit*

*Enter JOHN MORTIMER and HUGH MORTIMER*

**YORK**

Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,  
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

**JOHN MORTIMER**

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

**RICHARD**

The oath isn't binding because it wasn't sworn before a real and lawful judge who can hold you legally to your promise. Henry had no such authority but forcefully took your place on the thrown. And since it was him that made you give up the crown, your promise, my lord, is silly and worthless. Therefore, let's fight! And think about how sweet it would feel to wear a crown, father. Paradise  can be found in the circle of a crown along with all the joy and happiness that poets imagine. Why do we wait around? I won't rest until the white rose  that I wear will be dyed with the cowardly blood of Henry's heart.

 "Elysium" is the paradise in Greek mythology where heroes would be delivered by the gods after death. In the second scene of *Twelfth Night*, Viola tells the Captain that her supposed-drowned brother Sebastian "is in Elysium."

 The conflict between the Lancastrians and the Yorks (two branches of the Plantagenet family) begins in earnest in a garden as depicted in *1 Henry VI*. In that play, the Duke of York picks a white rose and tells any nobleman who sides with him to do the same while the Duke of Somerset and the loyalists to the king pick red roses.

**YORK**

Richard, that's enough! I will be king or die. Brother, go to London at once and encourage Warwick to think about this. You, Richard, will go to the Duke of Norfolk and tell him about our intentions in secret. You, Edward, will go to Lord Cobham, who the soldiers from Kent would willingly join in rebellion. I believe in them because they are soldiers—witty, polite, generous, and full of courage. While you are running these errands, what else is there for me to do but prepare for the opportunity to take power without the king or the house of Lancaster being aware of my intentions?

*A messenger enters.*

**YORK**

Wait! What's the news? Why do you come here in such a hurry?

**MESSENGER**

The queen with all the northern earls and lords plans to attack you here in your castle. She is nearby with twenty thousand men. You should guard your fortress, my lord.

**YORK**

Yes, I'll guard it with my sword! What, do you think that we are afraid of them? Edward and Richard, you will stay with me. I'll send my brother Montague to ride to London swiftly. Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the others, whom we have left as protectors of the king, now protect themselves with cunning and plotting rather than trusting foolish Henry or his promises.

**MONTAGUE**

I will go, brother. I'll win them over, don't worry. And so I humbly leave you.

*MONTAGUE exits.*

*JOHN MORTIMER and HUGH MORTIMER enter.*

**YORK**

My uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, you have arrived in Sandal at a good time. The queen's army plans to attack us.

**JOHN MORTIMER**

She won't need to. We'll meet her in the field in battle.

**YORK**

70 What, with five thousand men?

**RICHARD**

Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:  
A woman's general; what should we fear?

*A march afar off*

**EDWARD**

I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,  
75 And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

**YORK**

Five men to twenty! Though the odds be great,  
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.  
Many a battle have I won in France,  
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:  
80 Why should I not now have the like success?

*Alarum. Exeunt*

**YORK**

What, with five thousand men?

**RICHARD**

Yes, with five hundred if we need to, father! It's a woman's army so why should we be scared?

*The sounds of a march are heard far away.*

**EDWARD**

I hear their drums of war. Let's make sure our men are ready, and then we'll send them into battle straight away.

**YORK**

Five men for every twenty! Although the odds are great, I don't doubt that we'll win, uncle. I have won many battles in France, when the enemy was ten to one. Why shouldn't I have the same success now?

*An alarm sounds. All exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor*

**RUTLAND**

Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?  
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers*

**CLIFFORD**

Chaplain, away! Thy priesthood saves thy life.  
5 As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

**TUTOR**

And I, my lord, will bear him company.

**CLIFFORD**

Soldiers, away with him!

**TUTOR**

Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,  
10 Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers*

**CLIFFORD**

How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear  
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

**RUTLAND**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*Alarms sound. RUTLAND and his tutor enter.*

**RUTLAND**

Ah, where should I run to escape them? Tutor, look, the bloodthirsty Clifford is coming!

*CLIFFORD and soldiers enter.*

**CLIFFORD**

Go away, clergyman! Your holy position saves your life. And, as for the kid of this damned Duke, whose father killed my father, he will die.

**TUTOR**

And I will die with him, my lord.

**CLIFFORD**

Soldiers, take him away!

**TUTOR**

Clifford, don't murder this innocent child, or you will be hated both by God and mankind!

*TUTOR exits, dragged off by Soldiers.*

**CLIFFORD**

What's happened? Is he already dead? Or does fear make him close his eyes? I'll open them.

**RUTLAND**

That's just how the caged lion looks at the poor victim that shakes under the lion's hungry paws. And that's just how the lion walks, conquering his prey. And that's just how the lion comes nearer to tear his victim's limbs apart. Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with your sword and not with such a cruel, threatening stare. Kind Clifford, listen to what I have to say before you kill me. I am too young for your anger. Take your revenge on men, and let me live.

**CLIFFORD**

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood  
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

**RUTLAND**

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

**CLIFFORD**

Had thy brethren here, their lives and thine  
Were not revenge sufficient for me;  
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves  
30 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.  
The sight of any of the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul;  
And till I root out their accursed line  
35 And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore—

*Lifting his hand*

**RUTLAND**

O, let me pray before I take my death!  
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

**CLIFFORD**

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

**RUTLAND**

40 I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

**CLIFFORD**

Thy father hath.

**RUTLAND**

But 'twas ere I was born.  
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,  
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,  
45 He be as miserably slain as I.  
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;  
And when I give occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

**CLIFFORD**

No cause!  
50 Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

*Stabs him*

**RUTLAND**

Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuae!

*Dies*

**CLIFFORD**

Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!  
55 And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade  
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,  
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

*Exit*

**CLIFFORD**

You speak in vain, poor boy. Thinking about my father's death and his spilled blood has prevented your words from reaching me.

**RUTLAND**

Then let my father's blood make it up to you. He is a man and you can fight him instead, Clifford.

**CLIFFORD**

Even if your brothers were here, killing you and killing them would not be enough of revenge for me. Even if I dug up your ancestors' graves and hung their rotting coffins up in chains, it still wouldn't calm my anger or soothe my heart. Just seeing anyone from the house of York torments my soul. And until I destroy your whole damned family line, leaving no one alive, I continue to live in hell. That's why—

*CLIFFORD lifts his hand.*

**RUTLAND**

Oh, let me pray before I die! I pray to you, kind Clifford, take pity on me!

**CLIFFORD**

I'll take as much pity as the blade of my sword allows me to.

**RUTLAND**

I never hurt you. Why do you want to kill me?

**CLIFFORD**

Your father hurt me.

**RUTLAND**

But that was before I was even born. You have one son. Take pity on me for his sake, in case, since God is just, your son is killed just as horribly as I am. Oh, let me stay in prison for the rest of my life, and if I give you any reason to be angry with me there, then let me die. You have no reason to kill me now.

**CLIFFORD**

No reason! Your father killed my father. And so, you die.

*CLIFFORD stabs RUTLAND.*

**RUTLAND**

*May the Gods ensure that this is the high point of your glory.*

 *Rutland speaks in Latin in the original. The quotation, "The gods grant that this may be the height of your glory," is from Ovid's *Heroides*.*

*RUTLAND dies.*

**CLIFFORD**

Plantagenet! I am coming for you, Plantagenet! And your son's blood here, clinging to my sword, will stay rusting here until your blood mixes with his. Then I'll wipe off both your blood and his.

*All exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Alarum. Enter YORK*

### Shakescleare Translation

*An alarm sounds. YORK enters.*

**YORK**

The army of the queen hath got the field:  
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind  
5 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.  
My sons, God knows what hath bechanted them:  
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown by life or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me.  
10 And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'  
And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:  
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,  
15 Richard cried 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'  
And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!  
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'  
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!  
We boded again; as I have seen a swan  
20 With bootless labour swim against the tide  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

*A short alarum within*

**YORK**

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

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, PRINCE EDWARD, and Soldiers*

**YORK**

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

30

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

**CLIFFORD**

Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,  
35 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

**YORK**

My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all:  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.  
40 Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

**CLIFFORD**

So cowards fight when they can fly no further;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,

**YORK**

The queen's army has won. Both of my uncles died as they were rescuing me. All of my followers turned their backs to the savage enemy and ran away like ships blown away the wind or lambs chased by starving wolves. Only God know what has happened to my sons. But I do know this—they have behaved like men born to be remembered as heroes whether they live or die. Richard tried to get to me three times, and three times he shouted, "Courage, father! Keep fighting!" And Edward came to me just as frequently, with bloodied sword, which was covered with blood of those that had fought him. And when the strongest warriors were falling and fleeing, Richard still shouted, "Charge! And don't let your feet touch the ground!" And he also shouted: "We'll get the crown or we'll go to our graves! A scepter or a tomb!" Hearing this, we charged again. But, sad to say, we were overwhelmed again. It reminded me of when I once saw a swan hopelessly swimming against the tide and using up her strength to swim through waves that were much more powerful than she was.

*A short alarm sounds offstage.*

**YORK**

Ah, listen! These enemies who want to kill me are after me. And I am weak and cannot escape their rage. And even if I were strong, I would not flee their rage. The sands in the hourglass of my life are running out. I must stay here, and my life must end here.

*QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, PRINCE EDWARD, and Soldiers enter.*

**YORK**

Come, blood-thirsty Clifford, violent Northumberland. I dare you to increase your unsatisfied fury to even more rage. I am your target , and I am waiting for your shot.

 "Butt," in the original text, is an archery term for "target."

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Surrender to us, proud Plantagenet!

**CLIFFORD**

Yes, we'll show him as much mercy as he showed my father when he brought his sword down on him in one fatal sword-stroke. Now the sun's fallen out of the sky and it's night at noon. 

 Phaeton, in Greek mythology, was the son of Apollo. Apollo let his son drive the chariot that brought the sun into the sky each morning, but Phaeton lost control and both chariot and sun fell out of the sky. The sun was also an emblem for the house of York so Clifford is referring to York's loss in battle.

**YORK**

My dead body may provoke my followers to take revenge on all of you, like a phoenix rising from the ashes . And I prepare for death with that hope. Nothing you torment me with can bother me now. Why aren't you coming for me? What? There are more of you and yet you're afraid?

 The phoenix is a mythical bird that was thought to die and be resurrected from its own ashes. (You may remember Fawkes from the Harry Potter series!)

**CLIFFORD**

That's how cowards fight when they can no longer run away. That's how doves peck hopelessly at the falcon's piercing claws. And that's how desperate thieves, with no

Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

**YORK**

45 O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;  
And, if though canst for blushing, view this face,  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice  
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

**CLIFFORD**

50 I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.  
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

55 Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
60 It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles*

**CLIFFORD**

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

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

So doth the cony struggle in the net.

**YORK**

So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;  
65 So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

What would your grace have done unto him now?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That wrought at mountains with outstretched arms,  
70 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.  
What! was it you that would be England's king?  
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preaching of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?  
75 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
80 Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood  
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;  
And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.  
85 Alas poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.  
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.  
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
90 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

chance of being saved, shout out insults against the officers  
who arrest them.

**YORK**

Oh, Clifford, use your brain once again, and think over the  
life I have lived. And, if you can do it without blushing, look  
at my face and shut your mouth, rather than calling me a  
coward when my very frown used to make you feel weak  
and run away!

**CLIFFORD**

I won't exchange insults with you back and forth, but I will  
have a little combat with you and strike you four times for  
every one time you strike me.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Wait, brave Clifford! I would prolong the life of this traitor a  
little bit longer for a thousand reasons. Anger makes  
Clifford deaf. Speak, Northumberland.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Wait, Clifford! Don't give him the honor of letting him prick  
your finger in combat even if it means you get to stab him  
through the heart. When a dog shows its teeth, is it brave to  
put your hand in his mouth when you could just as easily  
kick him away with your foot? In war, you get to take  
everything you can. It's not even dishonorable for ten men  
to attack one.

*NORTHUMBERLAND and CLIFFORD grab YORK. He struggles  
against them.*

**CLIFFORD**

Yes, yes, so the stupid little bird is trying to get out of the  
trap.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Just like a rabbit struggling to get out of the net.

**YORK**

And you're just like thieves enjoying the goods they've  
stolen. And I'm just like a real man, giving up when he  
knows he is outmatched by petty robbers like you.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

*[To Queen Margaret]* What does your grace want done to  
him now?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland, come! Come,  
make him stand on this molehill here. He reached for  
mountains with his outstretched arms, but he only  
managed to obtain the shadow of a mountain. Hey! Wasn't  
it you who said you would be the king of England? Wasn't it  
you who threw a fit in our parliament and lectured us about  
your important ancestors? Where is your quartet of sons  
now? The wild Edward, and the lustful George? And where's  
that brave hunchbacked monster, your boy Dicky, that  
cheered up his dad with his grumbly voice during the fight?  
And, come to think of it, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York. I stained this napkin with the blood that brave  
Clifford got from your son's chest with his sword. And if you  
can cry for his death, I'll offer you this napkin to dry your  
cheeks with. Oh, poor York! If I didn't hate you so much, I  
would feel sorry that you're in such bad shape. I beg you, be  
sad in order to make me happy, York. Has your fiery heart  
dried up your insides so much that you can't even shed one  
tear for Rutland's death? Why are you so calm, man? You  
should be mad! And I will mock you now to make you mad.  
Stamp your foot, rant, and panic, so I can sing and dance.  
Oh, I see you won't humor me with such entertainment  
unless you've been paid. York can't speak unless he wears a  
crown. A crown for York! And bow low to him, lords. Hold  
his hands while I place it on his head.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
 Thou wouldest be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:  
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.  
 95 A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:  
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

*Putting a paper crown on his head*

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!  
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,  
 And this is he was his adopted heir.  
 100 But how is it that great Plantagenet  
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
 As I bethink me, you should not be king  
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
 105 And rob his temples of the diadem,  
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
 O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!  
 Off with the crown, and with the crown his head;  
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

#### CLIFFORD

110 That is my office, for my father's sake.

#### QUEEN MARGARET

Nay, stay; lets hear the orisons he makes.

#### YORK

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,  
 Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!  
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
 115 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
 Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
 But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,  
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.  
 120 To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,  
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not  
 shameless.  
 Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
 Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
 125 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  
 Unless the adage must be verified,  
 That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
 130 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:  
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine;  
 135 The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
 Thou art as opposite to every good  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the south to the septentrion.  
 O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!  
 140 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
 145 Bids't thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy will:  
 Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:  
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:  
 150 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false  
 Frenchwoman.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND

Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so  
 That hardly can I cheque my eyes from tears.

*QUEEN MARGARET puts a paper crown on YORK's head.*

Ah, there, sir, now he looks like a king! Yes, this is the man that took King Henry's throne and also the man who was chosen to be his heir. But how is it possible that the great Plantagenet has crowned so quickly? How did he break his sacred promise? I thought you weren't supposed to be king until King Henry had died. And will you wear Henry's glory, stealing the crown from off his head while he's still alive, despite your holy promise? Oh, that's an unforgivable crime!

*[To soldiers] Off with the crown, and with it, off with his head. And, while I rest, take your time to kill him.*

#### CLIFFORD

I must do the deed, for my father's sake.

#### QUEEN MARGARET

No, wait. Let's hear his prayers.

#### YORK

You're a French she-wolf, but worse than French wolves, since your tongue is more poisonous than the tooth of a venomous snake. It is so unattractive when women, like Amazonian<sup>4</sup> whores, rejoice in the misery of men brought down by fortune. If your face wasn't like a unchanging mask, hardened by your evil deeds, I would attempt, proud queen, to make you blush. If you weren't shameless, just saying where you came from and who your ancestors are would have been enough disgrace to make you feel ashamed. Your father bears the title of the King of Naples, ruling over Sicily and Jerusalem, too, yet he is not as rich as an English landowner. Has that poor king taught you to curse? It's not necessary, and it doesn't do you any good, proud queen, unless the old saying proves true that beggars on horseback will drive their horses to death<sup>5</sup>. It's usually beauty that makes women proud but God knows that your share of beauty is small. It's usually virtue that makes women admired, but it's the opposite of virtue that makes people stare at you. It's usually self-control that makes women seem heavenly. Your total lack of self-control makes you abominable. You are as opposite to everything that is good as people living on the other side of the world in the Antipodes are to us, or as the south is to the north<sup>6</sup>. Oh, you have a tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's skin! How could you drain the blood of a child and make the father wipe his eyes with it, and still appear to have a woman's face? Women are soft, mild, compassionate and yielding. You are stern, stubborn, hard, violent and without remorse. You ask me to be angry? Well, now your wish will come true. Do you want me to cry? Well, now you'll get what you want. The raging wind blows rain showers up into the air, but when the wind calms down, the rain begins to fall. These tears are my sweet Rutland's funeral prayers, and every drop cries for vengeance for his death against you, cruel Clifford, and you, treacherous Frenchwoman.

<sup>4</sup> In Greek mythology, the Amazons were a society of female warriors.

<sup>5</sup> The proverb may mean that, given power, beggars (like the queen and her poor monarch father) will go wild with their newfound power (as demonstrated by Margaret's curses).

<sup>6</sup> "Septentrion" refers to the north, or, literally, the seven stars that make up the Ursa Major constellation.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND

Damn me, but his grief is so moving that I can hardly stop myself from crying.

**YORK**

155 That face of his the hungry cannibals  
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with  
blood:  
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
160 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:  
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
165 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'  
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;  
And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
170 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
I should not for my life but weep with him.  
175 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

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

**CLIFFORD**

Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

180

*Stabbing him*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

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

*Stabbing him*

**YORK**

Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.

*Dies*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

185 Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York.

*Flourish. Exeunt*

**YORK**

Not even hungry cannibals would have touched Rutland's face or stained it with blood. But you are ten times more inhuman and more relentless than the tigers of Hyrcania. See, ruthless queen, here are the tears of an unfortunate father. With these tears, I wash away the blood from this napkin that you dipped in the blood of my sweet son. You can keep the napkin and go boast of my murder. And if you tell the tragic story right, I swear that the listeners will cry. Yes, even my enemies will cry heavily and they'll say, "Oh, it was a terrible act!" Here, take the crown, and, with the crown also take my curse. I want you to have as much comfort as your too cruel hand is now giving me! Unmerciful Clifford, take me away from this world! My soul will go to heaven and my blood will be on your hands!

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Even if he were the murderer of all my family, I would cry with him, seeing how his soul is gripped by sorrow.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

What, are you on the verge of tears, my Lord Northumberland? Just think about the wrong he did to all of us, and that will quickly dry your dripping tears.

**CLIFFORD**

Here is what I promised you for killing my father.

*CLIFFORD stabs YORK.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

And this is to secure the power of our gentle-hearted king.

*QUEEN MARGARET stabs YORK.*

**YORK**

Open your gates of mercy, kind God! My soul flies through these wounds to look for you!

*YORK dies.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Off with his head, and put it on the gates of York, so that York's head may look over the town of York.

*Trumpets sound. All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their power*

**EDWARD**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*A military march. EDWARD, RICHARD, and their army enter.*

**EDWARD**

I wonder how our father managed to escape, or if he even did escape from Clifford and Northumberland chasing after him. If he were taken, we would have heard the news already. If we were killed, we would have heard the news already. Or if he escaped, I think we would have heard the happy news of his fortunate escape. Now, how are you, brother? Why are you so sad?

**RICHARD**

I cannot joy, until I be resolved  
 Where our right valiant father is become.  
 I saw him in the battle range about;  
 And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.  
 Methought he bore him in the thickest troop  
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
 15 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,  
 Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,  
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
 So fared our father with his enemies;  
 So fled his enemies my warlike father:  
 20 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.  
 See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!  
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

**EDWARD**

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

**RICHARD**

Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;  
 Not separated with the racking clouds,  
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
 See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
 30 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:  
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
 In this the heaven figures some event.

**EDWARD**

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

**RICHARD**

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

*Enter a Messenger*

**RICHARD**

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
 45 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

**MESSENGER**

Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on  
 Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,  
 Your princely father and my loving lord!

**EDWARD**

50 O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

**RICHARD**

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

**MESSENGER**

Environed he was with many foes,  
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
 Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.  
 55 But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
 And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
 By many hands your father was subdued;  
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
 Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,  
 Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,  
 Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,  
 The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks

**RICHARD**

I can't be happy until I am told where our brave father is. I saw him in the battle moving around, and I watched how he singled out Clifford. I thought father placed himself in the busiest area of the battle as if he were a lion in a group of cattle. Or else like a bear, surrounded with dogs, who, once the bear has bitten a few and made them cry, stand at a distance and bark at him. That's how our father dealt with our enemies. That's how our warrior father escaped his enemies. I think it's enough of a prize to be his son. See how the morning opens her golden arms, and says goodbye to the glorious sun! The morning looks very much like the peak of youth, dressed like a fashionable young man leaping towards his love!

**EDWARD**

Are my eyes blinded by the beams, or do I see three suns?

**RICHARD**

Three glorious suns. Each one is a perfect sun, not just seeming to be separated by the drifting clouds but actually separate in a pale, clear sky. Look, look! They come together and embrace. They look like they're kissing as if they promised to join in an indestructible union. Now they are joined together like one lamp, one light, one sun. The heavens must be predicting some event by showing this.

**EDWARD**

It's very strange, something that I've never heard of. I think it is calling us to the battlefield, brother. It means that we, the sons of the brave Plantagenet, since each of is already renowned for our own individual successes, we should nevertheless join our strengths and outshine the earth just like these three suns shine over the world. Whatever it means, I will wear the image of three shining suns on my shield from now on.

**RICHARD**

No, you should wear three daughters instead. I speak this with your permission. You love women more than men.

*A messenger enters.*

**RICHARD**

But who are you? Your frowns predict some terrible story that you are going to tell.

**MESSENGER**

Ah, I am someone who was an unlucky bystander when the noble Duke of York was killed, your father and my beloved lord.

**EDWARD**

Oh, stop speaking, for I have already heard too much.

**RICHARD**

Tell us how he died. I'm going to hear it all.

**MESSENGER**

He was surrounded by many enemies, and he stood against them, like when Hector stood against the Greeks that were trying to get into Troy. But even Hercules himself would have to surrender when outnumbered. And even a little axe can cut down the toughest oak with many strokes. Your father was captured by many soldiers, but he was killed only the hateful hands of the remorseless Clifford and the queen. She mockingly crowned the duke to spite him, laughed in his face, and, when he cried with grief, the cruel queen gave him a napkin to dry his cheeks that was dipped in the innocent blood of sweet, young Rutland, who rough Clifford killed. And after many insults, many nasty taunts,

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
 65 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:  
 And after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
 They took his head, and on the gates of York  
 They set the same; and there it doth remain,  
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

**EDWARD**

70 Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,  
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.  
 O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! Thou hast slain  
 The flower of Europe for his chivalry;  
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
 75 For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.  
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison:  
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body  
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest!  
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
 80 Never, O never shall I see more joy!

**RICHARD**

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture  
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:  
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;  
 For selfsame wind that I should speak withal  
 85 Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,  
 And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.  
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief:  
 Tears, then, for babes—blows and revenge for me!  
 Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,  
 90 Or die renowned by attempting it.

**EDWARD**

His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;  
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

**RICHARD**

Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:  
 95 For "chair and dukedom," "throne and kingdom" say;  
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter WARWICK, MONTAGUE, and their army*

**WARWICK**

How now, fair lords! What fare? What news abroad?

**RICHARD**

Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
 100 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
 O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

**EDWARD**

O Warwick, Warwick! That Plantagenet,  
 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
 105 Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

**WARWICK**

Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;  
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
 I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.  
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
 110 Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,  
 Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
 Were brought me of your loss and his depart.  
 I, then in London keeper of the king,  
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
 115 And very well appointed, as I thought,  
 March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,

they cut off his head and put it up on the gates of York. And it's still there now. It's the saddest sight that I've ever seen.

**EDWARD**

Sweet Duke of York, the father we could lean on, you are now gone and we have nothing to support us. Oh, Clifford, wild Clifford! You have killed the flower of Europe for his bravery. You've treacherously slaughtered him, a man who would have destroyed you in hand-to-hand combat. Now my body has become a prison. Ah, if only my soul would break away from my body so that my body could be buried in the ground! Because I'll never be happy from now on! Never, oh never, shall I experience joy again!

**RICHARD**

I am not able to cry because all of the wetness of my body is being used to try to put out the fire of my burning heart. I can't speak my grief either because the same air that I would speak with is lighting the fire in my chest, burning me with flames that tears would extinguish. To cry is to lessen the depth of grief. Tears are for children, fighting and revenge are for me. Richard, my father, I share your name. I'll revenge your death or earn fame when I die in the attempt.

**EDWARD**

That brave duke left his name with you. He left his dukedom and his power with me.

**RICHARD**

No, if you're truly a prince, show your power by looking directly into the sun without blinking like an eagle: instead of "power and dukedom," say "throne and kingdom." They rightfully belong to you, too, or else you're not our father's son.

*A march is heard. WARWICK, MONTAGUE, and their army enter.*

**WARWICK**

How are you, my lords? What success have you had? Have you heard any news from abroad?

**RICHARD**

Great lord of Warwick, if we should repeat our deadly news, and stab daggers in our flesh as each word is spoken until our speech was done, the words would be more painful than the wounds. Oh, brave lord, the Duke of York is killed!

**EDWARD**

Oh, Warwick, Warwick! Plantagenet, who cared about you as much as he cared about his own soul's salvation, was killed by the cruel Clifford.

**WARWICK**

I cried after hearing this news ten days ago. And now, to add even more to your misery, I am here to tell you what's happened since. After the bloody battle was fought at Wakefield, where your brave father drew his last breath, news was brought to me of your loss and his death as swiftly as the messengers could carry it. I was then in London, watching over the king, so I gathered my soldiers and many friends, and well-prepared (as I thought), headed towards Saint Alban's to block the queen's way. I took the king with me for my own advantage. I was warned by my spies that she was coming fully intending to overturn our

Bearing the king in my behalf along;  
For by my scouts I was advertised  
That she was coming with a full intent  
120 To dash our late decree in parliament  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met  
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,  
125 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;  
Or whether 'twas report of her success;  
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,  
130 I cannot judge : but to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
135 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
With promise of high pay and great rewards:  
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,  
And we in them no hope to win the day;  
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;  
140 Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,  
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:  
For in the marches here we heard you were,  
Making another head to fight again.

**EDWARD**

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

**WARWICK**

Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;  
And for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

**RICHARD**

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

**WARWICK**

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

**RICHARD**

I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:  
160 'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But in this troublous time what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
165 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

**WARWICK**

Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
170 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many more proud birds,  
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession,  
175 His oath enrolled in the parliament;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster.

recent agreement in the parliament—the one about King Henry's oath and your succession to the throne. To make a long story short, we met at Saint Alban's, our armies crossed swords, and both sides fought fiercely. But I don't know if it was the coldness of the king, who looked gently on his warrior-like queen, that took away the fiery passion from my soldiers, or if it was the news of her success, or the general fear of cruel Clifford, who treats the ones he captures with blood and death—I can't tell what did it in the end. But to sum it all up truthfully, their weapons came and went like flashes of lightning. Our soldiers fell down gently, like the lazy flight of a night owl or a useless farmer in a wheat field, as if they were attacking their friends and not their enemies. I encouraged them by reminding them about the justice we were fighting for and by promising them high pay and great rewards. But it was all in vain. They didn't have the heart to fight and we had no hope in them to win the battle. So we ran away. The king ran to the queen, while your brother Lord George, Norfolk, and myself have come quickly as we can to join you. Near the Welsh border, we heard heard that you were here, getting an army together for another fight.

**EDWARD**

Where is the Duke of Norfolk, kind Warwick? And when did George come from Burgundy to England?

**WARWICK**

The duke and his soldiers are around six miles away. Your brother recently left your kind aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy, who gave him soldiers to help populate our depleted army.

**RICHARD**

The odds must have been very unfavorable if brave Warwick ran away. I have often heard you praised for following the enemy, but I've never heard of your disgrace in fleeing until now.

**WARWICK**

You don't hear of my disgrace now, Richard. You will see that this strong right hand of mine can tear the crown off weak Henry's head, and wrench the staff from his fist. I'd do so even if he were as renowned and as brave in war as he is famous for his mildness, peacefulness and praying.

**RICHARD**

I know that's true, Lord Warwick. Don't blame me. It's the love that I have for your glory that makes me speak. But what should we do in these troubling times? Shall we go and throw away our steel armor and wear black mourning clothes, counting Hail Marys  with our rosary beads? Or, instead, should we show our devotion and count the strokes we make with our vengeful swords on the helmets of our enemies? If you think it's the latter, say yes, and let's get to it, lords!

 "Ave-Maries" were Hail Marys, prayers frequently recited while holding a rosary.

**WARWICK**

Well, that's why I came to look for you and that's why my brother Montague is coming. Listen to me, lords. The proud insulting queen, with Clifford and the arrogant Northumberland, and many proud folks like them, have molded this king as if he were easily melted wax. He swore an oath that you would succeed him, and his promise was officially recorded in the parliament. And now all the men are going to London to overturn both his promise and anything else that can be used against the House of Lancaster. I think they have thirty thousand soldiers. Now, if we put together the soldiers that Norfolk and I are

 Edward carries the title of Earl of March, but, at the end of this scene,

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:  
 180 Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,  
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,  
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,  
 Why, Via! To London will we march amain,  
 185 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
 And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'  
 But never once again turn back and fly.

providing, all the friends that you—brave Earl of March [2]  
 —can gather from the loving Welshmen, it will only be  
 about twenty-five thousand total. I say, "onward," then!  
 We'll go straight to London, and once again ride our horses,  
 and once again shout, "Charge at our enemies!" but we'll  
 never again turn back and flee.

**RICHARD**

Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:  
 Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
 190 That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

**EDWARD**

Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
 And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!--  
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

**WARWICK**

No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:  
 195 The next degree is England's royal throne;  
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
 In every borough as we pass along;  
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy  
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
 200 King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
 Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,  
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

**RICHARD**

Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,  
 As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,  
 205 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

**EDWARD**

Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

*Enter a Messenger*

**WARWICK**

How now! What news?

**MESSENGER**

The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
 210 The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

**WARWICK**

Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's away.

*Exeunt*

**RICHARD**

Yes, now that sounds like the Warwick I know and love. I  
 don't think a man would live to see the sun rise again if he  
 cried, "Withdraw! once Warwick told him to stay.

**EDWARD**

Lord Warwick, I will lean on your shoulder and when you  
 fail in your mission—God forbid!—Edward will also fall,  
 heaven forbid!

**WARWICK**

You are no longer Earl of March but Duke of York! Next stop:  
 the throne of England. You shall be named the King of  
 England in every part of the country that we pass. And  
 anyone who won't throw up his hat in joy shall lose his  
 head for that mistake. King Edward, brave Richard,  
 Montague, let's not stay here for much longer, only  
 dreaming of glory. Let's sound the trumpets, and carry out  
 our mission.

**RICHARD**

Then, Clifford, even if your heart is as hard as steel, as you  
 have shown it to be steely by your actions, I'd come either  
 to pierce your heart or to give you my own heart and  
 loyalty.

**EDWARD**

Then sound the drums! God and Saint George [3] support  
 us!

[3] "Saint George" is the patron saint  
 of England.

*A messenger enters.*

**WARWICK**

What now? What's the news?

**MESSENGER**

The Duke of Norfolk sends me with a message for you. The  
 queen is coming with a powerful army and he desires your  
 company for a immediate consultation.

**WARWICK**

Well, then, things are falling into place. Brave warriors, let's  
 go!

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY VI, QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drum and trumpets*

### Shakescleare Translation

*Trumpets sound. KING HENRY VI, QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND enter, with a drummer and trumpeters.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.  
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy  
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:  
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

**KING HENRY VI**

5 Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:  
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'Tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

**CLIFFORD**

My gracious liege, this too much lenity  
10 And harmful pity must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his that spoils her young before her face.  
15 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,  
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.  
Ambitious York doth level at thy crown,  
20 Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:  
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,  
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;  
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,  
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,  
25 Which argued thee a most unloving father.  
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
30 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Offer their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!  
Were it not pity that this goodly boy  
35 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,  
'What my great-grandfather and his grandsire got  
My careless father fondly gave away'?  
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
40 And let his manly face, which promiseth  
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart  
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

**KING HENRY VI**

Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
45 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
And happy always was it for that son  
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
50 And would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
Than in possession and jot of pleasure.  
Ah, cousin York! Would thy best friends did know  
55 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

**QUEEN MARGARET**

My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promised knighthood to our forward son:  
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
60 Edward, kneel down.

**KING HENRY VI**

Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Welcome to this splendid town of York, my lord. Over there  
is the head of our biggest enemy that wanted to take over  
your crown. Doesn't it cheer you to look on it, my lord?

**KING HENRY VI**

Yes, as the rocks cheer up those that fear they'll crash on  
them. To see this disturbs my soul. Stop this revenge, dear  
God! It's not my fault and I haven't knowingly broken my  
oath.

**CLIFFORD**

My gracious lord, this harmful mildness and pity must be  
put to one side. At whom do lions look gently? Not the  
beast that wants to take over their cave. Whose hand does  
the forest bear lick? Not the hunter that slaughters her  
young in front of her. Who escapes the sting of the sneaky,  
venomous snake? Not the man that puts his foot on her  
back. The smallest worm will grow violent when someone  
steps on it, and doves will peck to keep their little ones  
safe. Ambitious York aims at your crown! You smile while he  
furrows his angry brows. He is only a duke and wants his  
son to be a king! Like a loving father, he'd raise up his  
offspring. You, a king's who's lucky to have a fine son,  
agreed to disinherit him which made you look like a rather  
unloving father. Even creatures without reason feed their  
young. And though they view man's face as scary, who  
hasn't seen them use their wings, which were meant for  
taking flight, to fight in protection of their young ones  
against any man who invades their nest? They offer their  
own lives in defense of their young! For shame, my king,  
take those creatures as an example! Wouldn't it be pity if  
this fine young boy should lose his birthright because of the  
mistake his father made? And, in years to come, he'll say to  
his own child, "That which my great-grandfather and my  
grand-father got, my father threw away carelessly"? Ah,  
what a shame that would be! Look at this boy. Let his manly  
face, which promises good fortune, harden your melting  
heart into fighting to hold your title and let him inherit it.

**KING HENRY VI**

Clifford has played the role of orator very well, offering  
powerful arguments. But, tell me Clifford, have you never  
heard that things wrongfully gained end up turning out  
badly? And was it always a happy ending for the son whose  
father went to hell for hoarding his money? My son will  
inherit my virtuous actions, and I wish my father left me  
nothing but those too! Because the rest that I've inherited is  
considered to be worth so much that it brings a thousand  
times more troubles to hold on to than it does to possess or  
enjoy it. Ah, cousin York! I wish your best friends knew how  
grief-stricken I am that that your head is here!

**QUEEN MARGARET**

My lord, cheer up. Our enemies are near and this lack of  
courage makes your followers weak. You promised our  
impressive son a knighthood. Unsheathe your sword and  
dub him a knight immediately. Edward, kneel.

**KING HENRY VI**

Edward Plantagenet, stand as a knight. And learn this  
lesson: only use your sword for a just cause.

**PRINCE**

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

65

**CLIFFORD**

Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER**

Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For with a band of thirty thousand men  
70 Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
And in the towns, as they do march along,  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
Daraign your battle, for they are at hand.

70

**CLIFFORD**

I would your highness would depart the field:  
75 The queen hath best success when you are absent.

75

**QUEEN MARGARET**

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

**KING HENRY VI**

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

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Be it with resolution then to fight.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

My royal father, cheer these noble lords  
80 And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'

80

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers*

**EDWARD**

Now, perjured Henry! Wilt thou kneel for grace,  
And set thy diadem upon my head;  
85 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

85

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

**EDWARD**

I am his king, and he should bow his knee;  
90 I was adopted heir by his consent:  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,  
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

90

**CLIFFORD**

95 And reason too:  
Who should succeed the father but the son?

95

**RICHARD**

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

**CLIFFORD**

Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,  
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

**RICHARD**

100 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

**PRINCE**

My gracious father, if you allow me, I'll use my sword to  
fight for my right to be heir to the crown. In that fight, I'll  
fight with this sword to the death.

**CLIFFORD**

You spoke that like a brave prince.

*A messenger enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Royal leaders, prepare yourselves. Warwick is coming with a  
group of thirty thousand men, supporting the Duke of York.  
And in the towns through which they pass, they proclaim  
him king and many join him. Get the soldiers ready because  
they are nearly here.

**CLIFFORD**

I wish your highness would leave the battlefield. The queen  
is most successful when you're not there.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Yes, my good lord. And leave us to our own fate.

**KING HENRY VI**

But that's my fate too. So I'll stay.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

Then let's go fight with determination.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

My royal father, cheer up these brave lords and encourage  
those that fight to defend you. Take up your sword, good  
father, and shout, "Saint George!"

*A march is heard. EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers enter.*

**EDWARD**

Now, lying Henry! Will you kneel for mercy, and put your  
crown on my head? Or will you await your fate on the  
battlefield?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Go and scold your followers, you proud, insulting boy! Do  
you dare address your sovereign and your lawful king with  
these rude words?

**EDWARD**

*[To QUEEN MARGARET]*

I am his king, and he should bend his knee. I was made heir  
with his consent. Since then, he's broken his oath. For, I've  
heard tell, you, who acts as the real king, even though he  
might wear the crown, have made him cross my name out  
in favor of his own son, by a new act of parliament.

**CLIFFORD**

And there's a good reason for that too. Who should follow  
the father but his son?

**RICHARD**

Are you there, murderer? Oh, I cannot speak!

**CLIFFORD**

Yes, hunchback! I am standing here to answer you or  
whoever's the most foolhardy of your mob.

**RICHARD**

It was you who killed young Rutland, wasn't it?

**CLIFFORD**

Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

**RICHARD**

For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

**WARWICK**

What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! Dare you speak?  
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.

**WARWICK**

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

**CLIFFORD**

You said so much before, and yet you fled.

**WARWICK**

'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

**RICHARD**

Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.  
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-swole heart  
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

**CLIFFORD**

I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

**RICHARD**

Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

**KING HENRY VI**

Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

**KING HENRY VI**

I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:  
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

**CLIFFORD**

My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here  
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

**RICHARD**

Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  
By him that made us all, I am resolved  
that Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

**EDWARD**

Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

**WARWICK**

If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on.

**CLIFFORD**

Yes, and I killed old York. But I'm still not satisfied.

**RICHARD**

For God's sake, lords, give a signal to start the fight.

**WARWICK**

What do you say, Henry? Will you give up your crown?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Ah, how are you, you blabbing Warwick? Do you dare to  
speak? When we last met at Saint Alban's, you were running  
away instead of fighting.

**WARWICK**

Then it was my time to flee, and now it's yours.

**CLIFFORD**

You said that before, and yet it was you who ran away.

**WARWICK**

It wasn't your bravery that made me run, Clifford.

**NORTHUMBERLAND**

But your manliness didn't make you stay either.

**RICHARD**

Northumberland, I respect you. End the conversation  
because I can barely stop my swollen heart from taking  
revenge upon Clifford, the cruel child-killer!

**CLIFFORD**

I killed your father. Do you call him a child?

**RICHARD**

Yes, you did, like a treasonous coward, just as you killed our  
young brother Rutland. But I will make you regret that you  
did before the sun sets.

**KING HENRY VI**

Stop squabbling, my lords, and listen to me now.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Challenge them then, or if you won't, then keep your mouth  
closed.

**KING HENRY VI**

Please, don't tell me what my tongue can do. I am a king  
and I am privileged to speak.

**CLIFFORD**

My king, the wound that is the cause of this meeting can't  
be healed by words. Therefore, be silent.

**RICHARD**

Then, murderer, unsheathe your sword. By God, I am  
convinced that Clifford's manhood exists only in his words.

**EDWARD**

Tell me, Henry, will I have my right to the throne or not? A  
thousand men had breakfast this morning, but they'll never  
eat dinner again if you don't give up the crown.

**WARWICK**

If you deny him his right, their blood will be on your head.  
York justly puts on his armor.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

**RICHARD**

135 Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
140 As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

**RICHARD**

Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,--  
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,--  
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
145 To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

**EDWARD**

A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make this shameless callet know herself.  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
150 And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;  
And had he match'd according to his state,  
155 He might have kept that glory to this day;  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
160 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

**GEORGE**

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

**EDWARD**

And, in this resolution, I defy thee;  
Not willing any longer conference,  
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.  
175 Sound trumpets! Let our bloody colours wave!  
And either victory, or else a grave.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

If what Warwick says is right is actually right, then there is nothing wrong in the world, but everything is right.

**RICHARD**

Whoever your father may be, I know it's your mother who stands over there. For I can tell you have your mother's tongue.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

But you aren't like your father or your mother. Instead, you're like a ugly, deformed monster, branded by the fates as someone who should be avoided, like poisonous toads or the stings of dreadful lizards.

**RICHARD**

You cheap Naples girl, disguised in English robes. Your father has the title of a king but in the same way we could also call a channel the sea. Are you not ashamed of yourself, knowing where you come from, to let your tongue reveal your lowly origins?

**EDWARD**

I'd pay a thousand crowns to make this shameless whore know herself for what she is <sup>1</sup>. Helen of Greece was more beautiful than you although your husband may be Menelaus. But Menelaus, Agamemnon's brother <sup>2</sup>, was never wronged by that false woman like you have wronged this king. The king's father, Henry V, had great success in the heart of France, where he won over the king of France, and made the dauphin, the prince, bow to him too. And if this king here had married according to his station, he might have retained his father's glory until today.

*[To QUEEN MARGARET]*

But when he married a beggar, honoring your impoverished father on your wedding day, even then the sunshine that day prepared a future rainshower for him. That rain has washed his father's power out of France and led to rebellion against his power at home. For what else initiated this chaos but your pride? If you had stayed in your place, we wouldn't have awoken our claim to the throne. And we, pitying the gentle king, would have waited until another era to claim our right to the crown.

**GEORGE**

*[To QUEEN MARGARET]*

But when we saw that our toil was making you successful, and that your reaped the rewards without helping us in return, we decided to rise up against your usurping claim to the throne. And although we've had some losses too now, you should know that, since we've started this rebellion, we'll never leave until we have cut you down entirely <sup>3</sup>, or until all of our warm <sup>4</sup> blood has been spilt.

<sup>1</sup> Women who were deemed to be scolds or shrews were forced to wear or hold straw in public as part of a shaming punishment ritual.

<sup>2</sup> These are all mythological figures from the Trojan War (Helen was married to Menelaus, the King of Sparta whose brother was Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek army that took down Troy).

<sup>3</sup> Check out the imagery in the original text. Throughout this entire speech, Shakespeare creates an extended agricultural/harvest metaphor.

<sup>4</sup> You may have noticed a repeated mention of different temperature bloods throughout this act -- warm blood, cold-bloodedness, etc. This is connected to the early modern belief in the four humors, bodily fluids that corresponded to moods/emotions and temperatures and needed to be balanced.

**EDWARD**

And, in that spirit, I refuse to listen to you any longer since you won't let the gentle king speak. Let the trumpets sound! Let our bloody flags wave! We'll either have victory or death.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Stay, Edward.

**EDWARD**

No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:  
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

180

*Exeunt*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Stay, Edward.

**EDWARD**

No, you bargaining woman. We won't stay any longer.  
These words will cost ten thousand soldiers their lives today.

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK*

**WARWICK**

Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,  
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
5 And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running*

**EDWARD**

Smile, gentle heaven! Or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

**WARWICK**

How now, my lord! What hap? What hope of good?

*Enter GEORGE*

**GEORGE**

Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
10 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:  
What counsel give you? Whither shall we fly?

**EDWARD**

Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;  
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD*

**RICHARD**

Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,  
20 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

**WARWICK**

Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
25 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
30 Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine

### Shakescleare Translation

*An alarm sounds. There is fighting across the stage.  
WARWICK enters.*

**WARWICK**

I am exhausted from all the fighting, like runners are exhausted after a race. I'll lay down a little to catch my breath. The hits I received, and the ones that I gave in return, have tired out my strong muscles, and come what may, I have to rest for a while.

*EDWARD enters, running.*

**EDWARD**

Smile on us, kind heaven! Or strike us down, you unkind death! Because this world is frowning and the sun that represents me is clouded with darkness.

**WARWICK**

What's happening, my lord? What luck? Do we have hope for a happy outcome?

*GEORGE enters.*

**GEORGE**

Our luck is gone and our hope is only sad desperation. They got through the first row of our soldiers and so we're ruined. What advice do you give us? Where should we run?

**EDWARD**

Running away is pointless. They'll follow us as if they have wings. And we are weak and can't escape their pursuit.

*RICHARD enters.*

**RICHARD**

Ah, Warwick! Why have you left the fighting? The thirsty earth is now soaked with your brother 's blood. He was pierced by Clifford's spear. And when he was dying he shouted, as if an ominous ringing heard from far away, "Warwick, revenge me! Brother, revenge my death!" And so, under the horse's belly, with the horse's legs stained with your brother's streaming blood, the noble gentleman died.

 Warwick's illegitimate half-brother is Thomas Neville, the Bastard of Salisbury. He does not feature in the play but is only mentioned.

**WARWICK**

Then let the earth drown in our blood. I'll kill my horse because I will not run away. Why do we stand here like weak women, crying over what we lost, while our enemies are in a frenzy? Why do we look on it all as if the tragedy was only make-believe, performed by actors playing pretend? I go down on my knee now and swear to God above that I'll never stop again, I'll never stand still, until either death closes my eyes or I get to take my revenge, if fate allows it.

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

**EDWARD**

O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;  
 35 And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!  
 And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
 Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,  
 Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands  
 40 That to my foes this body must be prey,  
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!  
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
 Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

**RICHARD**

45 Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,  
 Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe  
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

**WARWICK**

Away, away! Once more, sweet lords farewell.

**GEORGE**

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

*Exeunt*

**EDWARD**

Oh, Warwick! I go down on my knees with you and I swear to join my soul with yours! And before I rise from the cold ground, I give over my hands, my eyes, and my heart to my God who establishes and removes kings. I beg you, God, if its your will agree that my body must become prey for my enemies that your brass gates of heaven may open allow in my sinful soul! Now, lords, you can go until we meet again. Wherever that may be, in heaven or on earth.

**RICHARD**

Give me your hand, brother. And kind Warwick, let me embrace you with my weak arms. I that have never cried am now melting with sorrow at the fact that we should be separated so soon.

**WARWICK**

Let's go, let's go! Once more goodbye, sweet lords.

**GEORGE**

Let us all go together to our soldiers and tell those who don't want to stay to run away. If they'll stand next to us and support us, we'll call them pillars. And, if we are successful, we'll promise them rewards like the winners wear at the Olympic Games. This may give them courage in their quivering hearts since there is still hope of life and victory. Let's not delay. Let's go speedily!

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD*

**RICHARD**

Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:  
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,  
 And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,  
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

**CLIFFORD**

5 Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:  
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;  
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;  
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death  
 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother  
 10 To execute the like upon thyself;  
 And so, have at thee!

*They fight. WARWICK comes; CLIFFORD flies*

**RICHARD**

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

*Exeunt*

### Shakescleare Translation

*There is fighting across the stage. RICHARD and CLIFFORD enter.*

**RICHARD**

Now I have isolated you away from the rest, Clifford. Let's pretend that this arm is for the Duke of York and this one is for Rutland. Both will have revenge, even if you were surrounded by a brass wall.

**CLIFFORD**

Now, I am here alone with you, Richard. This is the hand that stabbed your father York and this is the hand that killed your brother Rutland. And here's the heart that is happy because of their deaths and encourages these hands that killed your father and brother to also kill you. And so, here I come!

*RICHARD and CLIFFORD fight. WARWICK enters and CLIFFORD flees.*

**RICHARD**

No, Warwick, choose some other prey. I will hunt this wolf alone until he's met his death.

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY VI alone*

#### KING HENRY VI

This battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing light,  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea  
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea  
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:  
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;  
Now one the better, then another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory!  
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,  
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;  
For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,  
How many make the hour full complete;  
How many hours bring about the day;  
How many days will finish up the year;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean:  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! How sweet! How lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle.  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging in the dead body*

#### SON

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*An alarm sounds. KING HENRY VI enters alone.*

#### KING HENRY VI

This battle is like the time between early morning and day, when fading clouds fight with the growing light. At such a time, the shepherd, warming his hands by blowing on them, can't call it completely day or night. Now it goes one way, like a powerful sea forced by the tide to fight with the wind. And now it inclines the other way, like that same sea forced to give up fighting because of the wind's intensity. Sometimes the sea wins, sometimes the wind. Now is one the better one, then the other. Both are fighting to be the winner, face to face. Yet neither is winner or loser. And that's how it is with the equal balance of this war. I will sit down here on this molehill. Whoever God wants to win, will win! My queen Margaret, and Clifford too, told me to stay away from the battle. Both said that they fight best when I am not there. I wish I were dead! If only God would allow it, because what's left in this world apart from grief and sorrow? Oh, God! I think life would be happy if we could all be just simple countrymen. We could sit on a hill, like I do now and carve out sundials skillfully, bit by bit, to watch the minutes as they fly by. How many make one hour, how many hours make one day, how many days make one year, how many years a man can live. When we know this, we can then divide the time. I must spend this many hours taking care of the flock. I must spend this many hours thinking. I must spend this many hours enjoying myself. This many days have my sheep been pregnant. This many weeks before they give birth. This many years before I shall shear the sheep's wool. And so minutes, hours, days, months and years, used in the ways they were meant for, would make us white-haired before our peaceful dying day. Ah, what a life that would be! How sweet and how lovely! Doesn't the hawthorn bush give a nicer shade to shepherds looking after their sheep than a richly embroidered canopy in a procession does for kings who are afraid that their people may betray them? Oh, yes, it does! A thousand times nicer! And, in conclusion, the shepherd's homemade cheese, his cold drink out of his leather bottle, his usual sleep under the shade of a fresh tree—all that he enjoys carefree and happy—are far better than luxuries belonging to a prince. Even if his food is sparkling in a golden cup and his body is lying in a fine bed, what is that worth when troubles, mistrust and treason are all around him?

*An alarm sounds. A son enters who has killed his father, dragging the dead body after him.*

#### SON

There's nothing good about events that nobody profits from. This man, whom I killed in a hand to hand fight may have some gold coins on his body. I'll take them gladly from him now, but I may lose both my life and these coins to another man before the end of the night just as this man lost them to me. But who is this? Oh, God! It is the face of my father, whom I have killed in this fight, unaware of who

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

**KING HENRY VI**

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

*Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body*

**FATHER**

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

**KING HENRY VI**

Woe above woe! Grief more than common grief!  
 95 O that my death would stay these Ruthful deeds!  
 O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!  
 The red rose and the white are on his face,  
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
 The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
 100 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:  
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;  
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

**SON**

How will my mother for a father's death  
 Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

**FATHER**

105 How will my wife for slaughter of my son  
 Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

**KING HENRY VI**

How will the country for these woeful chances  
 Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

**SON**

Was ever son so rued a father's death?

**FATHER**

110 Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

**KING HENRY VI**

Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?  
 Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

he was. Oh, these are sad times when such things can happen! I came from London because the king called us to battle. My father, since he is one of the Earl of Warwick's men, came to fight for York, commanded to do so by his master. And I, who was given my life from his hands, have now taken life from him by my hands. Pardon me, God, I didn't know what I was doing! And forgive me, father, because I didn't know it was you! My tears will wash away these bloody stains and I will speak no more words until my tears have fully flowed.

**KING HENRY VI**

Oh, miserable sight! Oh, these are bloody times! While lions fight one another for their dens, poor harmless lambs have to survive their conflict. Weep, miserable man, I'll help you by shedding a tear for each of yours. And let our hearts and eyes be blind with tears, like this civil war itself, until our hearts and eyes break with grief.

*A father enters who has killed his son, bringing the body with him.*

**FATHER**

You that have fought me so bravely, give me your gold now, if you have any gold. I have earned it with those hundred times I hit you. But let me see: is this the face of our enemy? Ah, no, no, no, it's my only son! Ah, boy, if there is any life left in you, open your eyes! Look, look, at these rain showers that fall, blown by the windy tempest inside my heart, on to your wounds, wounds that poison my eye and break my heart! Oh, God, take pity on these miserable times! The deadly fight daily causes these violent actions that are so cruel, so bloody, so wrongful, so rebellious, and so unnatural! Oh, boy, your father brought you into this world too soon and has taken you out of it too early!

**KING HENRY VI**

Sorrow on top of sorrow! Grief more than the usual grief! Oh, that my death could prevent these lamentable actions! Oh, pity, take pity, gentle heaven, take pity! There's both the red rose and the white rose on his face, the deadly colors of the enemy houses. His purple blood looks like the red rose while it seems to me his pale cheeks look like the white rose. Let one rose fade away and let the other grow strong. If you fight, a thousand lives will be lost.

**SON**

Imagine how my mother will deal with me to learn of my father's death—she'll never be satisfied!

**FATHER**

Imagine how my wife will shed seas worth of tears for the murder of my son—she'll never be satisfied!

**KING HENRY VI**

Imagine how the country will think badly of the king after these unfortunate circumstances—they'll never be satisfied!

**SON**

Has ever a son lamented a father's death so much?

**FATHER**

Has ever a father so wailed for his son so much?

**KING HENRY VI**

Has ever a king grieved for his people's sorrows so much? Your sorrow is great, but mine is ten times stronger.

**SON**

I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

*Exit with the body*

**FATHER**

115 These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;  
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;  
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
And so obsequious will thy father be,  
120 Even for the loss of thee, having no more,  
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.  
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,  
For I have murdered where I should not kill.

*Exit with the body*

**KING HENRY VI**

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

*Alarums: excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and EXETER*

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Fly, father, fly! For all your friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:  
Away! For death doth hold us in pursuit.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:  
130 Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds  
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

**EXETER**

135 Away! For vengeance comes along with them:  
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;  
Or else come after: I'll away before.

**KING HENRY VI**

Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:  
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
140 Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

*Exeunt*

**SON**

I'll take you away from here to somewhere where I can weep until I can weep no more.

*The son exits with his father's body.*

**FATHER**

My arms shall be your burial shroud! My heart, sweet boy, shall be your grave, because your image will never leave it. My sighs will be your funeral bell. And your father will be so dutiful in performing funeral rites for your loss, since I have no more sons, just as Priam  observed all the rituals for all of his brave sons. I'll take you away from here. Let others fight if they want to, but I have murdered the very person I should never kill.

 All fifty of the sons of Priam, the mythical King of Troy, were killed in the Trojan War.

*Father exits with his son's body.*

**KING HENRY VI**

Men with sadness in their hearts, overcome with trouble: here sits a king more sorrowful than you are.

*An alarm sounds. There is fighting across the stage. QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and EXETER enter.*

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Run away, father, run! All your friends have fled and Warwick is raging like an angry bull. Let's go! Death is chasing after us.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Mount your horse, my lord, and ride towards Berwick as fast as you can. Edward and Richard, like a pair of greyhounds who can see the frightened fleeing rabbit in front of them, are right behind us, with fiery eyes sparkling in their blinding anger. They are holding bloody swords in their angry hands. So, let's go quickly!

**EXETER**

Let's go! They're coming for vengeance. No, don't stay to debate the matter. Hurry or otherwise follow after us. I'll go away before you.

**KING HENRY VI**

No, take me with you, good, sweet Exeter. It's not that I am afraid to stay, but I want to go wherever my queen is going. Let's go-away!

*All exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 6

### Shakespeare

*A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded*

**CLIFFORD**

Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,  
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.  
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow  
5 More than my body's parting with my soul!  
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misprud York,  
The common people swarm like summer flies;  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
10 And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent

### Shakescleare Translation

*A loud alarm sounds. CLIFFORD enters, wounded.*

**CLIFFORD**

My life's candle burns out here. Yes, it dies here. While it lasted, it gave light to King Henry. Oh, Lancaster, I'm more afraid you'll be defeated than I am of death! Love for me, and fear of me, helped you make a lot of friends, and now, as I'm I fall, all of that is falling apart. The common people are swarming everywhere like flies in the summer—hurting Henry and strengthening the wrongfully proud York—and where do such gnats fly but to the sun ? And aren't only Henry's enemies shining now? Oh, Phoebus , if only you hadn't given permission to Phaethon, allowing him to ride your horses, your chariot would never have burned the

 The "sun" again refers to the emblem of Edward Plantagenet.

 Phoebus is the sun god in Greek/Roman mythology.

That Phaethon should cheque thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!  
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
Or as thy father and his father did,  
Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
They never then had sprung like summer flies;  
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
Had left no mourning widows for our death;  
20 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?  
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?  
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:  
25 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.  
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.  
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;  
30 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

*He faints*

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers*

#### EDWARD

Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,  
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,  
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
35 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

#### WARWICK

No, 'tis impossible he should escape,  
For, though before his face I speak the words  
40 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:  
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

*CLIFFORD groans, and dies*

#### EDWARD

Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

#### RICHARD

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

#### EDWARD

45 See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,  
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

#### RICHARD

Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;  
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
50 But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,  
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

#### WARWICK

From off the gates of York fetch down the head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;  
Instead whereof let this supply the room:  
55 Measure for measure must be answered.

#### EDWARD

Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,  
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,  
60 And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

earth! And Henry, if only you ruled like kings should do, or as your father and his father did, and hadn't made this oath to the House of York, they would never have sprung up like swarms of flies in summer. In this unfortunate kingdom, then, ten thousand men, I among them, wouldn't have left mourning widows grieving our deaths. And today, you'd have kept your throne entirely in peace. Isn't it gentle air that makes weeds grow? Isn't it leniency in the law that makes robbers bold? Complaints are useless, and my wounds cannot be cured. There is nowhere I can flee to, and I wouldn't have the strength to run either. The enemy has no mercy and won't pity me because I don't deserve pity from them. The air has gotten into my deadly wounds, and the loss of blood makes me weak. Come, York, Richard, Warwick and all the rest of you. I stabbed your fathers' chests, you should split open mine.

*CLIFFORD faints.*

*An alarm sounds and there is a military fanfare signaling retreat. EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers enter.*

#### EDWARD

Now we can breathe, lords. Our good fortune makes us stop for a while and look peacefully instead of frowning like we did while fighting. Some soldiers follow after the blood-thirsty queen. She ruled Henry, even though he is a king, like a ship's sail, blown around with a nasty wind, steers a large merchant ship to cut through the waves. But do you think Clifford fled with them, lords?

#### WARWICK

No, it's impossible that he could have escaped. Your brother Richard's right in front of me, but I'll tell you that Richard wounded Clifford seriously. Wherever he may be, he is surely dead.

*CLIFFORD groans and dies.*

#### EDWARD

Who is that who dies with such suffering?

#### RICHARD

A deadly groan, like the separation between life and death.

#### EDWARD

See who it is. Now that the battle is over, treat him honorably, whether he's a friend or an enemy.

#### RICHARD

Take back that sentence of mercy, because it's Clifford. He wasn't content to have killed the child, young Rutland, just as he'd started to grow. Clifford then turned his murderous knife upon the root from which young Rutland grew <sup>3</sup>. I mean our royal father, the Duke of York.

<sup>3</sup> Check out the original text here. Shakespeare returns again to his tree/root/branch/leaf imagery, here conjuring up visions of a fallen family tree.

#### WARWICK

Take the head down from off the gates of York—your father's head, which Clifford put there. Instead, let Clifford's head take its place. An eye for an eye.

#### EDWARD

Bring forward that creature who was deadly to our house, who did nothing but bring death to us and our loved ones. Now death shall stop his gloomy, threatening voice, and his ominous tongue shall speak no more.

**WARWICK**

I think his understanding is bereft.  
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?  
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,  
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

**RICHARD**

65 O, would he did! And so perhaps he doth:  
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,  
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts  
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

**GEORGE**

If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

**RICHARD**

70 Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

**EDWARD**

Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

**WARWICK**

Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

**GEORGE**

While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

**RICHARD**

Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

75 EDWARD Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

**GEORGE**

Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

**WARWICK**

They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

**RICHARD**

What, not an oath? Nay, then the world goes hard  
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

80 I know by that he's dead ; and, by my soul,  
If this right hand would buy two hour's life,  
That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off, and with the  
issuing blood  
85 Stifle the villain whose unstanch'd thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

**WARWICK**

Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,  
And rear it in the place your father's stands.  
And now to London with triumphant march,  
90 There to be crowned England's royal king:  
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,  
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:  
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;  
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread  
95 The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;  
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.  
First will I see the coronation;  
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,  
100 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

**EDWARD**

Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;  
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,  
And never will I undertake the thing  
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.  
105 Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,  
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,

**WARWICK**

I think he can't perceive us anymore. Clifford, speak! Do you know who is speaking to you? Dark, cloudy death covers up the sunbeams of his life, and he neither sees us nor hears what we are saying.

**RICHARD**

Oh, I wish he did! And maybe he does but it's his strategy to pretend because he doesn't want to hear the sort of angry taunts which he delivered to our father at the time of his death.

**GEORGE**

If you think so, irritate him with sharp words.

**RICHARD**

Clifford, ask for mercy and receive no grace.

**EDWARD**

Clifford, repent with fruitless remorse.

**WARWICK**

Clifford, make up excuses for your crimes.

**GEORGE**

While we think of brutal tortures for your actions.

**RICHARD**

You loved York and I am York's son.

**EDWARD**

You pitied Rutland and now I will pity you.

**GEORGE**

Where's Captain Margaret to protect you now?

**WARWICK**

They mock you, Clifford. Swear as you used to.

**RICHARD**

What? Not a single curse? Wow, well the world has become a sad place when Clifford doesn't have one curse for his friends. Well, that's how we know that he's dead. By my soul, if this right hand would bring him back to life for two hours just so I could insult and taunt him, I'd cut it off. Then I'd use the blood pouring out the wound to choke this villain whose insatiable thirst for blood couldn't be satisfied by killing York and the young Rutland.

**WARWICK**

Yes, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head and put it up in the place where your father's head is. And now let's march triumphantly to London. There you'll be crowned king of England. From there, I'll cross the sea to France and arrange for Lady Bona to be your queen. That way you'll tie these two nations together. And, having France as an ally, you won't fear that the enemy, now dispersed but hoping to return, will ever rise again. Even though they can't do much to hurt you now, expect them to make trouble and spread rumors to offend you. First, I will see the coronation and then I'll go to Brittany across the sea to make this marriage happen, if my lord agrees.

**EDWARD**

Just as you wish, sweet Warwick, let it happen. I build my throne relying on your support, and I will never do anything if you counsel me against it or don't give consent. Richard, I will make you Duke of Gloucester and George, I'll make you Duke of Clarence. Warwick, in my name, shall do and undo whatever he wants.

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

**RICHARD**

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

**WARWICK**

110 Tut, that's a foolish observation:  
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession.

*Exeunt*

**RICHARD**

Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester. Being  
Duke of Gloucester is too dangerous.

 The three previous Dukes of Gloucester had all met violent deaths.

**WARWICK**

Oh, please, that's a silly comment: Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Now, let's go to London, so you can receive these honors.

*All exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands*

**FIRST KEEPER**

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

**SECOND KEEPER**

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

**FIRST KEEPER**

That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow  
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:  
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,  
10 I'll tell thee what befell me on a day  
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

**SECOND KEEPER**

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

*Enter KING HENRY VI, disguised, with a prayerbook*

**KING HENRY VI**

From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
15 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:  
20 No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

**FIRST KEEPER**

Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:  
This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

**KING HENRY VI**

25 Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

**SECOND KEEPER**

Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.

**FIRST KEEPER**

Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

### Shakescleare Translation

*Two gamekeepers enter with crossbows in their hands.*

**FIRST KEEPER**

We'll hide under this thick bush, because the deer will soon come through this clearing. We can make a hiding place from which to shoot in this concealed spot. We'll aim at the superior deer.

**SECOND KEEPER**

I'll stay above the hill so that both of us can shoot.

**FIRST KEEPER**

That won't work. The noise of your bow will scare the herd and my shot will be pointless. Let us both stand here and aim at the best deer. And, so that the time won't seem too long, I'll tell you what happened to me one day in this same place where we're planning to stand now.

**SECOND KEEPER**

Look a man is coming our way. Let's not move until he's gone.

*KING HENRY VI enters, disguised, with a prayer book.*

**KING HENRY VI**

I have snuck away from Scotland out of pure love in order to look longingly at my own land. No, Harry, Harry, it's not your land. Your throne is filled, your scepter taken from you, the oil that once blessed you at your coronation has now washed away. No citizens on bended knee will call you Caesar now. No humble people will come to you to ask for justice. No, no one at all will come to ask for help from you. Because how can I help them when I could not help myself?

**FIRST KEEPER**

Ah, well here's a deer whose skin is worth a high price. This is the former king. Let's grab him.

**KING HENRY VI**

Let me embrace you, sour misery, because wise men say that's the wisest thing to do.

**SECOND KEEPER**

Why do we wait? Let's get him.

**FIRST KEEPER**

Wait a while. Let's hear a little more.

**KING HENRY VI**

My queen and son are gone to France for aid;  
 30 And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister  
 To wife for Edward: if this news be true,  
 Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;  
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
 35 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
 By this account then Margaret may win him;  
 For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
 40 The tiger will be mild whilst she doth mourn;  
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.  
 Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give;  
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,  
 45 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
 She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;  
 He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;  
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;  
 Whilst Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,  
 50 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,  
 And in conclusion wins the king from her,  
 With promise of his sister, and what else,  
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
 O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
 55 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

**SECOND KEEPER**

Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

**KING HENRY VI**

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

**SECOND KEEPER**

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

**KING HENRY VI**

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

**SECOND KEEPER**

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

**KING HENRY VI**

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
 Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,  
 65 Nor to be seen: my crown is called content:  
 A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

**SECOND KEEPER**

Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,  
 Your crown content and you must be contented  
 To go along with us; for as we think,  
 70 You are the king King Edward hath deposed;  
 And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance  
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

**KING HENRY VI**

But did you never swear, and break an oath?

**SECOND KEEPER**

No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

**KING HENRY VI**

75 Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

**SECOND KEEPER**

Here in this country, where we now remain.

**KING HENRY VI**

My queen and son have gone to France for help. I hear that the great, powerful Warwick has also gone there to ask if the French king's sister-in-law will be Edward's wife. If this news is true, your efforts are in vain, poor queen and son, because Warwick is a persuasive speaker and Lewis is a king who is too easily won by well-spoken words. But, then, in the same way, Margaret might convince him too, since she's a woman who can be much pitied. Her sighs will make an assault on his chest, her tears will pierce into his marble heart. The tiger in her will act gentle while she bewails her situation, and even Emperor Nero  would be moved to hear and see her laments and her salty tears. Yes, but she's come to beg and Warwick's going to make an offer. She, one on side, comes begging for aid for Henry. Warwick, on the other side, comes asking for a wife for Edward. She weeps and says her Henry's been deposed. He smiles and says his Edward is made king. She, the poor woman, says she can't speak anymore because of her grief while Warwick announces his title, glosses over the conflict, presents very strong arguments, and finally wins the king from her, with a promise of his sister in marriage. Besides the marriage, he'll get anything he needs to strengthen and support King Edward's power. Oh, Margaret, that's how it will be. And you, poor soul, will then be abandoned, as miserable leaving as when you came!

 Nero was known for his sadistic and violent madness.

**SECOND KEEPER**

Tell us, who are you who speaks of kings and queens?

**KING HENRY VI**

More than I seem and less than I was born to be. I am a man at least, because I shouldn't be less than that. And since men may talk of kings, why shouldn't I?

**SECOND KEEPER**

Yes, but you speak as if you were a king.

**KING HENRY VI**

Well, I am, in my mind. And that's enough.

**SECOND KEEPER**

But if you are a king, where is your crown?

**KING HENRY VI**

My crown is in my heart, not on my head. It's not decorated with diamonds and Indian jewels and it can't be seen. My crown is called contentedness. It's a crown that kings don't often get to enjoy wearing.

**SECOND KEEPER**

Well, if you are a king crowned with contentedness, both your happy crown and yourself must be content to come with us. We think that you are the king who was deposed by King Edward. We, his subjects, sworn to be faithful to him, will arrest you as his enemy.

**KING HENRY VI**

But have you never sworn and then broken the oath?

**SECOND KEEPER**

No, I've never sworn an oath like that. And I won't do it now.

**KING HENRY VI**

Where did you live when I was King of England?

**SECOND KEEPER**

Here in this region, where we are now.

**KING HENRY VI**

I was anointed king at nine months old;  
My father and my grandfather were kings,  
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:  
80 And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

**FIRST KEEPER**

No;  
For we were subjects but while you were king.

**KING HENRY VI**

Why, am I dead? Do I not breathe a man?  
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!  
85 Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
90 Such is the lightness of you common men.  
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin  
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.  
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;  
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

**FIRST KEEPER**

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

**KING HENRY VI**

So would you be again to Henry,  
If he were seated as King Edward is.

**FIRST KEEPER**

We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,  
To go with us unto the officers.

**KING HENRY VI**

100 In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:  
And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

*Exeunt*

**KING HENRY VI**

I became king when I was nine months old. My father and my grandfather were kings and you were sworn to be my faithful subjects. Tell me, then, haven't you broken your oaths to me?

**FIRST KEEPER**

No, because we were loyal subjects to you while you were king.

**KING HENRY VI**

Well, am I dead? Am I not breathing like any man? Ah, foolish men, you don't know what you swear! Look, I blow this feather from my face and the air blows it back to me again. It follows my breath when I blow, and it surrenders to the wind when it blows. The feather is always commanded by the more powerful gust. The fickleness of you common men is the same. But don't break your oaths. My mild plea shall not make you guilty of that sin. Go wherever you want and you can command the king. As if you were kings, command me and I'll obey you.

**FIRST KEEPER**

We are faithful subjects of the king, King Edward.

**KING HENRY VI**

And you would be again to Henry, if he was seated where King Edward sits.

**FIRST KEEPER**

We order you, in God's name and the king's, to go with us to the officers.

**KING HENRY VI**

In God's name, lead on. Your king's name will be obeyed. Whatever God wills, that's what your king will do. And what he wants me to do, I'll yield to him.

*All exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

Enter KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;  
It were dishonour to deny it her.

**KING EDWARD IV**

10 It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

### Shakescleare Translation

KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY enter.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Brother Gloucester, this lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was killed at Saint Alban's battlefield. His lands were taken over by the enemy. She now wants to make a case to get back those lands, which we cannot justly deny her, since the worthy gentleman lost his life fighting for the house of York.

**GLOUCESTER**

Your highness would do well to give her what she wants. It would be dishonorable to deny it to her.

 From this point forward, the text refers to Richard as the Duke of Gloucester.

**KING EDWARD IV**

That's true, but I'll pause before agreeing.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*Aside to CLARENCE*] Yea, is it so?  
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

**CLARENCE**

[*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] He knows the game: how true  
he keeps the wind!

**GLOUCESTER**

[*Aside to CLARENCE*] Silence!

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:  
May it please your highness to resolve me now;  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*Aside to CLARENCE*] Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant  
you all your lands,  
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.  
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

**CLARENCE**

[*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] I fear her not, unless she  
chance to fall.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*Aside to CLARENCE*] God forbid that! For he'll  
take vantages.

**KING EDWARD IV**

How many children hast thou, widow? Tell me.

**CLARENCE**

[*Aside to GLOUCESTER*] I think he means to beg a  
child of her.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*Aside to CLARENCE*] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather  
give her two.

**LADY GREY**

Three, my most gracious lord.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*Aside to CLARENCE*] You shall have four, if you'll  
be ruled by him.

**KING EDWARD IV**

'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

**LADY GREY**

Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*Aside to CLARENCE*] Ay, good leave have you; for  
you will have leave,  
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

*GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE retire*

**GLOUCESTER**

[*So only CLARENCE can hear*] Oh, is that it? I see that the  
lady has something she can offer him, before the king will  
agree to her humble request.

**CLARENCE**

[*So only GLOUCESTER can hear*] He knows how to play the  
game. Oh, how coyly he plots this conquest!

George is now known as the Duke of Clarence.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*So only CLARENCE can hear*] Be quiet!

**KING EDWARD IV**

I will consider your request, widow. Come some other time  
to find out what I've decided.

**LADY GREY**

My gracious lord, I can't delay finding out your answer.  
Would it be possible for your highness to answer me now?  
Whatever you decide, that will satisfy me.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*So only CLARENCE can hear*] Yes, widow? Then I bet you  
that all your lands will be yours, if what pleases him will  
please you too. She needs to fight closer to the enemy or,  
I'd wager, she'll get hit.

There is ample sexual wordplay throughout this scene.

**CLARENCE**

[*So only GLOUCESTER can hear*] I'm not afraid for her,  
unless she should chance to fall under him.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*So only CLARENCE can hear*] God prevent that from  
happening! Because then he'll take advantage.

**KING EDWARD IV**

How many children do you have, widow? Tell me.

**CLARENCE**

[*So only GLOUCESTER can hear*] I think he wants to beg her  
to give him a child.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*So only CLARENCE can hear*] No, whip me if you're right  
about that. He'd rather give her two of his own children.

**LADY GREY**

Three, my most gracious lord.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*So only CLARENCE can hear*] You will have four, if you'll be  
ruled by him.

**KING EDWARD IV**

It's a shame that they should lose their father's lands.

**LADY GREY**

Feel sorry for them, honorable lord, and give me the land  
then.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Lords, leave us alone. I'll test the intellect of this widow.

**GLOUCESTER**

[*So only CLARENCE can hear*] Yes, enjoy your privacy. You'll  
take what you can get until you lose your youth and you're  
hobbling around on a crutch in old age.

*GLOUCESTER and CLARENCE move out of the way.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

**LADY GREY**

Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

**KING EDWARD IV**

And would you not do much to do them good?

**LADY GREY**

To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

**LADY GREY**

Therefore I came unto your majesty.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

**KING EDWARD IV**

What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

**LADY GREY**

What you command, that rests in me to do.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But you will take exceptions to my boon.

**LADY GREY**

No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

**GLOUCESTER**

[Aside to CLARENCE] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

**CLARENCE**

[Aside to GLOUCESTER] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

**LADY GREY**

Why stops my lord, shall I not hear my task?

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

**GLOUCESTER**

[Aside to CLARENCE] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now, madam, tell me, do you love your children?

**LADY GREY**

Yes, as much as I love myself.

**KING EDWARD IV**

And wouldn't you do a lot for them?

**LADY GREY**

For them, I would even undergo being hurt.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Then get them your husband's lands to do good by them.

**LADY GREY**

That's why I came to your majesty.

**KING EDWARD IV**

I'll tell you how you can get these lands.

**LADY GREY**

If you can get them, I'll be your highness' faithful servant.

**KING EDWARD IV**

What service can you do for me, if I give you the lands?

**LADY GREY**

Whatever you command, it'll be my responsibility to carry out.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But you think there are exceptions to my request.

**LADY GREY**

No, gracious lord, unless I can't do it.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Yes, but you can do what I'm planning to ask you to do.

**LADY GREY**

Well, then, I will do what your grace commands.

**GLOUCESTER**

[So only CLARENCE can hear] He is working on her persistently. He's wearing down her stony exterior.

**CLARENCE**

[So only GLOUCESTER can hear] He is as hot as fire! Her wax must melt under him.

**LADY GREY**

Why does my lord stop? Shall I not hear what I have to do?

**KING EDWARD IV**

It's an easy job—only to love a king.

**LADY GREY**

That can be done easily because I am one of your loyal subjects.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Well, then, I give you back your husband's lands freely.

**LADY GREY**

And I leave with a thousand thanks.

**GLOUCESTER**

[So only CLARENCE can hear] The match is made. She seals the deal by curtsying.

**KING EDWARD IV**

70 But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

**LADY GREY**

The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.  
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

**LADY GREY**

75 My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;  
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But now you partly may perceive my mind.

**LADY GREY**

80 My mind will never grant what I perceive  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

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

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**LADY GREY**

85 Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

**LADY GREY**

90 Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.  
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:  
Please you dismiss me either with 'ay' or 'no.'

**KING EDWARD IV**

Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;  
No if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.

**LADY GREY**

Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

**GLOUCESTER**

95 [Aside to CLARENCE] The widow likes him not, she  
knits her brows.

**CLARENCE**

[Aside to GLOUCESTER] He is the bluntest wooer in  
Christendom.

**KING EDWARD IV**

100 [Aside] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;  
Her words do show her wit incomparable;  
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:  
One way or other, she is for a king;

**KING EDWARD IV**

But wait. I'm talking about the enjoyment of love.

**LADY GREY**

I'm also talking about the enjoyment of love, my loving  
lord.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Yes, but I think you mean it in another sense. What kind of  
love, do you think, do I try so hard to get from you?

**LADY GREY**

My love until death, my humble thanks, my prayers. A kind  
of love that being virtuous asks of me and being virtuous  
then makes me be.

**KING EDWARD IV**

No, to tell you the truth, I didn't mean that kind of love.

**LADY GREY**

Well, then you don't mean what I thought you did.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But now you may partially understand what I meant.

**LADY GREY**

My mind will never allow me to think what I imagine your  
highness means, if I guess correctly.

**KING EDWARD IV**

I'll say it simply then. I want to sleep with you.

**LADY GREY**

To say it simply, I would rather sleep in prison.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Well, then you won't have your husband's lands.

**LADY GREY**

Well, then my chastity will be payment enough. No, I won't  
pay for these lands with my virtue.

**KING EDWARD IV**

You wrong your children so much by refusing.

**LADY GREY**

Your highness wrongs both them and me in making this  
demand. But, powerful king, this playful toying with me  
does not fit well with the seriousness of my request. Please,  
let me go and either tell me "yes" or "no."

**KING EDWARD IV**

"Yes," if you'll say "yes" to what I request. "No," if you'll say  
"no" to what I demand.

**LADY GREY**

Then, I say "no," my lord. My pleas to you are over.

**GLOUCESTER**

95 [So only CLARENCE can hear] The widow doesn't like him,  
she's frowning.

**CLARENCE**

[So only GLOUCESTER can hear] He makes his sexual offer  
more directly than any man in the Christian world.

**KING EDWARD IV**

[To himself] Her appearance proves that she is full of  
modesty. Her words show her matchless intellect. All the  
ways in which she seems perfect make the case for her to

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

*[To LADY GREY]*

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

#### LADY GREY

'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:  
I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

105

#### KING EDWARD IV

Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee  
I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

#### LADY GREY

And that is more than I will yield unto:  
110 I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

#### KING EDWARD IV

You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

#### LADY GREY

'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you  
father.

#### KING EDWARD IV

No more than when my daughters call thee mother.  
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.

120

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

#### GLOUCESTER

*[Aside to CLARENCE]* The ghostly father now hath done  
his shrift.

#### CLARENCE

*[Aside to GLOUCESTER]* When he was made a shriver,  
'twas for shrift.

#### KING EDWARD IV

125 Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

#### GLOUCESTER

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

#### KING EDWARD IV

You'll think it strange if I should marry her.

#### CLARENCE

To whom, my lord?

#### KING EDWARD IV

Why, Clarence, to myself.

#### GLOUCESTER

130 That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

#### CLARENCE

That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

be queen. One way or another, she's meant for a king's bed.  
And she shall be my lover, or, if not, my queen.

*[To LADY GREY]* What about if King Edward takes you for his  
queen?

#### LADY GREY

That's easier said than done, my royal lord. I am a lowly  
subject that's only fit to joke with on this topic, but I'm  
certainly not fit to be a ruler.

#### KING EDWARD IV

Sweet widow, I swear to you, by my royal standing, that I  
don't say anything I don't intend to make true. That is, I'm  
going to to enjoy you as a lover.

#### LADY GREY

And that's more than I'll consent to. I know I am too poor to  
be your queen and yet too good to be your mistress.

#### KING EDWARD IV

You're just coming up with excuses, widow. I really mean to  
make you my queen.

#### LADY GREY

It will make you upset to hear my sons call you father.

#### KING EDWARD IV

Not more than when my daughters call you mother. You are  
a widow and you have some children. And, holy moly, even  
though I'm only a bachelor, I do have some other children  
myself. It's a happy thing to be a father to many sons. Don't  
say anything else since you will be my queen.

#### GLOUCESTER

*[So only CLARENCE can hear]* He's like a priest who's heard  
her confession and granted absolution.

#### CLARENCE

*[So only GLOUCESTER can hear]* He became like a priest to  
get her to sleep with him.

#### KING EDWARD IV

Brothers, you must be wondering what we've been talking  
about.

#### GLOUCESTER

Whatever it was, the widow doesn't like it. She looks very  
sad.

#### KING EDWARD IV

You would think it's strange if I said I'm going to marry her.

#### CLARENCE

Marry her to whom, my lord?

#### KING EDWARD IV

Well, Clarence, to myself.

#### GLOUCESTER

That would be a wonder  lasting ten days at least.

 4 Richard (Duke of Gloucester) plays  
on the proverb, "A wonder lasts but  
nine days."

#### CLARENCE

That's one day longer than a wonder lasts.

**GLOUCESTER**

By so much is the wonder in extremes.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

135

*Enter a Nobleman*

**NOBLEMAN**

My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

**KING EDWARD IV**

See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
140 To question of his apprehension.  
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER*

**GLOUCESTER**

Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
145 That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me--  
The lustful Edward's title buried--  
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
150 And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
155 And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
160 And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;  
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.  
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweans too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
165 Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
170 O miserable thought! And more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,  
175 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
180 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be beloved?  
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
185 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head  
190 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I,--like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, I meant that it would be extraordinary even for a wonder.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Well, keep joking about it, brothers. I can tell you both that I'll grant her request and return her husband's lands.

*A nobleman enters.*

**NOBLEMAN**

My gracious lord, your enemy Henry was captured and brought as your prisoner to your palace gates.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Make sure that he is taken to the Tower. And let's go, brothers, to the man that captured him, so we can find out how he was taken. Widow, go along, and, lords, treat her well.

*All exit except for GLOUCESTER.*

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, Edward will treat women well. I wish he were consumed with disease, in his bone marrow, bones and everything else, so that he could father no future monarchs who would prevent me from getting the crown myself! And yet, even once Edward's dead, Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, stand in my way of getting the throne too. Not to mention all the as-yet-unborn children they may father, who will take over for them before I can put myself on the throne. Well, this is an unfortunate thing to anticipate if I want to be king! Honestly, I can only dream of being the king, like a man who stands on a cliff, looking at a faraway shore where he wants to walk, wishing that his foot was already in the place he's seeing. He curses the sea that keeps him so far from that land, and says that he'll drain it dry in order to get there. That's how much I want to have the crown, even though it's so far away from me, and so I curse the obstacles that keep me from obtaining it. And so I say that I'll murder those in my way. I am deluding myself with impossibilities. I look too far ahead, my heart presumes too much about what I am capable of, unless my hand and strength could do what my mind and heart imagine. Well, let's say that I'll never be king. What other pleasures can the world offer me? I can enjoy women and wear lavish clothing and seduce sweet ladies with my words and looks. Oh, what a hopeless idea! It's more unlikely than obtaining twenty different kingdoms! After all, love rejected me when I was in my mother's womb. In order that I'd never have anything to do with love, maybe love bribed gullible nature to shrink my arm like it was a decaying bush. What's more, to make a disgusting mountain on my back, which makes everyone see that my body is deformed. Also, to make my legs different sizes and to make me disproportional in all my body parts. I am like a shapeless mass, or like an unformed bear cub before its mother has licked into shape. And with all this, I'm supposed to be a man who's loved? Oh, it's a horrible mistake to even entertain such a thought! Then, since this world doesn't offer me any happiness, apart from ruling, punishing, and dominating those people that have better appearances than I do, I'll make it my heaven on earth to dream about the crown. And, while I live, I will consider this world hell until my misshapen body will be topped by a glorious crown encircling my head. But I still don't know how to get the crown since many people stand between me and my goal. And I'm like someone lost in a thorny forest who pushes the thorns out of the way but is scratched by the thorns at the same time, looking for a path and straying from the path, not knowing how to find the way out, but desperately trying to find it. Just like that, I torment myself about finding a way to seize the English crown. I will free myself from that torment or I'll cut my way through with a bloody axe. After all, I can smile, and murder while I'm

 5 In classical mythology, sirens were mermaid-like creatures who sang sweetly in order to lure sailors to crash their ships on to the rocks.

 6 The basilisk was a mythical snake whose gaze had the power to kill. (You

195

Seeking a way and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,--  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.  
I can add colours to the chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

smiling. I can pretend that I'm happy about that which makes me sad and I can cry fake tears and put on whatever expressions are necessary for any situation. I'll drown more sailors than the sirens <sup>5</sup> did, I'll kill more onlookers than the basilisk <sup>6</sup> did. I'll persuade people with my rhetoric just like Nestor <sup>7</sup> did, and I'll deceive them more cunningly than Ulysses <sup>8</sup> could. And, like Sinon <sup>9</sup>, I will bring down a kingdom just like he brought down Troy. I can show more different colors than a chameleon, and I can change my shape with more variety than Proteus. <sup>10</sup> I can teach the murderous Machiavelli <sup>11</sup> a thing or two. How can I do all of this and fail to win the crown? Hah, even if I was further down the line of succession, I'd still win it.

may likely know the basilisk from Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets!)

<sup>7</sup> Nestor was a famously well-spoken soldier for the Greeks in the mythical Trojan War.

<sup>8</sup> Ulysses (or Odysseus) was the mythical King of Ithaca. He was known for his slyness.

<sup>9</sup> Sinon was a Greek soldier responsible for the fall of Troy in the mythical Trojan War. He delivered a giant wooden horse to the Trojan gates, telling the Trojans that the Greeks had left Troy, but, in fact, the Greek soldiers were hidden inside the horse.

<sup>10</sup> In Greek mythology, Proteus is a shape-shifting sea god.

<sup>11</sup> Niccolò Machiavelli was the author of *The Prince*, a 1513 treatise that advocated using ruthless political deception and cunning in order to gain power.

Exit

GLOUCESTER exits.

## Act 3, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

Flourish. Enter KING LEWIS XI, his sister BONA, his Admiral, called BOURBON, PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and OXFORD. KING LEWIS XI sits, and riseth up again

#### KING LEWIS XI

Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth  
sit.

#### QUEEN MARGARET

No, mighty King of France: now Margaret  
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.

#### KING LEWIS XI

Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

#### QUEEN MARGARET

From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

#### KING LEWIS XI

Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side:

Seats her by him

### Shakescleare Translation

A trumpet fanfare plays. KING LEWIS XI, his sister LADY BONA, his Admiral BOURBON, PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and OXFORD enter. KING LEWIS XI sits and then stands up again.

#### KING LEWIS XI

Fair Queen of England, good Margaret: sit down next to us. It doesn't fit your position and birthright that you should stand up while I sit.

#### QUEEN MARGARET

No, powerful King of France. Margaret must lower herself now and learn for a while to serve where kings rule. Yes, I was, I must confess, England's queen in golden days of the past. But now misfortune has taken my title, and dishonor has forced me to the ground where I must sit. And so I'll just have to adjust to my new lowly situation.

#### KING LEWIS XI

Tell me, fair queen, where does this deep despair come from?

#### QUEEN MARGARET

From a cause that makes me cry when I think about it. It's hard for me to speak about it because I'm filled to the brim with worries.

#### KING LEWIS XI

Whatever it may be, always act like a queen and sit next to me.

KING LEWIS XI sits MARGARET next to him.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Yield not thy neck  
 20 To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
 Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
 It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

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

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.  
 45 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

*Enter WARWICK*

**KING LEWIS XI**

What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

**KING LEWIS XI**

50 Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

*He descends. She ariseth*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
 For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

**WARWICK**

From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
 55 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
 I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,  
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person;  
 And then to crave a league of amity;  
 And lastly, to confirm that amity  
 60 With a nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
 That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,  
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

[*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Don't let fortune run wildly over you, but let your courageous mind still triumph over the bad things that happen. Be straightforward, Queen Margaret, and tell me about your grief. It shall be made easier to bear if the King of France can offer some help.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Those gracious words lift my spirits and make it possible for me to speak my silent sorrows. Now, then, let it be known to noble Lewis that Henry, the only one that has my love, is no longer a king but a banished man and is forced to live as an outcast in Scotland. Meanwhile, arrogant, ambitious Edward, Duke of York has stolen his title and has usurped the throne of England's rightful and lawful king. This is the reason why I, poor Margaret, with my son here, Prince Edward, Henry's heir, have come to ask for your just and fair help. And if you won't help us, all our hope is gone. Scotland wants to help but can't help. Our people and our noble followers are all led astray. Our possessions have been taken, our soldiers forced to flee, and as you can see, we are in a sorrowful situation ourselves.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Famous queen, calm your grief with patience, while I think of a way to end your sadness.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

The longer we wait here, the stronger our enemy grows.

**KING LEWIS XI**

The longer I pause, the more I can help you.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Oh, but impatience is part of real sorrow. And look, here comes the creator of all my sorrow!

*WARWICK enters.*

**KING LEWIS XI**

Who is it that comes in such a bold way into the kingly presence?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's best friend.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings you to France?

*KING LEWIS XI steps down from the throne. MARGARET stands up.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Yes, now a second storm begins to rise, since this is the man who is so powerful that he can move both the wind and the tide.

**WARWICK**

I come from the great Edward, King of England, my lord and ruler, and your sworn friend. I come in kindness and genuine love. First, I want to greet your royal highness. Then, I want to ask to form an alliance of friendship. Lastly, I want to confirm that friendship with a marriage contract, if you agree to give your sister-in-law, the virtuous Lady Bona, to the King of England as his wife.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

[*To herself*]

**WARWICK**

[*To BONA*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,  
 65 I am commanded, with your leave and favour,  
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue  
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;  
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,  
 Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

70 King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,  
 Before you answer Warwick. His demand  
 Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,  
 But from deceit bred by necessity;  
 For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
 75 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
 To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,  
 That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,  
 Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.  
 Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and  
 80 marriage  
 Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;  
 For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
 Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

**WARWICK**

Injurious Margaret!

**PRINCE EDWARD**

85 And why not queen?

**WARWICK**

Because thy father Henry did usurp;  
 And thou no more are prince than she is queen.

**OXFORD**

Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,  
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
 90 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,  
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,  
 Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

**WARWICK**

95 Oxford, how hap'st it, in this smooth discourse,  
 You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost  
 All that which Henry Fifth had gotten?  
 Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.  
 But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
 100 Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

**OXFORD**

Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,  
 Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,  
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

**WARWICK**

105 Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
 For shame! Leave Henry, and call Edward king.

**OXFORD**

Call him my king by whose injurious doom  
 My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,  
 110 Was done to death? And more than so, my father,  
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
 When nature brought him to the door of death?  
 No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

If that happens, there is no hope for Henry left.

**WARWICK**

[*To LADY BONA*]

And, gracious madam, in the name of our king, I am ordered, if you'll let me, to kiss your hand and speak to you about the passion of my king's heart. Recently, reports of you that were brought to him have created an image of your beauty and your virtue in that very heart.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

King Lewis and Lady Bona, listen to what I have to say before you give an answer to Warwick. His request doesn't come from Edward's honest love. He's just trying to trick you because they have no other choice. How can usurpers safely rule at home unless they make a great alliance abroad? I can prove that he's a usurper simply by one reason: Henry still lives. But, even if he were dead, here stands Prince Edward, King Henry's son. Beware, Lewis, that you won't endanger and dishonor yourself by this union and marriage. Even though usurpers may be in power for a while, the heavens are fair, and wrongdoers will be punished in time.

**WARWICK**

Offensive Margaret!

**PRINCE EDWARD**

And why not "queen"?

**WARWICK**

Because your father Henry usurped the throne, so you are no more a prince than she is a queen.

**OXFORD**

Then, Warwick, you ignore the great John of Gaunt, who conquered a big part of Spain. After John of Gaunt came Henry the Fourth, who was as wise as the wisest man there is. And, after that wise prince, there was Henry V, who conquered all of France by his power. And these are the kings from whom our Henry descends.

**WARWICK**

Oxford, how does it happen, in this smooth-talking story, you didn't mention how Henry the Sixth lost everything that Henry the Fifth had won? I think that these noblemen of France would find that amusing. But, as for all the rest, you recount a family tree of sixty-two years, which is not much time to make a long-term claim for a kingdom.

**OXFORD**

Can you speak against your king, Warwick—a king you obeyed for thirty-six years—and not betray your treason by blushing?

**WARWICK**

Can Oxford, who always fought for justice, now hide lies behind a family tree? Shame on you! Get over Henry and accept Edward as king.

**OXFORD**

Accept him as my king? The man who wrongfully sentenced my older brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere, to death? And, besides that, sentenced my father to death even though he was nearing the end of his life anyway and was declining towards death already? No, Warwick, no. As long as I'm alive, I'll defend the house of Lancaster.

**WARWICK**

115 And I the house of York.

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

*They stand aloof*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

120 Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

**WARWICK**

Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

**KING LEWIS XI**

125 But is he gracious in the people's eye?

**WARWICK**

The more that Henry was unfortunate.

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

**WARWICK**

130 Such it seems  
As may be seem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say and swear  
That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
135 The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

**BONA**

Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:

*[to WARWICK]*

Yet I confess that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

**KING LEWIS XI**

140 Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;  
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.  
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness  
145 That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

To Edward, but not to the English king.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Deceitful Warwick! It was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit:  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

**WARWICK**

And I will defend the house of York.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Queen Margaret, Prince Edward and Oxford. If you don't  
mind, at my request, to stand aside while I talk further with  
Warwick.

*QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, and OXFORD stand to  
one side together.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

God forbid that Warwick's words charm him!

**KING LEWIS XI**

Warwick, tell me now, deep in your heart, is Edward your  
true king? Because I would hate to join with one who was  
not rightfully chosen.

**WARWICK**

I swear it on my reputation and my honor.

**KING LEWIS XI**

But is he popular with the people?

**WARWICK**

He is, especially because Henry was so unpopular.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Then, also, just speaking honestly, tell me truthfully how  
much he really loves my sister-in-law Lady Bona.

**WARWICK**

He loves her as much as it suits a king like himself. I have  
often heard him speak and swear that his love was like a  
plant that will never die. It will never die because the root is  
buried in the field of virtue and the sun of beauty shines  
upon the leaves and the fruit. His love is free from jealousy  
but not from the possibility of being hurt by Lady Bona's  
scorn, unless she should end his pain by returning his love.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Sister, we want to hear your decision now.

**BONA**

Whether you agree to this, or refuse it, I'll go along with  
whatever you say.

*[To WARWICK]*

But I confess that often before today, whenever I heard your  
king's virtue being talked about, I was tempted to desire  
him.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Then, Warwick, here's my decision: my sister-in-law will be  
Edward's wife. Now conditions must be drawn up to  
determine what your king must give us as part of the  
marriage settlement. Her dowry shall be equal to whatever  
he pays us. Come close, Queen Margaret, and act as a  
witness to the agreement that Lady Bona shall become the  
wife of the English king.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

A wife to Edward but not to the English king.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

You deceitful Warwick! It was your plan to nullify my plea to  
King Lewis with this marriage alliance. Lewis was Henry's  
friend before you came here.

**KING LEWIS XI**

150 And still is friend to him and Margaret;  
But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 'tis but reason that I be released  
From giving aid which late I promised.  
155 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

**WARWICK**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

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

*Post blows a horn within*

**KING LEWIS XI**

Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

*Enter a Post*

**POST**

170 [To WARWICK] My lord ambassador, these letters are for  
you,  
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague.

*To KING LEWIS XI*

**POST**

These from our king unto your majesty.

*To QUEEN MARGARET*

**POST**

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

175

*They all read their letters*

**OXFORD**

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

**PRINCE EDWARD**

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

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.

**WARWICK**

Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

**KING LEWIS XI**

What! Has your king married the Lady Grey!  
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,  
185 Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?  
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?  
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

**KING LEWIS XI**

And he is still a friend to Henry and Margaret. But if your claim to the throne is weak, as it seems to be judging from Edward's success, then it makes sense that I shouldn't have to give the help that I had recently promised. Yet you will have all the kindness you deserve from me, whatever kindness is appropriate for your position and whatever kindness I'm able to give.

**WARWICK**

Henry now lives in Scotland peacefully, and since he has nothing there, he has nothing to lose. And as for you, our former queen, you have a father that is able to take care of you and it would be better if you went over to him and troubled him than troubled the King of France.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Shut up, you insolent, shameless Warwick, be quiet, proud man who establishes and removes kings! I won't leave this place until with my words and tears, both of which are real, I make King Lewis recognize your cunning trickery and the falseness of your lord's love for Lady Bona. Both you and the king are made of the same stuff.

*A messenger blows a horn offstage.*

**KING LEWIS XI**

Warwick, there is some letter for us or for you.

*A messenger enters.*

**MESSENGER**

[To WARWICK] My lord ambassador, these letters are for  
you. They are from your brother, Marquess Montague.

*The messenger addresses KING LEWIS XI.*

**MESSENGER**

These are from our king to your king.

*The messenger addresses QUEEN MARGARET.*

**MESSENGER**

And madam, these are for you. I don't know who sent them.

*They all read their letters.*

**OXFORD**

I like that our queen is smiling at the news she's received  
while Warwick is frowning at the news he's received.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

No, look at how Lewis stamps his foot, as if he was irritated  
by something. I hope all's going to turn out well.

**KING LEWIS XI**

What is your news, Warwick? And yours, fair queen?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Mine fill my heart with happiness I did not hope for.

**WARWICK**

Mine is full of sorrow and makes my heart heavy.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Madness! Has your king married the Lady Grey? And now, to smooth over your lies and his lies, he sends me a note to tell me to be calm? Is this the alliance that he wants to make with France? How can he dare to insult us in this way?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

I told your majesty as much before:  
This provereth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

**WARWICK**

- 190 King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,  
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,  
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,  
No more my king, for he dishonours me,  
But most himself, if he could see his shame.  
195 Did I forget that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
Did I put Henry from his native right?  
200 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?  
Shame on himself! For my desert is honour:  
And to repair my honour lost for him,  
I here renounce him and return to Henry.  
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,  
205 And henceforth I am thy true servitor:  
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,  
And replant Henry in his former state.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

- Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;  
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,  
210 And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

**WARWICK**

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

**BONA**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,  
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

**BONA**

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

**WARWICK**

And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

- 230 Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

**KING LEWIS XI**

Then, England's messenger, return in post,  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
To revel it with him and his new bride:  
235 Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

I warned your majesty about this before. It proves the falseness of Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

**WARWICK**

King Lewis, I swear, in front of heaven, and by the hope that I have of going to heaven, that I am innocent when it comes to Edward's crime. He is no longer my king because he dishonors me but he dishonors himself more, if he could only see how ashamed he should be. Did I forget that my father died prematurely because of the house of York? Did I forget about what Edward tried to do to my niece <sup>1</sup>? Did I put the royal crown on his head? Did I tear Henry off his rightful throne? And am I ultimately rewarded with shame? Shame on him! I wanted to follow an honorable king. And to repair my honor that I lost because of him, I will abandon him and return to Henry's service.

(to QUEEN MARGARET)

My noble queen, let us forget our old disagreements, and let me be your true servant from now on. I will revenge the harm he did to Lady Bona and I will put Henry back on the throne.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Warwick, your words have turned my hate to love. I forgive and completely forget your old mistakes, and I am happy that you have returned to be King Henry's friend.

**WARWICK**

Yes, I am so much his friend, his genuine friend, that, if King Lewis will be willing to send us with some troops of selected soldiers, I'll take them to our coast and try to force the tyrant out of his throne through war. His new bride won't be able to help him. And, when it comes to Clarence, my letters tell me that he's very likely to abandon him, because he married Lady Gray for lust and for honor or the strength and safety of our country.

**BONA**

Dear brother, how else can I be revenged except by your helping this distressed queen?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Famous prince, how can poor Henry live if you don't save him from his miserable situation?

**BONA**

My argument and the English queen's argument are one and the same.

**WARWICK**

And my argument, fair Lady Bona, is the same as yours too.

**KING LEWIS XI**

And mine is the same as hers and yours and Margaret's. And so I have definitely decided to offer you help.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Let me thank you for all you'll do for us at once.

**KING LEWIS XI**

[To the messenger]

Then return quickly, English messenger, and tell false Edward, your so-called king, that Lewis of France is sending over performers to stage a masque <sup>2</sup> and celebrate with him and his new bride. You see what's happened here so now go frighten your king with the news.

<sup>1</sup> The "abuse" done to Warwick's niece is recorded in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, one of Shakespeare's key sources for his history plays. Edward had tried to sleep with the daughter or niece of Warwick.

**BONA**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

**WARWICK**

240 Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.  
There's thy reward: be gone.

*Exit Post*

**KING LEWIS XI**

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

**WARWICK**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

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

**PRINCE EDWARD**

260 Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

*He gives his hand to WARWICK*

**KING LEWIS XI**

Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,  
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,  
265 Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.  
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,  
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

*Exeunt all but WARWICK*

**WARWICK**

I came from Edward as ambassador,  
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:  
270 Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,  
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

*to celebrate royal and aristocratic marriages. King Lewis' "masquers" are, of course, his soldiers; he speaks sarcastically.*

**BONA**

*[To the messenger]*

Tell him I'll wear a willow garland, the sign of a lover who's  
been thrown aside, in hopes that he'll soon be widowed.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

*[To the messenger]*

Tell him that my mourning clothes have been cast aside  
and I am ready to put on my armor.

**WARWICK**

*[To the messenger]*

Tell him from me that he has wronged me and that's why I'll  
take away his crown before too long. There's your  
payment. Go!

*The messenger exits.*

**KING LEWIS XI**

Warwick, you and Oxford will cross the sea with five  
thousand men and challenge the false Edward to fight. And,  
when it makes sense, this noble queen and prince will  
follow with more reinforcements. But, before you go,  
answer one question: how can we be sure of your  
unwavering loyalty?

**WARWICK**

This will prove my eternal loyalty: if our queen and this  
young prince agree, I joyfully offer my eldest daughter to  
the prince for holy marriage.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Yes, I agree and I thank you for that suggestion. Edward, my  
son, she is beautiful and virtuous. Therefore, don't hesitate,  
and give your hand to Warwick. Clasping hands, swear that  
you'll be constant forever and you'll be faithful to Warwick's  
daughter.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Yes, I accept her because she deserves it. And here, as part  
of my vow, I give you my hand.

*PRINCE EDWARD shakes hands with WARWICK.*

**KING LEWIS XI**

What are we waiting for? These soldiers will be recruited,  
and you, Lord Bourbon, our High Admiral, shall convey  
them over the sea with our royal navy. I can't wait until  
Edward falls to bad fortune in this war as punishment for  
toying with marriage with a French lady.

*All exit except for WARWICK.*

**WARWICK**

I came as an ambassador from Edward, but I return as his  
sworn and deadly enemy. He told me to take care of his  
marriage, but he'll have war instead. Didn't he have  
someone other than me to make into a laughingstock? Well,  
then no one but me will turn his joke into sorrow. I was the  
most effective in raising him up to get the crown and I'll be

275 I was the chief that raised him to the crown,  
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:  
Not that I pity Henry's misery,  
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

*Exit*

the most effective in bringing him down again. I don't particularly feel bad for Henry's misery, but I must seek revenge for Edward's mockery of me.

*WARWICK exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE*

#### GLOUCESTER

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

#### CLARENCE

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

#### SOMERSET

My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

#### GLOUCESTER

And his well-chosen bride.

#### CLARENCE

I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV, attended; QUEEN ELIZABETH, PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others*

#### KING EDWARD IV

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

#### CLARENCE

As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,  
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment  
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

#### KING EDWARD IV

15 Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

#### GLOUCESTER

And shall have your will, because our king:  
Yet hasty marriage seldom progetteth well.

#### KING EDWARD IV

20 Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

#### GLOUCESTER

Not I:  
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

### Shakescleare Translation

*GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE enter.*

#### GLOUCESTER

Now tell me, brother Clarence, what do you think of this new marriage between Edward and Lady Grey? Don't you think our brother chose well?

#### CLARENCE

Alas, you know, it is far from here to France. I guess he just couldn't possibly have waited to get married until Warwick returned.

1 Clarence's speech drips with sarcasm as does his response to King Edward a few lines later.

#### SOMERSET

Don't talk about this now, my lords. Here comes the king.

#### GLOUCESTER

And his well-chosen bride.

#### CLARENCE

I intend to tell him simply what I think of this.

*A trumpet fanfare plays. KING EDWARD IV, enters, accompanied by his servants, along with QUEEN ELIZABETH (formerly LADY GRAY), PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.*

#### KING EDWARD IV

Clarence, brother, now how do you like our choice, since you're standing there looking so thoughtful as if you were partly dissatisfied?

#### CLARENCE

I like it as well as King Lewis of France or the Earl of Warwick, who have such little courage or sense that they surely won't be offended by this insult to them.

#### KING EDWARD IV

Maybe they are insulted without a reason. They are only Lewis and Warwick, after all. I am Edward, your king and Warwick's king, too. And my wishes must be fulfilled.

#### GLOUCESTER

And you will have your wishes fulfilled because you're the king. Still, quick marriages rarely turn out well.

#### KING EDWARD IV

Okay, Richard, my brother. Are you insulted too?

#### GLOUCESTER

Not me! No, God forbid that I would want two lovebirds joined by God to be separated. Yes, and it would be a shame to break apart a pair that goes together so well.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey  
Should not become my wife and England's queen.  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

**CLARENCE**

Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

**GLOUCESTER**

And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

**KING EDWARD IV**

What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased  
By such invention as I can devise?

**MONTAGUE**

Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance  
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

**HASTINGS**

Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?

**MONTAGUE**

But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

**HASTINGS**

'Tis better using France than trusting France:  
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas  
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

**CLARENCE**

For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,  
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride;  
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

**CLARENCE**

Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Alas, poor Clarence! Is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

**CLARENCE**

In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,  
Which being shallow, you give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Putting your mockery and your displeasure on one side for  
a moment, tell me any reason why the Lady Grey shouldn't  
become my wife and Queen of England. And you too,  
Somerset and Montague, tell me freely what you think.

**CLARENCE**

Then this is my opinion: King Lewis will become your  
enemy because you humiliated him by not marrying Lady  
Bona.

**GLOUCESTER**

And Warwick, who was only doing what you told him to do,  
now feels dishonored by this new marriage.

**KING EDWARD IV**

What if both Lewis and Warwick could be calmed down by a  
plan that I come up with?

**MONTAGUE**

Yet, if we had joined with France in this alliance, it would  
have strengthened our kingdom against foreign enemies  
more than any marriage made at home could do.

**HASTINGS**

Yes, but doesn't you know, Montague, that England can be  
safe alone if it stays purely English?

**MONTAGUE**

But it is safer when it is supported by France.

**HASTINGS**

It's better to use France than to trust France. Let us be  
supported by God and by the seas around us which he has  
given us as a strong defense. With that help alone we can  
defend ourselves. Our safety relies on that help and in  
ourselves.

**CLARENCE**

Lord Hastings really deserves to marry a wealthy  
noblewoman just for that speech alone.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Oh, why do you bring that up? It was what I wanted and  
commanded, and what I say in this case is the law.

**GLOUCESTER**

But I think that your grace hasn't done very well in this case  
to marry the heir and daughter of Lord Scales to your loving  
bride's brother. She would have been a better fit for me or  
Clarence. But you abandon your brothers for your wife.

**CLARENCE**

Or otherwise you wouldn't have betrothed the daughter of  
Lord Bonville to your new stepson, leaving your brothers to  
try their luck elsewhere.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Ah, poor Clarence! Are you dissatisfied because you want a  
wife so badly? I will get you one.

**CLARENCE**

You showed us your judgment in choosing wives when you  
chose one for yourself. And since that judgment was  
unimpressive, I'm going to ahead and play matchmaker for  
myself. And in order to do that, I'm planning to leave you  
shortly.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

My lords, before it pleased his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
70 Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent;  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,  
75 Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

[Aside] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.  
85

*Enter a Post*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now, messenger, what letters or what news  
From France?

**POST**

My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
90 Dare not relate.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.  
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

**POST**

At my depart, these were his very words:  
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers  
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**POST**

100 These were her words, utter'd with mad disdain:  
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,  
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**POST**

'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.'

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**KING EDWARD IV**

Leave me or stay, but I will still be king, and won't be tied to  
my brother's wishes.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

My lords, even before his majesty decided to raise me up to  
be the queen, you'd do right by me to admit that I already  
was from a noble family. Those of worse-born families have  
had my luck before me. But just as this title honors me and  
my family, your disapproval distracts me from my joy with  
thoughts of danger and sorrow because I want to please  
you.

**KING EDWARD IV**

My love, keep showing your affection for them even when  
they're frowning at you. What danger or tragedy can  
happen to you as long as I am loyal to you and serve as  
their ruler whom they must obey? Yes, they will obey me  
and love you, unless they want me to hate them. If they do,  
I'll stay loyal to you and keep you safe and they will  
experience my vengeful wrath.

**GLOUCESTER**

[To himself] I listen, but I don't say much, but I keep  
thinking.

*A messenger enters.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now, messenger, what letters or news do you bring from  
France?

**MESSENGER**

My royal lord, I bring no letters. I don't have many words  
either, but I don't dare to say them without your special  
permission.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Go on, I give you permission. So, tell me quickly the words  
as closely as you can remember them. How does King Lewis  
respond to my letters?

**MESSENGER**

When I was leaving, these were his exact words: "Go tell the  
false Edward, your so-called king, that Lewis of France is  
sending over masque performers to celebrate with him and  
his new bride."

**KING EDWARD IV**

Is Lewis so boldly rude? Maybe he thinks I'm like Henry. But  
what did Lady Bona say about my marriage?

**MESSENGER**

These were her words, spoken with mad anger: "Tell him I'll  
wear a willow garland, the sign of a lover who's been  
thrown aside, in hopes that he'll soon be widowed."

**KING EDWARD IV**

I don't blame her because she couldn't say anything  
different. She was wronged. But what did Henry's queen  
say? Because I heard that she was there too.

**MESSENGER**

"Tell him," she said, "that my mourning clothes have been  
cast aside and I am ready to put on my armor."

**KING EDWARD IV**

Maybe she intends to act like a wild Amazon warrior. What  
did Warwick say about these insults?

**POST**

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

**KING EDWARD IV**

Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
115 Well I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.  
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

**POST**

Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in  
friendship  
120 That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

**CLARENCE**

Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.  
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
125 I may not prove inferior to yourself.  
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows*

**GLOUCESTER**

[Aside] Not I:  
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I  
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

**KING EDWARD IV**

130 Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf  
135 Go levy men, and make prepare for war;  
They are already, or quickly will be landed:  
Myself in person will straight follow you.

*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD*

**KING EDWARD IV**

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:  
140 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?  
If it be so, then both depart to him;  
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:  
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,  
145 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

**MONTAGUE**

So God help Montague as he proves true!

**HASTINGS**

And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

**GLOUCESTER**

Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

**MESSENGER**

He was more furious at your majesty than anyone else, and he dismissed me with these words: "Tell him from me that he has wronged me and that's why I'll take away his crown before too long."

**KING EDWARD IV**

Ha! Did the traitor speak these proud words? Well, I will put armor on since I've been warned. They shall have wars and pay for their boldness. But, tell me, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

**POST**

Yes, gracious lord, they are such close friends that the young Prince Edward will marry Warwick's daughter.

**CLARENCE**

[To himself] Probably the older daughter. I will have the younger one.

[To KING EDWARD]

Now, I say goodbye, my kingly brother. And hold on to your throne because I will go to Warwick's other daughter. Even though I don't have a kingdom, I may not out to be less important than you, at least based on who we both marry. Whoever supports me and Warwick, come with me.

*CLARENCE exits and SOMERSET follows after.*

**GLOUCESTER**

[To himself] I won't be going with you. My thoughts are focused on something else entirely. I don't stay here for because I love Edward but because I want the crown.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Clarence and Somerset have both gone to Warwick! But I am prepared for the worst that can happen and moving quickly is necessary in this extreme situation. Pembroke and Stafford, go and gather men in my name, and prepare for war. They have already landed or they will be landing soon. I will follow you straight away myself.

*PEMBROKE and STAFFORD exit.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

But, before I go, Hastings and Montague, clear up something for me. Of all of them, you two are closest to Warwick by blood and friendship. Tell me, do you love Warwick more than you love me? If that's the case, then you can both leave to go to him. I would rather have you as enemies than insincere friends. But if you want to be truly obedient to me, give me your word with a friendly promise so that I never need to suspect you of treachery.

**MONTAGUE**

God help me while I prove my loyalty!

**HASTINGS**

And God help me while I fight for Edward!

**KING EDWARD IV**

Richard, my brother, will you stand with me?

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, I'll stand with you against your enemies .

 Richard (Gloucester) puns on "withstand": his brother thinks he's pledging his loyalty, but, in fact, the audience knows that Richard is plotting against King Edward and he

*secretly means "withstand you" in the sense of "put up with you."*

**KING EDWARD IV**

150 Why, so! Then am I sure of victory.  
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,  
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

*Exeunt*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Well, there you go! Then I am sure I'll win. Now let us go from here and let's not lose time until we find Warwick with his foreign army.

*All exit.*

**Act 4, Scene 2****Shakespeare**

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French soldiers*

**WARWICK**

Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET*

**WARWICK**

5 But see where Somerset and Clarence come!  
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

**CLARENCE**

Fear not that, my lord.

**WARWICK**

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;  
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice  
10 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;  
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,  
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be  
15 thine.  
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,  
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
20 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?  
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:  
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede  
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,  
25 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard  
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but only to surprise him.  
You that will follow me to this attempt,  
30 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

*They all cry, 'Henry!'*

**WARWICK**

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

*Exeunt*

**Shakescleare Translation**

*WARWICK and OXFORD enter, with French soldiers.*

**WARWICK**

Trust me, my lord. Everything has gone well so far. The commoners rush to support us in huge number.

*CLARENCE and SOMERSET enter.*

**WARWICK**

But look at Somerset and Clarence coming! Tell us immediately, my lords—are we all friends?

**CLARENCE**

Don't be worried about that, my lord.

**WARWICK**

Then, kind Clarence, welcome to Warwick, and you too, Somerset. I think it's cowardly not to trust a noble man who has pledged his love and loyalty to you and shaken hands on it. Otherwise, I might think that Edward's brother Clarence was only pretending to be friendly to our side of the battle. But you are welcome, sweet Clarence and my daughter will be yours. And now what's left for us to do but attack by cover of darkness? Since your brother's camp is not well set up, and he just has a low-key guard while his soldiers are wandering about the town, we can surprise him and capture him whenever we feel like it. Our spies have found sneaking into Edward's camp easy. We'll be just like Ulysses and the bold Diomedes in the Trojan War who snuck into Rhesus' tents with macho cunning, and stole the deadly Thracian horses. Just like that, covered with the dark cape of night, we'll catch them unawares, knock out Edward's guard, and capture him. I don't say "kill him" because I only want to capture him. Anyone who wants to attempt this with me, shout the name of Henry with your leader.

*They all shout "Henry!"*

**WARWICK**

Well, then, let's go in a silent manner. For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

*All exit.*

**Act 4, Scene 3****Shakespeare****Shakescleare Translation**

*Enter three Watchmen, to guard KING EDWARD IV's tent*

**FIRST WATCHMAN**

Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:  
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

**SECOND WATCHMAN**

What, will he not to bed?

**FIRST WATCHMAN**

Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow  
Never to lie and take his natural rest  
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

**SECOND WATCHMAN**

To-morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.

**THIRD WATCHMAN**

But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

**FIRST WATCHMAN**

'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

**THIRD WATCHMAN**

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

**SECOND WATCHMAN**

15 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

**THIRD WATCHMAN**

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

**FIRST WATCHMAN**

20 Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

**SECOND WATCHMAN**

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

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French soldiers, silent all*

**WARWICK**

This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.  
25 Courage, my masters! Honour now or never!  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

**FIRST WATCHMAN**

Who goes there?

**SECOND WATCHMAN**

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, reenter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing KING EDWARD IV out in his gown, sitting in a chair. RICHARD and HASTINGS fly over the stage*

**SOMERSET**

30 What are they that fly there?

*Three guards enter to watch KING EDWARD IV's tent.*

**FIRST GUARD**

Come on, gentlemen, take your positions, everyone. The king has fallen asleep in his chair by now.

**SECOND GUARD**

What, he's not sleeping in his bed?

**FIRST GUARD**

No, he's not, because he made a solemn vow never to lie down and sleep normally until either Warwick or himself has been conquered.

**SECOND GUARD**

Maybe tomorrow will be the day, if Warwick is as close as men report.

**THIRD GUARD**

But, tell me, who is the nobleman who is resting with the king here in his tent?

**FIRST GUARD**

It's Lord Hastings, the king's best friend.

**THIRD GUARD**

Oh, is that true? But why does the king order his closest followers to stay in towns around him while he himself sleeps on the cold ground?

**SECOND GUARD**

It's more honorable because it's more dangerous.

**THIRD GUARD**

Yes, but I'd rather have dignity and peace. I prefer that to receiving a dangerous honor. If Warwick knew what condition the king is in, I fear he would wake him up and kill him.

**FIRST GUARD**

Unless our weapons could prevent him from entering.

**SECOND GUARD**

Yes, why else would we guard his royal tent but to defend him from enemies in the night?

*WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French soldiers silently enter.*

**WARWICK**

This is his tent. Look at his guards standing there. Take courage, my men! Gain honor now or never! Follow me and Edward will be captured by us.

**FIRST GUARD**

Who's there?

**SECOND GUARD**

Stop, or you'll die!

*WARWICK and the others cry, "Warwick! Warwick!" and attack the guards, who run away shouting, "Arm yourselves!" WARWICK and the others follow them.*

*While drums and trumpets are played, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest re-enter, bringing KING EDWARD IV outside in his dressing gown, sitting in a chair. RICHARD and HASTINGS run across the stage.*

**SOMERSET**

Who is it running around here?

**WARWICK**

Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is The duke.

**KING EDWARD IV**

The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,  
Thou call'dst me king.

**WARWICK**

Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
When you disgraced me in my embassade,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you Duke of York.  
Alas! How should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one wife,  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

**KING EDWARD IV**

Yea, brother of Clarence, are thou here too?  
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

**WARWICK**

Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

*Takes off his crown*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.  
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.  
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

*They lead him out forcibly*

**KING EDWARD IV**

What fates impose, that men must abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Exit, guarded*

**OXFORD**

What now remains, my lords, for us to do  
But march to London with our soldiers?

**WARWICK**

Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;  
To free King Henry from imprisonment  
And see him seated in the regal throne.

70

*Exeunt*

**WARWICK**

Richard and Hastings, let them be. We have the duke.

**KING EDWARD IV**

The duke! Warwick, when we said goodbye, you called me  
king.

**WARWICK**

Yes, but now the circumstances are different. When you  
shamed me in my ambassadorial mission, then I said you  
were no king of mine and now I've come to demote you to  
Duke of York. Alas, how could you rule over any kingdom  
when you don't know how to treat ambassadors? Or how to  
be happy with one wife? Or how to treat your brothers with  
like brothers? Or how to work for people's well-being? or  
how to protect yourself from enemies?

**KING EDWARD IV**

Oh, my brother Clarence are you also here? Well, then I see  
that my kingship must end. Yet, Warwick, despite the  
mistrust I've received from you and all your  
accomplices, I'll always carry myself like a king. Even  
though my bad fortune has dethroned me, I'm thinking  
about things above and beyond what fortune has in store  
for me.

**WARWICK**

Then you can stay the King of England in your thoughts.

*WARWICK takes off KING EDWARD IV's crown.*

But Henry shall now wear the English crown and be the true  
king while you'll be only a shadow of a king. Lord of  
Somerset, I'm requesting that you make sure that Duke  
Edward here is taken immediately to my brother, the  
Archbishop of York. After I have fought with Pembroke and  
his followers, I'll follow you and tell you what message  
Lewis and Lady Bona have for Edward. Goodbye for a while  
now, good Duke of York.

*They lead KING EDWARD IV out by force.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

What fate prepares for you, men must endure. It is useless  
to resist fate.

*KING EDWARD IV exits, guarded.*

**OXFORD**

What else do we have left to do, my lords, but to march to  
London with our soldiers?

**WARWICK**

Yes, that's the first thing we have to do in order to rescue  
King Henry from imprisonment and put him back on the  
throne.

*All exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS*

### Shakescleare Translation

*QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS enter.*

**RIVERS**

Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Why brother Rivers, are you yet to learn  
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

**RIVERS**

What! Loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

5 No, but the loss of his own royal person.

**RIVERS**

Then is my sovereign slain?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,  
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard  
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:  
10 And, as I further have to understand,  
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,  
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

**RIVERS**

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

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

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

**RIVERS**

25 But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

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

*Exeunt*

**RIVERS**

Madam, what's caused your sudden change of mood?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Rivers, my brother, haven't you heard about the recent catastrophe that has happened to King Edward?

**RIVERS**

What happened? Did he lose some battle against Warwick?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

No, but he's lost his power.

**RIVERS**

You mean my king's been killed?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Yes, almost killed, since he has been captured and taken prisoner. He was either betrayed by the treachery of his guards or else his enemy ambushed him unexpectedly. And, as I also understand, he is now in the custody of the Archbishop of York, cruel Warwick's brother and, therefore, our enemy.

**RIVERS**

I must admit this is miserable news. Yet, dear lady, deal with your grief as best you can. Warwick may still lose the war even though he won the battle.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Until then, I'll hold on to hope to delay my life falling apart. And I especially want to avoid despair because I so love Edward's child that's growing inside of me. This is what makes me hold back my emotions and bear my bad luck calmly. Yes, yes, it's because of this that I will prevent myself again and again from crying a lot and I'll stop myself from sighing too. I'm afraid my sighs and tears could blow away or drown King Edward's unborn baby, the true heir to the English crown.

**RIVERS**

But, madam, where has Warwick now gone?

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

I was told that he is coming to London to crown Henry as king again. You can guess the rest. King Edward's friends must be defeated. But, to avoid the tyrant Edward's violence—because you should never trust someone who has once already broken a vow—I'll hide in safety, to protect Edward's rightful heir at least. In a safe place, I can rest easy and not have to worry about violence or treachery. Come, then, and let us flee while we still can. If Warwick captures us, we will surely die.

*All exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and STANLEY

**GLOUCESTER**

Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,  
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,  
5 Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

### Shakescleare Translation

GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and STANLEY enter, with soldiers.

**GLOUCESTER**

Now, Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley, stop wondering why I brought you here, into the densest part of the hunting woods. Here's the situation: you know that our king, my brother, is a prisoner to the archbishop here. At his hands, he has been treated well and has been given quite a lot of

He hath good usage and great liberty,  
And, often but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertised him by secret means  
10 That if about this hour he make his way  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends with horse and men  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter KING EDWARD IV and a Huntsman with him*

**HUNTSMAN**

This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

**KING EDWARD IV**

15 Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.  
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the  
rest,  
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

**GLOUCESTER**

Brother, the time and case requireth haste:  
20 Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But whither shall we then?

**HASTINGS**

To Lynn, my lord,  
And ship from thence to Flanders.

**GLOUCESTER**

Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

**KING EDWARD IV**

25 Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

**GLOUCESTER**

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

**KING EDWARD IV**

Huntsman, what say'st thou? Wilt thou go along?

**HUNTSMAN**

Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

**GLOUCESTER**

Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

**KING EDWARD IV**

30 Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;  
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

*Exeunt*

freedom. And, only accompanied by weak guards, he often comes hunting this way to entertain himself. I have told him secretly that if he came this way right about now, under the pretext of his usual hunting, he would find his friends here with horses and men that will rescue him from his prison.

*KING EDWARD IV enters with a huntsman.*

**HUNTSMAN**

This way, my lord. The prey is over this way.

**KING EDWARD IV**

No, this way, man. Can you see where the huntsmen stand?  
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings and everyone  
else, are you hiding yourself like this so you can steal the  
bishop's deer?

**GLOUCESTER**

Brother, the time and circumstance presses us to do this  
quickly. Your horse is here, ready at the corner of the  
grounds.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But where shall we go from here?

**HASTINGS**

To Lynn, my lord, and then take a ship to Flanders from  
there.

**GLOUCESTER**

*[To himself]*

Good plan! That was exactly what I was planning to do.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Stanley, I will reward your eagerness.

**GLOUCESTER**

But why are we still here? This is no time to talk!

**KING EDWARD IV**

What do you say, huntsman? Will you go with us?

**HUNTSMAN**

I'd rather go with you than stay behind and be hanged for  
letting you go.

**GLOUCESTER**

Come then, let's go. Let's not waste any more time.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Goodbye archbishop. I hope you'll be protected from  
Warwick's anger. Pray for me to regain the crown.

*All exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 6

### Shakespeare

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY VI, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, HENRY OF RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and Lieutenant of the Tower*

### Shakescleare Translation

*A trumpet fanfare is heard. KING HENRY VI, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, HENRY OF RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and an officer of the Tower of London enter.*

**KING HENRY VI**

Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,  
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

5

**LIEUTENANT**

Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;  
But if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

**KING HENRY VI**

For what, lieutenant? For well using me?  
10 Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;  
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive when after many moody thoughts  
At last by notes of household harmony  
15 They quite forget their loss of liberty.  
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite  
20 By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
25 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

**WARWICK**

Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,  
For few men rightly temper with the stars:  
30 Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,  
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

**CLARENCE**

No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the heavens in thy nativity  
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,  
35 As likely to be blest in peace and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

**WARWICK**

And I choose Clarence only for protector.

**KING HENRY VI**

Warwick and Clarence give me both your hands:  
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
40 That no dissension hinder government:  
I make you both protectors of this land,  
While I myself will lead a private life  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

**WARWICK**

45 What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

**CLARENCE**

That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

**WARWICK**

Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:  
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
50 To Henry's body, and supply his place;  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,

55

**KING HENRY VI**

Officer, now that God and my friends have removed Edward  
from the throne and set me free, turning my fear to hope  
and sorrow into joy, what money do I owe you for the food  
received in prison?

**LIEUTENANT**

Subjects can't require any payment from their kings. But if  
you'll hear my simple prayer, then I'll ask forgiveness from  
your majesty.

**KING HENRY VI**

Forgiveness for what, lieutenant? For treating me well? No,  
you can be sure that I'll repay your kindness, because you  
made my imprisonment almost a pleasure. Yes, the kind of  
pleasure that caged birds begin to experience after many  
melancholy thoughts when, at last, by filling the house with  
song, they completely forget that they are not free. But,  
Warwick, besides God, you were my chief rescuer so I  
particularly thank God and you. He was the creator and you  
carried out his will. I want to avoid fate's hatred of me by  
living humbly so fortune cannot hurt me, and I want to  
ensure that the people of this blessed country won't get  
punished for my bad luck along with me. Therefore,  
Warwick, although I will still wear the crown, I turn over the  
running of the government to you because you are lucky in  
everything you do.

**WARWICK**

Your grace is renowned for being virtuous and now may be  
as clever as he is virtuous, by foreseeing and avoiding the  
hate of fortune. You're clever because only a few men don't  
try to fight their fate. But let me correct your grace in this  
one thing: don't choose me when you have Clarence ready  
to rule.

**CLARENCE**

No, Warwick. You are worthy of the power. At your birth, the  
stars aligned to symbolize an olive branch, a symbol of  
peace, and a laurel crown, a symbol of victory, which meant  
you would be blessed in peace and war alike. That's why I  
grant you my willing consent for you to rule.

**WARWICK**

I think only Clarence should serve as Lord Protector in place  
of the king if the king will not rule.

**KING HENRY VI**

Warwick and Clarence, both of you give me your hands.  
Now join your hands together, and join your hearts together  
with them so that no disagreement may stand in the way of  
your governing. I make you both protectors of this country,  
while I will lead a private life myself and spend my last days  
in prayers, condemning sin and praising God.

**WARWICK**

What does Clarence say to his king's wishes?

**CLARENCE**

That he agrees, if Warwick agrees too, because I rely on  
your decisions.

**WARWICK**

Well, although I am reluctant, I must be happy with it. We'll  
join together, like a double shadow of Henry's body and fill  
his place. I mean fill his place in carrying the weight of the  
government while he enjoys living honorably and at ease.  
And, Clarence, now it is even more necessary that Edward  
quickly should be declared a traitor and all his lands and  
possessions should be confiscated.

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

**CLARENCE**

What else? And that succession be determined.

**WARWICK**

Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

**KING HENRY VI**

But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat, for I command no more,  
60 That Margaret your queen and my son Edward  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

**CLARENCE**

It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

**KING HENRY VI**

65 My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

**SOMERSET**

My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

**KING HENRY VI**

Come hither, England's hope.

*Lays his hand on his head*

70 If secret powers  
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
75 His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself  
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Post*

**WARWICK**

What news, my friend?

**POST**

80 That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

**WARWICK**

Unsavoury news! But how made he escape?

**POST**

He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester  
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him  
85 In secret ambush on the forest side  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

**WARWICK**

My brother was too careless of his charge.  
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
90 A salve for any sore that may betide.

*Exeunt all but SOMERSET, HENRY OF RICHMOND, and OXFORD*

**SOMERSET**

My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;  
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,

**CLARENCE**

Obviously! And the order of succession must be determined.

**WARWICK**

Yes, you'll have be high up on that list, Clarence.

**KING HENRY VI**

For the first of your great tasks, since I have nothing else to command, let me ask that that you send for Queen Margaret and my son Edward to return quickly from France. Until I see them here, my joy at being free won't be complete because of my fears and doubts.

**CLARENCE**

It will be done as swiftly as possible, my king.

**KING HENRY VI**

My Lord Somerset, who is that young man that you seem to care for so much?

**SOMERSET**

My lord, this is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

**KING HENRY VI**

Come forward, hope of England's future.

*KING HENRY VI puts his hand on RICHMOND's head.*

If some secret powers bring any truth to my prophetic thoughts, this handsome boy will be our country's salvation. His looks are full of peace and majesty, his head is shaped by nature to wear a crown, his hand to hold a scepter and he himself is likely to sit in the throne soon enough. Be good to him, my lords, because you'll eventually get more help from him than you've had suffering because of me.

*A messenger enters.*

**WARWICK**

What news do you bring, my friend?

**MESSENGER**

Edward escaped from your brother and ran away to Burgundy, it has been said.

**WARWICK**

Distasteful news! But how did he escape?

**MESSENGER**

He was stolen away secretly by Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lord Hastings, who waited for him in hiding on the edge of the forest. They rescued him from the archbishop's huntsmen. Edward had been hunting daily.

**WARWICK**

My brother the archbishop was too careless with his prisoner. But let us go from here, my king, to provide healing to any injury that may occur.

*All exit separate ways except for SOMERSET, HENRY OF RICHMOND, and OXFORD.*

**SOMERSET**

My lord, I don't like Edward's escaping because Burgundy will definitely offer him help, and we shall have more wars

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

**OXFORD**

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

**SOMERSET**

It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.  
 105 Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

*Exeunt*

before too long. Just as Henry's recent forward-looking prophecy warmed my heart with hope of this young Richmond, so too is my heart worried about what may happen to Richmond in these battles that could hurt both him and ourselves. Therefore, Lord Oxford, to stop the worst from hastening, we'll quickly send him over to Brittany until this civil war is over.

**OXFORD**

Yes, because if Edwards gets the crown back, Richmond and everyone else will fall.

**SOMERSET**

It shall be so, he will go to Brittany. Come, then, let's deal with it quickly.

*All exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 7

### Shakespeare

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and Soldiers*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,  
 Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
 And says that once more I shall interchange  
 My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
 5 Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas  
 And brought desired help from Burgundy:  
 What then remains, we being thus arrived  
 From Ravensburgh haven before the gates of York,  
 But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

**GLOUCESTER**

10 The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;  
 For many men that stumble at the threshold  
 Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Tush, man, abodes must not now affright us:  
 By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
 15 For hither will our friends repair to us.

**HASTINGS**

My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren*

**MAYOR**

My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
 And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;  
 20 For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,  
 Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

**MAYOR**

True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
 25 As being well content with that alone.

### Shakescleare Translation

*A trumpet fanfare plays. KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and soldiers enter.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now brother Richard, Lord Hastings and all of you: up until these gates, fortune has been repaying what it took from me. I believe the fates will allow me to trade in my diminished position for Henry's kingly crown. We've gone back and forth over the seas and brought the help we wanted from Burgundy. Now that we've traveled from Ravensburgh haven and arrived in front of the gates of York, what is there to do besides enter our dukedom of York?

**GLOUCESTER**

The gates are tightly secured. I don't like this, brother. If you stumble over the threshold of a door, it's usually an omen that there's danger lurking inside.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Oh, come on, man! Omens won't scare us. We must get in by hook or by crook because our friends will rejoin us here when we're inside.

**HASTINGS**

My lord, I'll knock one more time to call them.

*The MAYOR OF YORK enters above, on the town walls overlooking the gate, with other officials from York.*

**MAYOR**

My lords, we were warned about you coming here, and we closed the gates to protect ourselves. Now we are loyal to Henry.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But, mayor, if Henry is your king, then I, Edward, am still at least the Duke of York.

**MAYOR**

True, my good lord. I know that to be your title.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Well, I'm insisting on nothing except being recognized as the duke, and I'll be perfectly happy with just that alone.

**GLOUCESTER**

*[Aside]* But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

**HASTINGS**

Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

**MAYOR**

30 Ay, say you so? The gates shall then be open'd.

*They descend*

**GLOUCESTER**

A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

**HASTINGS**

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

35 *Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below*

**KING EDWARD IV**

So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut  
But in the night or in the time of war.  
What! Fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

*Takes his keys*

**KING EDWARD IV**

40 For Edward will defend the town and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with drum and soldiers*

**GLOUCESTER**

Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

**KING EDWARD IV**

45 Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

**MONTAGUE**

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

**KING EDWARD IV**

Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget  
Our title to the crown and only claim  
50 Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

**MONTAGUE**

Then fare you well, for I will hence again:  
I came to serve a king and not a duke.  
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

*The drum begins to march*

**KING EDWARD IV**

55 Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we'll debate  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

**MONTAGUE**

What talk you of debating? In few words,  
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

**GLOUCESTER**

*[To himself]* But once the fox has poked his nose inside the chicken coop, he'll soon figure out a way to get his whole body inside too.

**HASTINGS**

Why are you hesitating, mayor? Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

**MAYOR**

Oh, are you, you say? Then we'll open the gates.

*The MAYOR and his followers descend from the town walls.*

**GLOUCESTER**

He is a wise, brave leader to be so easily persuaded of our loyalty!

**HASTINGS**

The good old man just wants the conflicts to be resolved so that he doesn't have to deal with it. But once we're in, I'm sure we shall quickly persuade him and his followers to listen to reason.

*The MAYOR and two city officials re-enter on the stage level.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

So, mayor, these gates should only be closed during the night or during wartime. Relax! Don't be scared—just give me the keys.

*KING EDWARD IV takes the MAYOR's keys.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Edward will defend you, your town, and all those friends of yours that decide to follow me.

*A march is heard. MONTGOMERY enters, followed by drummers and soldiers.*

**GLOUCESTER**

Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery. He is our trusted friend, unless he is deceiving me.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Welcome, Sir John! But why do you come with armed soldiers?

**MONTAGUE**

To help King Edward in this time of crisis, as every loyal subject should.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Thanks, good Montgomery, but I've now cast aside my claim to the throne and only declare myself the Duke of York until God chooses to give me back my kingship.

**MONTAGUE**

Then goodbye, because I will leave again. I came to serve a king, not a duke. Drummer, start playing, and let's march away.

*The drummer begins to play the marching tune.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

No, stay here a while, Sir John, and we can debate how the crown might be won back securely.

**MONTAGUE**

Why do you talk about debating it? Let me put it bluntly: if you won't declare yourself our king, I'll leave you to your

60 I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone  
To keep them back that come to succor you:  
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

**GLoucester**

Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

**KING EDWARD IV**

When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:  
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

**HASTINGS**

65 Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms must rule.

**GLoucester**

And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.  
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:  
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,  
70 And Henry but usurps the diadem.

**MONTAGUE**

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

**HASTINGS**

Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:  
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

75

*Flourish*

**SOLDIER**

Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of  
England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

**MONTAGUE**

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

80

*Throws down his gauntlet*

**ALL**

Long live Edward the Fourth!

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

*Exeunt*

own devices and will take away these men who have come to support you. Why should we fight for you if you don't claim to have a right to the throne?

**GLoucester**

Brother, why are you quibbling over minor issues?

**KING EDWARD IV**

When my army has grown stronger, then I'll make my claim to be the rightful king. Until then, it's wise to hide my intentions.

**HASTINGS**

Enough with the overcautious overthinking! Battles must decide what happens next now.

**GLoucester**

And fearless men ascend most quickly the throne. Brother, we will claim your kingship immediately, and the news of that will bring you many friends.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Then do what you think best. It is my right after all and Henry only usurps the crown.

**MONTAGUE**

Yes, now my king speaks like himself. Now I will fight for Edward.

**HASTINGS**

Sound the trumpet. Edward will be proclaimed king here and now. Come, soldier, you make the announcement.

*A trumpet fanfare plays.*

**SOLDIER**

Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, you are the king of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, et cetera.

**MONTAGUE**

And whoever dares to deny King Edward's right, I will challenge him to single combat.

*MONTAGUE throws down his glove* 

 In order to challenge someone to a single combat duel, a glove (or "gauntlet," the type of glove worn as part of soldiers' armor) would be thrown down.

**ALL**

Long live Edward the Fourth!

**KING EDWARD IV**

Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks to all of you. If luck is on my side, I'll repay your kindness. Now, let's stay here in York for tonight. And when the morning sun rises, we'll go towards Warwick and his men, because I know well that Henry is not a soldier. Ah, unreasonable Clarence! How evil it seems for you to follow Henry and abandon your brother! Yes, we may meet both you and Warwick in battle. Come on, brave soldiers, do not doubt we'll have victory in battle. And, once we have it, don't doubt that you'll be paid well for it.

*All exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 8

### Shakespeare

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY VI, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, and OXFORD*

**WARWICK**

What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,  
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,  
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troops doth march amain to London;  
5 And many giddy people flock to him.

**KING HENRY VI**

Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

**CLARENCE**

A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

**WARWICK**

In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,  
10 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;  
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,  
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,  
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:  
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,  
15 Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find  
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:  
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,  
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,  
20 Like to his island girt in with the ocean,  
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,  
Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.  
Farewell, my sovereign.

**KING HENRY VI**

Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

**CLARENCE**

In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

**KING HENRY VI**

Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

**MONTAGUE**

Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

**OXFORD**

And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

**KING HENRY VI**

30 Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,  
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

**WARWICK**

Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

*Exeunt all but KING HENRY VI and EXETER*

### Shakescleare Translation

*A trumpet fanfare plays. KING HENRY VI, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, EXETER, and OXFORD enter.*

**WARWICK**

What advice would you give us, lords? Edward is coming from the Netherlands with quick-tempered Germans and uncivilized Dutchmen. They have passed the English Channel safely and he is marching rapidly towards London with his army. Many inconstant people join him.

**KING HENRY VI**

Let's muster our men and let's beat him back to where he came from.

**CLARENCE**

A little fire can be quickly extinguished. If it's allowed to grow, not even whole rivers can put it out.

**WARWICK**

I have good friends in Warwickshire. They don't rebel during times of peace, and they are brave during wartime. I will recruit those followers, and you, Clarence, my son-in-law, shall convince the knights and gentlemen in Suffolk, Norfolk and Kent to come with you. You, Montague, my brother, will find men in Buckingham, Northampton, and Leicestershire who will be happy to follow your command. And you, brave Oxford, hugely beloved, you'll recruit your friends in Oxfordshire. My king will remain in London with his supportive citizens until we come to him, like an island surrounded by the ocean, or the chaste goddess Diana surrounded by the nymphs that waited on her. Go, fair lords and do not wait to answer me. Goodbye, my king.

**KING HENRY VI**

Goodbye, my Hector  and the best hope for my Troy.

 King Henry compares Warwick to Hector, the famous Trojan prince who fought to save Troy in the Trojan War, and compares his own nation under siege to Troy.

**CLARENCE**

I kiss your hand as a sign of my loyalty.

**KING HENRY VI**

Loyal Clarence, I hope you will do well!

**MONTAGUE**

Take courage, my lord. And so I am going.

**OXFORD**

And I kiss your hand in loyalty too, and say goodbye.

**KING HENRY VI**

Sweet Oxford and my loving Montague both leaving me at the same time. Once again I wish you a fond farewell.

**WARWICK**

Goodbye, good lords. Let's meet at Coventry.

*All exit except for KING HENRY VI and EXETER.*

**KING HENRY VI**

Here at the palace I will rest awhile.  
 35 Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?  
 Methinks the power that Edward hath in field  
 Should not be able to encounter mine.

**EXETER**

The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

**KING HENRY VI**

That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:  
 40 I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;  
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
 My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;  
 45 I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.  
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:  
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?  
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
 50 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

*Shout within. 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*

**EXETER**

Hark, hark, my lord! What shouts are these?

*Enter KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;  
 And once again proclaim us King of England.  
 55 You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:  
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
 Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

*Exeunt some with KING HENRY VI*

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Away betimes, before his forces join,  
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
 65 Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

*Exeunt*

**KING HENRY VI**

I will stay here at the palace for a while. What do you think, Lord of Exeter? I think that the power that Edward has in the battlefield won't be able to match mine.

**EXETER**

The only fear is that he may persuade more soldiers to switch sides and fight for him.

**KING HENRY VI**

That's not what I fear. My virtue has made me famous. I haven't listening to my subjects' demands. I haven't put off listening to their petitions with long delays. My pity served as relief to heal their wounds, my mildness has soothed their growing griefs, my mercy dried their tears. I have never wanted their money, nor have I ever forced them to pay great taxes, nor did I ever harshly punish them even when they deserved my revenge. So then why should they love Edward more than me? No, Exeter, these virtuous actions of mine will command respect and love. When the lion acts tenderly to the lamb, the lamb will never stop following him.

*A shout is heard from offstage: "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*

**EXETER**

Listen, listen, my lord! What does this shouting mean?

*KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers enter*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Grab the bashful Henry and bring him here. Once again I proclaim myself the King of England. You are like the source from which small streams flow. Now your water stops flowing. The sea of my own power will make all of your streams dry up, and the sea levels of my power will only grow when yours diminishes. Take him to the Tower. Don't let him speak.

*Some soldiers exit with KING HENRY VI.*

And, lords, we turn towards Coventry, where the imperious Warwick is now. The sun shines hot. If we waste time, cold biting winter will ruin our harvest.

2 King Edward refers once again to the York family symbol of the sun, suggesting, through metaphor, that if they don't move quickly to destroy Henry's army, the sun (York's army) will face the threat of sun-defeating winter (Henry's army).

**GLOUCESTER**

Away quickly, before his forces appear by surprise and steal back this great traitor. Brave warriors, march quickly towards Coventry!

*All exit.*

**Act 5, Scene 1****Shakespeare**

*Enter WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls*

**WARWICK**

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

**Shakescleare Translation**

*Enter WARWICK, the MAYOR OF COVENTRY, two Messengers, and others, above on the walls overlooking Coventry.*

**WARWICK**

Where is the messenger that came from brave Oxford? How far away is your lord, honest man?

**FIRST MESSENGER**

By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

**WARWICK**

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

**SECOND MESSENGER**

By this at Dainty, with a puissant troop.

*Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE*

**WARWICK**

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

**SOMERVILLE**

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

*Drum heard*

**WARWICK**

Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

**SOMERVILLE**

It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:  
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

**WARWICK**

Who should that be? Belike, unlook'd-for friends.

**SOMERVILLE**

They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March: flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

**GLOUCESTER**

See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

**WARWICK**

O unbid spite! Is sportful Edward come?  
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,  
That we could hear no news of his repair?

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**WARWICK**

Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,  
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee own,  
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?  
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

**GLOUCESTER**

I thought, at least, he would have said the king;  
Or did he make the jest against his will?

**WARWICK**

Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

**FIRST MESSENGER**

By now he'll be at Dunsmore, marching this way.

**WARWICK**

How far away is our brother Montague? Where is the messenger that came from Montague?

**SECOND MESSENGER**

By now he'll be at Dainty, with a powerful army.

*SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE enters.*

**WARWICK**

Somerville, tell me, what does my loving son say? And can you guess how close Clarence might be now?

**SOMERVILLE**

I left him at Southam with his army and I am expecting him to be here in around two hours.

*Drumming is heard.*

**WARWICK**

Then Clarence is near. I hear his army's drum.

**SOMERVILLE**

It's not his, my lord. That's coming from the direction of Southam. The drum that you hear is coming from Warwick.

**WARWICK**

Who could that be? Perhaps unexpected friends.

**SOMERVILLE**

They are near and you'll find out soon.

*A march and a trumpet fanfare is heard. KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers enter, on the stage level, beneath the walls.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Go, trumpeter to the walls and play a fanfare to call for negotiations.

**GLOUCESTER**

Look how the arrogant Warwick guards the wall!

**WARWICK**

Oh, unwelcome hate! Is lecherous Edward here? Did our spies fall asleep, or they were bribed, since they didn't bring us any news of Edward coming towards us?

**KING EDWARD IV**

Warwick, will you open the city gates, speak kind words and bend the knee to me? Will you call Edward your king and ask for mercy at his hands? If so, I will forgive you for all your crimes.

**WARWICK**

How about instead you withdraw your armies from here, admit who got you your power and took it away, call me your past protector, and be repentant? You can still be the Duke of York.

**GLOUCESTER**

I thought at least he would have said "you can still be the king." Or was he joking against his will?

**WARWICK**

Isn't being a duke, sir, a gift to be grateful for?

**GLOUCESTER**

Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:  
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

**WARWICK**

35 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**WARWICK**

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;  
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

**KING EDWARD IV**

40 But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:  
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:  
What is the body when the head is off?

**GLOUCESTER**

Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!  
45 You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,  
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

**EDWARD**

'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

**GLOUCESTER**

Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:  
50 Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

**WARWICK**

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,  
55 This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair  
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,  
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,  
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours*

**WARWICK**

O cheerful colours! See where Oxford comes!

**OXFORD**

60 Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

*He and his forces enter the city*

**GLOUCESTER**

The gates are open, let us enter too.

**KING EDWARD IV**

So other foes may set upon our backs.  
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt  
65 Will issue out again and bid us battle:  
If not, the city being but of small defence,  
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

**WARWICK**

O, welcome, Oxford! For we want thy help.

**GLOUCESTER**

Yes, only a gift that a poor earl could give. I'll fight you for giving such a good gift.

**WARWICK**

I was the man who gave the kingdom to your brother.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Well, then it belongs to me, even if only because you gave it to me.

**WARWICK**

You're not like Atlas, who carried the world on his shoulders, even though you once carried the weight of the country. You're a weakling and I'm taking back my gift. Henry is my king and Warwick is his faithful servant.

**KING EDWARD IV**

But your king is now my prisoner. And, answer this question, brave Warwick: What do you call a body when the head is cut off?

**GLOUCESTER**

Ah, what a shame that Warwick didn't see that coming. But while he thought to steal a only a 10 from the deck of cards, we stole a king while he wasn't looking! You left poor Henry at the Archbishop's palace and the odds are ten to one that you'll meet him in the Tower.

**EDWARD**

That's right, Warwick. Yet you still can be the Earl of Warwick.

**GLOUCESTER**

Come, Warwick. Take this opportunity. Kneel down, kneel down. If not now, when? Strike while the iron is hot.

**WARWICK**

I would rather chop off this hand and fling it at your face than stoop so low as to bow to you.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Good luck to you then, you'll need all the help you can get. When your head is still warm and just cut off, this hand, gripping your black hand tightly, will write this sentence in the dust with your blood: "Side-changing Warwick can change no more."

*OXFORD enters, with drummers and military flag bearers.*

**WARWICK**

Oh, friendly flags! Look, Oxford is coming!

**OXFORD**

Oxford! Oxford for Lancaster!

*OXFORD and his army enter the city.*

**GLOUCESTER**

The gates are open, let us go in too.

**KING EDWARD IV**

So that other enemies may attack our soldiers at the back? No, let's stand ready for battle because they will surely come out again and challenge us to fight. If not, the city is poorly fortified and we can quickly storm the walls and fight the traitors.

**WARWICK**

Oh, welcome, Oxford! We need your help.

*Enter MONTAGUE with drum and colours*

**MONTAGUE**

Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

70

*He and his forces enter the city*

**GLOUCESTER**

Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason  
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

**KING EDWARD IV**

The harder match'd, the greater victory:  
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

75

*Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours*

**SOMERSET**

Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

*He and his forces enter the city*

**GLOUCESTER**

Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,  
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;  
80 And thou shalt be the third if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours*

**WARWICK**

And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,  
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;  
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails  
More than the nature of a brother's love!  
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

85

**CLARENCE**

Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

*Taking his red rose out of his hat*

**CLARENCE**

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee  
90 I will not ruinate my father's house,  
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow' st thou, Warwick,  
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
To bend the fatal instruments of war  
95 Against his brother and his lawful king?  
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:  
To keep that oath were more impiety  
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.  
I am so sorry for my trespass made  
100 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,  
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee--  
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad--  
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
105 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:  
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

100

105

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**GLOUCESTER**

Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.

*MONTAGE enters, with drummers and military flag bearers.*

**MONTAGUE**

Montague! Montague for Lancaster!

*MONTAGUE and his army enter the city.*

**GLOUCESTER**

You and your brother shall both pay for this treason with all  
the blood in your bodies.

**KING EDWARD IV**

The greater the enemy, the greater the victory. I predict  
success and triumph.

*SOMERSET enters, with drummers and military flag  
bearers.*

**SOMERSET**

Somerset! Somerset for Lancaster!

*SOMERSET and his army enter the city.*

**GLOUCESTER**

Two other men that had your name, both Dukes of  
Somerset, have been killed by the house of York. You will be  
the third if this sword is strong enough.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and military flag bearers.*

**WARWICK**

And look at George of Clarence coming along, with a big  
enough army to battle his brother. In Clarence, his passion  
for rightful justice is more powerful than his natural love of  
a brother. Come, Clarence, come. You'll come when I call  
you.

**CLARENCE**

Warwick, father-in-law, do you know what this means?

*CLARENCE removes his red rose from his hat.*

**CLARENCE**

Look here, I am throwing my bad reputation at you. I won't  
destroy my father's house. My father gave his blood to join  
the stones together and build Lancaster. Do you really  
think, Warwick, that I'm so crude, so rough, and so  
unnatural that I'd use weapons of war against my brother  
and my lawful king? You will perhaps bring up that I made a  
holy oath. But to keep to that promise would be more  
blasphemous than when Jephthah  kept an oath to  
sacrifice his daughter's life. I am so sorry for my crime here,  
that in order to deserve good treatment from my brother's  
hands, I here proclaim myself your mortal enemy. I swear  
that wherever I find you—and I will, no matter how far you  
go—I'll torment you for cruelly misleading me. And so,  
proud Warwick, I reject you and I turn, ashamed, to my  
brother. Forgive me, Edward, I will make up for it. And  
Richard, don't hate me for my sins because I will never be  
unfaithful again.

 Clarence references the biblical figure of Jephthah, who swore to God that he would kill the first person he saw in exchange for winning a war victory; the first person he saw was his daughter.

**KING EDWARD IV**

I fully welcome you, and I love you ten times more than I  
would if you never had deserved my hate.

**GLOUCESTER**

Welcome, good Clarence. This is very brotherly of you.

**WARWICK**

O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

**KING EDWARD IV**

What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?  
115 Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

**WARWICK**

Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!  
I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.  
120 Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

*Exeunt KING EDWARD and his company. March. WARWICK and his company follow*

**WARWICK**

Oh, you total traitor! You've lied and acted unjustly!

**KING EDWARD IV**

Will you leave the town and fight, Warwick? Or shall we come in and throw stones at you?

**WARWICK**

Alas, my town is not built to defend against an army! I will go away to Barnet immediately and challenge you to a battle, Edward, if you dare to accept.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Yes, Warwick, I'll dare to fight you, and I'll go ahead of you.  
Lords, let's go to the battlefield! For Saint George and victory!

*KING EDWARD and his soldiers exit. A military march is heard. WARWICK and his soldiers follow after them.*

## Act 5, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD IV, bringing forth WARWICK wounded*

**KING EDWARD IV**

So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;  
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.  
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,  
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

5

*Exit*

**WARWICK**

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
10 That I must yield my body to the earth  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,  
15 Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black  
veil,  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
20 To search the secret treasures of the world:  
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,  
Were likend oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst mine when Warwick bent his brow?  
25 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had  
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
30 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET*

**SOMERSET**

Ah, Warwick, Warwick! Wert thou as we are.  
We might recover all our loss again;  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:  
Even now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!

### Shakescleare Translation

*An alarm sounds and fighting across the stage. KING EDWARD IV, carrying the wounded WARWICK.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

So, lie there, Warwick. Die, and our fear will die with you.  
Warwick was a creature that scared all of us. Now,  
Montague, get ready. I am looking for you, so that  
Warwick's bones can keep your bones company.

*KING EDWARD IV exits.*

**WARWICK**

Ah, who is here? Come to me, whether you are a friend or an enemy and tell me who won—York or Warwick? Why do I ask that? My torn body, my blood, my weakness, and my sick heart all demonstrate that I am about to die. And, when I die, my enemy will be victorious. Just like this, the tree surrenders to the axe, a tree whose branches offered shelter to the princely eagle, under whose shade the pouncing lion slept. A tree whose top branches were taller than an oak and kept low bushes safe from the powerful winds of winter. The light of my eyes is dimming under the black veil of death. These eyes used to be as bright as the sun in the middle of the day, which illuminates all the secret treacheries in the world. My wrinkles are now filled with blood; they used to be compared to the graves of kings. Because what king could I not dig a grave for? And who would dare dig mine when I angrily furrowed my brow? Ah, now my glory is smeared with dust and blood! My parks, my garden paths, my palaces! I had it all. But they are all gone now and nothing is left of my lands but my body. What is all that pomp and circumstance, greatness and power but earth and dust? No matter how well we live, we must all die.

*OXFORD and SOMERSET enter.*

**SOMERSET**

Ah, Warwick, Warwick! If only you were standing strong like us. We might get back what we have lost. The queen has brought a powerful army from France. We have just heard the news. Ah, if only you could escape death!

**WARWICK**

35 Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,  
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand.  
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!  
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood  
40 That glues my lips and will not let me speak.  
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

**SOMERSET**

Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;  
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'  
45 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,  
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,  
That mought not be distinguished; but at last  
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,  
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

**WARWICK**

50 Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;  
For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.

*Dies***OXFORD**

Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt***WARWICK**

I wouldn't if I could. Oh, Montague, sweet friend, if you are there, take my hand. And kiss me to keep my dying soul from passing through my lips! You don't love me, because, if you did, friend, your tears would wash away this cold thick blood that makes my lips stick together and won't let me speak. Come quickly, Montague, or I'll be dead.

**SOMERSET**

Ah, Warwick! Montague has died too. And until his last breath, he cried out for Warwick and said, "Send my love to my brave comrade." And he would have said more and he did speak more, but it sounded like the echoes in a tomb. We couldn't make out what he was saying, but in the end, I imagined I could hear him saying, with a groan, "Oh, goodbye, Warwick!"

**WARWICK**

Let my soul rest in peace! Go, lords and save yourselves. Now Warwick says goodbye to you and may we all meet in heaven.

*WARWICK dies.***OXFORD**

Let's go, let's go! Let's meet the queen's great army!

*They carry WARWICK's body away. All exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 3

**Shakespeare**

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV in triumph; with GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,  
5 That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

**CLARENCE**

10 A little gale will soon disperse that cloud  
And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
The very beams will dry those vapours up,  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

**GLOUCESTER**

The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
15 And Somerset, with Oxford fled to her:  
If she have time to breathe be well assured  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

**KING EDWARD IV**

We are advertised by our loving friends  
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:  
20 We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;  
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every county as we go along.  
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.

**Shakescleare Translation**

*Celebratory trumpet fanfares are heard. KING EDWARD IV enters in a celebratory procession with GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and many others.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

So far, our luck has been getting better and better, and we've been winning. But, in the middle of this bright sunny day, I see a black, ominous, threatening cloud that will meet our glorious sun  before it sets today. What I refer to, my lords, are those armies that the queen has recruited in France. They have arrived on our coast, and we hear that they are coming our way to fight with us.

 Edward returns again to the image of the sun that represents the House of York.

**CLARENCE**

A little wind will soon scatter the enemy cloud and blow it back to where it came from. The sun beams will vanquish those wisps, since not every cloud leads to a storm.

**GLOUCESTER**

The queen's army is estimated to be thirty thousand men. Somerset and Oxford joined her too. If she has time to gather her strength, her army will be as strong as ours.

**KING EDWARD IV**

We are informed by our loving friends that they are going towards Tewksbury. Since we have now won at the Barnet battlefield, we'll go there immediately. Where there's a will, there's a way. And, as we march, our strength will be increased in every part of the country that we pass. Start the drumming, shout "Courage!" and let's go.

Exeunt

All exit.

## Act 5, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and soldiers*

#### QUEEN MARGARET

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,  
5 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?  
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea  
And give more strength to that which hath too much,  
10 Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have saved?  
Ah, what a shame! Ah, what a fault were this!  
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
And Montague our topmast; what of him?  
15 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?  
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
And Somerset another goodly mast?  
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
20 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?  
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,  
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck,  
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
25 And what is Edward but ruthless sea?  
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.  
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!  
30 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:  
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,  
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.  
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
If case some one of you would fly from us,  
35 That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.  
Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided  
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

#### PRINCE EDWARD

Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
40 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this as doubting any here  
For did I but suspect a fearful man  
45 He should have leave to go away betimes,  
Lest in our need he might infect another  
And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here—as God forbid!  
Let him depart before we need his help.

#### OXFORD

50 Women and children of so high a courage,  
And warriors faint! Why, 'twere perpetual shame.  
O brave young prince! Thy famous grandfather  
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live  
To bear his image and renew his glories!

### Shakescleare Translation

*A march is heard. QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and soldiers enter.*

#### QUEEN MARGARET

Great lords, wise men never sit and cry about what they've lost. They cheerfully try to figure out how to make up their losses. So, what if the mast was blown overboard, the cable broke, the anchor was lost, and half of our sailors were drowned in the flood? Our captain is still alive. Is it right that he should abandon the wheel and like a fearful little boy add water to the sea with his tears, giving more strength to the sea that has too much water already, while, as he moans, the ship is dashed to pieces on the rock when it could have been saved by hard work and courage? Ah, what a shame that would be! Ah, what a terrible mistake this would be! Maybe Warwick was our anchor—who cares? Maybe Montague was our sail—get over it! And our slaughtered friends were the rigging—let's move on! Isn't Oxford another anchor? Isn't Somerset another mast? Aren't our French allies our ropes? And although we don't have much skill in battle, why shouldn't my son little Ned and I for once be allowed to take charge as captains? We won't sit and cry at the wheel, but we'll keep to our path and avoid the rocks and dangers, even if the rough winds tries to shipwreck us. We'll do better by attacking the waves than speaking gently and sweetly about them. And isn't Edward only a merciless sea? And Clarence only a deceitful quicksand? And Richard only an uneven deadly rock? All these are the enemies of our poor ship. Maybe you can swim, but that will only keep you alive for a while! Step on the sand and there you will quickly sink. Sit upon the rock, the tide will wash you off, or else you will starve. That's three ways to die. I speak all this, lords, to make myself clear that if one of you wants to desert us, you won't get any more mercy from those brother than you'd get from merciless waves or quicksand or rocks. Take courage then! It's childish weakness to fear and cry about what you can't avoid.

#### PRINCE EDWARD

I think a woman with such a brave spirit as my mother has could fill a coward's fearful heart with courage with her words, inspiring him to defeat an armed man with his bare hands. I don't say this doubting any of your bravery, because if I did suspect that any of you were fearful, I'd make you leave immediately to prevent you from infecting anyone else with your cowardice in our time of need. If that applies to anyone here—God forbid!—he should leave before we need his help.

#### OXFORD

Can you believe it, incredible courage from women and children, and weakness from warriors! This shame will last forever. Oh, brave young prince, your triumphant grandfather, Henry the Fifth, lives again in you. Live long and be like him, just as glorious in victory!

**SOMERSET**

55 And he that will not fight for such a hope.  
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.  
60

*Enter a Messenger*

**MESSENGER**

Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand.  
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

**OXFORD**

I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

**SOMERSET**

65 But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

**OXFORD**

Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and march. Enter KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers*

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**QUEEN MARGARET**

75 Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say  
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.  
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,  
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
80 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant and give signal to the fight.

*Alarum. Retreat. Excursions. Exeunt*

**SOMERSET**

And anyone who won't fight for such a hope as that, go  
home to bed. Like an owl who is seen awake during the day,  
if you're a coward, you'll be mocked and treated like a  
strange creature.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Thanks, gentle Somerset. Thanks, sweet Oxford.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

And take thanks from me since I have nothing else yet to  
give.

*A messenger enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Get ready, lords. Edward is near. He is ready to fight and so  
be bold.

**OXFORD**

I thought this would happen. It's his strategy to hurry so  
quickly and find us unprepared.

**SOMERSET**

But we've got him this time because we are prepared.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

It makes me happy to see your confidence.

**OXFORD**

Let's have the battle right here. We will not move from this  
spot.

*A trumpet fanfare and march are heard. KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers enter.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

My brave followers! Here's this army like a thorny wood. By  
the help of God, and the help all of your strength, men, we  
will cut these men down on the field like trees in a forest  
before the night is over. I don't need to add any more fuel to  
your fire, because I know that you're burning to tear these  
men down. Give the signal to fight, and go for it, lords!

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Lords, knights, and gentlemen, my tears will contradict  
whatever I would say. You see, my tears drip down my  
cheek with every word I speak. Therefore, I'll say nothing  
else but this: Henry, your king, is our enemy's prisoner, his  
throne has been usurped, his country has been made a  
slaughter-house, his people have been killed, his laws have  
been spoken, and his money has been spent. And over  
there is the wolf behind it all. You fight on the side of  
justice. Then, in God's name, lords, be brave and give the  
signal to fight.

*An alarm sounds. A signal is heard telling the soldiers to retreat to their own sides. There is fighting across the stage.  
All exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners*

### Shakescleare Translation

*A trumpet fanfare is heard. KING EDWARD IV, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers enter with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET as prisoners.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

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

**OXFORD**

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

**SOMERSET**

Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

So part we sadly in this troublous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

**KING EDWARD IV**

10 Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward  
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

**GLOUCESTER**

It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

*Enter soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.  
15 What! Can so young a thorn begin to prick?  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make  
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,  
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!  
20 Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;  
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,  
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,  
Which traitor, thou wouldest have me answer to.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

**GLOUCESTER**

25 That you might still have worn the petticoat,  
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Let Aesop fable in a winter's night;  
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

**GLOUCESTER**

By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

30 Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

**GLOUCESTER**

For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Nay, take away this scolding crookback rath'r.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

**CLARENCE**

Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now we've reached the end of all the tumultuous fighting.  
Take Oxford to Hames Castle immediately. As for Somerset,  
off with his guilty head. Go, take them away. I won't to hear  
them speak.

**OXFORD**

I will not trouble you with my words!

**SOMERSET**

Nor will I. But I submit to my fate patiently.

*OXFORD and SOMERSET exit, guarded.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

So we say goodbye sadly in this troubled world, only to  
greet joy in sweet heaven.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Has it been declared that whoever finds Edward will get a  
big reward and be allowed to live?

**GLOUCESTER**

It is. And look: here comes the young Edward!

*Soldiers enter with PRINCE EDWARD.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Bring the young man forward and let's hear him speak.  
What? Can such a young boy be so rude already? Edward,  
what is your excuse for bearing arms against me, stirring up  
my people to violence, and for all the trouble you caused  
me?

**PRINCE EDWARD**

You should speak like a subject, proud ambitious Duke of  
York! I am representing my father. Give up the throne and  
kneel where I stand, while I say the same words to you that  
you've just said to me, you traitor.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Oh, if only your father had been so strong-willed!

**GLOUCESTER**

Then you wouldn't have been the one wearing the pants in  
your marriage.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

Let Aesop  tell tales on a winter's night. The hunchback's  
rude riddles don't suit this occasion.

 Aesop, the author of Aesop's Fables, like Richard (Gloucester), was a hunchback.

**GLOUCESTER**

I swear to heaven, brat, I'll attack you like the plague for  
saying that.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Yes, you were born to be a plague for people.

**GLOUCESTER**

For God's sake, take away this shrewish prisoner!

**PRINCE EDWARD**

No, take away this shrewish hunchback instead.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Quiet, you headstrong boy, or I will silence your tongue  
forever.

**CLARENCE**

Uneducated boy, you are too impudent.

**PRINCE EDWARD**

I know my duty; you are all undutiful:  
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,  
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all  
I am your better, traitors as ye are:  
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

*Stabs him*

**GLOUCESTER**

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

*Stabs him*

**CLARENCE**

And there's for twitting me with perjury.

*Stabs him*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

O, kill me too!

**GLOUCESTER**

Marry, and shall.

*Offers to kill her*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

**GLOUCESTER**

Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

**KING EDWARD IV**

What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery.

**GLOUCESTER**

Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;  
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

**CLARENCE**

What? What?

**GLOUCESTER**

The Tower, the Tower.

*Exit*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

O Ned, sweet Ned! Speak to thy mother, boy!  
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! Murderers!  
They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,  
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
If this foul deed were by to equal it:  
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:  
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.  
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?  
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak:  
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.  
Butchers and villains! Bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
You have no children, butchers! If you had,

**PRINCE EDWARD**

I know my duty. None of you do. Lustful Edward, and you, treacherous George, and you, deformed Dick 2, I am telling you all: I am superior to you, even though you're traitors. You have usurped the throne from me and my father.

2 "Dick" is a nickname for Richard, but it's also probably intended to be heard as rude slang at the same time.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Take that, you mirror image of your ranting mother here.

*KING EDWARD IV stabs PRINCE EDWARD.*

**GLOUCESTER**

Are you still writhing? Take that, to end your agony.

*GLOUCESTER stabs PRINCE EDWARD.*

**CLARENCE**

And here's for calling me treacherous.

*CLARENCE stabs PRINCE EDWARD.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Oh, kill me too!

**GLOUCESTER**

I will, gladly.

*GLOUCESTER moves to kill QUEEN MARGARET.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Stop, Richard, stop. We have done too much.

**GLOUCESTER**

Why should she live and fill the world with her words?

**KING EDWARD IV**

Is she fainting? Help her recover.

**GLOUCESTER**

*[So only CLARENCE can hear]*

Clarence, give my excuses to my brother the king. I'm off to London because to take care of some serious business. Before you come there, wait to hear some news from me.

**CLARENCE**

*[So only GLOUCESTER can hear]*

What? What?

**GLOUCESTER**

*[So only CLARENCE can hear]*

The Tower, the Tower.

*GLOUCESTER exits.*

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! Speak to your mother, boy! Can you not speak? Oh, traitors! Murderers! Compared to this horrible, act the men who stabbed Caesar spilled no blood at all, didn't offend anyone, and weren't deserving of blame. Caesar was a man. My son, in comparison, was a child. And men never act violently towards children. What's worse than being a murderer so I can call them that? No, no, my heart will burst if I speak: I will speak so my heart can burst. Butchers and villains! Bloody cannibals! You have cut short the life of this sweet boy too early. You have no children, butchers! If you did have children, the thought of them would have made you feel pity. But if you ever do

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:  
But if you ever chance to have a child,  
Look in his youth to have him so cut off  
As, deathmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

**KING EDWARD IV**

Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

75 Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here,  
Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:  
What, wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.

**CLARENCE**

By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

**CLARENCE**

80 Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:  
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.  
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,  
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?  
85 Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;  
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!

*Exit, led out forcibly*

**KING EDWARD IV**

90 Where's Richard gone?

**CLARENCE**

To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

**KING EDWARD IV**

He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.  
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort  
95 With pay and thanks, and let's away to London  
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:  
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

*Exeunt*

have a child, prepare to have him slaughtered in his youth  
just as you killers have executed this sweet young prince!

**KING EDWARD IV**

Take her away from here with force.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

No, don't take me away from here, kill me here. Bury your  
sword in my body and I'll forgive you for my death. What,  
you won't do it? Then, Clarence, you do it.

**CLARENCE**

By heaven, I will not give you so much comfort.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Good Clarence, do. Sweet Clarence, please do it.

**CLARENCE**

Didnt' you hear me swear that I wouldn't do it?

**QUEEN MARGARET**

Yes but you are used to swearing and the breaking your  
promise. It was a sin before, but now it is charity. What,  
won't you do it? Where is that devilish slaughterer, ugly  
Richard? Richard, where are you? You aren't here. Murder is  
your act of charity. You never turn away those who are  
begging for death.

**KING EDWARD IV**

I say, away! I order you, take her away from here.

**QUEEN MARGARET**

May the same happen to you and your family as it  
happened to this Prince!

*QUEEN MARGARET exits, led out forcibly.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Where has Richard gone?

**CLARENCE**

To London, in a big hurry.

*[To himself]* And I suspect he is going to be shedding blood  
in the Tower.

**KING EDWARD IV**

He's impulsive when an idea comes into his head. Now let's  
go from here. Tell the common soldiers to go. Pay them and  
thank them. Let's go to London and see how my gentle  
queen is doing. I hope that she has given birth to a son for  
me by now.

*All exit.*

## Act 5, Scene 6

### Shakespeare

Enter KING HENRY VI and GLOUCESTER, with the Lieutenant, on the walls

### GLOUCESTER

Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

### Shakescleare Translation

KING HENRY VI and GLOUCESTER enter on the walls of the Tower of London, with the Lieutenant standing guard.

### GLOUCESTER

Hello, my lord. Are you reading your book so carefully?

**KING HENRY VI**

Ay, my good lord:--my lord, I should say rather;  
 'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:  
 'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,  
 5 And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

**GLOUCESTER**

Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

*Exit Lieutenant*

**KING HENRY VI**

So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;  
 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece  
 10 And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.  
 What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

**GLOUCESTER**

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;  
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

**KING HENRY VI**

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,  
 15 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
 And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
 Have now the fatal object in my eye  
 Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.

**GLOUCESTER**

Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
 20 That taught his son the office of a fowl!  
 An yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

**KING HENRY VI**

I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
 The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy  
 25 Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea  
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!  
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's point  
 Than can my ears that tragic history.  
 30 But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

**GLOUCESTER**

Think'st thou I am an executioner?

**KING HENRY VI**

A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
 If murdering innocents be executing,  
 Why, then thou art an executioner.

**GLOUCESTER**

35 Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

**KING HENRY VI**

Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,  
 Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.  
 And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,  
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
 40 And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,  
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye--  
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
 And orphans for their parents timeless death--  
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
 45 The owl shriek'd at thy birth,--an evil sign;  
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;  
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
 50 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

**KING HENRY VI**

Yes, my good lord. My lord, I should rather say. It's a sin to flatter. "Good" is basically flattery. "Good Gloucester" and "good devil" are also flattery, and both nonsensical to say, so I won't say "good lord."

**GLOUCESTER**

[To the Lieutenant] Sir, leave us alone. We must discuss something.

*The Lieutenant exits.*

**KING HENRY VI**

He leaves just like a careless shepherd fleeing when the wolf is near his sheep. First the harmless sheep gives up its wool to the shepherd and the next thing he knows his throat is slit by the butcher's knife. What type of death scene will be performing today?

**GLOUCESTER**

Fearful anticipations always haunt a guilty mind. The thief thinks every bush he sees is an officer.

**KING HENRY VI**

A bird that's been trapped by a hunter in a bush approaches every bush with trembling wings. And I, the unlucky father to one sweet child, now see the hunter before me upon whose weapon my poor child was trapped, caught, and killed.

**GLOUCESTER**

It reminds me of the silly fool from Crete, Daedalus, who made his son Icarus wings to fly! And yet, even though he had wings, the foolish boy drowned.

 Henry goes on in the next speech to compare each aspect of his own story with characters and events in the Greek myth of Icarus.

**KING HENRY VI**

I am Daedalus and my poor boy is Icarus. Your father is like Minos in the story, who imprisoned them. The sun burned the wings of my sweet boy. You and your brother Edward are like the sea in the story, whose angry depths swallowed up Icarus' body. Ah, kill me with your weapon, not with your words! My chest can endure your dagger's point better than my ears can endure hearing this tragic story. But why did you come here? Did you come for my life?

**GLOUCESTER**

Do you think I am an executioner?

**KING HENRY VI**

I'm sure you are a tormentor. If murdering innocent people is executing, then you're definitely an executioner.

**GLOUCESTER**

I killed your son because of his arrogance.

**KING HENRY VI**

If you were killed the first time you were arrogant, you wouldn't have been alive to kill my son. And so here I predict that as many as a thousand people, who now suspect no part of what I fear will happen, will curse the day that you were born with many sighs of old men and widows, many tears shed by orphans and by men for their sons, wives for their husbands, and orphans for their parents' premature deaths. The owl shrieked when you were born. That's an evil sign. The crow cried, predicting bad fortune. Dogs howled and a horrible tempest knocked down trees. The raven cowered on the top of the chimney, and magpies sang dissonantly. Your mother felt more than normal labor pains, and she gave birth to less than what mothers hope for. That is to say, a shapeless and deformed lump, not like the progeny that should come from such a

And, yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,  
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,  
55 To signify thou camest to bite the world:  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou camest--

**GLOUCESTER**

I'll hear no more: die, prophet in thy speech:

*Stabs him*

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

**KING HENRY VI**

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

*Dies*

**GLOUCESTER**

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
65 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!  
O, may such purple tears be alway shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house!  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
70 Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:

*Stabs him again*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.  
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;  
For I have often heard my mother say  
I came into the world with my legs forward:  
75 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?  
The midwife wonder'd and the women cried  
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'  
And so I was; which plainly signified  
80 That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.  
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother;  
And this word 'love,' which graybeards call divine,  
85 Be resident in men like one another  
And not in me: I am myself alone.  
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies  
90 That Edward shall be fearful of his life,  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,  
Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
95 I'll throw thy body in another room  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

*Exit, with the body*

good lineage. You had teeth in your head when you were born to show that you came to bite the world. And, if all the other stories that I heard are true, you came--

**GLOUCESTER**

I won't hear anymore. Die speaking, prophet!

*GLOUCESTER stabs KING HENRY VI.*

I alone was destined for this.

**KING HENRY VI**

Yes, and for much more killing after this. May God forgive my sins and may He forgive you!

*KING HENRY VI dies.*

**GLOUCESTER**

So, will the blood of the Lancaster who wanted to be king sink in the ground? I thought it would have ascended. Look how my sword drips blood like tears for the poor king's death! Oh, I hope we'll always drip tears of blood from the bodies of those who want to destroy our house! If there is any life left in you, go down, down to hell, and say that I sent you there.

*GLOUCESTER stabs KING HENRY VI again.*

Yes, I sent you there, I, that have neither pity, love nor fear. Yes, it's true what Henry said about me. I have often heard my mother say that I came into the world with my feet first. Don't you think I had a good reason to hurry and aim to ruin those that usurped our right to the throne? The midwife was amazed and the women cried, "Oh Jesus, bless us! He was born with teeth!" And so I was, which basically meant that I would snarl and bite and act like a dog. Then, since God in heaven has shaped my body in such way, let hell make my mind deformed to match my body. There is no one like me. I am like no one else. And this word, "love," which wise old men call divine, can be found in men who are like one another but not in me. I am myself alone. Clarence, be careful. You're between me and the crown. But I will arrange a dark day for you. I will spread so many rumors and omens all over the world that Edward will be afraid for his life. And then to get rid of his fear of you, I'll kill you, Clarence. King Henry and the prince his son are now gone. Clarence, you're next, and then the rest. I consider myself worth nothing until I am king. Henry, I'll throw your body in another room and celebrate this day of your death.

*GLOUCESTER exits with KING HENRY VI's body.*

## Act 5, Scene 7

### Shakespeare

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD IV, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants*

### Shakescleare Translation

*A trumpet fanfare is heard. KING EDWARD IV, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants enter.*

**KING EDWARD IV**

Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!  
5 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions;  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,  
And two Northumerlands; two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;  
10 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,  
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat  
And made our footstool of security.  
15 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,  
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;  
20 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

**GLoucester**

*[Aside]* I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;  
25 And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:  
Work thou the way,--and thou shalt execute.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

**CLARENCE**

The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
30 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

**GLoucester**

*[Aside]* And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.  
35 To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master  
And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

**CLARENCE**

What will your grace have done with Margaret?  
40 Reignier, her father, to the king of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Away with her, and waft her hence to France.  
And now what rests but that we spend the time  
45 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell sour annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

*Exeunt*

**KING EDWARD IV**

We sit on the English throne once more. We bought it back with the blood of our enemies. We have gotten rid of many brave enemies, at the height of their pride, mowing them down like corn in a harvest! Three Dukes of Somerset, all three renowned as bold and fearless warriors. Two Cliffords, the father and the son. Two Northumerlands: two braver men have never charged their horses into battle. Along with them, the two brave members of the House of Warwick—the Earl of Warwick and Montague—who captured the king and made the forest shake when they roared. And so we have removed all potential traitors from our kingdom and we can rest in safety and security. Come to me, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. Young Ned, it's all been for you that your uncles and myself have gone to war in the freezing winter night and marched to battle in the summer's scalding heat. All so that you may inherit the crown in peace after me, so that you can take reap the rewards of our labor.

**GLoucester**

*[To himself]* I'll spoil that plan once your head's been cut off. I am not yet well-respected in the world. My hunchback was made so heavy to train me to lift weight, and I'll lift it up this weight or I'll break my back in trying. If I can come up with a plan, I'll execute it.

**KING EDWARD IV**

My brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen and kiss your nephew the prince, both of you.

**CLARENCE**

I will kiss the lips of this sweet baby as an oath to stay true to the duty that I owe to your majesty.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Thanks, noble Clarence. Worthy brother, thank you.

**GLoucester**

And because I love your father, the tree from which you came, watch the loving kiss I give to you, the fruit.

*[To himself]*

As a matter of fact, Judas kissed Jesus in the same way and cried, "All hail!" in support of Jesus, when he meant to harm him.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Now I am sitting on the throne with delight, since the country is peaceful and I have the love of both my brothers.

**CLARENCE**

What does your grace want to do with Margaret? Her father Reignier has sold Naples and Jerusalem to the king of France, and he's offered us the money to pay her ransom.

**KING EDWARD IV**

Let's be done with her and send her over to France. And now what else is there to do but spend our time with stately processions celebrating our victory, joyful comic shows, whatever the court finds pleasing? Play the drums and trumpets! Bitter trouble, goodbye! I hope that our long lasting happiness begins here.

*Exit all.*

## How to Cite

To cite this Shakescleare translation:

**MLA**

Romancikova, Nina. "*Henry VI, Part 3: A Shakescleare Translation.*" LitCharts LLC, 19 May 2017. Web. 14 Sep 2017.

**Chicago Manual**

Romancikova, Nina. "*Henry VI, Part 3: A Shakescleare Translation.*" LitCharts LLC, May 19, 2017. Retrieved September 14, 2017.  
<http://www.litcharts.com/lit/henry-vi-part-3>.