

GREENSTAGE Summer 2024

Henry VI - parts 2&3

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SIDE A - PLAYER 1 (York) and PLAYER 7 (Mortimer) from Henry 6, Part 1, Act 2, Scene 5

MORTIMER

I will, if that my fading breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent;
Young Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They labored to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge then,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have installed me in the diadem.
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppressed.
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather.
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

YORK

Thy grave admonishments prevail with me.
But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MORTIMER

With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixèd is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be removed. *coughs*

YORK

O uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age.

MORTIMER

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war. *Dies.*

SIDE B - PLAYER 6 (Gloucester) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 1, Scene 1

GLOUCESTER

What, did my brother Henry spend his youth,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
And shall these deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Defacing monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

CARDINAL

My lord of Gloucester, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

GLOUCESTER

My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancor will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

Gloucester exits.

SIDE C - PLAYER 2 (Warwick) and PLAYER 1 (York) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 1, Scene 1

WARWICK

While these do labor for their own preferment,
Behoooves it us to labor for the realm.
Join we together for the public good
In what we can to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds
While they do tend the profit of the land.
So God help Warwick, as he loves the land
And common profit of his country!
Then let's make haste away and look unto the main.

Warwick exits.

YORK

Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue
While his own lands are bargained for and sold.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Neville's part
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve.
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down.

York exits.

SIDE D - PLAYER 9 (Buckingham) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 2, Scene 1

KING HENRY

What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife,
Have practiced dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

SIDE E - PLAYER 6 (Gloucester) and PLAYER 10 (Duchess) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 2, Scene 1

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester, barefoot, in a white sheet, with papers pinned to her back

DUCHESS

Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

GLOUCESTER

Be patient, gentle Nell. Forget this grief.

DUCHESS

Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk, with her that hateth thee and hates us all,
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

GLOUCESTER

Ah, Nell, forbear. Thou aimest all awry.
I must offend before I be attainted;
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
My Nell, I take my leave.—

Gloucester exits.

DUCHESS

Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me. My joy is death—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wished this world's eternity.—
Go, lead the way. I long to see my prison.

They exit.

SIDE F - PLAYER 2 (Warwick) and PLAYER 3 (Henry) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 3, Scene 2

WARWICK

It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murdered
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge.

KING HENRY

That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

WARWICK

That shall I do, my liege.

Warwick exits

KING HENRY

O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts that labor to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.

Enter Warwick.

WARWICK

Come hither, gracious sovereign. View this body.

KING HENRY

That is to see how deep my grave is made,
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

WARWICK

I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUFFOLK

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

WARWICK

See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped
And tugged for life and was by strength subdued.
It cannot be but he was murdered here.
The least of all these signs were probable.

SIDE G - PLAYER 4 (Margaret) and PLAYER 5 (Suffolk) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 3, Scene 2

QUEEN MARGARET, *calling after King Henry and Warwick*

Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Turns to Suffolk

Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

She kisses his hand.

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
And banishèd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me. Even now be gone!
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemned
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

They embrace.

Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

SUFFOLK

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.

Enter Servant.

QUEEN MARGARET

Now get thee hence. The King, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

SUFFOLK

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN MARGARET

Away! To France, sweet Suffolk.

SUFFOLK I go.

QUEEN MARGARET And take my heart with thee.

They exit through different doors.

SIDE H - PLAYER 3 (Henry) and PLAYER 7 (Cardinal) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 3, Scene 3

Enter King Henry and Warwick to the Cardinal in bed

KING HENRY

How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

CARDINAL

If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

KING HENRY

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where Death's approach is seen so terrible!

WARWICK

Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CARDINAL

O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? Then show me where he is.
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes! The dust hath blinded them.
Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

KING HENRY

O, Thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord Card'nal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand; make signal of thy hope.

He dies and makes no sign. O, God forgive him!

The Cardinal dies.

SIDE I - PLAYER 8 (Pirate Captain) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 1

CAPTAIN

Convey him hence, and on our longboat's side,
Strike off his head.

SUFFOLK Thou dar'st not for thy own.

CAPTAIN

Yes, Pool.

SUFFOLK Pole!

CAPTAIN

Pool! Sir Pole! Lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks!
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm.
Thy lips that kissed the Queen shall sweep the ground,
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France.
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
Burns with revenging fire,
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! Convey him hence.

SIDE J - PLAYER 10 (Cade) and PLAYER 7 (Dick) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 2

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, all with staves.

CADE We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—

DICK, *aside* Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

CADE For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired
with the spirit of putting down kings and princes—
command silence.

DICK Silence!

CADE My father was a Mortimer—

DICK, *aside* He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

CADE My mother a Plantagenet—

DICK, *aside* I knew her well; she was a midwife.

CADE Therefore am I of an honorable house.

DICK, *aside* Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable;
and there was he born, under a hedge, for his
father had never a house but the cage.

CADE I fear neither sword nor fire.

DICK, *aside* But methinks he should stand in fear of
fire, being burnt i' th' hand for stealing of sheep.

CADE Be brave, then, for your captain is brave and
vows reformation. There shall be in England seven
halfpenny loaves sold for a penny. The three-hooped
pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it
felony to drink small beer.

ALL God save your Majesty!

CADE I thank you, good people.—There shall be no
money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I
will apparel them all in one livery, that they may
agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

DICK The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE Nay, that I mean to do.

SIDE K -PLAYER 6 (Old Clifford) and PLAYER 10 (Cade) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 6

CLIFFORD

What say you, countrymen? Will you relent
And yield to mercy whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap and say "God save his Majesty!"
Who hateth him and honors not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

ALL God save the King! God save the King!

They fling their caps in the air.

CADE What, Buckingham and Clifford, are you so brave?—
And, you base peasants, do you believe him? I thought you
would never have given out these arms till you had
recovered your ancient freedom. But you are all
recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery
to the nobility. Let them break your backs with
burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish
your wives and daughters before your faces. For
me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse
light upon you all!

ALL We'll follow Cade! We'll follow Cade!

CLIFFORD Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to,
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money; you are strong and manly.
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL

À Clifford! À Clifford! We'll follow the King and Clifford!

CADE, *aside* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and
fro as this multitude? My sword make way for
me, for here is no staying!— *He exits, running.*

SIDE L - PLAYER 1 (York) and PLAYER 9 (Buckingham) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 5, Scene 1

YORK

From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.

Enter Buckingham, wearing the red rose.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUCKINGHAM

A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK,

Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

BUCKINGHAM

If thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK

Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Lands, goods, horse, armor, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCKINGHAM

York, I commend this kind submission.

They walk arm in arm.

SIDE M - PLAYER 12 (Young Clifford) from Henry 6, Part 2, Act 5, Scene 3

YOUNG CLIFFORD

Shame and confusion! All is on the rout.

O, let the vile world end
And the promised flames of the last day
Knit Earth and heaven together!
My heart is turned to stone, and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtis did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Enter young Clifford, wearing the red rose.

He sees his father, lying dead.

*He takes his father's body onto his back.
He exits.*

SIDE N - PLAYER 3 (Henry) and PLAYER 4 (Margaret) from Henry 6, Part 3, Act 1, Scene 1

Enter Queen Margaret, with Prince Edward. King Henry begins to exit.

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY

Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY

Pardon me, Margaret.—Pardon me, sweet son.
The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforced me.

QUEEN MARGARET

Enforced thee? Art thou king and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch,
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And giv'n unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance!
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferrest thy life before thine honor.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colors
Will follow mine if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away.
Our army is ready. Come, we'll after them.
exit.

Queen Margaret and Prince Edward

KING HENRY

Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son.

King Henry exits.

SIDE O - PLAYER 10 (Rutland) and PLAYER 12 (Clifford) from Henry 6, Part 3, Act 1, Scene 3

Alarums. Enter Rutland, cornered by Clifford

RUTLAND

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

CLIFFORD

In vain thou speak'st, poor boy. My father's blood
Hath stopped the passage where thy words should enter.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul,
And till I root out their accursèd line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Thy father slew my father; therefore die.

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

He raises his rapier.

He stabs Rutland. He dies.

He exits.

SIDE P - PLAYER 5 (Edward) and PLAYER 10 (Lady Grey) from Henry 6, Part 3, Act 3, Scene 2

KING EDWARD

What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

LADY GREY

What you command that rests in me to do.

KING EDWARD

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

LADY GREY

That's soon performed because I am a subject.

KING EDWARD

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

LADY GREY

I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

She curtsies and begins to exit.

KING EDWARD

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

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

LADY GREY

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

KING EDWARD

No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

LADY GREY

To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
Then no, my lord; my suit is at an end.

KING EDWARD

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

LADY GREY

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

KING EDWARD

You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

LADY GREY

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

KING EDWARD

Why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

SIDE Q - PLAYER 11 (Richard) from Henry 6, Part 3, Act 3, Scene 2

RICHARD

Ay, Edward will use women honorably!
Would he were wasted—marrow, bones, and all—
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring
To cross me from the golden time I look for.
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
The lustful Edward's title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son, young Edward,
And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies
To take their rooms ere I can place myself.
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault to harbor such a thought!
Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell
Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
Torment myself to catch the English crown.
And from that torment I will free myself
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
Can I do this and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

He exits.

SIDE R -PLAYER 5 (King Edward) & PLAYER 8 (Prince Ned) from Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Sc 5

KING EDWARD

Bring forth the gallant; let us hear him speak.
What, can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

PRINCE EDWARD

Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

KING EDWARD

Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

PRINCE EDWARD

I know my duty. You are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell you all
I am your better, traitors as you are,
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

SIDE S - PLAYER 4 (Margaret) from Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Scene 5

QUEEN MARGARET, *rising from her swoon*
O Ned, sweet Ned, speak to thy mother, boy.
Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst an if I speak,
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!
You have no children, butchers. If you had,
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse.
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince.

SIDE T - PLAYER 3 (Henry) from Henry 6, Part 3, Act 2 Scene 5

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone, wearing the red rose.

KING HENRY

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind.
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquerèd.
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

He sits on a small prominence.

To whom God will, there be the victory
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so,
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours brings about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this!

Views the bodies strewn on the battlefield

O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Woe above woe, grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow, mine ten times so much.