

GREENSTAGE SUMMER 2024

Henry VI: War of the Roses Pts 2 & 3

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Henry 6, Part 1, Act 2, Scene 5

Tower of London

Enter Edmund Mortimer and Jailer.

MORTIMER

Kind keeper of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

JAILER

Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was returned that he will come.

MORTIMER

Enough. My soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honor and inheritance.
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

JAILER

My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MORTIMER

Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

YORK

Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

MORTIMER. *He embraces Richard from his bed.*

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

YORK

First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me,
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honor of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

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 laborèd 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.

YORK

And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keeper, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

Jailer exits carrying Mortimer's body.

Richard exits tower and crosses to Warwick and Young Richard
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
I doubt not but with honor to redress.

WARWICK¹

What plain proceedings is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
And in this private plot I will be the first
That shall salute my rightful sovereign
With honor of his birthright to the crown.

Warwick and Richard kneeling

Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

YORK

I thank you, Warwick. But I am not your king
Till I be crowned, and that my sword be stained
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be performed,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke of Gloucester.
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

WARWICK

My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK

And, Neville, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the King.

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 1, Scene 1

London. The Palace.

Flourish of trumpets, then hautboys.

*Enter King Henry, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick,
and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; Queen Margaret, Suffolk,
York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.*

SUFFOLK

As by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
I have performed my task and was espoused;

He kneels.

And humbly now upon my bended knee,
Deliver up my title in the Queen

¹ Cut to end of Henry 6, Part 2, Scene 2

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

KING HENRY

Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret.

Suffolk rises.

I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss.
O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

He kisses her.

QUEEN MARGARET

Great king of England and my gracious lord,

KING HENRY

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL *kneel.*

Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

QUEEN MARGARET We thank you all.

Flourish. All rise.

SUFFOLK, *to Gloucester*

My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

He hands Gloucester a paper.

GLOUCESTER (*reads*) Imprimis, it is agreed
That Henry, King of England, shall espouse the Lady
Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, King of Naples,
and crown her Queen of England. Item,
that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine
shall be released and delivered to the King her
father— and she sent over of the King of
England's own proper cost and charges, without
having any dowry.

KING HENRY

They please us well.—Lord Marquess, kneel down.

Suffolk kneels.

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk
And girt thee with the sword.
Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being regent
In the parts of France
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

Suffolk rises.

King, Queen, and Suffolk exit.

The rest remain.

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 dislike,
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.

CARDINAL

So, there goes our Protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood
And heir apparent to the English crown.
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

BUCKINGHAM

Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

CARDINAL

This weighty business will not brook delay.
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

Cardinal exits.

SOMERSET

Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes' in the land besides.
If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be Protector.

BUCKINGHAM

Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the Cardinal.

Buckingham and Somerset exit.

WARWICK

While these do labor for their own preferment,
Behooves 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 remains.

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.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 1, Scene 2

Gloucester's House

Enter Duke of Gloucester and his wife, the Duchess Eleanor.

DUCHESS

Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favors of the world?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honors of the world?
If so, gaze on and grovel on thy face
Until thy head be circled with the same.

GLOUCESTER

O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
My troublous dreams this night doth make me sad.
Methought this staff, mine office badge in court,

Was broke in twain—by whom I have forgot,
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund, Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream. What it doth bode God knows.

DUCHESS

Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneeled to me
And on my head did set the diadem.

GLOUCESTER

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm
And the Protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Gloucester exits

DUCHESS

Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there? Sir John! Nay, fear not, man.
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Sir John Hume.

What sayst thou, man? Hast thou as yet conferred
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

HUME

This she has promised: to show your Highness
A spirit raised from depth of underground

DUCHESS

We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward.
Make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

She gives him money.

Duchess exits.

HUME

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;
Yet have I gold flies from another coast—
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so. For, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humor,
Have hired me to undermine the Duchess
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
And her attainment will be Humphrey's fall.

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

He exits.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 1, Scene 3

The Palace

Enter a Petitioner and Peter, the Armorer's man.

FIRST PETITIONER Let's stand close. My Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Enter Suffolk, wearing the red rose, and Queen Margaret.

Here he comes, methinks, and the Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

He steps forward.

PETER Come back, fool! This is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

SUFFOLK How now, fellow? Wouldst anything with me?

FIRST PETITIONER I pray, my lord, pardon me. I took you for my Lord Protector.

QUEEN MARGARET *(takes a petition and reads.)*

To my Lord Protector.

Are your supplications to his Lordship?

Let me see them.—What is thine?

PETER *(showing his petition)* Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

QUEEN MARGARET What sayst thou? Did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER My master said that he was and that the King was an usurper.

Enter Servant.

SUFFOLK

Take this fellow in, and send for his master presently.—

We'll hear more of your matter before the King.

Petitioner and Peter exits with Servant.

QUEEN MARGARET

My lord of Suffolk, say,

Is this the government of Britain's isle?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou rann'st atill in honor of my love

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion.

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

I would the College of the Cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome

SUFFOLK

Madam, be patient. As I was cause
Your Highness came to England, so will I
In England work your Grace's full content.

QUEEN MARGARET

Besides the haughty Protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
Warwick, and grumbling York.
Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the Queen.
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?

SUFFOLK

Madam, myself have limed a bush for her
And placed a choir of such enticing birds
That she will light to listen to the lays
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest. And, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a sennet. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester,
Cardinal, Somerset, wearing the red rose, Buckingham, York and
Warwick, both wearing the white rose*

KING HENRY

For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

YORK

If York have ill demeaned himself in France,
Then let him be denied the regentship.

SOMERSET

If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

WARWICK

Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that. York is the worthier.

CARDINAL

Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WARWICK

Why Somerset should be preferred in this.

QUEEN MARGARET

Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOUCESTER

Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

QUEEN MARGARET

If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

GLOUCESTER

Madam, I am Protector of the realm.
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUFFOLK

Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK

I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famished, and lost.

WARWICK

That can I witness, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUFFOLK

Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WARWICK

Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner, the Armorer, and his Man, Peter, under guard.

SUFFOLK

Because here is a man accused of treason.
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

YORK

Doth anyone accuse York for a traitor?

KING HENRY

What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

SUFFOLK

Please it your Majesty, this is the man

That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these: that Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

KING HENRY Say, man, were these thy words?

HORNER An 't shall please your Majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I
am falsely accused by the villain.

PETER By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak
them to me in the garret one night as we were
scouring my lord of York's armor.

YORK, *to Horner*
Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech!—
I do beseech your royal Majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the law.

HORNER Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the
words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow
upon his knees he would be even with me. I have
good witness of this. Therefore I beseech your
Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a
villain's accusation!

KING HENRY
Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLOUCESTER
This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOMERSET
I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

HORNER
And I accept the combat willingly.

PETER Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my case!
I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOUCESTER
Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hanged.

KING HENRY Away with them to prison;
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. *They exit*

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 1, Scene 4

Gloucester's Garden

Enter the Witch Margery Jourdain, Hume.

HUME Come, the Duchess, I tell you,
expects performance of your promises.

JOURDAIN Master Hume, we are therefore provided.
I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us and let us to our work.
Hume exits.

Enter Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, with Hume, aloft.

DUCHESS Well said, To this gear, the sooner the better.

HUME
Patience, good lady. Wizards know their times.
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when screech owls cry and bandogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves—

*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle.
It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

SPIRIT (JOURDAIN) *Adsum.*

HUME Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask,
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

SPIRIT (JOURDAIN)
Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

HUME, *reading from a paper,*
First of the King: What shall of him become?

SPIRIT (JOURDAIN)
The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive and die a violent death.

HUME, *reads*
What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

SPIRIT (JOURDAIN)
By water shall he die and take his end.

HUME *reads*
What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

SPIRIT (JOURDAIN) Let him shun castles.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

HUME
Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid!

*Thunder and lightning. Spirit exits, descending.
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and break in.*

YORK

Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

The Guard arrest Margery Jourdain and seize their papers.

(To the Duchess.) What, madam, are you there?
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdoned for these good deserts.

DUCHESS

Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threates where's no cause.

BUCKINGHAM

True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

He holds up the papers seized.

Away with them! Let them be clapped up close
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.—

Jourdain, Duchess and Hume exit under guard

YORK

Lord Buckingham, methinks you watched her well.
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

Buckingham hands him the papers.

What have we here?
These oracles are hardly attained and hardly understood.
The King is now in progress towards Saint Alban's;
With him the husband of this lovely lady.
Thither goes these news as fast as horse can carry them—
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

York and Buckingham exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 2, Scene 1

Saint Alban's

*Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloucester, Cardinal, and
Suffolk, with Falconers hallowing.*

QUEEN MARGARET

Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook
I saw not better sport these seven years' day.

KING HENRY, *to Gloucester*

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
The treasury of everlasting joy.

Enter Buckingham

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,

CARDINAL

And so, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

GLOUCESTER

Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquished all my powers,
And, vanquished as I am, I yield to thee.

KING HENRY

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN MARGARET

Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOUCESTER

Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal
How I have loved my king and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard.
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honor and virtue, and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company
And give her as a prey to law and shame
That hath dishonored Gloucester's honest name.

Flourish. They exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 2, Scene 3

A Hall of Justice

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry and State (Queen Margaret, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Others) with Guard, to banish the Duchess of Gloucester, who is accompanied by Margery Jourdain.

KING HENRY

Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife.
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great.
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
To Duchess You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honor in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,

Live in banishment in the Isle of Man.

DUCHESS

Welcome is banishment. Welcome were my death.

GLOUCESTER

Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee.
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

Duchess and Jourdain exit under guard.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
I beseech your Majesty give me leave to go;

KING HENRY

Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff. Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,

QUEEN MARGARET

I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm!—
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.

GLOUCESTER

My staff?—Here, noble Henry, is my staff.

He puts down his staff before Henry.

As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
Farewell, good king. When I am dead and gone,
May honorable peace attend thy throne.

Gloucester exits.

Henry picks up the staff.

QUEEN MARGARET

Why, now is Henry king and Margaret queen,
And Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, scarce himself.
This staff of honor raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

SUFFOLK

Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 2, Scene 4

A Street

Enter Duke Humphrey of Gloucester in a mourning cloak

GLOUCESTER

Now the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punished duchess.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

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

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.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 3, Scene 1

The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's

*Sound a sennet. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal,
Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick*

KING HENRY

I muse my lord of Gloucester is not come.
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man.

QUEEN MARGARET

Can you not see, or will you not observe,
The strangeness of his altered countenance?
Note that he is near you in descent,
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Meseemeth then it is no policy,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your Highness' Council.

SUFFOLK

Well hath your Highness seen into this duke,
The Duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices.
No, no, my sovereign, Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

KING HENRY

I shall speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Enter Somerset.

SOMERSET

All health unto my gracious sovereign!

KING HENRY

Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

SOMERSET

That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you. All is lost.

KING HENRY

Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done.

YORK, *aside*

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Enter Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER

All happiness unto my lord the King!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.

SUFFOLK

Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLOUCESTER

Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest.
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?

SUFFOLK

I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep until your further time of trial.

KING HENRY

My lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspense.
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLOUCESTER

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancor's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your Highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
And with your best endeavor have stirred up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.

CARDINAL

My liege, his railing is intolerable.

SUFFOLK

Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
As if she had subornèd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

BUCKINGHAM

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CARDINAL, *to his Men*

Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

GLOUCESTER

Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.—
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false; ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
Gloucester exits, guarded by Cardinal's Men.

KING HENRY

My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

QUEEN MARGARET

What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

KING HENRY

Ay, Margaret. My heart is drowned with grief,
Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see
The map of honor, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I proved thee false or feared thy faith.
What luring star now envies thy estate
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong.
His fortunes I will weep and, 'twixt each groan,
Say "Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none."
He exits, with Buckingham and Warwick, Somerset steps aside.

QUEEN MARGARET, *to Cardinal, Suffolk, and York*
Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity;
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CARDINAL
That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a color for his death.
'Tis meet he be condemned by course of law.

SUFFOLK
But, in my mind, that were no policy.
The King will labor still to save his life,
The Commons haply rise to save his life,
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK
So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUFFOLK
Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

YORK
Were 't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite
As place Duke Humphrey for the King's Protector?

QUEEN MARGARET
So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUFFOLK
Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold—
No, let him die in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stained with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him—

QUEEN MARGARET
Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

CARDINAL
Say you consent and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner.
I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUFFOLK

Here is my hand. The deed is worthy doing.

QUEEN MARGARET And so say I.

YORK

And I. And now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

POST

Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain
To signify that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.

He exits.

CARDINAL

A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK

That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employed—
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOMERSET, *advancing*

If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stayed in France so long.

YORK

No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.

QUEEN MARGARET

No more, good York.—Sweet Somerset, be still.—

CARDINAL

My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

YORK

I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.

SUFFOLK

Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms.

YORK

I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

SUFFOLK

A charge, Lord York, that I will see performed.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

CARDINAL

No more of him, for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

All but York exit.

YORK

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politiciely done
To send me packing with an host of men.
I fear me you but warm the starvèd snake,
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lacked, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly. Yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceive the Commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, racked, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength
And reap the harvest which that rascal sowed.
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

He exits.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 3, Scene 2

The Tower of London

Enter two running over the stage, from the murder of Gloucester.

FIRST MURDERER

Run to my lord of Suffolk. Let him know
We have dispatched the Duke as he commanded.

SECOND MURDERER

O, that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

FIRST MURDERER Here comes my lord.

SUFFOLK Now, sirs, have you dispatched this thing?

FIRST MURDERER Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUFFOLK

Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.

Away, be gone. *The Murderers exit.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal,
Somerset.*

KING HENRY

Go, call our uncle to our presence straight.
Say we intend to try his Grace today
If he be guilty, as 'tis publishèd.

SUFFOLK

I'll call him presently, my noble lord. *He exits.*

KING HENRY

Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.

QUEEN MARGARET

God forbid any malice should prevail
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

KING HENRY

I thank thee, Meg. These words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? Why look'st thou pale? Why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? What's the matter, Suffolk?

SUFFOLK

Dead in his bed, my lord. Gloucester is dead.

QUEEN MARGARET Marry, God forfend!

CARDINAL

God's secret judgment. I did dream tonight
The Duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

King Henry swoons.

KING HENRY

O heavenly God!

QUEEN MARGARET How fares my gracious lord?

SUFFOLK

Comfort, my sovereign! Gracious Henry, comfort!

KING HENRY

What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Hide not thy poison with such sugared words.
Lay not thy hands on me. Forbear, I say!
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

QUEEN MARGARET

Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.

KING HENRY

Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

QUEEN MARGARET

Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper. Look on me.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Ay me, I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Enter Warwick

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.

SUFFOLK

Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WARWICK

But both of you were vowed Duke Humphrey's foes,
(*To Cardinal*) And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep.
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

QUEEN MARGARET

Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

SUFFOLK

Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

WARWICK

What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

SUFFOLK

Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevilles' noble race.

WARWICK

But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passèd speech
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

SUFFOLK

Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

WARWICK

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

KING HENRY

Why, how now, lords? Your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?

WARWICK

Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death
Or banishèd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;

SUFFOLK

'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolished hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign!

KING HENRY

Go, Warwick, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And, had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat.
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by His Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

QUEEN MARGARET

O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

KING HENRY

Ungentle queen to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say. If thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
(*To Suffolk*) If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me.
I have great matters to impart to thee.

All but the Queen and Suffolk exit.

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

Whither goes you so fast? What news, I prithee?

SERVANT

To signify unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on Earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometimes he calls the King
And I am sent to tell his Majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN MARGARET

Go, tell this heavy message to the King.
Ay me! What is this world? What news are these!
Now get thee hence. The King, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Servant exits.

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.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 3, Scene 3

Cardinal's bedchamber

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.

The Cardinal dies.

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

WARWICK

So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

KING HENRY

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.

After the curtains are closed around the body, they exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 1

The coast of Kent

Alarum. Offstage fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Suffolk, captive and in disguise, and Walter Whitmore

CAPTAIN

Bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolored shore.—

WHITMORE, *to Suffolk*

I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;

SUFFOLK

Stay, for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHITMORE

The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?

SUFFOLK

Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguised, and why not I?

CAPTAIN

But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUFFOLK

Obscure and lousy swain, King Henry's blood,
The honorable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

WHITMORE

Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

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.

SUFFOLK

It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me.
I go of message from the Queen to France.
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

WHITMORE

Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.
What, are you daunted now? Now will you stoop?

SUFFOLK

True nobility is exempt from fear.—
More can I bear than you dare execute.

CAPTAIN

Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUFFOLK

Come, soldiers, show what cruelty you can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murdered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabbed Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Walter Whitmore exits with Suffolk and Others.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 2

Blackheath

Enter Bevis and John Holland with staves.

BEVIS Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a
lath. They have been up these two days.

HOLLAND They have the more need to sleep now, then.

BEVIS I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap
upon it.

HOLLAND So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.

BEVIS O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
handicraftsmen.

HOLLAND The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.
I see them, I see them!
Come, come, let's fall in with them.

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.
How now? Who's there?

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford.

STAFFORD

Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Marked for the gallows, lay your weapons down!
Home to your cottages; forsake this groom.
The King is merciful, if you revolt.
But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward. Therefore yield, or die.

CADE

As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not.
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign,
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAFFORD

Villain, thy father was a plasterer,
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

CADE

And Adam was a gardener.

STAFFORD And what of that?

CADE

Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

STAFFORD Ay, sir.

CADE

By her he had two children at one birth.

STAFFORD That's false.

CADE

Ay, there's the question. But I say 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I. Deny it if you can.

DICK

Nay, 'tis too true. Therefore he shall be king.

SMITH

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.
Therefore deny it not.

STAFFORD

Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

CADE He lies, (*aside*) for I invented it myself.—

Go to, sirrah. Tell the King from me that, for his father's
sake, Henry the Fifth, I am content he shall reign, but I'll be
Protector over him.

STAFFORD

O, gross and miserable ignorance!
Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade,
And you that be the King's friends, follow me.

Stafford exit.

CADE

And you that love the Commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men. 'Tis for liberty!
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 4

London, the Palace

*Enter King Henry, with a supplication, Queen Margaret with
Suffolk's head, and Buckingham*

QUEEN MARGARET, *aside*

Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate.
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?

KING HENRY How now, madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourned so much for me.

QUEEN MARGARET

No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

KING HENRY

How now, what news? Why com'st thou in such haste?

MESSENGER

The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
And calls your Grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

KING HENRY

O, graceless men, they know not what they do!

QUEEN MARGARET

Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

Enter another Messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER

Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge.
The citizens fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear

To spoil the city and your royal court.

BUCKINGHAM

Then linger not, my lord. Away! Take horse!

KING HENRY

Come, Margaret. God, our hope, will succor us.

QUEEN MARGARET

My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 6

London, Cannon Street

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London Stone.

CADE Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the Pissing Conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Fight – Kill soldier

Enter a Soldier running.

SOLDIER Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

CADE Knock him down there.

They kill him.

DICK

If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more. I think he hath a very fair warning.

Takes a paper from the dead Soldier and reads the message.

My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE Come, then, let's go fight with them. But first, go and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too.

Up Fish Street! Down Saint Magnus' Corner!
Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames!

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

BUCKINGHAM

Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee. Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King Unto the Commons, whom thou hast misled, And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

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.*

BUCKINGHAM
What, is he fled? Go, some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the King
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

All exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 4, Scene 9

Kenilworth Castle

*Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret and Somerset.
Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.*

BUCKINGHAM
Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

KING HENRY

Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised,
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

CLIFFORD

He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield

KING HENRY

Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

Please it your Grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland
And is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

KING HENRY

Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distressed,
Like to a ship that, having scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calmed and boarded with a pirate.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.

BUCKINGHAM

I will, my lord.

KING HENRY

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither
Until his army be dismissed from him.

SOMERSET

My lord, I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING HENRY

Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

Flourish. They exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 5, Scene 1

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath

Enter York, wearing the white rose, and his army of Irish.

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.
Enter King Henry and Attendants.*

KING HENRY

Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

YORK

In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your Highness.

KING HENRY

Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

YORK

To heave the traitor Somerset from hence

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset, wearing the red rose.

KING HENRY, *(aside to Buckingham)*

See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queen.
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Buckingham whispers to the Queen.

QUEEN MARGARET

For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

YORK, *(aside)*

How now? Is Somerset at liberty?
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
“King” did I call thee? No, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not—no, nor canst not—rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Give place. By heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOMERSET

O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor. Kneel for grace.

YORK

Wouldst have me kneel? First let me ask of these
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
(*To an Attendant*) Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.

Attendant exits.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

QUEEN MARGARET, (*to Buckingham*)

Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

Buckingham exits.

YORK, (*to Queen Margaret*)

O, blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter York's sons Edward and Richard, wearing the white rose.

See where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter old Clifford and his Son, wearing the red rose.

QUEEN MARGARET

And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

CLIFFORD, *kneeling before King Henry*

Health and all happiness to my lord the King.

He rises.

YORK

I thank thee, Clifford. Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again.
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIFFORD

This is my king, York; I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to think I do.—
To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown mad?

KING HENRY

Ay, Clifford, a bedlam and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIFFORD

He is a traitor. Let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN MARGARET

He is arrested, but will not obey.
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK Will you not, sons?

EDWARD

Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICHARD

And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIFFORD

Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
Are these thy bears? We'll bait thy bears to death
And manacle the bearherd in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

RICHARD

Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite because he was withheld,
Who, being suffered with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapped his tail between his legs and cried;
And such a piece of service will you do
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

CLIFFORD

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

YORK

Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIFFORD

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

KING HENRY, *to an Attendant*

Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

Attendant exits.

YORK, *to King Henry*

Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolved for death or dignity.

CLIFFORD

I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up today;
And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bearherd that protects the bear.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

RICHARD

Fie! Charity, for shame! Speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ tonight.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell!

RICHARD

If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

They exit separately.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 5, Scene 2

Saint Alban's

The sign of the Castle Inn is displayed. Alarms.

Enter Warwick, wearing the white rose.

WARWICK

Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York, wearing the white rose.

How now, my noble lord? What, all afoot?

YORK

The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encountered him

Enter old Clifford, wearing the red rose.

WARWICK

Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK

Hold, Warwick! Seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WARWICK

Then, nobly, York! 'Tis for a crown thou fight'st.—

Warwick exits.

CLIFFORD

What seest thou in me, York? Why dost thou pause?

YORK

With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIFFORD

Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

YORK

So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it!

Fight – Clifford vs
York, Clifford dies

CLIFFORD

My soul and body on the action both!

They fight and Clifford falls. He dies.

YORK

Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

He exits.

Fight – Richard vs
Somerset,
Somerset dies

*Enter Richard, wearing the white rose, and Somerset, wearing the
red rose, to fight.*

Richard kills Somerset under the sign of Castle Inn.

RICHARD So lie thou there.

For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper! Heart, be wrathful still!
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

He exits.

*Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, both wearing
the red rose.*

QUEEN MARGARET

Away, my lord! You are slow. For shame, away!

KING HENRY

Can we outrun the heavens? Good Margaret, stay!

QUEEN MARGARET

What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly.

Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
We shall to London get, where you are loved
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopped.

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 2, Act 5, Scene 3

Fields near Saint Albans

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, ,
all wearing the white rose,*

Fight – Edward vs
Buckingham,
Buckingham dies

YORK

I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London
What says Lord Warwick? Shall we after them?

WARWICK

After them? Nay, before them, if we can.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

Flourish. They exit.

Enter young Clifford, wearing the red rose.

YOUNG CLIFFORD

Shame and confusion! All is on the rout.

He sees his father, lying dead.

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.

He takes his father's body onto his back.

He exits.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 1, Scene 1

London, Parliament House

Alarum. Enter York; Edward; George; Richard; Warwick; all wearing the white rose.

WARWICK

I wonder how the King escaped our hands.

YORK

While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away and left his men;

EDWARD

Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

He shows his bloody sword.

GEORGE, *to York, showing his sword*

And, father, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

RICHARD, *holding up a severed head*

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

YORK

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

RICHARD

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

WARWICK

And so do I, victorious prince of York.
Before I see thee seated in that throne
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat. Possess it, York,
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.
And when the King comes, offer him no violence
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
Soldiers exit or retire out of sight.

YORK

Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute.
I mean to take possession of my right.
York sits in the chair of state.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Young Clifford, wearing the red rose.

KING HENRY

My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! Belike he means,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.

CLIFFORD

He durst not sit there had your father lived.
Let us assail the family of York.

KING HENRY

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
I am thy sovereign.

YORK I am thine.

KING HENRY, *to York*

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

YORK

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

Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—

KING HENRY

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

YORK

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

KING HENRY

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

CLIFFORD

What wrong is this unto the Prince your son!

WARWICK

What good is this to England and himself!

CLIFFORD

Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
I cannot stay to hear these articles.
I will to the Queen to tell of these news.

Young Clifford exits

WARWICK Why should you sigh, my lord?

KING HENRY

Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may. (*To York.*) I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs forever,
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war and, whilst I live,
To honor me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

YORK

This oath I willingly take and will perform.

WARWICK

Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
York stands, and King Henry ascends the dais.

KING HENRY, *to York*

And long live thou and these thy forward sons!
They embrace.

YORK

Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.
Sennet. Here they come down.

YORK, *to King Henry*

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

WARWICK

And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
York, Edward, Richard, and Warwick exit.

KING HENRY

And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

*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.

PRINCE EDWARD

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

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 prefer'st 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.
Queen Margaret and Prince Edward exit.

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.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 1, Scene 2

Sandal Castle

*Enter Richard, Edward, George, and Rutland, all wearing the white
rose.*

RUTLAND

Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

EDWARD

No, I can better play the orator.

RICHARD

But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

YORK

Why, how now, sons, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? How began it first?

GEORGE

No quarrel, but a slight contention.

YORK About what?

RICHARD

About that which concerns your Grace and us:
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

YORK

Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead.

GEORGE

Your right depends not on his life or death.

EDWARD

Now you are heir; therefore enjoy it now.

YORK

I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDWARD

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

RUTLAND

No, God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

YORK

I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICHARD

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

YORK

Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RICHARD

An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate
That hath authority over him that swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place.
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK

Richard, enough. I will be king or die.—
George, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise;
In them I trust, for they are soldiers
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employed, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise,

Enter a Messenger.

But stay, what news? Why com'st thou in such post?

MESSENGER

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

He exits.

YORK

Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

RICHARD

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

YORK What, with five thousand men?

RICHARD

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

A march afar off.

EDWARD

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

YORK

Five men to twenty: though the odds be great,
I doubt not of our victory.

Alarum. They exit.

Fight - York, Edward, Richard vs Margaret, Clifford and forces, George and Rutland try to escape, Clifford corners Rutland

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 1, Scene 3

Sandal Castle

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.

Clifford kills
Rutland

He raises his rapier.

Thy father slew my father; therefore die.

He stabs Rutland. He dies.

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 exits.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 1, Scene 4

Sandal Castle

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

Fight – York & Fam vs
Margaret and Clifford

Richard makes a lane
for York 3 times;
Edward at York's side;
York wounded by
Clifford, tries to flank
for sons' escape

YORK

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

*Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, the young Prince Edward, all
wearing the red rose.*

CLIFFORD

Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment showed unto my father.

YORK

Why come you not? What, multitudes, and fear?

CLIFFORD

So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.

QUEEN MARGARET

Hold, valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life.—
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here
That raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

They place York on a small prominence.

What, was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you that reveled in our parliament
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crookback prodigy,
Dickie, your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I stained this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

She gives him a bloody cloth.

I prithee grieve to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York!

She is handed a paper crown.

And, lords, bow low to him.

She puts the crown on York's head.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon and broke his solemn oath?—
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with Death.
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the crown and, with the crown, his head;
And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

YORK

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Upon their woes whom Fortune captivates.
O, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide,
How couldst thou drain the lifeblood of the child
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Bidd'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast thy wish.
Wouldst have me weep? Why, now thou hast thy will;
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears.
This cloth thou dipped'st in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

He hands her the cloth.

Keep thou the napkin and go boast of this;

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears.
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears
And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed."

He hands her the paper crown.

There, take the crown and, with the crown, my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.—

Clifford and
Margaret kill York

CLIFFORD, *stabbing York twice*
Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death!

QUEEN MARGARET, *stabbing York*
And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

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

He dies.

QUEEN MARGARET
Off with his head, and set it on York gates,
So York may overlook the town of York.
Flourish. They exit, Soldiers carrying York's body.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 2, Scene 1

A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire
A march. Enter Edward and Richard wearing the white rose.

EDWARD
I wonder how our princely father scaped,
Or whether he be scaped away or no
How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?

RICHARD
I cannot joy until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
Enter a Messenger, blowing.
But what art thou whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

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

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

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

MESENTER
By many hands your father was subdued,
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,

They took his head and on the gates of York
They set the same, and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed. *He exits.*

EDWARD

Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
For never henceforth shall I joy again.
Never, O never, shall I see more joy! *He weeps.*

RICHARD

I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy name. I'll venge thy death

Enter Warwick, wearing the white rose.

WARWICK

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

RICHARD

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave Marys with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.

WARWICK

Attend me, lords: the proud insulting queen,
Hast wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
And now to London all the crew are gone
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *via*, to London will we march.

EDWARD

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

WARWICK

No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along,

RICHARD

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

EDWARD

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

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 2, Scene 2

Before York

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

QUEEN MARGARET, *to King Henry*

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

KING HENRY

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'Tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.
Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here.

QUEEN MARGARET

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

He kneels.

KING HENRY, *dubbing him knight*

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

PRINCE EDWARD, *rising*

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

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

Royal commanders, be in readiness,
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick backing of the Duke of York,
And in the towns as they do march along
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.

He exits.

CLIFFORD

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY

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

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

EDWARD

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

WARWICK

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

WARWICK

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

KING HENRY

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

QUEEN MARGARET

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

KING HENRY

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

EDWARD

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

WARWICK

If thou deny, their blood upon thy head,

CLIFFORD

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

EDWARD

Since thou denied'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound, trumpets! Let our bloody colors wave;
And either victory or else a grave!

QUEEN MARGARET

Stay, Edward!

EDWARD

No, wrangling woman, (our arms) we'll no longer stay.

These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

Fight – slow-mo
during monologue
Margaret vs Edward;
Prince Edward vs
Warwick; Son vs
father; Father vs son;
Richard vs Clifford

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!

Son kills Father
Prince Edward
escapes Warwick;
Father kills son;
Richard kills Clifford;
Richard and Edward
chase Margaret

Views the bodies strewn on the battlefied

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.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret and Prince Edward

PRINCE EDWARD

Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull.
Away, for Death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN MARGARET

Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath
And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.

PRINCE EDWARD

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

KING HENRY

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

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 2, Scene 6

Another part of the field
Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard

EDWARD

Now breathe we, lords. Good fortune bids us pause
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WARWICK

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

RICHARD

Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours' life
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

WARWICK

Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownèd England's royal king,
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen;
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together,
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again;

EDWARD

Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence. Warwick as ourself
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 3, Scene 1

A forest in the north of England

Enter two Gamekeepers, with crossbows in their hands.

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

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

SECOND GAMEKEEPER

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

Enter King Henry, in disguise, with a prayer book.

KING HENRY

From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine!
Thy place is filled, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast anointed.

FIRST GAMEKEEPER, *aside to Second Gamekeeper*

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

SECOND GAMEKEEPER, *aside to First Gamekeeper*

Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

KING HENRY

My queen and son are gone to France for aid,
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost,

FIRST GAMEKEEPER

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

KING HENRY

In God's name, lead. Your king's name be obeyed,
And what God will, that let your king perform.
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 3, Scene 2

London. The Palace

Enter King Edward; Richard; George, Clarence; and Lady Grey.

KING EDWARD

Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Albans field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His land then seized on by the conqueror.
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,

Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

RICHARD

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

KING EDWARD

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

LADY GREY

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

RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*

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

KING EDWARD

How many children hast thou, widow? Tell me.

CLARENCE, *aside to Richard*

I think he means to beg a child of her.

LADY GREY

Three, my most gracious lord.

RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*

You shall have four if you'll be ruled by him.

KING EDWARD

Lords, give us leave. I'll try this widow's wit.
Richard and Clarence stand aside.

KING EDWARD

Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
And would you not do much to do them good?

LADY GREY

To do them good I would sustain some harm.

KING EDWARD

Then get your husband's lands to do them good.
I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

LADY GREY

So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

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.

RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*

The match is made; she seals it with a cur'sy.

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.

RICHARD, *aside to Clarence*

The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.

CLARENCE, *aside to Richard*

He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

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.
Summons Richard and Clarence
Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

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

KING EDWARD
You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

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

KING EDWARD
See that he be conveyed unto the Tower.

Nobleman exits.

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honorably.

They exit.

Richard remains.

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 burièd,
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 impalèd 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.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 3, Scene 3

France. Ling Lewis XI's palace.

*Flourish. Enter Lewis the French king, his sister the Lady Bona,
Prince Edward, Queen Margaret. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.*

KING LEWIS

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

QUEEN MARGARET

No, mighty King of France. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days,
But now mischance hath trod my title down
And with dishonor laid me on the ground.

KING LEWIS

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief.
It shall be eased if France can yield relief.

QUEEN MARGARET

Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banished man
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

KING LEWIS

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

Enter Warwick, wearing the white rose.

KING LEWIS, *standing*

Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?
He descends. She ariseth.

WARWICK

From worthy Edward, King of England,
I come in kindness and unfeignèd love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity,
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

QUEEN MARGARET

King Lewis, hear me speak. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity.
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice:
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor.

WARWICK

Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE EDWARD And why not "Queen"?

WARWICK

Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

KING LEWIS

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

WARWICK

Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

KING LEWIS

Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE EDWARD

To Edward, but not to the English king.

QUEEN MARGARET

Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit.
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

KING LEWIS

And still is friend to him and Margaret.
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promisèd.

Post blowing a horn within. Enter the Post.

POST *speaks to Warwick.*

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

KING LEWIS

Warwick, what are thy news? And yours, fair queen?

QUEEN MARGARET

Mine, such as fill my heart with unhopèd joys.

WARWICK

Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

KING LEWIS

What, has your king married the Lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?

WARWICK

King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heaven
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's—
No more my king, for he dishonors me.
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
And am I guerdoned at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honor!
And to repair my honor lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
He removes the white rose.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona
And replant Henry in his former state.

QUEEN MARGARET

Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

KING LEWIS

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.
Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

QUEEN MARGARET

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

WARWICK

Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long. *Post exits.*

KING LEWIS

Warwick, thou and Margaret with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas and bid false Edward battle.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance
For mocking marriage with a dame of France. *All but Warwick exit.*

WARWICK

I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. *He exits.*

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 4, Scene 1

London. The Palace.

*Enter King Edward, Lady Grey/Queen Elizabeth, Richard, Clarence
Enter a Post.*

KING EDWARD

Now, messenger, what letters or what news from France?

POST

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

KING EDWARD

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

POST

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

KING EDWARD

Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

POST

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

KING EDWARD

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

POST

He, more incensed against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
“Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere ’t be long.”

KING EDWARD

Ha! Durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned.
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
Now therefore let us hence and lose no hour
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Scene 1

Coventry

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

WARWICK

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

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Richard, and Clarence

KING EDWARD

Now, Warwick, wilt thou humbly bend thy knee?
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WARWICK

Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

KING EDWARD The Duke?

Why, Warwick, when we parted, thou call’dst me king.

WARWICK Ay, but the case is altered.

When you disgraced me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

KING EDWARD

But Warwick’s king is Edward’s prisoner.

RICHARD

You left poor Henry at the Bishop’s palace,
And ten to one you’ll meet him in the Tower.
Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

WARWICK

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow

And with the other fling it at thy face

KING EDWARD

What, Warwick, wilt thou fight?

WARWICK

I bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

KING EDWARD

Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!

They exit.

FIGHT – Warwick & forces vs King Edward, Richard, Clarence & forces. Warwick wounded by Edward.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Scene 3

A field of battle near Barnet

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick, wounded.

KING EDWARD

So, lie thou there. Die thou, and die our fear,
For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.

He exits.

WARWICK

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Dies

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Scene 4

Plains near Tewksbury

Flourish. March. Enter Queen Margaret, young Prince Edward, and Soldiers, all wearing the red rose. Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight. Therefore be resolute.

He exits.

QUEEN MARGARET

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.

Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
You fight in justice. Then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight!

PRINCE EDWARD

Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter King Edward, Richard, Clarence,

KING EDWARD, *to his army*

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

Alarum, retreat, excursions.

FIGHT – Margaret,
Prince Edward &
forces vs King
Edward, Richard,
Clarence & forces

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Scene 5

Another Part of the field

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Richard, and Clarence, with Soldiers
guarding Queen Margaret.*

Enter Prince Edward, wearing the red rose, under guard.

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.

QUEEN MARGARET

Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

KING EDWARD

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

CLARENCE, *to Prince Edward*

Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

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.

KING EDWARD

Take that, the likeness of this railer here! *Stabs him.*

RICHARD

Sprawl'st thou? Take that to end thy agony!
Richard stabs him.

CLARENCE

And there's for twitting me with perjury.
Clarence stabs him.

QUEEN MARGARET O, kill me too!

RICHARD Marry, and shall. *Offers to kill her.*

KING EDWARD

Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

RICHARD

Why should she live to fill the world with words?
Queen Margaret faints.

KING EDWARD

What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery.
They attempt to revive her.

RICHARD, *taking Clarence aside*

Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother.
I'll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere you come there, be sure to hear some news.

CLARENCE What? What?

RICHARD The Tower, the Tower! *He exits.*

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.

KING EDWARD

Away with her. Go bear her hence perforce.

QUEEN MARGARET

Nay, never bear me hence! Dispatch me here.
Here sheathe thy sword; I'll pardon thee my death.
What, wilt thou not?—Then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLARENCE

By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

KING EDWARD

Away, I say! (*To Soldiers.*) I charge you bear her hence.

QUEEN MARGARET

So come to you and yours as to this prince!

Queen Margaret exits under guard.

Soldiers carry off Prince Edward's body.

KING EDWARD Where's Richard gone?

CLARENCE

To London all in post, and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

KING EDWARD

He's sudden if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence. Discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London

And see our gentle queen how well she fares.

By this I hope she hath a son for me.

They exit.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Scene 6

London, The Tower.

*Enter King Henry the Sixth, and Richard of Gloucester, with the
Lieutenant on the walls.*

RICHARD

Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

KING HENRY

Ay, my good lord—"my lord," I should say rather.

'Tis sin to flatter; "good" was little better:

"Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,

And both preposterous: therefore, not "good lord."

RICHARD, *to Lieutenant*

Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

Lieutenant exits.

KING HENRY

So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

RICHARD

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

KING HENRY

The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and killed.

RICHARD

Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

KING HENRY

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is 't for my life?

RICHARD

Think'st thou I am an executioner?

KING HENRY

A persecutor I am sure thou art.
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then, thou art an executioner.

RICHARD

Thy son I killed for his presumption.

KING HENRY

Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy: that many a thousand
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope:
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world.
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Richard kills Henry

RICHARD

I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech;

Stabs him.

For this amongst the rest was I ordained.

KING HENRY

Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee.

Dies.

RICHARD

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither—

Stabs him again.

I that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think you, to make haste
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered, and the women cried
“O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!”
And so I was, which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word “love,” which graybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me. I am myself alone.
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone.
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

He exits, carrying out the body.

Henry 6, Part 3, Act 5, Scene 7

London, The Palace

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Richard.

KING EDWARD

Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Repurchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armors watched the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace,
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

RICHARD, *aside*

I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not looked on in the world.

KING EDWARD

Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLARENCE

The duty that I owe unto your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

He kisses the infant.

KING EDWARD

Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

RICHARD

And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

He kisses the infant.

Aside. To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master
And cried "All hail!" whenas he meant all harm.

Dead King
Henry, covered
in a bloody
muslin shroud
crosses through
the center of
the audience,
crown offered
before him.

KING EDWARD

Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell, sour annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy.

Flourish. They all exit.

Richard stares at
the ghost,
clutching the
infant as if it
was the crown
until Bess
snatches the
child from him
and hurriedly
crosses USC to
Edward and
Clarence

Richard slowly
then raises his
arm
outstretched
before him to
reach for the
crown

"... lasting joy"
Richard grasps
his hand into a
fist as if to seize
it

Drumbeat

Finis -