True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of

Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the fixt:

With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was fundry times acted by the Right
Honourable the Earle
of Pembrooke his
servantes.



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TRVE TRAGEDIE

OF RICHARD DVKE OF YORKE,

AND THE GOOD KING HENRIE THE SIXT.

Enter Richarde Duke of Yorke, The Earle of Warwicke, The Duke of Norffolke, Marquis Montague, Edward Earle of March, Crookeback Richard, & the young Earle of Rucland, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Rises in their hatses.

Warwicke.

Wonder how the King escapt our handes? Tirke. Whilst we pursude the Horsemen of the North, He flily stole away, and left his men: Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike eares could never brooke retrait, Charged our maine Battels front, and therewith him Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest Brake in, & were by the hands of common Souldiers flaines Edn. Lord Staffordstather, Duke of Buckinghum, Is either flaine, or wounded danderoufly; I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow: Father that this is true, behold his bloud. Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Waltshires blood, Whom I incountred as the Battailes joynd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did. York. What, is your grace deadiny L, of Summer fer? Norf. Such hope have all the line of Ishn of Gunt. Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape King Henries hea! War. And so do I victorious Prince of Yorke, Before I see thee seated in that throne, Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,

I ne I ragedie of Richard D.of

I vow by heavens these eres shall neuer close. This is the Pallace of that fearfull king, And that the regall chaire; Possesse it Yorke: For this is thine, and not king Henries heires.

Tork. Assistme then sweet VVarwick, and I will:

For hither are we broken in by force.

Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die. York. Thanks gentle Norffelks. State by me my Lords: and souldiers state you heere and lodge this night:

VVar. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Valeffe he feeke to put vs out by force.

Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?

VVar. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde:

Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king,

And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise

Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Yor. Then leaue me not my Lords, for now I meane

To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best, The proudest bird that holds up Lancaster, Dutes stirre a wing, it Warwicke shake his bels. Ite plant Plantagenet: and roote him out who dates? Resolue thee Richard: Claime the English crowne.

Enter King Henric the sixt, with the Duke of Excester, The Earle of Northumberland, The Earle of Westmerland, and Clissian the Earle of Cumberland, with red Ross in their hais. King, Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits, Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes Backt by the power of Warwicke that salle peere, To aspire unto the crowne, and raigne as king. Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father:
And thine Clissian and you both haue vow dreuenge, On him, his to mes, his favorites, and his striends.

Northu. And it I be not, heavens be reuengd on me. Clist. The hope thereof makes Chissian mourne in steele. It est. What thall we si ffer this slees pull him downe, My heart for anger breakes, I cannot peake.

Kıng.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland. Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he, He durst not sit there, had your father liu'd? My gratious Lord: heere in the Parlement, Let vs astaile the familie of Yorke.

North. Well hast thou spoken cousen, be it so.

King. O know you not the Cittle sauours them,

And they have troopes of souldiers at their becke?

Evet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quickly flie.

King. Farre be it from the thoughtes of Henries heart,

To make a shambles of the parlement house.

Cosen of Exerce, words, frownes, and threats, Shall be the wartes that Henrie meanes to vie. Thou sactious duke of Yorke, descend my throne, I am thy Soueraigne.

Tor. Thou att deceiu'd : I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee D, of Yorke. Yor. Twas mine inheritance as the kingdom is.

Exet. Thy father was a traitour to the crowne.

War. Exeter thou art a traitour to the crowne,

In following this viurping Henrie.

Cif. Whom should be followe but his naturall King? VVar. True Clif. and that is Richard duke of Yorke.

King. And shall I stand while thou siist in my throne?
Yor. Content thy selfe, it must, and shall be so.

VVan. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

VVest. Why? he is both King and D. of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of VVestmer land shall maintaine.

VV.m. And VVarwicke shall disproue it. You forget That we are those that chaste you from the field, And slew your father, and with colours spred Marcht through the Cittle to the pallace gates.

Nor. No IV armicke I remember it to my greife, And by his foule, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plintagenet, of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen, and thy triends, lie have more lives,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.

Cus. Vrge it no more, least in revenge thereof,

A 3.

I send thee Warwicke such a messenger, As shall revenge his death before I stirre.

War. Poore Clifford how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

Yor. Will ye we shewe our title to the Crowne,

Or els our swordes shall plead it in the field?

King. What title hast thou traitout to the Crowne? Thy father was as thou art, Duke of Torke,
Thy grandsather Roger Mortimer Earle of March.
I am the sonne of Henrie the sist, who tamde the French,
And made the Dolphin stoupe, and seazd upon their
Townes and provinces.

War. Talke not of Fraunce fince thou hast lost ir all.

King. The Lord protectour lost it and not I,
When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,

Rich. You are old enough now & yet me thinkes you lose,

Father teare the Crowne from the Viurpers head, Edw. Do so sweet sather, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'st and honourst armes,

Lets fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, & the King will flie,

Yor. Peace sonnes.

Nor. Peace thou, and give King Henrie leave to speake. King. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me?

Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineally discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be King,
Thinkst thou that I will leave my Kingly seate
Wherin my father and my grandsire sate?
Wherin my father and my grandsire sate?
No, first shall watte unpeople this my realme,
I, and our colours often borne in Fraunce,
And now in England to our heartes great fortow
Shall be my winding sheete: why faint you Lords?
My title's better farre then his.

War. Proue it Henrie, and thou shalt be King.
King. Why, Henrie the fourth by conquest gor the crowne
Yer. Twas by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.

King. I know not what to fay, my title's weake.

Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

UVar.

W.w. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull King, for Richard
The second, in the view of many Lords,
Resignde the Crowne to Henerie the south,
Whose heire my father was, and I am his.

Yor. I tell thee he rose against him, being his Soneraigue,

And made him to refigne the Crowne perforce,

Thinke you that were prejudiciall to the Crowne?

Exer. No, for he could not fo refigne the Crowne,

But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therfore pardon me.

King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

Nor. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou layest, Thinke not king Henrie shall be thus deposde.

VVar. Deposed he shall be in despight of thee, Nor. Tush Warwicke, thou art deceived? tis not thy Southerne powers of Esex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of Kent,

That makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can let the Duke vp in despight of me.

Clif King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy desence.

May that ground gape and fwallow me aliue, Where I do kneele to him that flew my father,

King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule. Yor. Henrie of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords? War. Do right who this princely Duke of Yorke,

Or I will fill the house with armed men, Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits, Write up his title with thy vsurping bloud,

King. O Warwicke, heare me speake, Let me butraigne in quiet whillt I liue.

Yor. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine heires, And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuaie the Souldiers hence, and then I will.

A 4.

War.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

UVar. Captaine, conduct them into Tuthill fields. Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne? War. What good is this for England and himfelfe? Northum, Bale, searefull, and despairing Henry. Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy telfe and vs? UVelt. I cannot stay to heare these Articles. Exit. Clif. Nor I: Come, cosen lets go tell the Queene. Worthum. Be thou a praic vnto the house of Yorke, And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. Exit. Clif. In dreadfull warre mailt thou be ouercome, Or live in peace abandond and despisde. Exit

Exet. They seeke revenge, & thertore will not yeeld my L. King. Ah Exciter?

"UUar. Why should you figh my Lord?"

King. Not for my selfe Lord UVarwicke, but my Sonne,

Whom I vnnaturally shall disinherite.

But be it as it may: I heere intaile the Crowne To thee and to thine heires, conditionally,

That heere thou take thine oath, to cease these civill broiles, And whill? I live, to honour me as thy King & Soueraigne.

Yor. That oath I willingly take and will performe. "Uar. Long live King Henry: Plantagenet embrace him. King. And long live thou and all thy forward sonnes. Yor. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde. Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes, Sound Trumpets.

Yor. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for ile to Wakefield

To my castell. Exit Yorke, and his sonnes. War, And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers. Exit. Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers. Exit. Mont. And I to leafrom whence I came. Exit.

Enter the Queene and the Prince. Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, He steale away. King. And so will I.

Queene. Nay staie, or esse I follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ilestaie.

Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man. Thou hast undoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and men.

And

And given ouer rightes vnto the house of Yorke. Artthoua King, and wilt be forst to yeelde? Had I been there, the Souldiers should have tost Me on their Launces poyntes, before I would have Graunted to their willes. The Duke is made Protector of the Land: Sterne Faulconbridge Commaundes the narrow Seas. And thinkst thou then To fleepe fecure? I heere dinorce mee Henry From thy bed, vntill that A& of Parlement Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke. The Northen Lordes that have fortworne thy colours, Will follow mine, if once they see them spred, And spread they shall, voto thy deepe disgrace. Come Sonne, lets away, and leave them heere alone. King. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake. Queen. Thou half spoke too much already, therfore be still. King. Gentle sonne Edward, wilt thou stay with me? Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. Prin. When I returne with victorie from the fielde. Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her. King. Poore Queene, her loue to me, & to the Prince her Makes her in furie thus forget her felfe. (fonne, Revenged may the be on that accurfed Duke. Come cosen of Exeter, stay thou heere, For Clifford and those Northen Lordes be gone I feare towardes Wakefielde, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, give me leave to speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Por. How now sonnes? what at a larre amongst your selnes?

Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs; The Crowne of England father.

York. The Crowne boy? Why Henries yet aline,

And I have sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till his death.

B.

The Tragedie of Richard D.of

Edv. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one Rich. And if it please your grace to give me leave, (yeare. Ile shew your grace the way to save your oath. And dispossesses king Henry from the Crowne.

Yor. I prethee Dick let me heare thy deuise.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate:
Henrie is none, but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father resolue your selse.

And once more claime the Crowne,

Tor. I, faiest thou so boy? why then it shall be so,
I am resolved to win the crowns or die.
Edward, thou shalt to Edmond Brooke Lord Cobbam,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norfocke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster up his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presently.
And Richard, thou to London straight shalt poast,
And bid Richard New! Earle of Warwicke
To leave the Citte; and with his men of war,
To meet me at saint Albons, ten daies hence,
My selfe heere in Sandall castle will provide
Both men and money to furder our attempts.
Now what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thowsand men, A ccompanied with the Earles of Cumberland, Northumberland, and Westmerland, and others of the House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakesield, Tobesiedge you in your Castle heere.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mertimer,
Yorke. A Gods name let them come. Cousen Montague poast you hence; and boies, stay you with me.

Sir Iohn and Sir Hugh Mortimers mine vncles, Y'are welcome to Sandall in an happy houre, The armie of the Queene means to befiedge vs.

Sir Iohn. She shal not need my Lord, weele meet her in the (field. Tor. What with fine thousand souldiers vncle? Rich. I father, with fine hundred for a-need, A woman's generall, what should you feare?

Yor.Indeed many braue battailes haue I won In Normandy, when as the enemic Hath bin ten to one: and why should I now doubt Of the like successed am resolu'd: Come lets go.

Edw. Lets martch away, I beare their drums.

Excuns

Alarmes, and then enter the your & Earle of Rutland, and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leave the Cattle, And flie to Wakefield straighr.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor looke where bloody Clifford comes. Cut. Chaplin awaie, thy priesthood saues thy life, As for the brat of that accurred Duke Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least heaven

Revenge it on thy head: Oh faue his life.

Clif. Souldiers awaie, and drag him hence perforce:

Exit the Chaplin. Awaie with the villaine.

How now, what dead already? or is it feare that

Makes him close his ejes? He open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe, And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie. And so he turne's againe to rend his limbes in sunder: Oh Cufford, kill me with thy fword, and Not with fuch a cruell threatning looke. I am to meane a subject for thy wrath, Be thou reuengd on men and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers blood, Hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter,

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe,

He is a maniand Clifford, cope with him. Clif. Had I thy Brethren heere, their lives and thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me,

B 2,

Ot

The Trazedie of Richard D.of

Or should I dig up thy forefathers graues, And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines, It could not flake mine ire, nor eafe my heart. The fight of any of the house of Yorke, Is as a furie to torment my foule. Therfore till I roote out that curled line, And leave not one on earth, He live in helf therfore.

Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death;

To thee I praie, sweet Cufford pittie me.

Clif. I such pittie as my rapiers point affoardes. Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But twas ere I was bornet Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me, Least in remenge thereof, fith God is just, He be as miserablie slaine as I. Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies, And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore die. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet, And this thy Sonnes blood cleaning to my blade, Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blood Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both.

Alarmes. Enter the Duke of Yorke solus Yor. Ah Yorke, poalt to thy Castle, saue thy life, The goale is lost; thou house of Lancaster, Thrice happie chaunce it is for thee and thine, That heaven abridge my daies, and calls me hence But God knowes what chaunce hath betide my fonnes: But this I know, they have demeand themselves, Like men borne to renowne by life or death: Three times this daie came Richard to my fight, And cried courrage Father: Victorie, or death, And twice so oft came Edward to my view. With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts, In blood of those whom he had Ilaughtered. 4

O harke, I heare the Drummes: No way to flie? Noe way to faue my life? And heere I stay: And here my life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and soldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland, I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud: This is the But, and this abides your shot.

North. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet. Clif. I to such mercie as his ruthfull arme With downe right payment, lent vnto my father,

Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre, And made an evening at the noonetide pricke.

And in that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I call mine eies to heaven,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why stay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer: So Doues do pecke the Rauens pierfing tallents; So desperate thieues all hopelesse of their lives, Breath out invectives gainst the officers.

Torke. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke dice once againe, And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy tongue that flaundrest him with cowardise, Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word, But buckle with thee blowes twife two for one.

Queene. Holde valient Chfford, for a thouland causes, I would prolong the traitours life a while.

Wradi makes him deafe, speake thou Northumberland,
Nor. Hold Clifford, do not honour him to much,
To pricke thy finger, thought to wound his heart?
What valour were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his soote away?
Tis warres prife to take all aduantages,

В 3.

· The Tragedie of Richard D. of

And ten to one, is no impeach in Warres.

Fight, and take him.

Clif. I, I, so thrives the Woodcocke with the gin.

North. So doth the Cannie struggle with the net.

York. So triumphes Theeves vpontheir conquered booty,
So true men yeeld by robbers over-matcht.

North, What will your grace have done with him? Queen. Braue warriouts, Clifford and Northumberland. Come make him stand upon this Moulehill here, That aymde at Mountaines with outstretched arme. And parted but the shaddow with his hand-Was it you that reuelde in our Parliament, And made a preachment of your high descent? Where are your melle of Sonnes to backe you now? The wanton Edward, and the luftie George? Or where is that valiant Crookebackt prodegie? Dickey your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce, Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies? Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rusland? Looke Yorke; I dipt this Napkin in the blood That valiant Clifford with his Rapier poynt, Made iffue from the boolome of thy Boy: And if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this, to dry thy cheekes withall. Alas poore Yorke, But that I hate thee much, I should lament thy miserable state: I prethee gricue, to make me metry, Yorket Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may fing and daunce. What hath thy fierichart so particht thine entrailes, That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death? Thou wouldst be feede I fee to make mesport. Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne. -A Crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him? So: hold you his hands while I don! it on. I, now lookes he like a King. This is he that tooke King Henries Chaire, And this is he was his adopted heire, But how is it that great Plantagenet,

Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our Henrie had shooke hands with death.
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
And robbe his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Growne, and with the Crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.
Clif. Thats my office, for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes. York. She wolfe of France, but worse than wolues of France, Whose tongue more poyson'd than the Adders tooth: How ill beleeming is it in thy fexe. To triumph like an Amazonian trull Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captinates? Butthatthy face is vizard like, vnchanging, Made impudent by vse of enill deedes: I would affay, proud Queene to make thee blush: To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de, I were thame enough to thame thee, wert thou not thamles, Thy father beares the tipe of King of Naples, Of both the Sissiles and Ierusalem, Yetnot so wealthie as an English Yeoman. Hath that poore Monarch taught theeto infult? It needes not, or it bootes thee not proude Queene, Vnlesse the Adage must be verefide, That Beggers mounted, runne their horse to death. T is beautie, that oft makes women proud, But God he wors, thy share thereof is small. Tis gouernement, that makes them most admirde. The contrarie doth make thee wondred at, Tas vertue makes them seeme one The want thereof makes thee abhominable. Thou art as opposite to euery good, As the Antipodes are vnto vs: Or as the South to the Septentrion. Oh Tygers hart, wrapt in a womans hide!

B.4.

How

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe, To bid the father wipe his eyes with all, And yet be seene to be are a womans face? Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible, Thou indurate, sterne, tough, remorcelesse. Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will; Would'st have me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish, For rageing windes blowes up a storme of teares, And when the rage alayes, the raine begins. These teares are my sweete Rulands obsequies, And every drop, begges vengeance as it falles, On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions moone me so, As hardly can I checke mine eyes from teares.

Torke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not have toucht, would not have staind with bloods
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
Oten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.

See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares, This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my-sweete Boy, And loe, with teares I wash the bloud away. Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of that: And if thou tell the heavie storie well,

Vpon my foule, the hearers will shead teares, I, eucn my foes will shed fast falling teares, And say, Alas, it was a pirteous deed.

Here, take the Crowne; and with the Crowne my curste, And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,

As now I reape at thy two cruell hands. Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the worlde, My foule to heaven, my bloud vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin flaughterman to all my kin, I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,

How inlie anger gripes his hart.

Quee, What weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?

Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie your melting teares.

Clif. Thears for mine oath, thears for my fathers death.

Queen.

Quee. And thears to right our gentle harted kind. Yor. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God, My soule flies foorth to meet with thee. Quee. Off with his head and let it on Yorke Gates, So Torke may ouerlooke the towne of Torke.

Enter Edward and Richard with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre, How doth my noble brother Richard fare? Rich. I cannot joy vntill I be refolu'd, Where our right valient father is become. How often did I see him beare himselse, As doth a Lion midst a hearde of neate, So fled his Enemics our valient father, Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his Sonne.

Thre Sunnes appeare in the aire.

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates, And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne, Dafell mine eies? or do I fee three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, not seperated by a racking But seuered in a pale cleere shining skie. (cloude: See, fee, they joyne, embrace, and feeme to kiffe, As if they vowde some league inviolate: Now are they but one lampe, one light, one Sunne, In this the heavens doth figure some event.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field, That we the Sonnes of braue Plantagenet, Alreadie each one shining by his meed May io yne in one and ouerpeere the world, As this the earth, and therefore hence forward, lle beare vpon my Target, three faire shining Sunnes. But what art thou that lookest so heavilie?.

Mef. Oh one that was a wofull looker on, When as the noble Duke of Yorke was flaine. Edw. Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more,

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all. Mes. When as the noble Duke; was put to flight,

And

The Tragedie of Kichara D. of

And then pursued by Clifford and the Queene,
And many louddiers moe, who all at once
Let drive at him, and for It the Duke to yeeld:
And then they let him on a mouthill there,
And crownde the gratious Duken high dispights.
Who then with teares began to waite his fall.
The runhesse Queene perceiving he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of sweete young Ruland
By rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp,
Then through his brest they thrust their blouddie swords,
Who like a Lambe fell at the butchers seete.
Then on the gates of Tarke, they set his head,
And there is doth remaine, the piteous spectacle
That ere mine cies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Torke, our proppe to leane vpon, Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my foules pallace is become a prison,
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,

For never shall I have more joy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breafts moisture Scatte fernes to quench my furnace burning heart. I cannot toy till this white role be dide, -Even in the heart bloud of the house of Lancaster. Richard, I beare thy name, and He reaenge thy death, Or cie my selfe in seeking of revenge.

Edw. His name, that valient Duke hath left with thee,

His chaire and Dukedome, that remaines for me. Rich: Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,

Show thy disent by gazeing gainst the Sunne.
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne, and kingdome saics
For other that is thine, or else thou were not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, ancient, and Souldiers.

(broad?

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes a-Rich. Ali gentle VV awicke, should we but reporte,

The balefull newes, and at each wordes delinerance, Stab poniardes in our flesh, till all were tould: The words would adde more anguish then the woundes. Ah valient leard, the Duke of Yorke is flaine.

Edw. Ah W. irmicke, VV in Vicke, that Plantagenet, Which held thee deare: euen as his foules redemption, Is by the sterne Lord Cufford, done to death.

VVar. Ten daies agoe, I drownd those newes in teares, And now to adde more measure to your woes, I come to tell you things fince then befalle. After the blouddie fraie at Wakefield fought," Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe, Tidings as swiftlie as the poalt could run, Was brought me of your losse, and his departure. I,then in London, keeper of the King. Multred my fouldiers, gathered flockes of friends, And verie well appointed as I thought, Marcht to faint Albons t'entercept the Queenc, Bearing the King in my behalfe along, For by my scoutes I was aduertised, That the was comming, with a full intent To dash your late decree in parliament, Touching King Henries heires, and your succession. Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met, . Our battailes ioynde, and both fides fiercelie fought. But whether twasthe coldnesse of the King, Who lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene, That robde my fouldiers of their heated ipleene: Or whether twas report of his successe, Or more then common feare of Claffords rigour, Who thunders to his Captaines bloud and death, I cannot tell: But to conclude with truth, Their weapons like to lightnings went and came: Our Souldiers like the night Owles lazie flight, Or like an idle threther with a flaile, Fell gently downe as if they smote their friends, I cheerd them up with inflice of the cause, With promise of high paie and great rewardes.

L 2

The Tragedie of Richard D.of

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my telfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to joyne with you,
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making an other head, to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle Warwicke;

How fatte hence is the Duke widthis power?

And when came George from Burgundue to England?

War. Some five miles off the Duke is with his power: But as for your brother, he was lately fent From your kind Aunt, Dutches of Burgundie, With aide of fouldiers gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. T was ods belike when valient Warwicke fled. Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,

But nere till now, thy feandall of retire.

War. Nor now, my scandall Richard, dost thou heared-For thou shalt knowe that this right hand of mine, Can pluck the Diadern from faint Henries head, And wring the awfull scepter from his fisst: Were he as samous and as bold in warre, As he is samde for mildnessee, and praier.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwicke, blame me not, T was love I bare thy glories, made me speake. But in this troublous time, whats to be done? Shall we goe throw away our coates of steele? And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes. Numbring our Aucmaries with our beades? Or shall we on the helmets of our foes, Tell our devotion, with revengfull armes? It for the last, saie 1, and to it Lords.

War. Why therfore Warwicke came to find you out, And therfore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene, With Clifford and the haught Northumberland, And of their feather many mo proud birdes, Haue wrought the cafe melting King like waxe.

He sware consent to your succession,
His oath involled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frusterate his oath, ot what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fistie thousand strong.
Now it the helpe of Norfolke, and my selse,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among the louing Weltchmen canst procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foaming steedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the Foe,
But never once againe turne back and flie.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwicke speake: Nere may he live to see a sunshine day, That cries retire, when Warwicke bids him slay.

Edw. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane, And when thou faint'st, must Edward fall;

Which perill heaven forefend.

VVar. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is Englands royall King:
And King of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In eueric Burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not up his cappe for iou,
Shall for th'offence make forseit of his head.
King Edward, valuent Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne, But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Mchenger.

Mef. The Duke of Norfolke lends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your company for speedy councell.

VVar. Why then it forts braue Lords, Lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

C3.

Enter

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northren Earles, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Queen. Welcome my Lord; to this brane towne of Yorke, Yonder's the head of that ambitious enemie. That fought to be impaled with your Crowne. Doth not the object please your cie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rocks please them that seare their wracke.

Withhold revenge deare God, tis not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie, And harmefull pictic must be laide aside, To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes? Not to the beast that would viurpe his den. Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke? Not his, that spoyles his young before his face. ... Who scapes the lutking Serpentsmortal Hing? Not he that fets his foote vpon her backe. The smallest Woorme will turne, being troden on: And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode. Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne, Thou finy ling, while he knit his angry browes. Hee but a Duke, would have his sonne a King, And raile hisiffue like a louing fire. Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonne, Didff give consent to disinherite him; Which argude thee a most vinasurall father. Vnreasonable creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yet in protection of their tender ones, "Who hath not feene them epen with those same wings Which they have sometime vide in fearefull flight, Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nell, Offring their owne lives, in their younges defence? For thame my Lord, make them your prefident: Were it not pittic that this goodly Boy, Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault? And long hereafter say unto his childe,

What

What my great Grandiather and Grandfire got,
My carciefle father, fondly gaue away?
Looke on the Boy, and let his manly face,
Which promifeth successful fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford playde the Orator, Inferring arguments of mightic force. But tell me, didl't thou never yet heare tell, That thinges cuill got, had ever bad succeife; And happie ever was it for that sonne, Whose tather for his hootding, went to hell? I leave my sonne my vertuous deedes behind, And would my father had lest me no more; For all the rest is helde at such a rate, As askes a thousand times more care to keepe, Then may the present profite countervaile. Ah cosen Torke, would thy best sciences did know, How it dorn grieve me, that thy head standes there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmeful pittle makes your followers You promited knighthood to your princely fonne, (faint, Vnsheath your tword, and straight do bub him Knight.

Kneele downe Eaward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arife a Knight,
And learne this lefton Boy, Draw thy tword in right.
Princ. My gratious father, by your kingly leave,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quartell vse it to the death.
North. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Mchenger.

For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke;
And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
Proclayings him King, and many flies to him:
Prepate your Battailes, for they be at hand.

Chf. I would your Highnesse would depart the field, The Queene hath best successe when you are absent,

Queen.

Queen. Do good my Lord; and leave vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore He stay still.

Cifford. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lordes,

Vnsheath your sword, sweete sather cry Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our Battell here, for hence we wil not move

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edw. Now periord Henry, wilt thou yeeld thy Crownes

And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feere?

Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud infulting boy,

Becomes it thee to be thus malepert, Before thy King and lawfull Soucraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bend his knee,

I was adopted heire by his confent: --

Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath,

For as we heare, you that are King, Though he do weare the Crowne,

Haue causde him by new act of Parliament

To blot our brother out, and put his owne sonne in.

Clif. And reason George. Who should succeed the father, but the sonne?

Rich. Are you their butcher?

you their butcher? (lort.

(iif. I Crookback, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your

Rich. Twas you that kild young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and olde Yorke too, and yet not fatisfide.
Rich. For Gods fake Lordes, give fynald to the fight.

VVar. What fayst thou Henry? wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde War, dare you speake?

When you and I met at Saint Albones latt,

Your legges did better feruice then your handes.

VYar. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

Clif. You sayd so much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your vallour Clifford, that droug me thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood Warwick, that could make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we holde thee reuerently. Breake off the parlie, for scarse I can refraine the

execution of my big swolne heart, against that Clifferd there, that cruell child-killer.

(lif. Why, I kild thy Father, call thou him a childe? Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rusland,

But ere Sunne fee lle make thee curste the deed. King. Haue, done with wordes great Lords, and heate me Que en. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.

King. I prethee give no limits to my tongue,

I am a King and preuiledgde to speake.

Cif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,

Cannot be cur'd with wordes, therefore be still. Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword, By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,

That Cliffords manhood hangs upon his tongue.

Edw. What faist thou Henrie! shall I have my right or no? A thousand men haue broke their fast to day,

That nere shall dine, volesse thou yeeld the crowne.

IVir. If thou denie, their blouds be on thy head,

For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.

Prin. If all be right that Warws ke laies is right, There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whofoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,

For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.

Quee. But thou are neither like thy fire nor dam, Eut like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke, Marke by the destinies, to be anoided

As venome Toades, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt, Thy Father beares the title of a King, As if a channell should be calde the Sea; Sham'st not, knowing from whence rhou art deriu'de,

To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?

Edw. A wispe of strawe were worth a thousand crownes, To make that tham eleffe Callet know her felfe, Thy husbands Father reueld in the heart of Fraunce, And tamde the French, and made the Dolphin Roope: And had he matcht according to his state,

He

He might have kept that glorie till this day. But when he tooke a begger to his bed, And grac'd thy poore fire with his bridall day: Then that fun-shine bred a showre for him, Which walke his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce, And heapt feditions on his crowne at home. For what hath mou'd thefe tumults but thy pride? Hadlt thou bin meeke, our title yet had flept, And we in pittic of the gentle King, Had flipt our claime untill an other age.

George. But when we faw our Sommer brought the gaine, And that the haruell brought vs no encrease, We let the axe to thy viurping roote: And though the edge haue fomthing hit our felues, Yet know thou, we will never ceale to itrike, Till we have hewen thee downe, Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defie thee, Not willing any longer conference, Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake. Sound trumpets, let our blouddie collours wane, And either victorie, or else a graue.

Queene. Staie Edward, staie.

Edw. Hence wrangling, woman, Ile no longer staie, Thy words will cost tenthousand lines to day.

Exeunt Ownes.

Alarmes.

Enter VVarwicke.

IVar. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race, I lay me downe a litle while to breath, For strokes received, and many blowes repaide, Hath robde my flrong knit finewes of their flrength, And force per force needes must I yeeld my selfe. Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heavens, or strike vngentle death, That we may die, volefle we gaine the daic. What fatall starre malignant frownes from heaven, Vpon the harmlesse line of Yerkes true house?

Enter George.

George.

Geor. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daiet
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting troopes,
Lest they retire now we have lest the field.

War. How now my Lords? what hap, what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah VV arwicke, why hast thou withdrawne thy felfe; Thy noble father in the thick est throngs, Cride still for Warwicke his thrice valient sonne, Vntill with thousand swords he was beset, And manie woundes made in his aged brest: And as he totering sate vpon his steede. He wast his hand to me and cried aloud: Richard, commend me to my valient sonne. And still he cried, Warwicke reuenge my death, And with those words he tumbled of his horse, And so the noble Salsburie gaue up the Ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud, Ile kill my horse because I will not flie: And heere to God of heauen I make a vow, Neuer to passe from sorth this bloody field, Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Edw. Lord Warwicke, I doe bende my knees with thine, And in that vow, now io yne my foule to thee, Thou fetter vp and puller downe of Kinges, Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs, Or let vs die before we loofe the day.

Georg. Then let vs haste so cheare the Souldiers harts, And call them pillers that will stand to vs, And highly gromise to remunerate

Their trustie feruice, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,

For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, give me your handes, and let vs part,
And take our leaves, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heaven or in earth.
Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
To fee these dire mishaps continue so. Warwicke sarewell,

10 2,

W.v.

VVar. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one dore, and Clifford at an other.

Rich. A Clifford a Clifford. Clif. A Richard a Richard.

Rich. Now Clifford, for Torke and young Rutlands death, This thirstee sword that longs to drinke thy bloud, Shall loppe thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart, For to revenge the murchers thou hast made.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that flabd thy father Torke,
And this the hand that flew thy brother Rutland.
And heer's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that flew thy fire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so have at thee.

Abarmes, they fight, and then enters Warwicke and resources
Richard, and then Exeunt omnes. Abarmes
Still, and then enter Henrie solus.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs, And set some endes to these incessant grieses, How like a masslesse ship vpon the Seas, This wosulf battaile doch coutinue still:

Now leaning this way, now to that side drive, And none doth know to whome the day will fall.

O would my death might stay these cruell iarress Would I had never raignde, nor nere bin king.

Margret and Clissord, chide me from the field, Swearing they had best successe when I was thence:

Would God that I were dead, so all were well, Or would my crowne suffice, I were content,

To yeeld it them and live a private life.

Enter a Souldier with a dead man in his armes.
Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I have flaine in fight to day
May be possessed of some store of Crownes,

And

And I will fearch to findethem if I can, defended but stay a me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I, tis he; whom I have slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the King,
My father he came on the part of Torke:
And in this conflict I have slaine my father,
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father for I knew thee nor

Enter another Souldier with a dead man.

2. Soul. Lie there, thou that foughts with me so stoutly.

Now let me see what store of gold thou hast,

But stay, me thinkes this is no famous face;

Oh no, it is my Sonne that I have staine in fight.

O monstrous times, begetting such cuents,

How cruell, bloodie, and ironious,

This deadly quarrell daily doth beget,

Poore boy dry tather gave the life to late,

And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone.

King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe, Whilst Lions warre, and battaile for their dens, Poore Lambs do scele the rigour of their wraths: The Redrose and the Whight are on his face, The satall colours of our striuing houses, Wyther one Rose, and let the other flourish: For if you striue, ten thousand lives must perish.

I. Soul. How will my Mother for my fathers death,

Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. Soul. How will my wife for flaughter of her sonne,

Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their King? Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

I. Soul. Was euer sonne so rude, his-fathers blood to spill?

2. Soul. Was euer father fo vnnaturall his fonne to kill?
King. Was euer King thus greeud and vexed full?

I Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place;

For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. Soul. Re beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

D₃. For

For I have murdred where I should not kill a part have I back

Exit with his some . 1

K. Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare, Here sits a King, as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to Barmicke presently,
The day is lost, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is lest for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flic, our men haue left the Field: Take horse sweete father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with him: Nay, stand not to expostulate; make haste, Or else come after, ile away before, K. Hin, Nay stay good Exeter, for sle along with thee.

Enter Clifford wounded with an arrow in his necke. Clf. Heereburnes my eandle out, That whilst it lasted, gave king Henry light. Ah Lancaster, I seare thine ouershrow, More then my bodyes parting from my foule. My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee, And now I die, that tough commixture melts. Impairing Henry strengthened milproud Yorke, The common people Iwarme like sommer Flies: And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunnes And who shines now but Henries enemie? Oh Phabus, hadst thon never given consent That Phaeton should checkethy fierie steedes, Thy burning carre had never scorcht the earth. And Henry hadft thou liu'd as Kings should doe, And as thy father, and his father did, Giving no foote vnto the house of Yorke, Land ten thousand in this wofull land, Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes: And thou this day hadft kept thy Throne in peace, For what doth cherish Weedes but gentle Aire?

And

And what makes robbers, bold, but lenetie? Bootelesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes: No way to flie, no strength to hold our flight The foe is mercilesse, and will not pittle me, And at their handes I have deserude no pittie. The aire is got into my bleeding woundes, And much effule of blood doth make me faint: Come Yorke and Richard, Warwicke, and the rett, Istabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

> Enter Edward, Richard, and Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Eaw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward coutle, And we are grast with wreathes of victorie: Some troupes purfue the bloodic minded Queene, That now towardes Barwicke doth poste amaine, But thinke you that Clifford is fled away with them? War. No, tis impossible he should escape: For though before his face I speake the wordes, Your brother Richard markt him for the grave, And where so ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifferd grones, and then dies. Edir. Harke, what foule is this that takes his heavie leave? Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure. Eaw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended, Friend or foe, let him be friendly yfed. Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,

Who kildour tender brother Rutland, And stabd our princely Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there, In stead of that, let his supply the roome. Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring foorth that fatall skritch. Owle to our house, That nothing fung to vs but blood and death, Now his yll boding tongue no more shall speake,

War. I thinke his understanding is bereft.

Say Clifford, doll thoughow who speakes so thee 200 visit Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life; it is a And he nor fees nor heares vs what we fay a more to the Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth, ... And tis his pollicie in the time of death, water a library in a He might anoyde fuch bitter storines as he it work and a feet In his houre of death did give vnto our father, the man Geor. Richard, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eger words. Rich. Cufford, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace. Edw. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence. War. Clifford, deuile excuses for thy fault. George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault. Rich. Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke. . Edw. Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee. Georg. Where's captaine Margaret to fence you now?. War. They mocke thee Clifford; sweare as thou wast wont. Rich. What not an oath? Nay then, I know hee's dead... T is hard, when Cliff rd cannot foord his friend an oath. By this, I know hee's dead; and by my foule, Would this right hand buy but an howers life, when That I in all contempt might raile at him. Ide cut it cff, and with the iffuing-blood, Stiffe the villaine, whose instanched thirst,

Mar. I, but he is dead; off-with the traytors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers standes.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be trowned Englands lawfull King:
From thence shall Warwicke crosse the seast of Fraunce,
And aske the Ladie Bona for thy Queene;
So shalt thou sinew both these Landes togisher:
And having Fraunce thy friend, thou needs not dread;
The scattered soe, that hopes to rise agains.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurr,
Yet looke to have them busie, to offend thine eases.
First lie see the coronation done,
And afterward the coose the seas to Fraunce,
To effect this marriage; if the seas to Fraunce,

Torke and young Rurland could not fatisfie.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt, good W. wwicke let it be:
But first before we go, George kneele downe, (sword, Wee here create thee Duke of Chrence; and gift thee with the Out younger brother Rubard, Duke of Glosefter.

W. wwicke as my selfe shall do and yordo, as him pleaseth best.
Ruch Let me be Duke of Chrence; George of Glosfer:
For Glosfers Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tush, thats a childsh observation.
Richard be Duke of Glosfer. Now to London,
To see these honors in possession.

Encurt ownes.

Enter two Keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our standes upon this hill,
And by and by the Deete will come this way:
But stay, here comes a man, lets listen him awhile.

Enter King Henrie disgrafe.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne even of pure love,.
And thus disgusse, to greet my native land.
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Casar now,
No humble surers sues to thee for right:
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

Keeper. I marry fir, here is a Decre, his skin is a Keepers fue, Sirra stand close; for as I thinke, this is the King,

King Edward hath depostde.

Hen. My Queene & sonne, poore soules, are gone to France,
And (as I heare) the great commaunding Warricke,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady Bena:
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine:
For Lewis is a Prince soone wonne with wordes,
And Warwicke is a subtill Orator;
He laughes and sayes, his Edward is instalde.
She weepes, and sayes, her Henrie is deposide:
He on his right hand, asking a wife for Edward;
She on his left side, crauing ayde for Henrie.

Heeser, What are thought talker of Kings and Oueness?

Hen. More then I feeme; for lesse I should not be.

E.

A man at least, and more I cannot be, And men may talke of Kings; and why not I?

Keep. I, but thou talkest as if thou wert a King thy selfe.

Hen. Why fo I am in minde, though not in she we. Keep. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

Hen. My crowne is in my heart, not on myhead. My crowne is cald Content; a crowne that Kingos do feldme

times enioy.

Keep. And if thou be a King, Crownd with Content, Your crowne content, and you, must be content. To go with vs vnto the officer: for as we thinke, You are our quandam King, K. Edward hath deposde: And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the Kings, Togo along with vs vnto the Officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfild your Kinges name be obayde,

And be you Kinges: commainde, and the obay.

Exeunt Omnies.

Enter King Edvvard, Clarence, and Glocester, Montague, Hallings, and the Ladie Gray.

K.E.d. Brothers of Clurence, and of Glecester,
This Ladies husband heere, Sir Richard Gruy,
At the battaile of Saint Albones did lose his life,
His landes then were seazed on by the Conqueror:
Her sure is now to repossess those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of Yorke,
The noble gentleman and did lose his life:
In honour we cannot denie her sure.

Glo. Your Highnesse shall do well to graunt it then.

K.Ed. I, so I will, but yet He make a pause.

Glo.1, is the winde in that dore?

Clarence, I see the Ladie hath somthing to graunt, Before the King will graunt her humble sutc.

Cla. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the winde, K.Ed. Widdow, come some other time to know our mind. La. May it please your Grace, I cannot brooke delayes,

I beseech your Highnesse to dispatch me now. (with

K.Ed. Lords give vs leave, we meane to trie this widdows Ca. I, good leave have you.

Glo,

Glo. For you will have leave, till youth take leave,

And leave you to your crouch.

K.Ed. Come hither widdow: How many Children hast Cia. I thinke he meanes to beg a Child on her. (thou?

Gb. Nay whip me then, hee'l rather give her two,

Li. Three my gratious Lord.

Glo. You shall have source and you will be rulde by him.

K.Ed. Were it not pittie they should lose their Fathers
Ls. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them. (lands?

K.Ed. He tell thee how these lands are to be got

La. So shall you binde me to your highnesse service.

K. Ed. What service wilt thou do me, if I graunt it them?

La. Euen what your Highnesse shall commaund.

Glo. Nay then Widdow lie warrant you all your husbands
If you grount to do what he commaundes. (landes,

Fight close, or in good fayth you carch a clap.

Cla. Nay I feare her not, vnlesse she sall.

Gio. Matie gods-forbot man, for heele take vantage then.

La. Why Rops my Lord? Thall I not know my taske?

K.Ed. An eafie taske; tis but to loue a King.

Lt. Thats soone performed, because I am a subiect.

K.Ed. Why then, thy husbands lands I freely give thee.

La. I take my leaue, with many thousand thankes. Cli. The match is made, she seales it with a curtesie.

K. Ed. Stay Widdow, stay: What love dost thou thinke

I fue fo much to get?

Ls. My humble service, such as Subjectes owes, and the lawes commaundes.

K.Ed. No by my troth, I meane no fuch loue, But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison, K. Ed. Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands,

La. Then mine honestic shall be my dower,

For by that loffe, I will not purchase them.

K.Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

La. Herein your Highnesse wronges both them and mes But mightie Lord, this merrie inclination, Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.

E 2.

Picale

Please it your Highnes to dismisse me either with I or no? K.td. Lifthou fay I, to my requelt:

Nosit thou fay nosto my demaund.

La. Then no my Lord, my fute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, the bens the brow.

(la. Why, he is the bluntest woer in Christendome.

K, Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maiestie.

One way or other she is for a King.

And the shall be my loue, or else my Quecile,

Saic, that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene? La. Tis better faid then done, my gratious Lord

I am a subject sit to least withall, But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

K.Ed. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare,

I speake no more then what my heart intends:

And that is to enjoy thee for my loue.

Li. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto, Iknow I am to bad to be your Queene:

And yet to good to be your Concubine.

K.Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

La.Your grace would be loth my formes should call you Father.

K.Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother

Thou are a widdow, and thou hast tome Children,

And (by Godsmother) I being but a Batcheler,

"Haue other fome: why tis a happie thing,

To be the father of manie Children:

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. Cla. When he was made a shriver twas for shift.

K.Ed. Brothers you mule what talke the widdow and I

have had you wold thinkeit strange if I should marrie her.

Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

K Ed. Why Clarence to my felfe.

Gb. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

Cla. Why that's a daie longer then a wonder lasts.

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

LEd. Well, least on Brothers, I can tell you,

Her

Her late is graunted, for her hulbands lauds.

Enter a Melsenger.

Mef. And it please your grace, Henrie yout foe is taken, And brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

And lets go question with the man about his apprehension.
Lords along, and vie this Laure lionourably.

Exemp.

Minnet Gloster, and speakes, Glo. I, Edve and will vie women honourably, Would he were walted, marrow, bones and all, That from his loynes no issue might succeed, To hinder me from the golden time I looke for: For I am not yet lookt on in the world. First is there Edvord, Chrence, and Henrie, And his fonne, and all they looke for iffue Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe: A colde premeditation for my purpole, What other pleasure is there in the world beside? I will go clad my body in gay ornaments, And full my felte within a Ladies lappe, And witch tweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes. Oh monstrous man to harbout such athought, Why, love did feorne me in my mothers wombe: And for I should not deale in her affaires, She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh, And plast an envious mountains on my backe: Where fits deformitie, to macke my bodic, To dry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe, To make my legges of an vnequall fize, And am I then a man to be belou'd? Eafier for me to compatie twentie crownes. Tur, I can finite, and morder when I finite: I cry content to that, that greenes me most. I can adde colours to the Camelion, And for a need, change thinges with Prothers, And let the afpyring Catalia to telioole.

E3.

Cara

Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne? Tush, were it ten times higher, He pull it downe.

Exit.

Enter King Levvis and the Lady Bona, and Queene Murgaret. Prince Edward, and Oxford, and others.

Levy. Welcome Q. Murgaret to the Court of Fraunce, It fits not Levyis to fit while thou dost stand, Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,

Thou shalt have ay de to reposses thy right,
And beate proud Edward from his vsurped seate,
And place king Henry in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royal! Maiestie,
And pray the God of heaven to blesse thy state.

And pray the God of heaven, to bleffe thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regardes our wronges.

Enter Warvvicke.

Lev. How now, Who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of VV. arvicke, Edwards chiefest friend.

Low. Welcome braue Warwick, what brings thee to France?

War. From worthy Edward King of England, My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend, I come in kindnesse and vnfaigned loue, First to do greetinges to thy royall person, And then to crave a league of amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady Bena thy faire sister,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

Quen. And if this goe forward, all our hope is done.

Wir. And gratious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
I am commaunded, with your love and favour,
Humbly to kiffe your hand, and with my tongue.
To tell the passions of my Soveraignes hart;

Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares, Hath plass thy glorious image and thy Aertues.

Ducen. King Lewis and Lady Bona, heare me speake, Before you answere VVarwicke or his wordes, For he it is hath done vs all these wronges.

War.

War. Iniurious Morgaret. Prince Ed. And why not Queenc? VVar. Because thy father Henrie did vsurpe, And thou no more att Prince, then the is Queene. O.c. Then VV arwicke difamuls great John of Gaunts That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine, And after John of Gaunt, wife Henrie the fourth, Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the worlde. And after this wife Prince, Ecorie the fift;

Who with his proweffe conquered all Fraunce: From these, our Henries lineally discent.

War. Oxford, how haps that in this importh discourse, You tolde not how H mie the fixe had lost All that Hemu the fift had gotten? Methinkes these peeres of examee should smile at that: But for the rest, you tell a pettigree Of threescore and two yeeress a fillie time, To make prefcription for a Kingdomes worth. Oxf. Why Warwicke, can't thou denie thy King,

Whom thou obeyedth thirtie and eight yeeres, And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

WWar. Can Oxford that did cuer fence the right, Now buck!er falshood with a pettigree? For shame leage Hemie, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whom mine elder brother The Loid Awbray Vere was done to death: And more then fo,my father even in the Downefall of his mellowed yeeres, When age did call him to the doore of death? No UVarwicke no, whillt life vpholds this arme, This arme vpholdes the house of Lancaster. War. And I the house of Yorke.

K. Levy. Queenc Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, Vouchlafe to forbeare a while, Till I do talke a word with Warwicke. Now UVarwicke, even upon thy honour tell me true. Is Edward lawfull King or no? For I were loth to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

War.

W.tr. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit. Lew. What, is he gratious in the peoples eyes?

War. The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.

Low. What, is his love to our fifter Bona? (selfe, War. Such it seemes, as may be seeme a monarke like himo. My selfe have often heard him say and sweare, That this his love was an eternal plant.

The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground:

The leaves and fruite maintainde with beauties sunne, Exempt from envie, but not from disdaine,

Valesse the Lady Bona quite his paine.

Lew. Then fifter, let vs heare your firme resoluc.

Bona. Your graunt or your deniall, shall be mine,
But ere this day I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your Kinges desertes recounted,
Mine eares have tempted indgement to desire.

Lar. Then draw neare Queene M. wgaret, & be a witnesse,

That Bona shall be wife to the English King.

Prince Edvv. To Edvvard, but not the English King.

VV.w. Henrie now lives in Scotland at his eate,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lofe:
And as for you your felfe, our quandam Queene,
You have a father able to maintaine your state:
And better twere to trouble him then Fraunce.

Sound for a Post within.

Ler. Here comes some Post Warvvicke, to thee or vs. Fost. My Lord Ambassadour, this Letter is for you, Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.

This from our King vnto your Maiestie.

And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistresse Smiles at her newes, when Warvvicke frets at his.

P.Ed. And marke how Levves stampes, as he were netled. Levv. Now Margaret & VVarvvicke, What are your news?

Queen. Mine, such as filles my hart full of ioy.
Www. Mine, full of sorrow and harts discontent.

Levv. What, hath your King married the Lady Gray, And now to excuse himselfe, sendes vs a Post of papers?

How.

How dares he prefume to vie vs thus?

Queen. This producth Edwards lone, & Warwicks honesty,

VVar. King Lewes, I here protest in light of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliffe,

That I am cleare from this misdeede of Edwards.

No more my King, for he dishonours me,

And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,

My father came votimely to his death?

Did I let passe the abuse done to my Neece?

Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,

And thrust king Henrie from his native home?

And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?

My gratious Queene, pardon what is past,

And hencefoorth I am thy true feruitour:

I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady Bona, And replant *Henrie* in his former state.

Queen. Yes VV arwicke I do quite forget thy former faults,

If now thou wilt become king Henries friend:

War. So much his friend; I, his vnfaigned friend,

That if King Lewes vouchfafe to furnish vs

With some few bandes of cholen Souldiers,

Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,

And force the Tyrant from his feate by warre.
Tis not his new made Bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last, I firmely am resolu'd,

You shall have ayde:

And English Meffenger returne in post,

And tellfalle Edward, thy supposed King,

That Levves of Fraunce, is sending over Maskers,

To reuell it with him and his new Bride.

Bona. Tell him, in hope heele be a Widower shortly,

He weare the Willow Garland for his fake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weedes be lay de alide,

And I am readie to put Armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore He vncrowne him er's be long,

Ther's thy reward; begone,

F,

Liew.

Lew. But now tell me Warnicke, what assurance

I hall have of thy true loyaltie?

Il'a. It bis inail affure my constant loyaltie, 31 that out Queen cand this young Prince agree: Le coyne mone eldeft Daughter and my loy, To min forth with in holy wedlockes bands.

Leec. Ve ith all my heart, that match I like full well, 1 out her Sonne Edward, the is faire and young, And give thy nand to I Varwicke for thy love.

Lewile is enough, and now we will prepare, It a leure Souldiers for to go with you. And you Lord Burbon, our high Admirall, Shall wated em latelle to the English coast, And chale proud Edward from his flumbring traunce, t or mocking marriage with the name of Fraunce.

Ulla I came from Edward as Emballadour, I util returne his (woorne and mortal) foe: Marter of marriage was the charge he gaue me, Der trezolust warte thall answare his demaunde. Feathenone cliero make a fiale but me? I benn inclust a fliad thate his left to forrows I vayin chiere macrailde him to the crowner And he he chiese to bring him downe againe, Los and I pittle Henries aifferie, Lucteeke reuer ge on Edvyards mockerie.

Exit.

Ever King Edward, the Queene, and Clarence, Glogici, Alo. tague, Hastings, and L'entro ko with joldiers.

Ed. Drothers of Curence, and of Glecester, What dinke you of our matriage with the Ladie Gray?

Cla. My Lord, we thinke as I Varwicke and Lewis That are so slacke in judgment, that theyle take no offence at this suddaine marriage.

K.Ea. Suppose they do; they are but Lewis, and Warwicke, And I am your Kingland UVai wicker, And will be obased. Civ. And shall, because you are our king, but yet such sud-

in e marria, es seldome proueth well.

Ede

Ed. Yea brother Richard, are you against vistoo?
Glo Not I my Lord: no, God forfend that I should
Once gainesay your highnesse pleasure:

1, & twere a pittle to funder them that yoake fo well togither.

Ed. Setting your formes and your dilikes afide, Shew me forme reasons why the Lady Gray May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene? Speake fively Clarence, Gloster,

Montague, and Hastinges.

Cir. My Lord, then this is my opinion, That Warwicke being dishonored in his embassage, Doth seeke revenge, to quite his injuries.

Glo. And Lewis, in regard of his fisters wronges, Doth loyne with Warnicke, to supplant your state.

Ed. Suppose that Lowis and Wirwick be appeald,

By fuch meanes as I can belt deuise?

Alliance, would more have firengthned this our Common wealth, gainst forraigne stormes;
Then any home bred marriage.

Hist. Let England be true within it felfe, We need not Fraunce nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this one speache the Lord Historia well describes. To have the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungersford.

Ed. Andwhat then? It was our will it should be to?

Clis. I, and for such a thing too, the Lord Scales

Did well deserve at your handes, to have the

Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your

Brothers to goe seeke else where: but in

Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.

Ed. Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,

That thou art mal-content?

Why man be of good cheere, I will provide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you plaide the broker foill for your feife, That you shall give me leave to make my Choyse as I thinke good: and to that intent, I shottly meane to leave you.

Ed. Leaue me or tarrie, I am fuil resolu'd,

F 2.

Ed

Edward will not be tied to his brothers wills.

Quee My Lords, do me but right, and you must confesse, Before to pleased his highnesse aduance My state to title of a Queene,

That I was not ignoble in my birth.

Edv. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes, For thee they must obay, nay shall obay, And it they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnde from (Fraunce

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now firra, What letters, or what newes?

Mef. No letters my Lord; and such newes, as without your Highnesse speciall pardon, I dare not relate.

Edvv. We pardon thee; and as necre as thou canst, tell me

What said Lewis to our letters?

Mef. At my departure these were his verie wordes. Go tell false Edward, thy supposed King, That Lewis of Fraunce is sending over Maskers, To reveal it with him and his new bride.

Ed., Is Lewis so branc? belike he thinkes me Hemy.
But what saide Lady Bona to these wrongs? (shortly,

Mif. Tell him (quoth she) in hope hee'l proue a widdower

He weare the willow garland for his fake,

Ed. She had the wrong indeed; she could say little lesse; But what said Henries Queene? for as I heare she was then in place.

Mif. Tell him(quoth the)my mourning weedes be done:

And I am readie to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.

But what faid Was wicke to these iniuries?

Mef He more incensed then the rest my Lord, Tell hun (quoth he) that he hath done me wrong, And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed.Ha, Durst the traitour breath out such proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what, is Warwicke friends with Margaret?

Mes. I my good Lord, they are so links in friendshippe,
That

That young Prince Eduvard inarries VV arvvickes daughter.
Cla. The elder? belike Clarence shall have the younger?
All you that love me, and VV arwickes, sollow me.
Exit Clarence, and Sommerset.

Ed Clarence, and Sommerfet, fled to Warwick. What fair you brother Richard, will you tland to vs?

Glo. I, my Lord, in despight of all that shal with stand your.

For why hath nature made me halt down right,

But that I should be valient and stand to it?

For if I would, I cannot run away.

Ed. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night,
I meane to rest; and on the morrow morne,
Ile match to meet proud Wanvicke, ere he land
Those stragling troopes, which he hath got in Fraunce:
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,
You of all the rest are necrest assed
In bloud to Wanvicke; therfore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me, or not?
Speake trulie, for I had rather have you open enemies,
Then hollow friendes.

Mon. So God helpe Montague, as he proues true. Hast. And Hastings, as he fauours Edwards cause. Ed. It shall suffice: come then, lets march away.

Excunt Omnes.

Enter Warwicke, and Oxenford, with Souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
But see where Sommer fee and Clarence comes.
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends.

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

VVar. Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwicke.
And welcome Sommerfet. I hold it cowardife,
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart:
Hath paund an open hand, in signe of louc.
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,
Were but a saigned friend to our proceedings:

F 3.

But

Eut welcome sweete Clarence, my daughter shalbe thine,
And now what restes but in nightes concrure,
Thy brother being carelessy encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure:
Our Skoutes have found the adventure veric easies
I hen cry King Henrie, with resolved mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.
Cla Why then lets on our way in silent fort,
For Ourwicke and his friends, God and Saint George.
War This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or never,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be outs.
edl. A Warwicke, a Warwicke.

Alarmes, and Glofter and Hastings fue.

O√. Who goes there?

Wir. Richard and Hastinger, let them go: here is the Duke.
Saw. The Duke, why Warwicke, when we parted last,
thou calds me King?

When you disgraft me in my Embassage,
Then I disgraft you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke.
Abise how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vie Embassadours,
Nor how to vie your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.

Edw. Well War Wicke, let Fortune doe her worst, Edwad in minde will beare himselfe a King.

Wir. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands king, But Henrie now shall weare the English Crowne.

Goe conney him to our brother Archbyshop of Yorke,
And when I have fought with Tenbrooke, and his followers,
Ils come and tell thee what the Lady Bona sayes:
And so for a while, sarewell good Duke of Yorke.

Exeunt some with Edward.

Cla. What followes now, all hitherto goes well, But we must dispatch some letters to Fraunce, To rell the Queene of our happy fortune, And bid her come with speede to soyne with vs. UUm. I, that's the first thing that we have to doe. And free king Henrie from imprisonment, And see him seated in his regall throne. Come, let vs halte away, and having past these cares, He post to Torke, and see how Edward sares.

Excunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanly. Glo. Lord Hastings, and fir UVilliam Stanly, Know, that the cause I sent for you is this. I looke my brother with a flender traine, Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere; The Bithop of Yorke befrendes him much, And lets him vie his pleasure in the chase: Now I have privily fent him word, How I am come with you to rescue him. And see where the Huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman. Hunts. This way my Lord the Decre is gone. Ed. No this way Huntsman, see where the Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest, What, are you prouided to depart? Glo. 1, I, the horse standes at the Parke corner, Come to Linne, and so take shipping into Flaunders. Ed. Come then: Haltings and Stanle, I will requite your loues. Bythop farewell, Sheeld thee from UVarwukes frownest And pray that I may repossesse the Crowne. Now Huntiman what will you doe? Hunts. Martie my Lord, I thinke I had as good Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde. Ed. Come then, lets away with speede.

Extuncomne.

J 17853

Enter the Queene and the Lord Rivers.

Rivers. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace so passionate of late?

Queene. Why brother Rivers, heare you not the newes.

Of that successe king Edward had of late?

Rin. What losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwicke Tush, seare not faire Queene, but cast those cares aside, King Edwards noble minde, his honours doth display: And VVarwicke may lose, though then he got the day.

Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end: But greater troubles will (I feare) befall.

Rin. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe,

To the danger of his royall person then?

Queen. I, ther's my griefe; King Edward is surprisse,

And led away, as prison vnto Yorke.

Rut. The newes is pessing strange, I must confesse.
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaster at this time must perceive;
That some will set him in his throne againce.

Queen. God graunt they may but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserve the fruite within my wombe,
King Edwards seed, true heire to Englands crowne.

Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastinges with atroops of Hollanders.

Ed. Thus farre from Belgia have we past the seas,
And marcht from Rounspur haven vnto Yorke:
But soft, the Gates are shut; I like not this.
Ruh. Sound vp the Drumme, and call them to the walles.

Enter the Lord Major of Yorke upon the Walles.
Major. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand upon our garde,
And shut the Gates, for to preserve the Townes
Henrie now is King, and we are sworne to him.

Ed

Ed. Why my Lord Maior, if Henrie be your King, Edward I am fure at least, is Duke of Yorke?

Maior. Trueth my Lord, we know you for no leffe.

Ed. I crave nothing but my Dukedome.

Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,

Heele quickly make the body follow after.

Hast. Why my Lord Major, what stand you vpon points?
Open the Gates, we are king Henries friendes.

Masor . Say you so, then He open them presently.

Exit Major,

Rish

Ric. By my faith a wife fout Captaine, & some perswaded.

The Maior opens the doore, and bringes the Keyes in his hand.

Ed. So my Lord Maior, these Gates must not be shut, But in the time of Warre: Giue me the keyes.

What, feare not man; for Edward will defend the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter for Iohn Mountgommery with Drumme and Souldwrs.

How now Richard, Who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn Mountgommery,

A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.

Ed. Welcome Sir Iohn, Wherefore come you in armes? Sir Iohn. To helpe king Edward in this time of stotmes,

As every loyall subject ought to doe. Ed. Thankes brave Mountgommery,

But I onely claime my Dukedome, Vitill it please God to send thee rest.

Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let ys March away: I came to scrue a King and not a Duke.

Ed. Nay stay Sir Iohn, and let vs first debate, With what securitie we may doe this thing.

Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating to be briefe, Except you presently proclaime your felse our King, Ile hence againe, & keepe them backe that come to succour you: why should we fight, when you pretends no title?

Relutie your selfe, and let vs claime the Crowne.

Listantefolude once more to claime the Crowne,

And symit too, or elfe to lofe my life.

And now will the Edwards Champion,
Sound Frumpets, for Edward shall be proclayinde.

And now will the Edwards Champion,
Sound Frumpets, for Edward shall be proclayinde.

And some the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and

Fraunce, and Lord of Ireland;
And wholocuer gainfayes king Edwards right,
By this I challenge him to fingle fight:

I ong true Lan mit the fourth.

Le. Al. Long line Enward the fourth.

1 de We thanke you all. Lord Maior, lead on the way,
Lor this night weele harboure heer in Torke,
And then as earlie as the morning funne,
Lit es yo has beames about this Horison,
Weele march to London, to meete with Warwicke,
And pull false House from the Regall throne.

Enter Waswiske and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then king Hemis, and Oxford, and Summerfet, and the joing Earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the Prison to this princely scate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe:
Claience and Winnicke do you keepe the Crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will spend the Remnant of my dayes,
To finnes rebuke, and my creators prayse.
What answeres Claience to his Soueraignes will?
Cla Claience agrees to what king Hemie likes,
King. My Lord of Sommerses, what prettie Boy is that,
You seeme to be so carefull of?

San. And it please your Grace, it is young Henrie, Farle of Ruchmond.

King, Harrie of Richmond, Come hither prettie Ladde, If heavenly powers doe aims arighs

To

To my diaining thoughtes, thou prettie boy, Shalt proue this Countries bliffe, Thy head is made to weare a princely Crowne, Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie: Make much of him my Lordes, for this is he, Shal helpe you more, then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to FV arwicke.

War. What counsell Lords? Edward from Belgia, With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders, Is past in safetie through the narrow seas, And with his troopes do martch amaine towards London, And many giddie people follow him.

Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes, For it this fire doe kindle any further, It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

IVar. In Warwicke shire I have true harred friendes, Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warte, Them will I multer vp, and thou foune Charence shale In Effex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent, Stirre up the Knights and Gentlemento come with thee, And thou brother Montague, in Leitler thire, Buckingham and Northampton shire shalt finde, Men well inclinde to doo what thou commanneds, And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd, Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends. My foueraigne with his louing Citizens, Shall rest in London till we come to him. Faire Lordes, rake leaue and stand not to replie: Farewell my Soucraigne.

King. Farewell my Heller, my Tropes true hope. VVar. Farewell sweete Lordes, lets meete at Couchtrie. Luciun Omnes. All. Agreed.

Enter Edward and his traine. Ed. Scale on the thamefalt Hanrie, And once againe commy him to the Tower,

Away

Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentric lets bend our course,
To meet with Warvucke, and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter V Varvvicke on the O'Oalles.

I'Var. Where is the post that came from valient Oxford?

How tar nence is thy Lord, my honest fellowe?

Ox. Post. By this at Daintrie, marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

Post. I left him at Donsmore, with his troopes.

VVar. Say Somme field, where is my loueing sonne?

And by thy geste, how farre is Chrence hence?

Som. At Southam my Lord, I left him with his force,

And do expect him two howers hence.

War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power. Gb. See Brother where the furly Warwicke mans the wall. War. On vibid spight is spotfull Edward come? Where slept our scoutes? or how are they sedue'd? I hat we could have no newes of their repaire? Ed, Now Warmicke, wilt thou before for thy faultes, And call Edward King, and he will pardon thee? War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe, Contesse who set thee vp.and puld thee downe: Call UV arwicke patron, and be peritent, And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke. G/o. I had thought at least he would have said the King, Or did he make the leaft againft his will? War. T was WV armicke, gaue the kingdome to thy brother. Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by OVarwickes guist. UVar. I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight, And weakling VVarwicke takes his guift againe, Henry is my king: UVarwicke his Subject. Ed. I prothee gallant UVarnvieke tell me this, What is the bodie, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas that VV arvvicke had no more forelight, But while he fought to steale the fingle ten, The king was finely fingred from the decke: You left poore Harrie in the Bishops pallace, And ten to one youle meet him in the Tower.

Ed. Tis euen so, and yet you are ould UV arwicke still, War.O cheerfull collours: see where Oxford comes?

Enter Oxford with drum and fouldiers, and all Exeunt. crie Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in, Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes. Gb. No, so forme other might set upon our backes, Wee'l stay till all be entred, and then follow them.

Enter Sommer set with drum and souldiers. Excunt. Som. Sommer set, Sommer set, for Lancaster. Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Sommer let, Haue fould their lines vnto the house of Yorke, And thou shalt be the third, and my lword hold.

Enter Montague, with drum and fouldiers, Exeunt Mon. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. Ed. Traiterous Montague, thou and thy brother, Shall deerlie abie this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence, with drum and souldiers, VVar. And loe where George of Clarence, Iweepes along, Of power enough to bid his brother battaile. Cla.Clarence, Clarence, sor Lancaster. Excunt. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Casar too? A parlie firrah to George of Clarence. Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whifeers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat and throwes it at Warwicke. War. Come Clarence, comt, thou wilt if VV arthricke call. Cla. Father of Warnicke, know you what this meanes? I throw mine infamie at thee,

I wilnot ruinate my fathers house, Who gave his bloud to lime the stones together: And let vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou That Clavenec is so harsh vinaturall, To lift his fword against his brothers life? And le proudhearted Warwicke I defie thee, And to my brothers turne my blushing checkes: Pardon me Ediv .rd, for I have done amifle, And Richard, do not frowne ypon me, For hence forth I will proue no more vnconstant. Ed Welcome Clarence, and tentimes more welcome, Then if thou neuer hadst deserved our hate. Glo. Welcome good Charence, this is brotherly. War. Oh passing traitour, periurde, and vniust. Ed. Now Warwicke, wilt rhou leave the Towne & fight? Or shall we beate the stones about thine eares? War. Why, I am not coopt up heere for defence, I will away to Barnet presently, And bid thee barraile Edward, if thou darelt. Ed. Yes Warwicke, he dares, and leades the way, Lords to the field, faint George and victoric. Exeunt Omness

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.

War. Ah who is nie? Come to me friend, or foe, And tell me who is victor, Torke, or VVarwicke? Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes, That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth, And by my fall the conquest to my toes: Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge, Whose armes gave shelter to the princely Eagle, Under whose shade the ramping Lion slept, Whose top braunch overpeer'd loves spreading trees. The wrinckles in my browes, now fild with bloud, Weie bleened oft to Kingly sepulchers, For who lived King but I could dig his grave? And who dust finite, when Waywicke bent his brow?

Loe now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud, My parkes, my walkes, my mannours that I had, Euen now toriake me, and of all my lands Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford, and Sommer set.

Ox. Ah Warwicke, IV. wwicke, cheere vp thy selfe and line, For yet theres hope enough to win the day,
Our washke Queene with troopes is come from France,
And at South-hampton landed all her traine,
And mightest thou line, then would we never sie.

But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For many woundes received and many moercpaide,
Hath robd my strong kuit sinewes of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

And at the pangs of death 1 heard him crie,
And faie, commend me to my valient brother,
And more he would have faide, and more he faide,
Which founded like a clamour in a vaulte,
That could not bediffinguisht for the founde,
And so the valiant Montague gave vp the ghost.

Ovar. What is pompe, rule, faigne, but earth and dust? And line we how we can, yet die we must. Sweet rest his soule, slie Lords, and saue your selucs, For Ovarwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Come noble Summerset, lets take our Horse, And cause retraite be sounded through the Campe, That all our friendes that yet remaine aline, May be awarn'd, and saue them selves by flight. That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene, And once more trie our fortune in the fielde. Exambe.

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Glofter, with fouldiers.

Ed. Thus still our fortune gives vs victorie.

And girts our temples With trumphant ioyes.

The

The bigboond Warwicke hath breathde his last, And heaven this day hath smilde vpon vs all But in this cleere and bright fome day, I see a blacke suspitious cloude appeare That will encounter with our glorious funne Before he gaine his eafefull westerne beames, I meane those powers which the Queene hath got in Fraunce, Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs. Glo. Oxford and Sommerfet are fled to her, And tis likelie if the haue time to breath, Herfaction will be full as strong as ours. $\mathcal{E}d$. We are advertised by our louing friends, That they do holde their course towardes Tewxburie: Thither will we, for willing nesse rids way, And in euerie countie as we passe along, Our strengthes shall be augmented. Come, lets goe; For if we flacke this faire bright Summers daie, Sharpe Winters showers will marre our hope for haie.

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Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Summer(et, with Drumme & Souldiers. Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France, And welcome Sommerfet and Oxford too. Once more haue we spread our Sailes abroad: And though our tackling be almost consumde, And VVarvvicke as our maine-Mast ouerthrowne, Yet warlike Lordes, raife you that sturdie post, That beares the failes to bring vs vnto rest. And Ned and I as willing Pilots should For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne, To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe, That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friendes. Trince. And if there be, as God forbid there should, A mongst vs a rimerous or fearefull man, Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne, Least he in time of need intife another, And so withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.

I will

I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight, But with my fword presse in the thickest throngs, And single Edward from his strongest guarde: And hand to hand, enforce him for to yeelde, Or leave my bodic as withelle of my thoughtes.

Ox. Women and Children of fo high retolue? And warriours faint, why twere perpetuali shame: On braue young prince, thy noble Grandfather Doth line againe in thee: long mayelf thon line, To beare his Image, and to renew his glories.

Som. And he that rurnes and flies when such do light, Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day, Be hill and wondred ar, if he arife,

Enter a Messenger.

Alef. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mightic potver. Is marching hitherwards to fight with you:

Ox. I thought it was his pollicie to take vs unprouided, but heere will we fland, and fight it to the death.

Enter king Ed vard, Cla. Glo, Hast, and fouldiers. Ed. See brothers, yonder stands the shornie wood. Which by gods afiltance and your proweffe, Shall with our swordes ore night, be cleane out downer Quee. Lords, Knightes, and Gentlemen, what I should say, M y teares gaintly: for as you fee, I drinke The water of mine cies. Then no more but this, Henric your king is putioner in the Tower, His land and all our friends are quite distrest, And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this. Then on Gods name, Lords together crie, Saint George. -14. Saint George for Lincafter.

Alirmes to the Battaile, Yorke flies, then the Chambers be diel are ged. Therenter the King, Cli. Glo and the rest, and in sky a great florit and crie; For Yorkefor Takerara then the \mathcal{Q} reenvistikea, the Trince,O γ : $r \in A$, Sum. & then found & enter all of the S. .a.

The Tragedie of Richard D. of

Ed.Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles, Away with Oxford, to Hames Cassle straight, For Summerset, off with his guiltie head: Away, I will not heate them speake.

Ox. For my part He not trouble thee with wordes.

Exit Oxford.

Som. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.

Exit Sommerset

Ed Now Eaward, what fatisfaction canff thou make,

For flirring vy my fubices to rebellion?

Prince. Speake like a fubic et, proud ambitious Yorke, Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth, Refigne thy chaite: and where I fland, kneele thou, Whilest I propose the felte same woords to thee, Which transpourt hou wouldst have me answere to.

Quee. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd.
Glo. That you might still have kept your petticoate,
And note have stolne the breech from Lancaster.

Trines, Let Afop fable in a winters night,

His curtish Riddies fortes not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat He plague you for that word.

Quee, I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take away this captine scold.

Prince. Nay take away this scolding Crooktbackerather.

Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Clast Nature red Lad, thou are to malapert.
Prince. I know my dutic, you are all vindutifull,
Laterulous Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou mulhapen Dick, I tell you all,

I am your better, traitours as you be.

Ed. Take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.

Quee.Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marrie and shall. (die.

Ed Hold Ruhard, hold, for we have done to much alrea Glo. Why should she live to fill the worlde with words. Ed. What doth she swound? make meanes for her recove-

Gle. (lin ence, excuse me to the King my brother, (rie.

I must to London, on a serious matter,

Ere

Ereyou come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cla. About what, prethee tell me?

Gio. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile roote them out.

Ext Gloster.

Queene, Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother boy,
Ah thou canst not speake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie Homicides:
They that stabd Ce ar shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe;
And men nere spend their furie on a childe;
Whats worse then tirant, that I may name?
You have no children Deuells, if you had,
The thought of them, would then have stopt your rage:
But if you ever hope to have a sonne,
Looke in his youth to have him so cut off,
As traitours you have done this sweet young Prince.

Ed. Away, and beare her hence,

Que: Nay, nere beare me hence, dispatch me here, Heere sheath thy sword, sle pardon thee my death.

Wilt thou not?

Then Clarence, do thou do it,

Cla. By heaven I would not do thee so much ease.

Quee. Good Clarence do, siveet Clarence kill me too.

(In. Didst not thou heare me sweare I would not do it?

Quee. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,

Twas sinne before, but now us charitie.

Wheres the Divells butcher? hard savourd Rechard,

Wheres the Diuells butcher? hard fauourd Reck

Richard where art thou?

He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed, Petitioners for bloud, he nere put backe.

Ed. Away I faie, and take her hence per force. Quee. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

Exit.

Edw. Clarence, whithers Gloster gone?
Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, as I gesse,
To make a bloudie su pper in the Tower.
Ed. He is suddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common Souldiers with pay,

And

I ne Tragedie of Richard D. of

And thankes, and now let vs towardes London, To see our gentle Queene how she poth fare, For by this (Ihope) the hath a Sonne for vs.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Gloster to King Henrie in the Tower. Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your Booke foliard? Hin, I my good Lord. Lord I should say, rather; T is finne to flatter, good was little better, Good Glotar, and good Druell, were all alike. What teene of Death hath Rosius now to act? Glo. Sulpition alwayes hauntes a guiltie minde. Lien. The birde once limde, doth feare the fatall bush, And I the haplelle maile to one poore birde, Have now the fatall obic & in mine eye, Where my poore young was limide, was caught and kilde. 5/2. Why what a foole was that of Creete? That taught his sonne the effice of a Birde, And year for all that, the poore Fowle was drowne. Her. I Dedalus, my poore senne Icarus, Ity father Mmos, that denide our courle, Thy brother Eaward, the Sunne that fearde his winges, Aud thou the envious Gulfe that swallowed him. On better can my brest abide thy daggers poynt, The rean mine cares that tragike hiltorie. C.b. Wny, doft thou thinke I am an executioner? Lien. A perfecuser I am fure thou art: And it murdering Innocentes be executions, Then I know thou ort an executioner. G'. Thy tonne I kildle for his prefumption. Hon. Hadit thou bin kilde when first theu didst presume, Thou hadst not liude to k ll a sonne of mine: And thus I prophesic of thee; This many a Widdow for her Husbands death, zond amny an Infants water standing eye, "Value was for their husbandes, children for their fathers, as all on other ime that ener thou wert borne. thate finkt at thy birth; an enill figne,

The

The night-Crow cride, aboding luckleffe tune.

Dogges houlde, and hidrous tempestes shooke downe theory.

The Ranch rook ther on the Chimnies top,

And chartering Pies in diffinal discord sung,

Thy mother telemore then a mothers paine,

And yet brought footh lesse then a mothers hope:

To wit, an undigestereated lumpe,

Not like the fruite of such a goody tree;

Teeds hadst shou in thy head when thou wast borne,

To fignifie thou cannit to bite the worlde:

And it the rest be true that I have heard,

Thou cannot into the world

The stabe Lim,

Gb. Die Prophet in thy speach, lie heare no more.

Gb. Die Prophet in thy speach, He heate no more, For this, amongst the rell, was I ordanide.

Hen. I and for much more flughter after this.

O God forgine my finnes, and pardon thee.

Glo. What? will the afpyring blood of Loncaffer
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted
See how my fword-weepes for the poore Kings death,
Now may fuch purple teares be alwayes flied,
For fuch as feeke the downefall of our house,
If any sparke of life remaine in thee,

Downe, downe to hell, and fry I fent thee thicker. I that have neither pittie, love, not fene: Indeed twas true that Hemie tolde me of. For I have often heard my mother fay, That I came into the worlde with my legges forward: And had I not reason thinke you to make haste, And feeke their ruines that vtorpt our rights? The women wept, and the Midwite ende, O lesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth. And so I was indeed: which plainely fignishe, That I should tharle and bite, and play the cogge. Then since Heaven hath made my body so, Let Hell make crookt thy brinde, to answere it. I had no father; I am like no father.

I have no brother; I am hke no brothers.

11 3.

And

And this word Loue, which gray beardes tearme divine.
Be refident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am my felfe alone.
Chirence beware, thou keptst me from the light:
But I will fort a pitchie day for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As Edward shall be searefull of his life:
And then to 1 urge his seare, Ile be thy death.
Henrie and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,
And by one and one, I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile dragge thy body in another roome,
And triumph Henry in thy day of doome.

Exis.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, and Hastinges, and others.

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Edw. Once more we fir in Englandes royall throne, Repurchasde with the blood of enemies, What valiant foe-men like to Autumes corne, Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride? Three Dukes of Summerfet, three folde renowmd, For hardic and undoubted champions. Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne: And two Northumberlandsstwo brauermen Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound. With them the two rough Beares, Warmicke & Montague. That in their chaines fettered the kingly Lion, And made the forrest tremble w'en they roard: Thus have we swept suspition from our leate, And made our footestoole of securitie. Come hither Bese, and let me kisse my Boy, Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe, Haue in our Armours watcht the Winters night, Martcht all a foote in Summers scalding heat,

That

That thou mights repossesse the crowne in peace, And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Glo. He blass his haruest and your head were layde, For yet 1 am not look ton in the worlde.

This Shoulder was ordained so thicke, to heave, And heave it shall some waight, or breake my backe: Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

Edw. Charence, and Gloster, loue my louely Queene, And kule your Princely Nephew, brothers both.

Che The ductie that I owe vnto your Maiellie, I feale vpon the rofiate lippes of this weete Babe.

Queen. Thankes noble Clarence, worthy brother thankes, Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou spraugst. Witnesse the louing kissel give the childe.

To say the trueth, so Inches kiss his Maisser:

An I to he cride, All haile; and meant all harine.

Edward. Now am I feated as my foule delightes,

Hauing my Countries peace, and brothers foues.

Cli. What will your Grace have done with Margaret? Randrd her tather to the king of Fraunce, Hath paund the Cyfels and Icrufalem, And hither have they fent into the transome.

Edw. Away with her, and wast her hence to Fraunce. And now what restes, but that we spend the time, With stately triumphes, and mirthfull coinicke shewes, Such as besits the pleasures of the Court, Sound Drummes and Trumpets: statewell to sower annoy, For here I hope, begins our lasting joy.

Excust omnes,

FINIS