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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE

Rev. Henry N. Hudson,
Professor of Shakespeare in Boston University.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

Vol. IX.

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KING HENRY VI. PART THIRD.

THE Third Part resumes the history just where it paused at the close of the Second, and carries it on from the first battle of Saint Alban's, May, 1445, till the death of King Henry, which took place in May, 1471. And the connection of this play with the preceding is much the same as that between the First Part and the Second; there being no apparent reason why the Third should begin where it does, but that the Second ended there. The parliamentary doings, which resulted in a compromise of the two factions, are here set in immediate juxtaposition with the first battle of Saint Alban's, whereas they were in fact separated by an interval of more than five years. Nevertheless the arrangement is a very judicious one; for that interval was marked by little else than similar scenes of slaughter, which had no decisive effect on the relative condition of the parties: so that the representing of them would but have encumbered the play with details without helping on the author's purpose. Not so, however, with the battle of Wakefield, which followed hard upon those doings in Parliament: for this battle, besides that it yielded matter of peculiar dramatic interest in itself, had the effect of kindling that inexpressible rage and fury of madness which it took such rivers of blood to slake. For the historians note that from this time forward the war was conducted with the fiercest rancour and exasperation, each faction seeming more intent to butcher than to subdue the other. The cause of this demoniacal enthusiasm could not well be better presented than it is in the wanton and remorseless savagery displayed at the battle in question. And the effect is answerably told in the next battle represented, where the varying fortune and long-doubtful issue served but to multiply and deepen the horrors of the tragedy.

The result of the battle of Towton, fought March 29, 1461,
left the Yorkists to the divulsive energy of their own passions and vices; for in their previous contests had been generated a virulence of self-will that would needs set them at strife among themselves when they had no common antagonist to strive against. The overbearing pride and arrogance of Warwick would not brook to be crossed, and the pampered caprice of Edward would not stick to cross it: the latter would not have fought as he did, but to the end that he might be king; nor would the former have done so much for him, but that he might have a king subject to his control. It is remarkable that the causes of the deadly feud between the king-maker and his royal creature have never been fully explained. History having assigned several, the Poet, even if he had known better, was amply warranted in taking the one that would be made to tell most on the score of dramatic interest. And the scene at the Court of Louis justifies his choice, it being, in point of sound stage-effect, probably the best in the play; while the representation, however untrue to fact, is true to the temper, the motives, and character of the parties concerned.

The marriage of King Edward with the Lady Elizabeth Grey took place in May, 1464, something more than three years after the battle of Towton. The Queen's influence over her husband, resulting in the preferment of her family, gave apt occasion for those discontents and schisms in the faction which, in whatever line of conduct he had followed, could not have been long without pretexts. The effect of such schisms was to rally and strengthen the opposite faction into a renewal of the conflict. The capture of Edward by Warwick occurred in the Summer of 1469, and was followed by the restoration of Henry, who had been over five years a prisoner in the Tower. The domineering and dictatorial habit of Warwick was not less manifest in his alliance with Henry than it had been with Edward. The Earl had given his oldest daughter to Clarence; and, as she was to inherit her father's immense estates, he thus seemed to have a sure hold on her husband. But the Duke appears to have regarded the marriage as offering him a prospect of the throne; so that the main cord between Clarence and Warwick was broken when the latter gave his second daughter to the son of Henry.
In October, 1470, Edward made his escape to the continent. The following March he returned, and in about a month was fought the battle of Barnet, where he recovered the throne in spite of Warwick, and therefore had a better chance of keeping it. For this success he was much indebted to the perfidy of Clarence, who, having raised a large body of men by commission from Henry, but with the secret purpose of using them for Edward, threw off the mask a few days before, openly renouncing his father-in-law, and rejoining his brother. The death of Warwick at the battle of Barnet left Edward little to fear; and his security was scarce disturbed by the arrival of Queen Margaret, on the very day of that battle, with aid from France; which aid, together with what remained of Henry's late army, was dispatched a few days after in the battle of Tewksbury.

As to the authorship of this dramatic series, perhaps enough was said in connection with the preceding play. But it may not be amiss to add that, if we study the three parts of King Henry the Sixth together with King Richard the Third, we shall find them all to be so connected that each earlier member of the series is a necessary introduction to the following, and each later one a necessary sequel to the preceding; that is to say, they will appear to be four plays only because too long to be one, or two, or three. So manifest and so perfect is the unity and continuity of plan, purpose, matter, action, interest, and characterization running through them, that, if they had all come down to us anonymous, we should naturally have assorted them together as the undoubted workmanship of one and the same hand. This argument for identity of authorship might be pursued to almost any length: but I could add but little to what has been presented by Mr. Grant White, and so must dismiss the subject by simply referring the curious or inquisitive reader to his able and interesting Essay.
KING HENRY VI. PART THIRD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his Son.
Louis XI., King of France.
Beaufort, Duke of Somerset.
Holland, Duke of Exeter, Lancastrians.
De Vere, Earl of Oxford, Earl of Northumberland, Earl of Westmoreland,
John Lord Clifford, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Edward, Earl of March, his Sons.
George, and Richard, Yorkists.
Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Marquess of Montague.
Neville, Earl of Warwick.
Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
William Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.

Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, Woodville, Earl Rivers.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Mayor of York.
Tutor to Rutland. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

Margaret, Queen to Henry VI.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Lady Bona, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene.—During part of the third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England.

ACT I.


Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk,
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the King escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the North, He sily stole away, and left his men: Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, Cheer’d up the drooping army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast, Charged our main battle’s front, and, breaking in, Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.¹

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

[ Showing his bloody sword.

Mont. [To York, showing his.] And, brother,² here’s the Earl of Wiltshire’s blood,

¹ The circumstances of old Clifford’s death are here stated in accordance with the facts, though in a manner very different from the representation given near the close of the preceding play. But discrepancies of this sort are so frequent and so glaring in these plays, that it seems hardly worth the while to note them in detail.—In the present scene, the author brings into close juxtaposition events that were in fact widely separated. The first battle of St. Alban’s was fought May 22, 1455; and the Parliament of Westminster, represented in this scene, was opened October 7, 1460. In October, 1459, the Yorkists had been dispersed, and the duke himself with his son Edmund had fled to Ireland; but they soon rallied again, and in July, 1460, a terrible battle was fought at Northampton, wherein the Yorkists were again victorious, and got the King into their hands, and compelled him soon after to call the Parliament in question.

² In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as brothers. Perhaps the author thought that John Neville, Marquess of Montague, was brother to York’s wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the Earl of Warwick; and the Duchess of York was half-sister to their father, the Earl of Salisbury. See volume viii, page 140, note 8.
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

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

[Throwing down Somerset's head.

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—What,

Is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!

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

War. And so do I.—Victorious Prince of York,

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

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

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

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

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[The Soldiers retire.

York. The Queen, this day, here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her Council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.

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

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

The use of battle for army was very common.

Henry is here a trisyllable, as if spelt Henery. Repeatedly so in this play.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute; I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best, The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.\(^5\)
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares: — Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, with red roses in their hats.

King. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, Even in the chair of state! belike he means — Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer — T' aspire unto the crown, and reign as king. — Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father; And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, Heavens be revenged on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
King. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
King. Ah, know you not the city favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

\(^5\) The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.
King. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[They advance to the Duke.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou'rt deceived; I'm thine.

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

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was. 6

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown.

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

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

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

York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

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

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

North. No, Warwick, I remember't to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

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

6 The earldom here intended was the earldom of March, which York inherited from his mother. His title to the crown was not as Duke of York, but as Earl of March; and by naming this he covertly asserts his right to the crown.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?

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

King. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York; 7
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

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

King. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, yet, methinks, you lose.—
Tear the crown, father, from th' usurper's head.

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

Mont. [To York.] Good brother, as thou lovest and
honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

North. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

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

King. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

7 His father was not Duke of York, but Earl of Cambridge, and even
that title was forfeited, leaving the present duke plain Richard Plantagenet,
until he was advanced by the present King. Accordingly, Exeter has said,
a few lines before, "He made thee Duke of York." So that here we have
another discrepancy. See vol. viii. page 41, note 1.
Scene I.  
King Henry the Sixth.  

No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;  
Ay, and their colours — often borne in France,  
And now in England to our heart’s great sorrow —  
Shall be my winding-sheet. — Why faint you, lords?  
My title’s good, and better far than his.  

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.  
King. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.  
York. ’Twas by rebellion against his king.  
King. [Aside.] I know not what to say; my title’s weak. —  
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?  
York. What then?  
King. An if he may, then am I lawful king;  
For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign’d the crown to Henry the Fourth,  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.  
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.  
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain’d,  
Think you ’twere prejudicial to his crown?  
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.  
King. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?  
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.  
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?  
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.  
King. [Aside.] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.  
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay’st,  
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.  
War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.  
North. Thou art deceived: ’tis not thy southern power,  
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent —  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud —  
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.  
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

_King._ O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
_York._ Henry of Lancaster, resign the crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

_War._ Do right unto this princely Duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armèd men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

_[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves._

_King._ My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
_York._ Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
_King._ I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
_Clif._ What wrong is this unto the Prince your son!
_War._ What good is this to England and himself!
_West._ Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
_Clif._ How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
_West._ I cannot stay to hear these articles.
_North._ Nor I.

_Clif._ Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.
_West._ Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

_North._ Be thou a prey unto the House of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed!
_Clif._ In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despised!

_[Exeunt Northumb., Cliff., and Westmore._

_War._ Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
_Exe._ They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
_King._ Ah, Exeter!
SCENE I.  KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

King. 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 for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[Coming from the throne.

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace
him.

King. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[Sennet. The Lords come forward.

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.8

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WARWICK, NORWICH,
MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.

King. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the Court.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her
anger:

I'll steal away.

King. So, Exeter, will I.

[Going.

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of WALES.

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

8 Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.
King. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. 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. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

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

Queen. 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 given unto the House of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas; 9

9 This was Thomas, natural son of William Neville Lord Falconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. This Thomas Neville, says Hall, was "a man of no lesse corage than audacitie, who for his cruel conditions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned.
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environèd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
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's ready; come, we'll after them.

King. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

King. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your Grace: till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[Execut Queen Margaret and the Prince.

King. Poor Queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,
Will souse ¹⁰ my crown, and like an empty eagle

¹⁰ To *souse* was a term in falconry, and was used of the swift plunge or rushing-down of a hawk or eagle upon its prey.
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair:—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

*Exe.* And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.  [*Exeunt.*

**Scene II.---A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.**

*Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.*

**Rich.** Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

**Edw.** No, I can better play the orator.

**Mont.** But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter York.*

**York.** Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

**Edw.** No quarrel, but a slight contention.

**York.** About what?

**Rich.** 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.

**Rich.** Your right depends not on his life or death.

---

11 To tire is to tear, to feed like a bird of prey; from the Anglo-Saxon *tīrian*. So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

> Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

12 Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

18 Henry Holland, the present Duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the King, his grandfather, John Holland, Earl of Huntington and Duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II., having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntingdon was his inheritance, and he was created Duke of Exeter in 1444, at the same time that Suffolk was made marquess. His grandfather, the first Earl of Huntingdon in that line, was half-brother to Richard II., being son to Joan the Fair Maid of Kent by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland.
SCENE II.  KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  19

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

_York._ I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
_Edw._ But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

_Rich._ No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.
_York._ I shall be, if I claim by open war.
_Rich._ I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
_York._ Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

_Rich._ An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er 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.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet-on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

1 Witty here means intelligent, sagacious, knowing. The Poet often uses
wit in the same sense.
While you are thus employ’d, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster?

_E Enter a Messenger._

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

_Mess._ The Queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend² here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

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

_Mont._ Brother, I go; I’ll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

_Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer._

_York._ Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You’re come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

_Sir John._ She shall not need, we’ll meet her in the field.

_York._ What, with five thousand men?

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

[ _A march afar off._

_Edw._ I hear their drums: let’s set our men in order,
SCENE III.  KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

*York.* Five men to twenty! — though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncles, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?  [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Plains near Sandal Castle.

*Alarums.* Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

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

*Enter Clifford and Soldiers.*

*Clif.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accurséd duke,
Whose 1 father slew my father, he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him company.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him!

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

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? or is't fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws; 2
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look!
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!

1 *Whose* refers to *brat*, not to *duke.*
2 *So* Milton, in *Lycidas*: "Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
daily devours apace."
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

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

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

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

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

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.3

3 Edmund, Earl of Rutland, was born May 17, 1443; the battle of St.
Alban's, where Clifford's father was killed, took place May 22, 1455: at that
time, therefore, Rutland was in his thirteenth year, and in his eighteenth at
the time of his death, December 30, 1460. However, Hall and Holinshed
make him to have been seven at the former time and twelve at the latter.
The "one son" of the present Lord Clifford was named Henry, and, says
Holinshed, "was brought up with a sheepheard in poore habit, ever in feare
to be knowne, till king Henrie the Seventh obtaine the crowne, by whom he
was restored to his name and possessions." He is the subject of Words-
worth's Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, which closes thus:

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
And, ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.
Scene IV.

King Henry the Sixth.

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

Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [Stabs him.


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

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums. Enter York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvèd wolves.
My sons,—God knows what hath bechancèd them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, *Courage, father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And, when the hardiest warriors did retire,

4 This scrap of Latin occurs in Ovid's *Epistle from Phyllis to Demo- phoon.*
Richard cried, *Charge! and give no foot of ground!*  
Edward, *A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*  
*A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!*  
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!  
We bodged\(^1\) again; as I have seen a swan  
With bootless labour swim against the tide,  
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.  

[A short alarum within.]

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 number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.—

*Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—  
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.  
  *North.* Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.  
  *Clif.* Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick.\(^2\)  
  *York.* My ashes, as the phoenix', may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all;  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to Heaven,

---

\(^1\) According to Richardson, to *bodge* and *botch* are but different forms of the same word, and are kindred in sense, if not in origin, with to *boggle*. So that the meaning here seems to be, "we made bungling work of it in our attempt to rally." So in Harrison's *Description of England*: "They wage one poor man or other to become a *bodger*, and thereto get him a license upon some new forged surmise."

\(^2\) "Noontide prick" is the same as what the Poet elsewhere calls "the prick of noon"; that is, the *point* or *mark* on the dial or clock-face.
Scorning whate’er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon’s piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breath out invectives ’gainst the officers.

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

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle 3 thee with blows, twice two for one. [Draws.

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

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war’s prize 4 to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

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

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[York is taken prisoner.

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

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

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3 To buckle is to encounter or to join in close fight.
4 Prize here is privilege. So in at least two other places.
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught\(^5\) at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England’s King?
Was’t you that revell’d in our Parliament,
And made a 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 crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain’d this napkin\(^6\) 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.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr’ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret that I may sing and dance.
What! hath thy fiery heart so parch’d 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.
Thou wouldst be fee’d, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York! — and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

\[Putting a paper crown on his head.\]

Ay, marry, sirs, now looks he like a king!

\(^5\) *Raught* is the old preterite of the verb to reach.
\(^6\) *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were used interchangeably.
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 crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale 7 your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable! —
Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Queen. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse' to death.

7 To pale is to encircle or encompass, as with palings; here, of course, to
impulse with a crown.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth made them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

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

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

8 Government here means orderly behaviour, forbearance, self-control. So
in 1 King Henry IV, iii. 1: "Defect of manners, want of government, pride,
haughtiness, opinion, and disdain," &c.
SCENE IV.    KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[Giving back the handkerchief.

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!
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;

[Giving back the paper crown.

And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to Heaven, my blood upon your heads!

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

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

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

[Stabbing him.

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

[Stabbing him.

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

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

[Flourish. Exeunt.
ACT II.

SCENE I. — A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter Edward and Richard, with their Forces, marching.

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

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved Where our right valiant father is become. I saw him in the battle range about; And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth. Methought he bore him in the thickest troop As doth a lion in a herd of neat;¹ Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,— Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry, The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him. So far'd our father with his enemies; So fled his enemies my warlike father: Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son. See how the morning opes her golden gates,

¹ Neat properly means horned cattle; from a Saxon word signifying to butt or strike with the horn. Still used so in "neat's-tallow" and "neat's-oil."
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun!²
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking³ clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.⁴

*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,⁵
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the Earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

² Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the Sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.
³ Racking is moving like vapour or smoke. The original of the word is reek. Rack, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 12: "That, which is now a horse, even with a thought the rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, iv. 2: "Far swifter than the sailing rack that gallops upon the wings of angry winds."
⁴ The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2, 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day: "At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the earl of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogither in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enimies put them to flight: and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sunne in his full brightness for his badge or cognizance."
⁵ Meed formerly signified merit as well as reward, and is so explained by Cotgrave, Phillips, and others.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.—

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

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

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

Mess. Environèd he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the hope of Troy⁶
Against the Greeks that would have enter’d Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber’d oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter’d by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,
Who crown’d the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh’d in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless Queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e’er I view’d.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain

⁶“The hope of Troy” was Hector.
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee!—
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

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

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

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

March. Enter Warwick and Montague, with Forces.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

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

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
  War. Ten days ago I drownd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And, very well appointed,7 as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in Parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives, Blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:

7 Well appointed is well equipped, well furnished. Often so.
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the King unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.8

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

_War._ Some six miles off the duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.9

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

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

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8 The second battle of Saint Alban's, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the King was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the Queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late Parliament.

9 This is slightly at variance with fact. York’s sons, George and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown. And Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, was not their aunt, but their third cousin. The author simply anticipates. In 1461, Philip the Good was Duke of Burgundy. Some six years later, Philip having died, Margaret, sister of King Edward, was married to Charles the Bold, son and successor to Philip.
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.  

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:  
’Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But in this troublous time what’s to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,  
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
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.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting Queen,  
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many more proud birds,  
Have wrought the easy-melting King like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession,  
His oath enrolled in the Parliament;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath, and what besides  
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 amain;  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
And once again cry, Charge! upon our foes!  
But never once again turn back and fly.

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

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
SCENE II. KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

And, when thou fall'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forfend!

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

Rich. 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.

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

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

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

War. Why, then it sorts, 10 brave warriors: let's away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince
of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with Forces.

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

10 To fit, to suit, to accord, are among the old senses of to sort. Here
the meaning is, it falls out right, or answers to our wishes.
King. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor willingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too-much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly¹ gave away?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

    King. Full well hath Clifford play’d the orator,
Inferring² arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?³
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to Hell?⁴
I’ll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jolt of pleasure.—
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

    Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage⁵ makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—

¹ Fondly is foolishly, the usual sense of fond in Shakespeare’s time.
² Inferring in the Latin sense of bringing forward or adducing.
³ Success in the Latin sense of sequel, consequence, or result.
⁴ The King quotes two proverbs; the one, “Ill-gotten goods never prosper”; the other, “Happy the child whose father went to the Devil.” This last he must be supposed to use interrogatively, as denying its truth. This interpretation sets his reasoning in character.
⁵ Soft courage sounds odd to us, and even self-contradictory. But it appears that courage was sometimes used in the sense of heart, spirit, temper. So that soft courage is here equivalent to soft-heartedness. So Spenser in The Faerie Queene, ii. 5. 5:

    Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose
    To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,
    And shund the marke at which it should be met.
Edward, kneel down.

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

*Prince.* My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent ⁶ to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

*Clif.* Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* 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:
Daraign your battle,⁷ for they are at hand.

*Clif.* I would your Highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.⁸

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

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

*North.* Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

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

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⁶ *Apparent* is here used substantively, for *heir-apparent.*

⁷ That is, *arrange, make ready,* or *embattle* your army. The word is much used by the old poets, especially Spenser. So in *The Faerie Queene,* i. 4. 40:

> Therewith they gan to hurten greedily,
> Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
> And clash their shields, and shake their swordes on hy;
> That with their sturre they troubled all the traine.

⁸ Happy was the queen in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte. — HALL.
SCENE II. KING HENRY THE SIXTH. 41

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Queen. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak?
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.9
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake; lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.—

9 Sort for pack, set, or crew; a frequent usage.
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swohn heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere Sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

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

Queen. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.
King. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

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

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved 10
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

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

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

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, 11
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,

10 Resolved here is convinced or assured. Often so.
11 One whom nature has marked out for shame, or stigmatized. See vol. viii. page 246, note 9.
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel\textsuperscript{12} should be call'd the sea,—
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extracted,\textsuperscript{13}
To let the tongue detect thy base-born heart?

\textit{Edu.} A wisp of straw\textsuperscript{14} were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.—
.Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;\textsuperscript{15}
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this King by thee.
His father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the King, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

\textit{Geo.} But when we saw our sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increase,

\textsuperscript{12} \textit{Channel} in the Poet's time was used for \textit{kennel}; that is, \textit{ditch} or \textit{gutter}. See vol. viii. page 211, note 10.

\textsuperscript{13} \textit{Extracted} for \textit{extracted}. \textit{Detect} in the next line is used in its original sense of \textit{uncover} or \textit{disclose}.

\textsuperscript{14} \textit{A wisp of straw} was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offender: even showing it to a woman was therefore considered as a grievous affront. \textit{A callet} was a lewd wanton; but the term was often given to a \textit{scold}.

\textsuperscript{15} That is, a cuckold. In \textit{Troilus and Cressida}, v. 1, Thersites, speaking of Menelaus, calls him "the primitive statue and \textit{antique memorial of cuckold}".
We set the axe to thy usurping root;  
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

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

_Queen._ Stay, Edward.

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

**Scene III.** — _A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire._

_Alarums: excursions._ Enter Warwick.

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

_Enter Edward, running._

_Edw._ Smile, gentle Heaven! or strike, ungentle death!  
For this world frowns, and Edward's Sun is clouded.

_War._ How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

_Enter George._

_Geo._ Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:  
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

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

War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon,¹ as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.²

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the Earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

¹ Look upon is here equivalent to stand and look on; that is, be spectators.
² When the earle of Warwicke was informed hereof, like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to king Edward, saieng, "Sir, I praye God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives." With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng, "Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me"; and kissed the crosse of his sword, as it were for a vow to the promise. — HOLINSHED.
Thou Setter-up and Plucker-down of kings;
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that Thy brazen gates of Heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in Heaven or in Earth.3

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

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors ware4 at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow5 no longer, make we hence amain. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

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

3 Such was the language of the time. So in St. Matthew, vi. 10: “Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.”
4 Ware is the old preterite of wear, as bare is of bear.
5 To forslow is to delay, to loiter. So in Holland’s Livy: “The consull for his part forslowed not to come to hand-fight, the onely thing he sought for in threatening to give assault.”
SCENE V.       KING HENRY THE SIXTH. 47

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

[They fight.  WARWICK enters; CLIFFORD flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;¹
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.         [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — Another Part of the Field.

ALARUMS. Enter King HENRY.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,²
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conqueréd:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.³
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

¹ Chase for game; the object chased.
² This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do. See vol. ii. page 156, note 17.
³ So in Holinshed: “This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides.”
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my Queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;¹
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly,² point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,

¹ This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of
the King, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult
and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and
pastoral tranquility. — JOHNSON.

² Quaintly is curiously, ingeniously, or artfully.
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarums. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, bringing in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the King was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

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

*Enter a Father who has killed his Son, bringing in the dead body.*

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

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6 Johnson's interpretation of this is probably right: "The state of their hearts and eyes shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves."—These instances of un-witting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of the civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning the battle of Towton: "This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

7 *Stratagems* here means calamities or direful events.

8 These two lines have puzzled the commentators a good deal, and are indeed very obscure. I suspect that "too soon" here means too gladly or too willingly, a sense that soon may very well bear. As to the phrase "too late," we have a like use of it in *King Richard III.*, iii. 1, where the Prince, referring to his father, says, "Too late he died that might have kept that title." Here the meaning is commonly, and no doubt rightly, explained to
King. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!  
O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!—  
O, pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity!—  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colours of our striving Houses:  
The one his purple blood right well resembles;  
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:  
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;  
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.  

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

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

King. How will the country for these woeful chances  
Misthink the King, and not be satisfied!  

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?  
Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?  
King. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?  

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.  

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

[Exit with the body.  

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

[Exit with the body.

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

Alarums: excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the Prince
of Wales, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends have fled,
And Warwick rages like a chaféd bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. 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 grasp’d in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

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

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

Scene VI. — Another Part of the Field.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, — ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body’s parting with my soul!
SCENE VI.  KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

My love and fear glued many friends to thee;  
And, now I fall, that tough commixture melts,  
Impairing Henry, strengthening misprond York:  
The common people swarm like summer flies;  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent  
That Phaethon should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the Earth!  
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
Or as thy father and his father did,  
Giving no ground unto the House of York,  
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm  
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths;¹  
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?  
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?  
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:  
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
And at their hands I have deserved no pity.  
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—  
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;  
I stabb'd your father's bosoms; split my breast.  [Faints.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard,  
Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,  
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—  
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,

¹ That is, "no widows mourning for our deaths." Shakespeare has many such inversions, sometimes too, as here, without any help to the verse. So a little further on: "Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our House."
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill’d with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.—
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

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

[Clifford groans, and dies.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and breath departing.

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

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

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford plac’d there;
Instead whereof let his supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answer’d.

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

[Soldiers bring the body forward.

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

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
   Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
   Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
   Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
   War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
   Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
   Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
   Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
   Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
   War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
   Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanch'd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
   War. 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 crown'd 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 scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears.

2 The relatives which, as, and that were often used indiscriminately, and Shakespeare has many instances of such use.

8 Eager is sharp, acid, biting. So in Hamlet, i. 4: "It is a nipping and an eager air."
First will I see thy coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea;
T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous. 4

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

ACT III.


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

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;

4 Holinshed, after Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath bene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this duke Humfrie; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them king Richard the third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horsse, whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."
SCENE I.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

For through this laund ¹ anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

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

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,²
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

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

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book.³

King. 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 fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

¹ Laund is open ground between two woods; a lawn.

² This mode of speech was not uncommon; meaning, of course, “that the time may not seem tedious.” So, again, in the next scene: “For I should not deal in her soft laws.”

³ The Poet here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the King fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the Queen and Prince to France. In October, 1463, she returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the King. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow, the King escaped a second time into Scotland; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this scene. Such, at least, is the account delivered by Hall and Holinshed.
1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's see:
This is the quondam King; let's seize upon him.

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

2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

King. 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 labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero would be tainted with remorse,⁴
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd:
That ⁵ she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth ⁶ arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her,

⁴ "Tainted with remorse" is touched with pity or compassion. Remorse was continually used thus; and for a like use of taint see vol. viii. page 102, note 11. — "To hear and see" is equivalent to at hearing and seeing.
⁵ That has here the force of so that, or insomuch that. Often so.
⁶ Infer, again, in the sense of adduce. See page 39, note 2.
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.  
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!  

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

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

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

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

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

King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,—  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.  

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

King. But did you never swear, and break an oath?  

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

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

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.  

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

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

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

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

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

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

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

SCENE II. — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands 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.¹

¹ This seems a needless departure from fact. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of Saint Alban's, fighting on King Henry's side; and his lands were not seized by the Queen, who conquered in that battle, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in King Richard III., i. 3:
Glos. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glos. [Aside to Clar.] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [Aside to Glos.] He knows the game: how true
he keeps the wind!
Glos. [Aside to Clar.] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May't please your Highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.
Glos. [Aside.] 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.
Clar. [Aside to Glos.] I fear her not, unless she chance
to fall.
Glos. [Aside to Clar.] God forbid that! for he'll take
vantages.
Clar. [Aside to Glos.] I think he means to beg a child
of her.
Glos. [Aside to Clar.] Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather
give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glos. [Aside.] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

In all which time, you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the House of Lancaster; —
And, Rivers, so were you. — Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

2 Resolve here means satisfy, assure, relieve from doubt. Often so.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it,\(^8\) then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.
Glos. [Aside.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
\([\text{Retires with Clarence}.\]
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.
Glos. [Aside to Clar.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. [Aside to Glos.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

\(^8\) Here it is probably to be understood as referring to her suit.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glos. [Aside to Clar.] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsey.

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

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

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

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

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

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

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your Highness aims at, if I aim⁴ aright.

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

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

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

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;

No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

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

Glos. [Aside to Clar.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

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

⁴ The use of aim for guess was very common.
K. Edw. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his Queen?

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

K. Edw. 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.

L. 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.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my Queen.

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

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

Glos. [Aside to Clar.] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [Aside to Glos.] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glos. 'The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

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

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glos. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.6

Enter a Nobleman.

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

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

[Exeunt all but Gloster.

Glos. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

6 The first meeting of Edward with the Lady Elizabeth is thus related in the Chronicles: “The king, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to sir Richard Woodville lord Rivers, on whom was then attendant a daughter of hers, called the ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last bATTLE of saint Albons. This widow, having a sute to the king for such lands as hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the kings affections, that he not onelie favoured her sute, but more hir person. For, with her sober demeanour, neither too wanton nor too bashful, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so allured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose.”
And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweenes too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp.

6 It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that
the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the
form of bears. — JOHNSON.
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this Earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,\(^7\)
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but Hell,
Until my head, that this mis-shaped trunk bears,
Be round impaled\(^8\) with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;\(^9\)
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could;

\(^7\) Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized
with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would coun-
terbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels him-
self to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and
it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured.—JOHNSON.

\(^8\) Impaled is encircled. See page 27, note 7.

\(^9\) For the supposed power of the basilisk see vol. viii. page 193, note 1.
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'd pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III. — France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Louis the French King, and Lady Bona, attended; the King takes his state. Then enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and the Earl of Oxford.

K. Lou. [Rising.] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Louis doth sit.

Queen. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's Queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.

K. Lou. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [Seats her by him.

yield not thy neck

10 Here we have Richard referring to Machiavel a long time before Machiavel was born. But Shakespeare never scruples such anachronisms; and in his time Machiavel was a common paragon of political craft.
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd 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:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

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

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lou. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lou. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?
Queen. The Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.
K. Lou. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[Descending from his state. Queen Margaret rises.]
Queen. [Aside.] Ah, now begins a second storm to rise; For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion, My lord and sovereign, and thy vowèd friend, I come, in kindness and unseignèd 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. [Aside.] If that go forward, Henry’s hope is done.

War. [To Bona.] And, gracious madam, in our King’s behalf, I am commanded, with your leave and favour, Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue To tell the passion of my sovereign’s heart; Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears, Hath placed thy beauty’s image and thy virtue.

Queen. King Louis, — and Lady Bona, — hear me speak, Before you answer Warwick. His demand Springs not from Edward’s well-meant honest love, But from deceit bred by necessity; For how can tyrants safely govern home, Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice, That Henry liveth still; but, were he dead, Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry’s son. Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour; For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not Queen?

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

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conqueréd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But, for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore-and-two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom’s worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed’st thirty-and-six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler¹ falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and, more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow’d years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the House of Lancaster.

War. And I the House of York.

K. Lou. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,

---

¹ To buckler is to shield, to defend. See vol. viii. page 199, note 11.
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.

K. Lou. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lou. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lou. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseeam a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,²
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy,³ but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.⁴

K. Lou. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
[To War.] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lou. Then, Warwick, thus: Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King must make,

² "An eternal plant" is what we now call a perennial one.
³ The more common meaning of envy was malice or hatred; and such may be the meaning here.
⁴ That is, requite his passion. See vol. vi. page 242, note 49.
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to th' English King.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English King.

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

K. Lou. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But, if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you; ⁵
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sly conveyance ⁶ and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[A horn sounded within.

K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [To War.] My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you,

⁵ Ironical, perhaps; as the poverty of Margaret's father was a frequent
theme of reproach.

⁶ Conveyance was used for any crafty artifice. See vol. iv. page 179,
note 21.
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:—
[To Louis.] These from our King unto your Majesty:—
[To Margaret.] And, madam, these for you; from whom
I know not. [They all read their letters.
Oxf. I like it well that our fair Queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.
K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair
Queen?
Queen. Mine such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.
War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lou. 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?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Queen. I told your Majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the House of York
My father came untimely to his death? Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?

7 Unhoped here means unexpected. So, to hope is still sometimes used in the sense of to expect.
8 To allay, to ease off, to stroke down, are among the old senses of to soothe.
9 Not so: Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York.
10 King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was
SCENE III. KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd 11 at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressèd Queen?

Queen. Renownèd Prince, how shall poor Henry live
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his
daughter or his nece, the certaintie was not for both their honours re-
vealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward. — HOLIN-
SHBD.

11 Guerdon'd is rewarded, recompensed.
**K. Lou.** And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's:
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.

**Queen.** Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

**K. Lou.** Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposèd king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou see'st what's past; go fear 12 thy king withal.

**Bona.** Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

**Queen.** Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

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

[**Giving a purse.**] There's thy reward: be gone. [**Exit Mess.**

**K. Lou.**
Thyself and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

**War.** This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That, if our Queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter 13 and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

**Queen.** Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.—

---

12 To fear used transitively; to frighten or make afraid. See vol. ii. page 169, note 22, and vol. vi. page 149, note 2.

13 This is a departure from history, for Edward Prince of Wales was married to Anne, second daughter of the Earl of Warwick. In fact Isabella, his eldest daughter, was married to Clarence in 1468. There is, however, no inconsistency in the present proposal, for at the time represented neither of Warwick's daughters was married.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[ *Gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lou. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied;
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our High-Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[ *Exeunt all but Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale 14 but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
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. 15

[ *Exit.*

14 *Stale* was much used for a *lure, pretence, or decoy*; as in a passage of
Sidney's: "One bird caught served as a *stale* to bring in more." It was
also used in a sense nearly the same as *laughing-stock*, which appears to be

15 The part which Warwick is made to act in this scene, though amply
justified by the *Chronicles*, seems to have little or no foundation in fact.
The King was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464,
and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the Fall of
1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm.
The causes that finally set the king-maker so fiercely against his royal crea-
ture are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as hath been said, "we need seek no
further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in
those who are under obligations too great to be discharged."
ACT IV.


Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glos. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the King.
Glos. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as
Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Louis of France or th' Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your King and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glos. Ay, and shall have your will, because our King:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glos. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.


K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's Queen:—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion, that King Louis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glos. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Louis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glos. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,\(^1\)
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art discontent? I will provide thee.

*Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleased his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;\(^2\)
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

---

\(^1\) Minors coming into the possession of large estates were formerly in the wardship of the King, who had the prerogative of bestowing them in marriage. This power was sometimes grossly abused, especially in the case of females, who were given up to the King's favourites to be plundered, and afterwards disposed of in marriage at the King's pleasure. — The advancement of Lady Grey's family on her becoming queen is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Hir father was created erle Rivers, and made high constable of England: her brother, lord Antonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas lord Scales: sir Thomas Graie, sonne to sir John Graie, the queens first husband, was created marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the lord Bonville." In fact, however, the Queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the King's niece, daughter and heiress to the Duke of Exeter. These things were done in the Spring of 1465, the King's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the Queen having been introduced at Court and crowned.

\(^2\) Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother Jaquetta, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, Earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

_Glos. [Aside._] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more._

_Enter a Messenger._

_K. Edw._ Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?
_Mess._ My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

_K. Edw._ Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters?
_Mess._ At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

_K. Edw._ Is Louis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?
_Mess._ These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

_K. Edw._ I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's Queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

_Mess._ Tell him, quoth she, my mourning-weeds are done,

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3 In place was a common phrase, equivalent to present.
4 Meaning, simply, "my mourning garments are laid aside."
And I am ready to put armour on.

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

Mess. 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.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they're so link'd in friend-
ship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Glos. [Aside.] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.—

[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward’s cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glos. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so? then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

Scene II. — A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people swarm to us by numbers.
But see where Somerset and Clarence come! —

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick; —
And welcome, Somerset: — I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn’d an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward’s brother,
Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

1 Suddenly here means quickly.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd, —
His soldiers lurking in the towns about, —
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomedes
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;²
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry Henry!]
Why, then let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends God and Saint George!

Exeunt.

Scene III. — Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, before the King's Tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The King, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

² It had been announced as a decree of fate, that Troy could never be
taken, if the snow-white horses of Rhesus should once drink of the Xanthus
and eat the grass of the Trojan plain. So, as soon as Rhesus had reached
the Trojan territory and pitched his tents, late at night, Ulysses and Dio-
medes stole into his camp, killed Rhesus himself, and carried off the steeds.
SCENE III.  KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

2 Watch. To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the King here resteth in his tent?

1 Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiepest friend.

3 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the King
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

2 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 Watch. Who goes there?

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[Warwick and the rest cry, Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, Arm! arm! Warwick and the rest following them.

Drums beating and trumpets sounding, re-enter Warwick and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Gloster and Hastings are seen flying.

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

1 Doubted in the sense of feared or apprehended. Often so.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come to new-create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind,² be Edward England's King:

[Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him.—
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit, led out; Somerset with him.

² That is, mentally, or as regards his own mind.
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes in you this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

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

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This 'tis that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,¹
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

¹ It was an old notion that sighing consumed the blood.
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

_Riv._ But, madam, where is Warwick, then, become?

_Q. Eliz._ I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I'll henceforthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.  

_[Exeunt._

_SCENE V._ — _A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire._

_Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others._

_Glos._ Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our King, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

_Enter King Edward and a Huntsman._

_Hunt._ This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

_K. Edw._ Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen
stand.—
SCENE VI.  

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest, 
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glos. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

K. Edw. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my 
meaning.¹—

Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glos. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glos. Come, then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's 

frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—London.  A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young 
RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, 
and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends 
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness,

¹ Meaning in the sense of purpose or intention.
For that it made my prisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:¹
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudged an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,

¹ The meaning is, few men accommodate themselves to their destiny.
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

\textit{War.} What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

\textit{Clar.} That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

\textit{War.} Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

\textit{Clar.} What else? and that succession be determined.

\textit{War.} Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

\textit{K. Hen.} But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat — for I command no more —
That Margaret your Queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

\textit{Clar.} It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

\textit{K. Hen.} My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

\textit{Som.} My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.\footnote{This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers. The occasion was this: The young earl's uncle, Jasper Tudor, brought his nephew to London, and introduced him to King Henry, soon after the latter was released from the Tower; "whome," says Holinshed, "when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him, 'Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place.' So that it might seeme probable, by the coherence of holie Henries prediction with the issue falling out in truth, that for the time he}
K. Hen. Come hither, England’s hope.—[Lays his hand on his head.]—If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country’s bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by Nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lord; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escapèd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Mess. He was convey’d by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop’s huntsman rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt all but SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward’s;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before’t be long.

was indued with a propheticall spirit.” It is said that after the Earl became
King Henry VII., in gratitude for this early presage he solicited the Pope
to enroll Henry VI. among the saints of the Church; but was refused, lest,
“as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the esti-
mation of that kind of honour might be diminished, if there were not dis-
tance kept between innocents and saints.”

8 “Attended him” here means waited for him. See vol. v. 208, note 16.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

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

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

Scene VII. — Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What, then, remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurg haven 'fore the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glos. The gates made fast! — Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodelements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glos. [Aside.] But when the fox hath once got in his
nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[Exit, with Aldermen, above.

Glos. A wise stout captain he, and soon persuaded!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him;¹ but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[Takes his keys.

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

¹ Provided it were not by means of him. Along of is an old phrase meaning the same as because of.
SCENE VII.  KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  

_Drum._ Enter Montgomery and Forces, marching.

_Glos._ Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

_K. Edw._ Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in
arms?

_Mont._ To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

_K. Edw._ Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

_Mont._ Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [A march begun.

_K. Edw._ Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

_Mont._ What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

_Glos._ Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

_K. Edw._ When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

_Hast._ Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

_Glos._ And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;²
The bruít³ thereof will bring you many friends.

_K. Edw._ Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

_Mont._ Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;

² Out of hand is forthwith, immediately.
³ The bruít is the noising-abroad, the report.
And now will I be Edward's champion.

_Hast._ Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[Gives him a paper. _Flourish._

_Sold._ [Reads.] _Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c._

_Mont._ And, whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his gauntlet.

_All._ Long live Edward the Fourth!

_K. Edw._ Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And, when the morning Sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exeunt.

Scene VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

_Flourish._ Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, and Oxford.

_War._ What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With lusty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, 1 rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: — and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee: —
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st: —
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. —
My sovereign, with the loving citizens, —
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs, —
Shall rest in London till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; — and so, I take my leave.

Oxf. [Kissing Henry's hand.] And thus I seal my truth,
  and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt War., Clar., Oxf., and Mont.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

1 Suffer'd here means permitted, given way to.
Should not be able to encounter mine.

_Exec._ The doubt² is, that he will seduce the rest.

_K. Hen._ That's not my fear; my meed³ hath got me
fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their bitter-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within, A York! A York!]

_Exec._ Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

_Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers._

_K. Edw._ Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him
hence;
And once again proclaim us King of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.—

[Exeunt some with King Henry.]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend—we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

_Glos._ Away betimes, before his forces join,

² The _doubt_ is the _fear_. So the verb, not long before. See page 85, note 1.
³ _Meed_, again, in the sense of _merit_. See page 31, note 5.
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:—
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry:
The Sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold-biting Winter mars our hoped-for hay.⁴ [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum heard.

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your Honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

[Enters the city.

⁴ Alluding to the proverb, "Make hay while the Sun shines."
March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glos. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

War. 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?

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

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck’d thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glos. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glos. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I’ll do thee service for so good a gift.¹

War. ’Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then ’tis mine, if but by Warwick’s gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick’s king is Edward’s prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glos. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

¹ That is, enroll myself among thy dependants. Cowell informs us that servitium is “that service which the tenant by reason of his fee oweth unto his lord.”
The King was sily finger'd from the deck! ²
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,³
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

_K. Edw._ 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

_Glos._ Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when!⁴ strike now, or else the iron cools.

_War._ I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

_K. Edw._ Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

_Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more._

_Enter Oxford, with Forces, drum, and colours._

_War._ O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!
_Oxf._ Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.]

_Glos._ The gates are open, let us enter too.

_K. Edw._ So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

_War._ O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

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² A pack of cards was anciently termed a deck of cards, or a pair of cards. An instance of a pack of cards being called a deck occurs in the Sessions Paper for January, 1788. The term is said to be still used in Ireland.
³ The palace of the Bishop of London is the place meant.
⁴ When! was a common exclamation of impatience. So in Julius Casar, ii. 1: "When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! what, Lucius!"
Enter MONTAGUE, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.

Glos. Thou and thy brother both shall 'by this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.

Glos. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset, Have sold their lives unto the House of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Forces, drum, and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[Taking the red rose out of his hat.
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

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6 Aby or 'by is an old form of abide, meaning to suffer, answer, or pay for. See vol. iii. page 54, note 17, and page 64, note 40.
6 Edmund Beaufort, the Somerset of the preceding play, was slain in the first battle of Saint Alban's, May 22, 1455. Henry, his oldest son, the Somerset of the present play, was taken and beheaded at Hexam, April 25, 1464. He was succeeded in the dukedom by his brother Edmund, who, having fled to sanctuary after the battle of Tewksbury, was seized and put to execution, May 6, 1471. The Poet here refers to the two former as having already fallen, though he continues the second till the death of the third, or at least does not distinguish between them.
I will not ruinate my father’s House,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow’st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,⁷ unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha’s, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother’s hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe’er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;—
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

*K. Edw.* Now welcome more and ten times more beloved
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

*Glos.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

*War.* O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

*K. Edw.* What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and
fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

*War.* Alas, I am not coop’d here for defence!

I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

*K. Edw.* Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
way.—

⁷ *Blunt,* in Shakespeare, sometimes means *rough, rude,* or reckless of
common civililities and the claims of kindred.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[Exeunt King Edward and his Company, marching. Warwick and his Company descend from the walls, and follow them.

Scene II. — A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing in Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear; For Warwick was a bug that fear’d us all.— Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, That Warwick’s bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe, And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick? Why ask I that? my mangled body shows, My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows, That I must yield my body to the earth, And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. Thus yields the cedar to the axe’s edge, Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle, Under whose shade the ramping lion slept, 2 Whose top-branch overpeer’d Jove’s spreading tree, And kept low shrubs from Winter’s powerful wind. These eyes, that now are dimm’d with death’s black veil, Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun, To search the secret treasons of the world: The wrinkles in my brows, now fill’d with blood, Were liken’d oft to kingly sepulchres;

1 That is, a bugbear or goblin that scared or frightened. See vol. ii. page 169, note 22, and vol. vii. page 190, note 9.

2 "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young." — Ezekiel xxxi. 6.
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must. 3

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The Queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou did'st,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault, 4

3 The great Earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471. The Chronicles relate that "the earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with wounds and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enemies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his companie to slea his adversaries, that he could not be res-
cued, was amongst the preasse of his enemies striken downe and slaine."

4 "The indistinct gabble of undertakers," says Steevens, "while they ad-
just a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile.
Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted our author's notice; it has too often forced itself on mine."
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. [Dies.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power!

[Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.

Scene III. — Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Clarence,
Gloster, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,¹
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glos. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends

¹ Arrive is here used as a transitive verb. So in Julius Caesar, i. 2: "Ere we could arrive the point proposed." Nor is the usage peculiar to Shakespeare. So in Paradise Lost, ii. 410: "Ere he arrive the happy isle."
Scene IV. King Henry the Sixth.

That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry, Courage! and away. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. 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 swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
While, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
These friends of France our shrouds and tackleings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep;

A rather peculiar use of rids, but meaning dispatches.
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What, Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim, — alas, 'tis but awhile!
Tread on the sand, — why, there you quickly sink;
Bestride the rock, — the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In 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.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, — as God forbid! —
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
SCENE IV.  

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.  

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.  
   Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; — sweet Oxford, thanks.  
   Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Mess. Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at hand,  
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.  
   Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy  
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.  
   Som. But he's deceived; we are in readiness.  
   Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.  
   Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.  

Flourish and march. Enter, at some distance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, and Forces.  

K. Edw. 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 ye blaze to burn them out:  
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.  
   Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say  
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.  
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,  
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,  
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.  
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,  
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.  

[Exeunt both armies.]
Scene V. — Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter
King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, and Forces; with
Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham’s Castle ¹ straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head. ²
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I’ll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exit Oxford and Somerset, guarded.

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glos. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. 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,

¹ A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.
² The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the Duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary, and beheaded. The Queen and Prince had been in France some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the very day of the battle of Barnet. We are told that, when she got news of that disaster, “all her hopes were instantly broken: she sank to the ground in despair; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened to the sanctuary of Beaullieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner.” While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished.
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. 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.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!
Glos. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a Winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glos. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glos. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou, perjured George,—
And thou, mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.  

[Stabs him.

Glos. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[Stabs him.

Clar. And there's for twittering me with perjury.  

[Stabs him.
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glos. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.
Glos. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glos. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glos. The Tower, the Tower! [Exit.
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? — O traitors! murderers! —
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:

hundred pounds during his life, and the princes life be saved, if he were brought forth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the kings promise, brought forth his prisoner prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman; whom when king Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the prince boldlie answered, saieng, 'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words king Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet; whome, incontinently, George duke of Clarence, Richard duke of Glocester, Thomas Greie marquesse Dorcest, and William lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murthered; for the which cruell act the more part of the dooers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God."

5 In respect, here, is in comparison. Repeatedly so. See vol. iv, page 212, note 3.
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. —
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse: 6
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid 7 this sweet young Prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. 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.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou
do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? — Where is that devil-butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? — Richard, where art thou,
Thou art not here? 8 murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!

[Exit, led out.

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

6 Here, again, remorse is pity or compassion.
7 To rid was sometimes used for to destroy, to make away with. See vol. vii. page 32, note 83.
8 That is, "where art thou, that thou art not here?"
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.        [Exit.

SCENE VI. — London. A Room in the Tower.

King Henry is discovered sitting with a book in his hand,
    the Lieutenant attending. Enter Gloster.

Glos. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
    K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say
    rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
    Good Gloster and good Devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
    Glos. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
    [Exit Lieutenant.

    K. Hen. 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?
Glos. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
    K. Hen. The bird that hath been limèd in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,¹
Have now the fatal object in my eye
Where my poor young was limèd, was caught, and kill'd.
    Glo. Why, what a peevish⁰ fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd.

¹ Male is here used in an uncommon sense; for the male parent, the father. The "sweet bird" is evidently his son, Prince Edward.
² Peevish was continually used for silly or stupid.
K. Hen. I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus; Thy father, Minos, that denied our course; The Sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy, Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea, Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words! My breast can better brook thy dagger's point Than can my ears that tragic history. But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glos. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

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

Glos. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand, Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,— Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate, And orphans for their parents' timeless death,— Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born. The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign; The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time; Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees; The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top, And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain, And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, An indigested and deform'd lump, Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

* That is, who suspect no part of what my fears presage.

4 To rook or to ruck is an old word meaning about the same as to roost; to squat down, as on a nest or place of roosting.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest —

_Glos._ I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:

[Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

_K. Hen._ Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

_Glos._ What, will th' 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!

O, may such purple tears be alway shed

From those that wish the downfall of our House!—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

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 ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,

_O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!_

And so I was; which plainly signified

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 greybeards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me: I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.  

[Exit with the body.

SCENE VII. — The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. King Edward is discovered sitting on his throne;
Queen Elizabeth, a Nurse with the infant Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to Autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and redoubted champions;

6 To sort here means to select, pick out. Pitchy is dismal, dark; a day black with fate.

6 The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death: "Here is to be remembered, that poore king Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard duke of Glocester, as the constant fame ran; who, to the intent that his brother king Edward might reigne in more suretie, murthered the said king Henrie with a dagger. Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of Yorke, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced unto his frends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentith of Maie."
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands, — two braver men
Ne’er spurr’d their coursers at the trumpet’s sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter’d the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar’d.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch’d the Winter’s night;
Went all afoot in Summer’s scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

_Glos._ [Aside.] I’ll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look’d on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain’d so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.¹

_K. Edw._ Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

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

_Q. Eliz._ Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

_Glos._ And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang’st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

[Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss’d his Master,
And cried, _All hail!_ whenas he meant all harm.

_K. Edw._ Now am I seated as my soul delights,

¹ Is it to be understood that, in saying "Work thou the way," the speaker touches his head, and then looks at his hand, which he addresses, "thou shalt execute."
Having my country’s peace and brothers’ loves.

_Clar._ What will your Grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn’d the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

_K. Edw._ Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the Court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.  [Exeunt.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 8. *Is either slain or wounded* dangerously.—So the original play. The folio has *dangerous*.

P. 9 *Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.* —

What,

*Is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?* — So the original play. The folio has *But* instead of *What*.

P. 9. *Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!*

Rich. *Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.* — In the first of these lines, the old text has *hope* instead of *hap*; the former having doubtless crept in from the line below. Corrected by Dyce. Capell changed *hope* to *end*.

P. 10. *Patience is for poltroons, and such is he.* — So the second folio. The first has "Poultroones, such as he." Walker would complete the verse by taking *Patience* as a trisyllable, and accenting *poltroons* on the first syllable.

P. 10. *Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.* — The old text assigns this speech to Westmoreland; but the next speech shows that it belongs to Exeter. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 11. *I am thy sovereign.*

York. Thou'rt deceived; *I'm thine.* — So the original play. The folio lacks the words *Thou'rt deceived*.

P. 11. *True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.* — The original omits *and*; doubtless by accident.
KING HENRY VI. PART THIRD.

P. 11. No, Warwick, I remember't to my grief. — So the original play. Instead of No, the folio has Yes, which the context shows to be wrong.

P. 12. Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York. — The folio has "My father"; an obvious error. Corrected from the original play.

P. 12. You're old enough now, yet, methinks, you lose. —
Tear the crown, father, from th' usurper's head. — The old text has "And yet me thinkes you loose." Also, "Father teare the Crowne." The correction is Hanmer's.

P. 12. North. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. — So the quarto. The folio assigns this speech to the King. As Lettsom observes, "This interruption is quite out of character in Henry's mouth."

P. 13. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king. — So the second folio. The first lacks But.

P. 14. Henry of Lancaster, resign the crown. — The old text has "resigne thy Crowne." We have many instances of the and thy misprinted for each other.

P. 14. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word. — The folio omits me, which is found in the corresponding passage of the quarto.

P. 15. War. Why should you sigh, my lord? —
King. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son, &c. —
Upon this, Lettsom notes, "Read Plantagenet. The words above, 'Why should you sigh, my lord?' belong to York, not to Warwick." As most of the speech is clearly addressed to York, and as the old text has nothing to mark a change of address, I have little doubt that Lettsom is right.

P. 15. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger: I'll steal away.
King. So, Exeter, will I. — So Pope. The old text reads "Exeter so will I."
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 16. Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father.—This unmetrical line jars badly. It might be rendered metrical by transposition, though it would be an Alexandrine, thus: "Seeing thou hast proved a father so unnatural." But the play has many lines that can hardly be reduced into any thing like rhythmical order. So with two lines together a little before:

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility, &c.

P. 17. When I return with victory from the field.—So the quarto and the second folio. The first folio has to instead of from.

P. 17. Whose haughty spirit, wing’d with desire,
Will souse my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son! — The old text has "Will cost my Crowne." The word cost has no sort of fitness to the context. Warburton proposed coast, which is little if any better. Dyce suggests souse, which was a well-known term in falconry, and which accords well with the context. See foot-note 10.

ACT 1., SCENE 2.

P. 19. Thou, Richard, shall unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham, &c. — In the first of these lines, the old text has to instead of unto; and, in the third, it omits of, which was inserted by Hanmer.


P. 21. I doubt not, uncles, of our victory.—The old text has uncle instead of uncles. But there can be no doubt that York here addresses both of the Mortimers, and he has just before called them "mine uncles."

ACT 1., SCENE 4.

P. 24. And, when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, Charge! and give no foot of ground!
Edward, A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
*With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!*
*We bodged again; &c.* — In the third of these lines, the old text has *And cried* instead of *Edward*, which is the reading suggested by Lettsom. Collier's second folio substitutes "*Ned cried*" for "*And cried*." Lettsom remarks that, "at any rate, the folio reading is corrupt"; and the Cambridge editors think that a line, referring to Edward, is lost between the second and the third. — In the last line, Johnson and Malone thought we should read *budged* instead of *bodged*, and so White prints. To *budge* is used by Shakespeare in the sense of *to fall back or retire*; and, as this sense accords well with the context, and makes a fitting antithesis to *charged*, there is certainly no little reason for the change. See, however, foot-note 1.

P. 25. *I will not bandy with thee word for word,*
*But buckle thee with blows, twice two for one.* — The folio reads "*But buckler with thee blowes.*" The correction *buckle* is from the original play, and gives a fitting sense. I transpose *with* and *thee*, because I do not understand the meaning of "*buckle with thee blows.*" See foot-note 3.

P. 26. *I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;*
*Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.* — So the quarto. The folio places the second of these lines further on in the speech, after the line, "*And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.*"

P. 26. *Ay, marry, sirs, now looks he like a king.* — The old text has *sir* instead of *sirs*. As the Queen is evidently addressing both Clifford and Northumberland, I have no scruple in reading *sirs*, with Lettsom.

P. 27. *To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,*
*Were shame enough to shame thee, wert not shameless.* — So Walker. The old text reads "*wert thou not shamelesse.*"

P. 28. *Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so*
*That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.* — So the Cambridge Editors. The original has *passions* moves.
P. 28. That face of his the hungry cannibals,
    Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
    But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
    O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania. — There is someth-
thing wrong here, and probably the text is corrupt. Some of the diffi-
culty might be removed by transposing the second line, thus: "Would
not have stain'd with blood, would not have touch'd." As it stands,
the language comes pretty near being absurd. In the first folio, the
first two lines are printed thus:

That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
Would not have stayn'd with blood.

In the second folio, the last line is mended thus: "Would not have
stayn'd the roses just with blood"; and this, in turn, is mended by
Collier's old corrector, thus: "Would not have stayn'd the rose's hues
with blood." Walker conjectures the author to have written as follows:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd; those roses, new in bloom,
The mountain beasts would not have stain'd with blood.

And he observes that, in this case, "tigers of Hyrcania would have
something to refer to. 'The Cannibals' as designating a particular
nation; the man-eating Indians specifically."

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 30. Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his son. — So the folio. The
quarto has pride instead of prize. Walker notes, "If I were to change
at all, I should prefer praise."

P. 34. Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
    And, very well appointed, as I thought,
    March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the Queen. — So the
quarto. The folio omits the second line; probably by accident, as the
line is fairly needful to the sense.

P. 34. Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
    Our soldiers — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
    Or like an idle thrasher with a flail —
    Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends. — So the quarto.
The folio has "like a lazie Thresher."
P. 35. Some six miles off the duke is with his power;
   And for your brother, he was lately sent
   From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
   With aid of soldiers to this needful war. — So the quarto. The
   folio, in the first of these lines, has “with the soldiers.”

P. 36. Why, Via! to London will we march amain. — The folio
   omits amain, which is supplied from the quarto.

P. 37. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
   And, when thou fall'st,— as God forbid the hour! —
   Must Edward fall. — The folio has “when thou failst”; the
   quarto, “when thou faintst.” Corrected by Steevens. We have faile
   misprinted for fall in the preceding play. See note on “We John
   Cade,” &c., vol. viii. page 262.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 38. Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
   Nor willingly have I infringed my vow. — So Walker. The
   old text has willingly, an easy misprint for willingly.

P. 38. Even with those wings
   Which sometime they have used in fearful flight. — The folio
   has with instead of in; the former having doubtless crept in from the
   line above. Corrected from the quarto.

P. 41. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
   I was adopted heir by his consent:
   Since when, his oath is broke; &c. — The first folio gives the
   last of these lines, and also the rest of the speech, to Clarence. The
   whole speech clearly belongs to Edward. Corrected in the second.

P. 42. Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
   The execution of my big-swoln heart
   Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer. — In the first
   of these lines, the folio has parley instead of parle, and also lacks there
   in the third. The latter correction is from the quarto.

P. 42. My liege, the wounds that bred this meeting here
   Cannot be cured by words.— So Walker. The old text has
   wound instead of wounds.
P. 42. Rich. *Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands.*—So the quarto. The folio gives this speech to Warwick.

**ACT II., SCENE 5.**

P. 48. *So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:*  
*So minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months, and years, &c.*—In the first of these lines, the old text has *yeares* instead of *months,* and in the second line omits *weeks, and.* Rowe substituted *months* and inserted *weeks, and;* the former correction is also made in Collier’s second folio.

P. 50. *But let me see: is this a foeman’s face?*  
*Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!*—So Collier’s second folio. The old text reads “is this our Foe-mans face?”

P. 52. *And so obsequious will thy father be,*  
*E’en for the loss of thee, having no more,*  
*As Priam was for all his valiant sons.*—The old text reads “Men for the loss of thee.” Capell printed “*Even* for the loss of thee”; Collier’s second folio has “*E’en* for the loss of thee”; and Dyce conjectured the same, without knowing of Capell’s reading, and before the discovery of Collier’s second folio.

**ACT II., SCENE 6.**

P. 53. *My love and fear glued many friends to thee;*  
*And, now I fall, that tough commixture melts,*  
*Impairing Henry, strengthening misprond York:  
The common people swarm like summer flies;*  
*And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?*—So the quarto. The folio has “*Thy tough Commixtures melts,*” and omits the fourth line altogether, which is evidently needful to the sense.

P. 53. *And, Henry, hadst thou sayd as kings should do,*  
*Or as thy father and his father did,*  
*Giving no ground unto the House of York,*  
*I and ten thousand in this luckless realm*  
*Had left no mourning widows for our deaths.*—So the quarto. The folio has *death* instead of *deaths,* and also inserts, between the third and fourth of these lines, the following: “They never then had
sprung like Sommer Flyes.” This line was justly thrown out by Capell, as having no business here, and as a mere alteration and intrusion of the quarto line printed above, “The common people swarm like summer flies.”

P. 53. The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
And at their hands I have deserved no pity.—So the quarto. The folio has “For at their hands.”

P. 54. Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and breath departing.
Edw. See who it is; and, now the battle’s ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for ’tis Clifford.—Such is the quarto distribution of these speeches. In the folio, the first two lines, and “See who it is” of the third, are assigned to Richard; who is thus made to say “See who it is,” and then to declare that it is Clifford.—In the second line, the old text has “like life and deaths departing.” The reading here given is Lettsom’s. Capell conjectured “life and breath’s departing.”

P. 54. Who, not contented that he lopp’d the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
Did set his murdering knife unto the root, &c.—The old text reads “But set his murth’ring knife”; which leaves the sentence without a predicate.

P. 54. Instead whereof let his supply the room.—So the quarto. The folio has this instead of his.

P. 55. If this right hand would buy two hours’ life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
I’d chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stife the villain whose, &c.—So Capell. In the third line the quarto reads “Ide cut it off”; the folio, “This hand should chop it off.”

P. 56. First will I see thy coronation.—The old text has the instead of thy. Corrected by Capell.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 56. Enter two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands. — The original has "Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey," which were, no doubt, the names of the players.

P. 58. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity. — So Dyce and Walker. The old text reads "Let me embrace the sower Adversaries."

P. 58. And Nero would be tainted with remorse,
   To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears. — So Pope. The old text reads "And Nero will be tainted."

P. 59. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens? — The folio omits that; by accident, no doubt.

P. 60. We charge you, in God's name, and in the King's. — The second in, wanting in the old text, was inserted by Rowe.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 60. This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain. — The old copies have "Sir Richard Grey," — an error not easily accounted for, as the Chronicles uniformly speak of him as "Sir John." Corrected by Pope.

P. 61. Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two. — So the quarto. The folio has "Nay then whip me."

P. 64. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad. — So the second folio. The first has "she lookes very sad." We have many like instances of very interpolated.

P. 65. Henry your foe is taken,
   And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate. — So the quarto. The folio reads "And brought your Prisoner."

P. 67. Until my head, that this mis-shaped trunk bears,
   Be round impaled with a glorious crown. — The old text reads "Until my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head." Hamner printed "Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear." The reading in the text was proposed by Steevens.
P. 68. *Tut,* were it further off, I'd pluck it down.—So Collier's second folio. The old text has *Ile* instead of *I'd.* The two were commonly written *Ile* and *Ille,* and so were often confounded.

**ACT III., SCENE 3.**

P. 68. *Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,*
*And to my humble state conform myself.—*So Walker. The old text has "humble *Seat.*"

P. 69. *The Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.—*So Collier's second folio. The old text has "*Our Earle of Warwicke.*" *Our* probably got repeated by mistake from the line before.

P. 70. *Look, therefore, Louis, that by this league and marriage*
*Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour.—*So Johnson and Collier's second folio. The old text has *thy* instead of *thee.*

P. 72. *That this his love was an eternal plant.—*So the quarto. The folio has "*an externall Plant.*"

P. 73. *Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,*
*Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!*—So the second folio. The first omits the second *peace.*

P. 74. *And now, to soothe your forgery and his.—*Heath proposed *smooth* instead of *soothe.* Rightly, I suspect. But see foot-note 8.

P. 76. *Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,*
*I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.—*So the quarto. The folio has "*I weare.*"

P. 76. *There's thy reward: be gone.*

K. Lou. *But, Warwick, thou*
*Thyself and Oxford, with five thousand men,*
*Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle.—*So Hanmer. The old text reads "*But Warwicke, Thou and Oxford,*" thus spoiling the metre of both lines. Theobald substituted *Thyself* for *Thou,* instead of adding it to the text, and thus rectified the metre of one line.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 78. Ay, and shall have your will, because our King.—So Walker. The old text lacks Ay. Rowe completed the verse by printing "And you shall have your will."

P. 79. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.—So the second folio. The first lacks Yes. Walker would read "But then the safer."

P. 81. Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king.—So the quarto. The folio has the instead of thy.

P. 82. My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
   Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.—The old text reads "Stay not for the love." Pope's correction.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 83. The common people swarm to us by numbers.—The old text reads "The common people by numbers swarm to us." A line so unmetrical seems especially out of place here.

P. 84. His soldiers lurking in the towns about.—The old text has Towne instead of towns. But in the next scene, where the same matter is referred to, we have "his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him."

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 85. While he himself keeps here in the cold field.—The old text lacks here, which was inserted by Hanmer.

P. 86. The Duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
   Thou call'dst me king.—The folio omits last, which was restored by Capell from the quarto.

P. 86. And come to new-create you Duke of York.—The old text reads "And come now to create you." It seems quite unlikely that Warwick would speak thus, knowing, as he did, that Edward became Duke of York on the death of his father. The reading in the text was proposed by Johnson.
P. 86. I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer
Louis and the Lady Bona send to him. — So Dyce. The words
him there are wanting in the old text. Some such addition is required
both for sense and for metre. Capell printed "and tell his Grace
what answer."

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 87. Madam, what makes in you this sudden change? — So Col-
lier's second folio. The old text has "what makes you in this."

P. 87. Is now committed to the Bishop of York. — The old text has
new instead of now. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 87. This 'tis that makes me bridle passion. — The old text reads,
unmetrically, "This is it that makes."

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 89. K. Edw. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning. —
Stanley, I will requite your forwardness. — In the old copies,
the first of these lines is given to Gloster; which makes the passage
unintelligible. Walker asks, "What does this line refer to?" and
adds, "Something must be lost"; whereupon his Editor, Lettsom,
notes as follows: "Perhaps this line belongs to King Edward, who
may be supposed to have been sounding Gloster and Hastings, when
he said just before, 'But whither shall we then?'") See foot-note 1.

ACT IV., SCENE 6.

P. 90. For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure. — So Lettsom.
The old text has "my imprisonment."

P. 91. And all his lands and goods be confiscate. — The first folio
omits be, which was inserted by Malone. The second folio completes
the verse with confiscated. But Shakespeare nowhere else uses the
latter form, while he has the former repeatedly.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT IV., SCENE 7.

P. 93. We being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh have 'fore the gates of York.—The old
text has before instead of 'fore. Ravenspurgh is spelt Ravensspurre in
the folio, and was doubtless pronounced as a dissyllable.

P. 94. A wise stout captain he, and soon persuaded.—So Collier's
second folio. The original lacks he. Pope repaired the gap in the
metre by printing "and persuaded soon."

P. 95. Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?—So the
quarto. The folio has shall instead of should.

ACT IV., SCENE 8.

P. 96. With lusty Germans and blunt Hollanders.—The old text
has "With hasty Germans." I cannot see what hasty should have to
do there. The correction lusty was proposed by Walker and Jervis
independently.

P. 97. Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.—The original
assigns this speech to King Henry; which can hardly be right, as
the King's opinion has not been asked, and the speech is in reply to
Warwick's question, "What counsel, lords?" Malone transferred it
to Oxford.

P. 97. And thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.—The old text
has "Shall stirre up in Suffolk." Pope's correction.

P. 98. My mercy dried their bitter-flowing tears.—So Collier's sec-
ond folio. The old text has "their water-flowing teares." What can
water-flowing mean? Walker suggests "water-flowing eyes."

P. 98. [Shout within, A York! A York!—The folio has "A Lan-
caster, a Lancaster." As the shout comes from King Edward's party,
some explain the old stage direction as an attempt to blind their oppo-
ments; but that seems very unlikely. Johnson notes upon the question thus: "Surely the shouts that ushered in King Edward should be 'A York! A York!' I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters." Dyce adds, "There can be no doubt that in our early dramas the greater part of the stage-directions was inserted by the actors."

P. 98. And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
Glos. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares: —
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry:
The Sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold-biting Winter mars out hoped-for hay. — In the old text, this closing couplet is printed as the end of the preceding speech. The lines come fitly from the mouth of Richard, but not, I think, from that of Edward. Lettsom proposed the transfer.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 102. "[Taking the red rose out of his hat]." — The folio has no stage-direction here, though one is imperatively required by the context. The quarto has the words, "Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at Warwike."

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 105. And more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan, &c. — In the second of these lines, clamour is from the quarto; the folio having Cannon. In the third, the folio has mought, which is an old form of might; but in the next line it has might; and it does not well appear why the form should be thus varied.

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 107. Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
These friends of France our shrouds and tucklings? — So Walker. The old text has "The friends of France."
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 109. Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. — So the quarto. The folio has “water of my eye.”

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 110. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils. — So the quarto. The folio has Now instead of Lo.

P. 111. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. — So the quarto of 1619. The other old copies have the instead of thou.

P. 112. The Tower, the Tower! — The folio omits The; accidentally, no doubt. Supplied by Capell.

P. 113. What, wilt thou not? — Where is that devil-butcher, Hard-favour’d Richard? — Richard, where art thou,
Thou art not here? — The folio has “Where is that divels butcher Richard? Hard favor’d Richard?” Here the first Richard is no doubt an accidental repetition. The correction devil-butcher is Theobald’s. The corresponding passage of the quarto is,

Whears the Divel’s butcher, hardfavored Richard,
Richard where art thou?

ACT V., SCENE 6.

P. 114. And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown’d. — So the quarto. The folio has “the Foole was drown’d.”

P. 115. And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand, Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands’ fate,
And orphans for their parents’ timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.—So the second folio. The first lacks fate at the end of the third line; also And at the beginning of the fourth. The old text also has the two following lines between the second and the third:

And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standing-eye.

Here I have not the slightest doubt that two alternative readings, or rather the first writing and the correction intended as a substitute for
it, both got jumbled in together. Of the four lines in question, Lettsom remarks, "I can make nothing out of them but that they are corrupt." For a like instance of confusion, see note on "And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride," &c., in King Richard II., i. 3.

P. 115. And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.—So the quarto. The folio has Discords for discord.

P. 115. And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
An indigested and deformed lump.—Here the quarto has "To wit: an undigest created lumpe"; the folio, "To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe." Dyce notes upon the passage thus: "I have no doubt that the words To wit were retained in the folio contrary to Shakespeare's intention; he having expanded the original line into a complete verse."

ACT V., SCENE 7.

P. 117. For hardy and redoubted champions.—So Collier's second folio, as Capell also conjectured. The old text has "and undoubted Champions."

P. 118. Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence.—So the quarto. The folio has the prefix "Cla."

P. 119. With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the Court.—The folio has "befits the pleasure"; the quartos, "befits the pleasures." The correction is Pope's.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

REGISTERED at the Stationers' in October, 1597, as "The Tragedy of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence," and published in quarto the same year, but without the author's name. In 1598 it was issued again, with "By William Shakespeare" added in the title-page. There was a third issue in 1602, which, though merely a reprint of the former, claimed to be "newly augmented." The same text was printed again in 1605, and also in 1613, besides three other editions in quarto, severally dated 1624, 1629, and 1634; in all, eight quarto editions. The play was also printed in the folio of 1623, with a few brief omissions, with considerable additions, amounting to some hundred and eighty lines, and with many slight variations of text. A report of these additions may have prompted the insertion of "newly augmented" in the quarto of 1602, the publisher wishing to have it thought that his copy included them.

The great popularity of the play is shown by these frequent issues, wherein it surpassed any other of the Poet's dramas; and the three later quartos prove that even after the issue of the folio there was still a large demand for it in a separate form. It was also honoured beyond any of its fellows by contemporary notice. It is mentioned by Meres in his Wit's Commonwealth, 1598; Fuller, also, in his Church History, and Milton, in one of his political eruptions, refer to it as well known; and Bishop Corbet, writing in 1617, gives a quaint description of his host at Bosworth, which is highly curious, as witnessing both what an impression the play had made on the popular mind, and also how thoroughly the hero had become identified with Richard Burbage, the original performer of that part:
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play;
Which I might guess by marking up the ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
Where he mistook a player for a king:
For, when he would have said, King Richard died,
And call'd "A horse, a horse!" he Burbage cried.

As to the time of the writing, we have no clear external evidence beyond the forecited entry at the Stationers'. The internal evidence makes strongly for as early a date as 1592 or 1593. The general style, though showing a decided advance on that of the Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth, is strictly continuous with it; while the history and characterization of the three so knit in together as to make them all of one piece and texture. In several passages of the play, especially in Clarence's account of his dream, and Tyrrell's description of the murder of the young Princes, Shakespeare is out in his plenitude of poetical wealth; and the character of Richard is a marvel of sustained vigour and versatile aptness: nevertheless the play, as a whole, evinces somewhat less maturity of power than King Richard the Second: in several cases there is great insubordination of details to the general plan; as in the hero's wooing of Lady Anne and Queen Elizabeth, where we have an excess of dialogical epigram, showing indeed a prodigious fertility of thought, but betraying withal a sort of mental incontinence; and where we quite miss that watchful judgment which, in the Poet's later dramas, tempers all the parts and elements into artistic symmetry and proportion. Therewithal the play has great and manifest inequalities of workmanship, insomuch as well-nigh to force the conclusion that the Poet must have revised it after a considerable interval, and given it many touches of his riper and more practised hand.

Historically considered, the play covers a period of fourteen years, namely, from the death of Henry, in 1471, to the fall of Richard, in 1485. More than half of this period, however, is dispatched in the first Act; the funeral of Henry, the marriage of Richard with Lady Anne, and the death of Clarence being
represented as occurring all about the same time; whereas in fact they were separated by considerable intervals, the latter not taking place till 1478. And there is a similar abridgment of time between the first Act and the second; as the latter opens with the sickness of King Edward, his seeming reconciliation of the peers, and his death, all which took place in April, 1483. Thenceforward the events are mainly disposed in the order of their actual occurrence; the drama being perhaps as true to the history as were practicable or desirable in a work so different in its nature and use. — This drawing together of the scattered events seems eminently judicious: for the plan of the drama required them to be used only as subservient to the hero's character; and it does not appear how the Poet could have ordered them better for developing in the most forcible manner his idea of that extraordinary man. So that the selection and grouping of the secondary incidents are regulated by the paramount law of the work; and, certainly, they are made to tell with masterly effect in furtherance of the author's purpose.

Since Shakespeare's time, much has been written to explode the current history of Richard, and to lessen, if not remove, the abhorrence in which his memory had come to be held. The Poet has not been left without his share of criticism and censure for the alleged blackening of his dramatic hero. This attempt at reforming public opinion was led off by Sir George Buck, whose *History of Richard the Third* was published in 1646. Something more than a century later, the work was resumed and carried on with great acuteness by Horace Walpole in his *Historic Doubts*. And several other writers have since put their hands to the same task. Still the old judgment seems likely to stand. Lingard has carried to the subject his usual candour and research, and, after dispatching the strong points on the other side, winds up his account of Richard thus: "Writers have indeed in modern times attempted to prove his innocence; but their arguments are rather ingenious than conclusive, and dwindle into groundless conjectures when confronted with the evidence which may be arrayed against them." The killing of the two Princes formed the backbone of the guilt laid at Richard's door. That they did actually disappear is tolerably certain; that upon him fell what-
ever advantage could grow from their death is equally so; and it is for those who deny the cause uniformly assigned at the time and long after for their disappearance to tell us how and by whom they were put out of the way. And Sharon Turner, who is perhaps the severest of all sifters of historic fictions, is constrained to admit Richard’s murder of his nephews; and, so long as this bloodstain remains, the scouring of others, however it may diminish his crimes, will hardly lighten his criminality.

As to the moral complexion of Shakespeare’s Richard, the incidents whereby his character in this respect transpires are nearly all taken from the historians, with only such heightening as it is the prerogative of poetry to lend, even when most tied to actual events. In the Poet’s time, the prevailing ideas of Richard were derived from the history of his life and reign put forth by Sir Thomas More; though the matter is supposed to have been mainly furnished by Dr. John Morton, who was himself a part of the subject, and was afterwards Cardinal, Primate of England, and Lord Chancellor to Henry the Seventh. More’s History, as it is called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed into their Chronicles. It is a very noble composition; and Shakespeare’s Richard, morally speaking, is little else than the descriptive analysis there given reduced to dramatic life and expression.

I must add, that after the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, Queen Margaret was in fact confined in the Tower till 1475, when she went into France, and died there in 1482. So that the part she takes in this play is a dramatic fiction. And a very judicious fiction it is too. Nor is it without a basis of truth; for, though absent in person, she was nevertheless present in spirit, and in the memory of her voice, which still seemed to be ringing in the ears of both friends and foes. And her curses do but proclaim those moral retributions of which God is the author, and Nature His minister; and perhaps the only way her former character could be carried on into these scenes, was by making her seek indemnity for her woes by ringing changes upon the woes of others.
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, } his Sons.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }
Duke of Clarence, } his Brothers.
Duke of Gloster, 
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY TUDOR, Earl of Richmond.
BOURCHIER, Primate of England.
ROtherham, Archbishop of York.
John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.
John Howard, Duke of Norfolk.
Thomas, his Son, Earl of Surrey.
Woodville, Earl Rivers.
Marquess of Dorset, } Sons of the
Richard Lord Grey, } Queen.
John de Vere, Earl of Oxford.
William Lord Hastings.
Thomas Lord Stanley.

Francis Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrel.
Sir William Brandon.
Sir James Blunt.
Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury.
Christopher Urswick, a Priest.
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV.
Margaret, Widow of Henry VI.
Cecily, Duchess of York.
Lady Anne.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

Scene. — England.

ACT I.

Scene I. — London. A Street.

Enter Gloster.

Glos. Now is the Winter of our discontent
Made glorious Summer by this sun,¹ of York;

¹ The cognizance of Edward IV. was a sun, in memory of the three suns
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our House
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our sternalarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.2
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now — instead of mounting barbèd3 steeds
To fright the souls of fearful4 adversaries —
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,5
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,6
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
which are said to have appeared at the battle he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. See page 31, note 4.
2 Measure was the name of a dance. See vol. iv. page 173, note 5.
3 Barbèd is caparisoned or clothed in the trappings of war. The word is properly barded, from equus bardatus.
4 Fearful was, as it still is, used in the two opposite senses of terrible and timorous. Here it probably has the former.
5 Proportion for form, shape, or personal aspect. Repeatedly so. "This fair proportion" may refer to what has just been spoken of as "love's majesty." But this is probably here used indefinitely, and with something of a sneer. The demonstrative pronouns were, and still are, often used thus. So in 2 Henry IV., i. 2: "This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy." See, also, vol. vi. page 174, note 9.
6 Feature in the sense of form or figure, and referring to the person in general. So in More's description of Richard: "Little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed." — Dissembling, here, is sometimes explained to mean, not deceiving, but putting together or assembling things not semblable, as a brave mind and a deformed body. It may be so; but the word cheated seems to make rather strongly against this explanation.
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days—
I am determinéd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions⁷ dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,⁸
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.—

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: what means this arméd guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty,
Tendering⁹ my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct¹⁰ to convey me to the Tower.

⁷ Inductions are beginnings, preparations; things that draw on or induce events. Shakespeare has the word just so in two other places.
⁸ To mew up was a term in falconry; hawks being shut up or confined in a mew during the season of moulting.
⁹ To tender a thing is to be careful of it, to have a tender regard for it, to hold it dear. See vol. vii. page 51, note 49.
¹⁰ Conduct for conductor, or escort. See vol. v. page 208, note 20.
Glos. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glos. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his Majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row\(^\text{11}\) plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherit'd should be;
And, for\(^\text{12}\) my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such-like toys\(^\text{13}\) as these,
Have moved his Highness to commit me now.

Glos. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers\(^\text{14}\) him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville,\(^\text{15}\) her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

\(^{11}\) Cross-row is an abbreviation of Christ-cross-row, and means the alphabet, which is said to have been so called, either because a cross was placed before it, or because it was written in the form of a cross, to be used as a sort of charm.

\(^{12}\) For is here equivalent to because; a frequent usage.

\(^{13}\) Toys for whims, fancies, or freaks of imagination. So in Hamlet, i. 4:
"The very place puts toys of desperation into every brain that looks so many fathoms to the sea," &c.

\(^{14}\) Tempers is frames, fashions, or disposes.

\(^{15}\) This name is here three syllables. Commonly spelt Woodville.
Scene I. 

KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 145

Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glos. Humbly complaining to her Deity
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself, 16
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. Beseech your Graces both to pardon me;
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glos. Even so; an please your Worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: we say the King
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous:
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glos. Nought to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught 17 with her, excepting one,

16 The widow is Queen Elizabeth, the name of whose deceased husband was Grey. Herself refers to Mrs. Jane Shore, quite a noted character of the time, whom King Edward is said to have cherished as a sort of left-hand wife. She was much mixed up with the intrigues of the Court.
17 Richard is quibbling between nought and naught, the latter of which has the sense of bad, as in our word naughty.
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

*Brak.* What one, my lord?

*Glos.* Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

*Brak.* Beseech your Grace to pardon me; and, withal, Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Clar.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

*Glos.* We are the Queen's abjects,¹⁸ and must obey.—

Brother, farewell: I will unto the King;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Clar.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glos.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:¹⁹
Meantime have patience.

*Clar.* I must perforce: farewell.

[Execut CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.

*Glos.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

*Enter Hasting.*

*Hast.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

*Glos.* As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain! Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

¹⁸ The lowest of her subjects. This substantive is found in Psalm xxxv. 15: "Yea, the very abjects came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not."

¹⁹ Or else lie in prison in your stead. But a quibble is probably intended between the two senses of lie.
Scene I. King Richard the Third.

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glos. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail’d as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew’d,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glos. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glos. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person:
’Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glos. Go you before, and I will follow you.—

[Exit Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack’d with post-haste up to Heaven.
I’ll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel’d with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to His mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I’ll marry Warwick’s youngest daughter:

20 Prevail’d on is here used for prevail’d against.
21 Fear for him, of course. This mode of speech was not uncommon.
See vol. iii. page 187, note 1.
22 “By Saint Paul” was in fact Richard’s favourite oath.
23 This was Lady Anne, daughter of Richard Neville, the great Earl of
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,24
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [Exit.

Scene II. — The Same. Another Street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it,—among them Tresnel and Berkeley; and Lady Anne as Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously1 lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—

[The Bearers set down the coffin.

Poor key-cold2 figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster!

Warwick, known in history as the "king-maker." She had been married to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of King Henry the Sixth. Her young husband was killed, murdered, it was said, at the battle of Tewksbury, which took place May 4th, 1471. Her oldest sister, Isabella, wife to the Clarence of this play, had died some time before.

24 This "secret close intent" probably was to get into his hands the son and daughter of Clarence, who had been left in the care of Lady Anne their aunt, and had succeeded to the larger portion of the vast estates of their grandfather, the great Earl of Warwick.

1 To lament obsequiously is to make the lamentation proper to obsequies, or rites of burial.

2 As cold as a key; but why a key should be taken for an image of coldness is not very clear. The usage is not uncommon in the old writers.
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be't lawful that I invoke thy ghost
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the sel'same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:
O, cursèd be the hand that made these holes!
Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, 3 and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness! 4
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[The Bearers take up the coffin and move forwards.

Shakespeare has it again in Lucrece: "And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream he falls." Thus, also, in Holland's Pliny: "In this habite, disguised as hee sat, hee was starke dead and key-cold before any man perceived it."

3 Prodigious for monstrous; one of the Latin senses of the word. Such births were held to be of evil omen. See vol. iii. page 91, note 25.
4 Unhappiness here means mischievousness, or propensity to mischief. The Poet has it several times in this sense. See vol. iv. page 183, note 31.
Enter Gloster.

Glos. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glos. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobey's!
1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glos. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[The Bearers set down the coffin.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the Devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of Hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glos. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst. 6

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclains.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed 7 afresh! —

6 Here, as often, advance is raise or lift up. — Unmanner'd, in the preceding line, is unmannerly, or insolent.
6 Curst is sharp-tongued, or fierce and bitter of speech. Repeatedly so.
7 This is founded on Holinshed's account of Henry's funeral: "The dead corps was conveyed from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffen bare-faced: the same in presence of the beholders did bleed. From thense he was caried to the Blackfriers, and bled there likewise." — It used to be thought that the body of a murdered person would bleed afresh, if touched or approached by the murderer.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!
O Earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead;
Or, Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

_Glos._ Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

_Anne._ Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

_Glos._ But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

_Anne._ O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

_Glos._ More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposèd crimes; to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

_Anne._ Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursèd self.

_Glos._ Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

_Anne._ Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

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8 Shakespeare repeatedly has _exhale_ in the sense of _draw out_. In _Henry V_. Pistol uses it imperatively, meaning, "draw thy sword."

9 _Quick_ is _alive_ or _living_; so that the meaning is _swallow_ him alive. So in _Hamlet_, v. i.: "Be buried _quick_ with her, and so will I." See, also, vol. vii. page 216, note 18.

10 _Diffused_ sometimes meant _dark_, _obscure_, _uncouth_, or _confused_. See vol. vi. page 90, note 5.
Glos. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glos. Say, that I slew them not.
Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glos. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glos. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward’s hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glos. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt\(^{11}\) upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?
Glos. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glos. The fitter for the King of Heaven, that hath him.
Anne. He is in Heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glos. Let him thank me, that holp\(^{12}\) to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.
Glos. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.

\(^{11}\) The guilt of his brothers who slew the Prince.

\(^{12}\) *Holp* or *holpen* is the old preterite form of the verb to *help.* It occurs very often in the English *Psalter,* which is a much older version of the Psalms than that in the Bible.
Glos. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glos. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glos. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed th’ effect.14
Glos. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glos. These eyes could not endure that beauty’s wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheerèd by the Sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o’ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glos. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.
Glos. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that kill’d my husband.

_Glos._ He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

_Anne._ His better doth not breathe upon the Earth.

_Glos._ He lives that loves thee better than he could.

_Anne._ Name him.

_Glos._ Plantagenet.

_Anne._ Why, that was he.

_Glos._ The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

_Anne._ Where is he?

_Glos._ Here. [She spits at him.] Why dost thou spit at me?

_Anne._ Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

_Glos._ Never came poison from so sweet a place.

_Anne._ Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

_Glos._ Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

_Anne._ Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

_Glos._ I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—
Not when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faceted Clifford shook his sword at him;

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15 The Poet has several allusions to this imaginary power of the reptile, called basilisk from its having on the head some resemblance to a crown; the name being from the Greek, and signifying a little king. So Bacon, _Advancement of Learning_, xx.i. 9: "For, as the fable goeth of the basilisk, that if he see you first, you die for it; but if you see him first, he dieth; so is it with deceits and evil arts." See vol. vii. page 159, note 51.

16 _Remorse_ was continually used for _pity, remorseful for pitiful._

17 Wept at hearing; the infinitive used gerundively. The Poet abounds in this usage. See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.
SCENE II.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain;—in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lips such scorn; for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adorest thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[Give her his sword, and lays his breast open, kneeling.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,—

[She offers at his breast with his sword.

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,—

[She again offers at his breast.

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glos. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

[Rises, and takes up his sword.
Anne. I have already.

Glos. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glos. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glos. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glos. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glos. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glos. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give. [She puts on the ring.

Glos. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And, if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glos. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place;
Where — after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears —
I will with all expedient duty see you:

18 Expedient for expeditious. Repeatedly so. So in King John, ii. i: "His marches are expedient to this town."
SCENE II.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glos. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Execut Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKELEY.

Glos. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glos. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. —

[Execut all but GLOSTER.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; — but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing! 20

Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? 21

19 Here, as often, attend is wait for or await. So in Coriolanus, i. 1: "Your company to th' Capitol; where our greatest friends attend us!"

20 "The chances against me were as all the world to nothing."

21 This fixes the time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second Act dying. That King died in April,
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman —
Framed in the prodigality of Nature,
Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal —
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp’d the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward’s moiety?
On me, that halt and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,²²
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I’ll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I’ll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair Sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.

¹⁴⁸³: consequently there is an interval between this Act and the next of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI., was in fact not confined till February, ¹⁴⁷⁸, nearly seven years afterwards.

²² To abase is to cast down, to lower, or to let fall.
²³ A small coin, the twelfth part of a French sous.
²⁴ Marvellous is here used adverbially. Proper for handsome or well-proportioned. See vol. iii. page ¹²⁴, note ¹⁶.
²⁵ Shakespeare uses in or into indifferently, as suits his verse.
SCENE III. — The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Rivers, and Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The Heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley. 3

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Stan. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

1 Quick, here, is lively, sprightly. So in Love's Labours Lost, i. 1: "But is there no quick recreation granted?"

2 A thing was said to be determined, when it was resolved upon; concluded, when it was formally passed, so as to be a ground of action.

3 Henry Stafford, the present Duke of Buckingham, was descended, on his father's side, from Thomas of Woodstock, the fifth son of Edward III. On his mother's side he was descended from John of Ghent, third son of the same great Edward. He was as accomplished and as unprincipled as he was nobly descended. — Thomas Lord Stanley was Lord Steward of the King's household to Edward IV.
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height.

---

4 The Countess of Richmond was Margaret, the only child of John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset, and so was descended from John of Ghent through the Beaufort branch of his family. See page 91, note 2. Margaret's first husband was Edmund, Earl of Richmond, son of Owen Tudor, by whom she became the mother of Henry VII. Afterwards she was married successively to Sir Henry Stafford, uncle of Buckingham, and to the Lord Stanley of this play, but had no more children. She lived to a great age, and was so highly reputed for prudence and virtue, that her grandson, Henry VIII., was mainly guided by her advice in forming his first council.

5 Atonement is reconciliation, at-one-ment. See vol. v. page 110, note 20.

6 To warn was used for to summon.
Scene III. King Richard the Third.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glos. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,\(^7\)
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glos. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal Grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd\(^8\) complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The King, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

\(^7\) To smooth, or to soothe, is, in old language, to insinuate and beguile with flattery; to cog, is to cajole and cheat. Repeatedly so. See vol. iv. page 237, note 8.

\(^8\) Lewd in its old sense of knavish, wicked, or base. See vol. iv. page 245, note 25.
Glos. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.9

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
    Gloster;
You envy my advancement and my friends' :
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glos. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his Majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glos. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for —

Glos. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

9 Jack was a common term of contempt or reproach. Richard is referring to the Queen's kindred, her sons, the Greys, and her brothers, the Woodvilles, who, by her marriage with the King, were suddenly raised from a far inferior rank to all but the highest.
SCENE III.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  

Riv.  What, marry, may she?

Glos.  What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis  your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz.  My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding and your bitter scoffs:
By Heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormèd at:

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's Queen.

Q. Mar.  [Aside.]  And lessen'd be that small, God, I be-
seech Him!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glos.  What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.  [Aside.]  Out, devil! I remember them too
well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glos.  Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

10 Dyce thinks that the writers of Shakespeare's time used I wis "as equivalent to I ween." Here it seems to have about the sense of I think, I guess, or, as they say at the South, I reckon.  See vol. iii. page 162, note 9.
Q. Mar. [Aside.] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glos. In all which time you and your husband Grey Were factious for the House of Lancaster; — And, Rivers, so were you: — was not your husband In Margaret’s battle 11 at Saint Alban’s slain? Let me put in your minds, if you forget, What you have been ere now, and what you are; Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. [Aside.] A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glos. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick; Ay, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon! —

Q. Mar. [Aside.] Which God revenge!

Glos. — To fight on Edward’s party, for the crown; And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew’d up. I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward’s; Or Edward’s soft and pitiful, like mine: I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. [Aside.] Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this world, Thou cacodemon! 12 there thy kingdom is.

11 Battle here probably means army. A common use of the word in old writers. — Sir John Grey, the Queen’s former husband, fell in what is known as the second battle of Saint Alban’s, which took place February 18, 1461. In that battle the Lancastrians were victorious, Queen Margaret being at the head of the army on that side. Their advantage, however, was much more than lost at the great battle of Towton, fought on the 29th of March following, and one of the fiercest and bloodiest in the long series of wars known as the Wars of the Roses. Upon this triumph of the Yorkists, many of the Lancastrians, and among them the Greys, were attained, and stripped of their possessions. It was upon her throwing herself at the feet of King Edward, and soliciting a reversal of the attainder in behalf of her destitute children, that the Lady Grey first won his pity, which soon warmed into love. See page 65, note 5.

12 A cacodemon is an evil spirit, a fiend. The word is Greek.
Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful King:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glos. If I should be! I had rather be a pedler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. [Aside.] As little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.——

[Advancing.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?——
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glos. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glos. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

13 To pill is to pillage. It is often used with to poll or strip. "Kildare
did use to pill and poll his friendes, tenants, and retyners." — HOLINSHED.
14 " What makest thou " is old language for " what dost thou. " Here it
means, " what business have you in this place? " See vol. v. page 34,
note 4. — Gentle, in the line before, is high-born.
15 Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and
Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding
her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She
remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After
the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower,
where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her
father Reignier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482.
Q. Mar. I was;
But I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me,—
And thou a kingdom,—all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glos. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed. 16

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter Heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your King,

16 The matter here referred to is set forth at length in the preceding play,
i. 4, pages 25-29.
SCENE III.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  167

As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray Him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

_Glos._ Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

_Q. Mar._ And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them 17 keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

17 _Them refers to Heaven_, the latter being a collective noun.
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!¹⁸
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of Nature and the son of Hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

_Glos._ Margaret.

_Qu. Mar._ Richard!

_Glos._ Ha!

_Qu. Mar._ I call thee not.

_Glos._ I cry thee mercy, then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

_Qu. Mar._ Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

_Glos._ 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

_Qu. Eliz._ Thus have you breathed your curse against your-

_self.

_Qu. Mar._ Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,¹⁹
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

_Hast._ False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

_Qu. Mar._ Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

_Riv._ Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

¹⁸ She calls him _hog_, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a _boar_.
"The expression," says Warburton, "is fine: remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons." — _Elvish-mark'd_ refers to the old belief that deformities of person were the work of malignant or mischievous fairies or _elves._

¹⁹ Alluding to Richard's form and venom. A _bottled spider_ is a _large, bloated spider_; supposed to contain venom in proportion to its size.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!
Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new\(^{20}\) stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glos. Good counsel, marry: — learn it, learn it, marquess.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glos. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our eyrie\(^{21}\) buildeth in the cedar’s top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the Sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the Sun to shade; — alas! alas! —
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyrie buildeth in our eyrie’s nest: —
O God, that see’st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Riv. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher’d.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;\(^{22}\)

\(^{20}\) Fire-new is the old term for what we call brand-new.

\(^{21}\) Eyrie for brood. This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from eyren, eggs.

\(^{22}\) “Outrage is the only charity shown me, and a life of shame, dishonour, is all the life permitted me.” “My charity” may mean either the charity done by me or that done to me; here it means the latter. For similar instances of construction, see vol. vii. page 97, note 23.
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

**Buck.** Have done, have done.

**Q. Mar.** O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble House!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

**Buck.** Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

**Q. Mar.** I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and Hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

**Glos.** What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

**Buck.** Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

**Q. Mar.** What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess!—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.]

**Hast.** My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

**Riv.** And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

**Glos.** I cannot blame her: by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

**Q. Eliz.** I never did her any, to my knowledge.

23 To muse is, in old usage, to marvel or to wonder.
SCENE III.  
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  

Glos. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up 24 to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glos. So do I ever, being well advised; 25 —
[Aside.] For, had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,—
And for your Grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?
Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloster.

Glos. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;
And say it is the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:

24 A frank is a pen or coop in which hogs and other animals were confined while fatting. To be franked up was to be closely confined. To franchor frank, was to stuff, to cram, or fatten.
25 "Being well advised" is the same as having well considered, or, as we now say, speaking or acting advisedly. See vol. iii. page 208, note 1.—Scathe, in the line before, is an old word for harm.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stol’n out of Holy Writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
But, soft! here come my executioners.—

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolvèd 26 mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glos. Well thought upon; I have it here about me:

[Give the warrant.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glos. Your eyes drop millstones, 27 when fools’ eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.

26 Stout-resolvèd is the same in sense as boldly resolute; or, as we might say, men of iron resolution.

27 Weeping mill-stones was a proverbial phrase used of persons not apt to weep. It occurs in the tragedy of Caesar and Pompey, 1607. "Men's eyes must mill-stones drop, when fools shed tears."
Scene IV. — The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;¹
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued ² jewels,

¹ Clarence was desirous to aid his sister Margaret against the French King, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nanci, in January, 1477.
² Unvalued for invaluable, not to be valued, inestimable.
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept —
As 'twere in scorn of eyes — reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt-in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,\(^4\)
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life:
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick;
Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury*

\(^3\) *Envious* in the sense of *malicious*, which was then its more common meaning. So in the preceding scene: "The *envious* slanders of her false accusers."

\(^4\) *Bulk* was used for *breast*. So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "He raised a sigh so piteous and profound, that it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*, and end his being." — *Vast*, in the line before, is *void* or *waste*; like the Latin *vastus*. — The "wandering air" is the aerial expanse where the soul would be *free* to use its wings, and roam at large. So in the description of Raphael's voyage to the Earth, *Paradise Lost*, v. 267:

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air.
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish’d: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek’d out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb’d me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of soul fiends
Environ’d me, and howl’d in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in Hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward’s sake; and see how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease Thee,
But Thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute Thy will on me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
Keeper, I pr’ythee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your Grace good rest!—
[Clarence sleeps in a chair.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,

Fleeting or flitting, in old language, was used for uncertain, inconstant, fluctuating. Clarence broke his oath with the Earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother Edward.

The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See page 147, note 23.
An outward honour for an inward toil;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares:  
So that, between their titles and low name,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?  
Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how camest thou hither?  
1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.  
Brak. What, so brief?  
2 Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commission; and talk no more.  
[1 Murd. gives a paper to Brak., who reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
Here are the keys; there sits the duke asleep:  
I'll to the King; and signify to him  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.  
1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.  

[Exit Brakenbury.

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?  
1 Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.  
2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake  
till the judgment-day.  
1 Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

7 For imaginary pleasures which are unfelt by them, they often endure a great burden of restless cares, which they feel, to their cost.
SCENE IV.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

2 Murd. The urging of that word judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What, art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn’d for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I’ll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pr’ythee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed’s done.

2 Murd. Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 Murd. Where’s thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the Duke of Gloster’s purse.

1 Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. ’Tis no matter; let it go; there’s few or none will entertain it.

1 Murd. What if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I’ll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour’s wife, but it detects him: ’tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man’s bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn’d out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.
1 Murd. Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 Murd. Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 Murd. I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

2 Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. Strike!

1 Murd. No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. [Waking.] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 Murd. A man, as you are.

---

8 Him refers to conscience, not to Devil. To insinuate with is to make friends with, to play upon, to beguile. The idea of conscience trying to wheedle and steal a man out of the Devil's leading is a most Shakesperian stroke of art. And the grim humour of these hired cut-throats in thus jesting away the approaches of preventive remorse is a capital instance of the Poet's inwardness with Nature. For even so men often laugh and sport themselves through the perpetration of crime; the supremacy of the moral law, the self-assertive rights of conscience instinctively prompting them to such tricks of evasion. I can hardly think of any one particular wherein Shakespeare's moral sanity of genius is more pregnantly manifested.

9 That is, a bold, stout-hearted fellow. See vol. v. page 143, note 4.

10 Hilts, the plural form, was commonly used where we should use hilt. Costard, of course, is put for head. The word properly means apple, and was thus applied from similarity of shape.

11 A sop is anything soaked or steeped in liquor.

12 Here, as often, to reason is to talk or converse. See vol. iii. page 153, note 3. Soft! second line before, is the old exclamative for hold! stay! or not too fast!
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 Murd. My voice is now the King’s, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both Murd. To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the King.
Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.
2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call’d forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest 13 have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence’ death?
Before I be convict 14 by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ’s dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
2 Murd. And he that hath commanded is our King.

13 Quest here means a jury of inquest.
14 Convict for convicted. Such shortened preterites are very frequent.
See vol. vii. page 21, note 42.
Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for He holds vengeance in His hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth He hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the House of Lancaster.

1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be aveng'd for the deed,
O, know you yet, He doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended Him.

1 Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the Devil, and my rage.

1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

_2 Murd._ You are deceived, your brother Gloster hates you.

_Clar._ O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

_Both Murd._ Ay, so we will.

_Clar._ Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

_1 Murd._ Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

_Clar._ O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

_1 Murd._ Right,

As snow in harvest. Come, you deceive yourself:
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

_Clar._ It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

_1 Murd._ Why, so he doth, when he delivers you

From this Earth's thraldom to the joys of Heavên.

_2 Murd._ Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

_Clar._ Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

_2 Murd._ What shall we do?

_Clar._ Relent, and save your souls.

_1 Murd._ Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

_Clar._ Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1 Murd. Ay, [Stabbing him.] thus, and thus: if all this
will not do,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!

Re-enter 1 Murderer.

1 Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
me not?
By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 Murd. I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And, when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. 15

[Exit.

15 The Duke of Clarence was arraigned for treason before the Parlia-
ment, convicted, and sentence of death passed upon him. This was in
February, 1478, and a few days later it was announced that he had died in
the Tower. So that this first Act of the play embraces a period of nearly
seven years, the death of King Henry having occurred in May, 1471. The
manner of Clarence's death has never been ascertained. It was generally
attributed to the machinations of Richard. There was a fierce grudge be-
tween the two Dukes, growing out of their rapacity towards the Warwick
ACT II.


Enter King Edward, led in sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so; now have I done a good day's work: You peers, continue this united league: I every day expect an embassage From my Redeemer to redeem me hence; And now in peace my soul shall part\(^1\) to Heaven, Since I have made my friends at peace on Earth. Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand; Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.\(^2\)

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate; And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your King; Lest He that is the supreme King of kings Confound your hidden falsehood, and award Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,— Nor you, son Dorset,— Buckingham, nor you;— You have been factious one against the other. Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand; And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

\(^1\) Part for depart; the two being often used indiscriminately.

\(^2\) To dissemble is, strictly, to put off the show of what is, as to simulate is to put on the show of what is not. So here the meaning is, "Do not merely put off the show of hatred, but eradicate it altogether, and swear love into its place."
Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; — Hastings, love lord
marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.                      [They embrace.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife’s allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [To the Queen.] Whenever Buckingham doth turn
his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[Embracing RIVERS, &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glos. Good morrow to my sovereign King and Queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

---

8 A very uncommon use of but, which is here equivalent to and not, or, better, to or not. The full sense appears to be, “Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate upon you, or rather when he doth not with all duteous love,” &c. For another like instance of but, see vol. vii. page 171, note 19.
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glos. A blessèd labour, my most sovereign liege.
Among this princely heap,⁴ if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise, hold me
A foe; if I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;—
Of you, Lord Rivers, — and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; — indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glos. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [They all start.

⁴ Heap for throng, crowd, or gathering, occurs repeatedly. So in *Julius Caesar*, 1. 3: "And there were drawn upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, transformed with their fear."
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

Glos. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a wingèd Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man: his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?6
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

5 He means a remission of the forfeit; the servant having forfeited his life by the act of homicide.
6 Advised, again, for considerate, or cautious. See page 171, note 25.
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, Dear brother, live, and be a king?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God, I fear Thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—Ah,
Poor Clarence!

[Execunt the King, the Queen, Hastings, Rivers,
Dorset, and Grey.

Glos. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?

7 Beholding where we should use behol'd. Always so in Shakespeare.
The word means obliged or indebted.
O, they did urge it still unto the King!
God will revenge it. But, come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

_Buck._ We wait upon your Grace.  

[Exeunt.

_SCENE II. — The Same. Another Room in the Palace._

_Enter the Duchess of York,_ with a Son and Daughter of _Clarence._

_Son._ Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

_Duch._ No, boy.

_Daugh._ Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry, _O Clarence, my unhappy son!_

_Son._ Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

_Duch._ My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death:
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

_Son._ Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The King my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impőrtune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

_Daugh._ And so will I.

_Duch._ Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you
well:

1 Cicely, daughter of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.
2 The Duchess is speaking to her grandchildren, _cousin_ being then used for this relation, as well as for _nephew, niece_, and indeed for _kindred_ generally. The word _grandchild_ does not occur in Shakespeare.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the King, provoked to't by the Queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And, when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly; Rivers and Dorset following her.

Q. Eliz. O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, thy son, our King, is dead!
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,⑧
That our swift-wingéd souls may catch the King’s;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband’s death,
And lived by looking on his images:⑨
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack’d in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch’d my husband from mine arms,
And pluck’d two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief—
To over-go thy plaints and drown thy cries!
Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father’s death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan’d;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;

used as two syllables by Shakespeare, especially at the end of a verse. So, here, impatience is, properly, four syllables. And so in the preceding scenes we have the line, “Lest to thy harm thou move our patience,” and the line, “And, for unfelt imaginations”; where -ience and -ions are strictly dissyllabic.
⑧ That is, “be quick.” Brief is often used so, as also briefly for quickly. So in Macbeth, ii. 1: “Let’s briefly put on manly readiness.”
⑨ “His images” are the children who represented and resembled him.
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery Moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Children. Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.
Children. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!
Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness His doing:
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son: send straight for him;

10 Reduce in the Latin sense of lead or bring back. Repeatedly so. In
the next line, the Moon is called watery from her connection with the tides.
In Hamlet, i. 1, she is called "the moist star," for the same reason.
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff,
and others.

Glos. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;¹¹
I did not see your Grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duck. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glos. Amen;—[Aside.] and make me die a good old
man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swole[n] hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:¹²
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

¹¹ "I cry you mercy" is an old phrase for "I ask your pardon."
¹² This passage is touched with a sort of grammatical paralysis, but the
sense is not very obscure. Their hearts had been swollen high with ran-
cour, but the rancour has been broken out of them; and as the broken
parts have been but lately splintered, and knit and joined together, so the
union must be gently preserved, &c.
SCENE II. KING RICHARD THE THIRD. 193

Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be set 13
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

_Riv._ Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

_Buck._ Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate 14 is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent, 15
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

_Glos._ I hope the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

_Hast._ And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

_Stan._ And so say I.

_Glos._ Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.—
Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go
To give your censures 16 in this business?

[Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.

_Buck._ My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,

13 _Set_ is an old preterite form of _fetch_. The poet has it in several other instances. — Prince Edward, as Prince of Wales, was in fact living at this time under the governance of his maternal uncle, the Earl of Rivers, at Ludlow Castle; his presence being deemed necessary to restrain the Welshmen, who were something wild and apt to be disorderly.

14 "The _Estate_" here means "the State." In reference to the governing part of the Commonwealth, the two words ancienly had the same meaning.

15 _Apparent_ in its old sense of _evident_ or _manifest_. Repeatedly so.

16 That is, your _judgments, your opinions_. See vol. vii. page 165, note 1.
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glos. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
2 Cit. I promise you I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes; that the King is dead.
2 Cit. Ill news, by'r Lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
1 Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
3 Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child! 1

17 The index of a book was formerly set at the beginning; hence, probably, the word came to be used in the sense of opening or introduction. So in iv. 4 of this play: "The flattering index of a direful pageant." And in Othello, ii. 1: "An index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts." — Sort, in the line before, is used for select or pick.

1 So in Ecclesiastes, x. 16: "Woe to thee, O land! when thy king is a child."
2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government;  
That, in his nonage, Council under him,  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.  
1 Cit. So stood the State when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.  
3 Cit. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God  
wot;  
For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the King  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.  
1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.  
3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all;  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster!  
And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:  
And, were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.  
1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.  
3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their  
cloaks;  
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand;  
When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.  
2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

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2 We may hope well of his government in all circumstances; we may 
hope this of his Council while he is in his nonage, and of himself in his 
riper years.

3 If God allot or ordain it so. Sort in the Latin sense of sors.
You cannot reason 4 almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 Cit. Before the days of change, still 5 is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.—Whither away?

2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 Cit. And so was I: I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Elis. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Has almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

4 Reason, again, for talk or converse. See page 178, note 12.
5 Still, here, is always, continually. Often so.
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous\(^1\) boy: — go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Arch. Here comes a messenger. —

Enter a Messenger.

What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news, then?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?

\(^1\) Parlous is a popular form of perilous; jocularly used for alarming.
Mess. The mighty Dukes Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclosed:
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the downfall of our House!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless ² throne:
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were toss’d,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And, being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [To the Queen.] My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

² To jet upon means here boldly to encroach upon. So in Titus Andronicus, ii. i.: “And think you not how dangerous it is to jet upon a prince’s right?” And in an old manuscript play of Sir Thomas More: “It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus jetted on by straungers.—Awless is unreverenced, not looked upon with awe.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — London. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier,¹ Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet Prince, to London, to your chamber.²

Glos. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glos. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth³ with the heart.

¹ Thomas Bourchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.
² London was anciently called camera regis, that is, the king's chamber. Thus in Buckingham's speech to the citizens as given by More: "The prince, by this noble citie as his speciall chamber, and the speciall well renowned citie of this realme, much honourable fame receiveth among all other nations."
³ To jump with is to agree or correspond with. So in 1 King Henry IV., i. 2: "Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour." See, also, vol. iii. page 160, note 5.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glos. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

May. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all. [Mayor and his Train retire.

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter Hastings.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but, if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in Heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional;⁴
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.⁵
You break not sanctuary in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim’d it nor deserved it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men;
But sanctuary-children ne’er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o’er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I will, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—

[Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glos. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two

⁴ Ceremonious for superstitious, or tenacious of formalities; traditional for adherent to received customs.
⁵ Weigh is in the same construction with are in the second line before, the copulative and being understood. And to weigh, as the word is here used, is to judge or to consider. So that the sense of the whole is, “You are too much swayed by popular forms and traditions, and you judge the matter only in accordance with the gross and undistinguishing superstition which now prevails.” Such is, in substance, Heath’s explanation of the passage. See Critical Notes.
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower; 
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit 
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place. — 
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord? 
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; 
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported 
Successively from age to age, he built it? 
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord. 
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd, 
Methinks the truth should live from age to age, 
As 'twere retail'd\(^6\) to all posterity, 
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glos. [Aside.] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glos. I say, without characters,\(^7\) fame lives long.—
[Aside.] Thus, like the formal Vice,\(^8\) Iniquity,

\(^6\) That is, recounted. Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb retail, in the mercantile sense, has the verb to retaile or retell. Richard uses the word again in the fourth Act, when speaking to the Queen of her daughter: "To whom I will retail my conquests won."

\(^7\) Without the help of letters or inscriptions. See vol. vii. page 256, note 5.

\(^8\) Of that distinguished personage, the Vice or Jester of the old Moralties, some account is given in vol. v. page 222, note 17. His part appears to have been on all occasions much the same, consisting in a given round or set form of action; for which cause, probably, the epithet formal is here applied to him. The following is Gifford's description of him: "He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office, — to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and at the same time to protect him from the Devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage, by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender."
I moralize two meanings in one word. 9

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glos. [Aside.] Short Summers lightly 10 have a forward
Spring.


Enter York, with the Cardinal and Hastings.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late 11 he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glos. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

---

9 Heath explains as follows: "Thus my moralities, or the sententious expressions I have just uttered, resemble those of the Vice, Iniquity, in the play; the indecencies which lie at the bottom are sheltered from exception and the indignation they would excite if nakedly delivered, under the ambiguity of a double meaning." The writer adds, "The term moralize is only introduced in allusion to the title of our old dramatic pieces, which were commonly called Moralities, in which the Vice was always one of the shining characters." It is to be noted further, that, as the Vice acted the part of a buffoon or jester, he was wont "to deal largely in double meanings, and by the help of them to aim at cracking a jest or raising a laugh."

10 Lightly, here, is commonly or usually. So in an old proverb preserved by Ray: "There's lightning lightly before thunder."

11 Too late for too lately; meaning, it is too short a time since his death, not to be "to our grief, as it is yours."
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glos. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glos. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.
Glos. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glos. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glos. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.
Glos. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.
Glos. It is too heavy for your Grace to wear.
York. I'd weigh it lightly, were it heavier.13
Glos. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as—as—you call me.
Glos. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross13 in talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—

13 York is playing on the word lightly, and means, in one sense, "I hold it cheap," or "I care little for it." So in Love's Labours Lost, v. 2: "You weigh me not! — O, that's you care not for me."

13 Cross in a logical sense, not in a moral; opposing, or speaking at cross-purposes; taking him in a wrong sense.
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,\(^{14}\)
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

\textit{Buck. [Aside to Hastings.]} With what a sharp-provided
wit he reasons!\(^{15}\)
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

\textit{Glos.} My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

\textit{York.} What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
\textit{Prince.} My Lord Protector needs will have it so.
\textit{York.} I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
\textit{Glos.} Why, what should you fear?
\textit{York.} Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

\textit{Prince.} I fear no uncles dead.
\textit{Glos.} Nor none that live, I hope.
\textit{Prince.} An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

\textit{[Sennet. Exeunt the Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal,}
\textit{and others; also the Lord Mayor and his Train.}

\textit{Buck.} Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother

\(^{14}\) York alludes to the hump on Gloster's back, which was commodious
for carrying burdens. So in Ulpian Fullwell's \textit{Ars Adulandi, 1576}: "Thou
hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape."

\(^{15}\) \textit{Provided} seems to mean \textit{furnished, pregnant, prompt}; or it may be an
instance of the passive form with an active sense, \textit{forecasting, provident.}
We have the former sense in \textit{well-provided}, which means \textit{well-furnished}
or \textit{well-supplied}.—Here, again, \textit{reasons} has the sense, apparently, of \textit{talks} or
\textit{converses}. See page 196, note 4.
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

_Glos._ No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

_Buck._ Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby. Thou
Art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way:
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle!

_Cate._ He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

_Buck._ What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

_Cate._ He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

_Buck._ Well, then no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

_Glos._ Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

_Buck._ Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.
Glos. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glos. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[Exit Catesby.

Buck. My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glos. Chop off his head, man: somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
Th’ earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the King my brother stood possess’d.
Buck. I’ll claim that promise at your Grace’s hand.
Glos. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

Scene II. — Before Lord Hastings’ House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [Knocking.] My lord! my lord! —
Hast. [Within.] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. [Within.] What is’t o’clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rasèd\(^1\) off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two Councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated Councils:
His Honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:\(^2\)
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond:\(^3\)
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the boar:\(^4\) will use us kindly.

---

\(^1\) *Rased* or *rashed* was a term commonly used to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. Nott derives it from *Arracher*, French, to *root up*, to *draw*, *tear*, or *pull up*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, v. 3, 8:

There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
*Rashing off helmes*, and *ryving plates asonder.*

\(^2\) Without *example*, or without any matter-of-fact, to *instance*, or *allege in proof*. So in *The Merry Wives*, ii. 2, Ford says of his wife, "Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had *instance* and argument to commend themselves."

\(^3\) *Fond*, here, as usual, is *foolish*, or *weak*.

\(^4\) Of course the *boar* is Richard, whose crest was adorned with the figure of that amiable beast.
MESS. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [Exit.

ENTER CATESBY.

CATE. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
HAST. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering State?
CATE. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
HAST. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
CATE. Ay, my good lord.
HAST. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
CATE. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pomfret.
HAST. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.
CATE. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
HAST. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.
CATE. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.
HAST. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

_Cate._ The princes both make high account of you,—

_[Aside._] For they account his head upon the bridge.

_Hast._ I know they do; and I have well deserved it.—

_Enter_ Stanley._

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

_Stan._ My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy Rood,⁵
I do not like these several Councils, I.

_Hast._ My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

_Stan._ The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!⁶
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

_Hast._ Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

_Stan._ They, for their truth, might better wear their heads

⁵ "The Holy Rood" is the cross or crucifix. A frequent oath.
⁶ To "prove a needless coward" here means, evidently, to prove a coward needlessly or without cause. Shakespeare has many instances of like construction.
Than some that have accused them wear their hats. 
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant. 7

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.—

[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee? 
Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask. 
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Then when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee — keep it to thyself —
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, 8 to your Honour's good content!
Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

[Throwing him his purse.

Purs. God save your lordship!

[Exit.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I'm glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I'm in your debt for your last exercise; 9
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

7 A pursuivant is now a State messenger, or one having authority to 
execute warrants: the word formerly meant a junior officer of the Heralds' 
College. In More's history this Pursuivant is spoken of as being also 
named Hastings.

8 "God hold it" is God continue it. — Gramercy, in the next line, is great 
thanks; from the French grand merci.

9 Exercise here probably means religious instruction. — Sir was in com-
mon use as a clerical title. Thus we have Sir Oliver Martext in As You 
Like It, and Sir Hugh Evans in The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain! Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest; Your Honour hath no shriving-work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, The men you talk of came into my mind. What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there: I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [Aside.] And supper too, although thou know'st it not. — Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter Ratcliff, with a Guard, conducting Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to Execution.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this, To-day shalt thou behold a subject die For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you! A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison, Fatal and ominous to noble peers! Within the guilty closure of thy walls

10 Shriving or shrift is an old word for confession and absolution.

1 Limit, here, is equivalent to appointed time; to appoint being one of the old meanings of to limit. So in Measure for Measure, iii. 1: "Between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity," &c.
Richard the Second here was hack’d to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

_Grey._ Now Margaret’s curse is fall’n upon our heads,
When she exclaim’d on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb’d her son.

_Riv._ Then cursed she Richard, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Hastings: — O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And, for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as Thou know’st, unjustly must be spilt.

_Rat._ Make haste; the hour of death is expire.²

_Riv._ Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan, — let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in Heaven.    

[Exeunt.

_SCENE IV._ — _London._ A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of Ely,³ RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table; Officers of the Council attending.

_Hast._ Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God’s name, speak; when is the royal day?

² _Expire_ for _expired_, that is, _expired_. So, before, _convict_ for _convicted_. See page 179, note 14.
³ Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the Houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry Earl of Richmond and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal agent in bringing that arrangement about.
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.⁴
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy⁵ day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward⁶ with the noble duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.
Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter Gloster.

Glos. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper: but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,⁷ my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the King.

⁴ And there wants or is wanting but a naming of the time.
⁵ Happy here means auspicious, the same as the Latin felix.
⁶ Inward, as here used, is intimate or confidential. The same word occurs as a substantive with the same sense in Measure for Measure, iii. 2: “Sir, I was an inward of his.” See, also, vol. ii. page 74, note 8.
⁷ An expression borrowed from the stage: the cue, queue, or tail of a speech being the last words, and so indicating to the next speaker when to take his turn.
SCENE IV.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  215

Glos. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder; His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. — My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there: I do beseech you send for some of them. 8

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.  [Exit.
Glos. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[ Takes him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business, And finds the testy gentleman so hot, That he will lose his head ere give consent His master’s child, as worshipfully he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England’s throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord; I’ll follow you.

[ Exit GLOSTER, followed by BUCKINGHAM.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph. To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden; For I myself am not so well provided As else I would be, were the day prolong’d.

Re-enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;

8 This easy affability and smoothness of humour when going about the blackest and bloodiest crimes is one of the most telling strokes in this terrible portrait. The incident is thus related in the History: “These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them first about nine of the clocke, saluting them courteouslie, and excusing himselfe that had beene from them so long, saieing merilie that he had beene a sleepier that daie. After a little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elie, My lord, you have vereie good strawberries at your garden in Holborne; I require you, let us have a messe of them. Gladlie, my lord, quoth he; would God I had some better thing as readie to your pleasure as that! And therewithall in all hast he sent his servant for a messe of strawberries.”
There's some conceit or other likes⁹ him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

    Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?
    Hast. Marry, that with no man here he's offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.

    Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
    Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserve'd death.
    Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil:
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have mark'd me.

    Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—
    Glo. If! thou protector of this damn'd strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul, I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel and Ratcliff,¹⁰ look that it be done:—

⁹ Some thought or conception that please him well. Conceit is generally so in old writers, and likes very often so.
¹⁰ In the preceding scene, we have Ratcliff at Pomfret, conducting Rivers,
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[Exeunt all but Hastings, Lovel, and Ratcliff.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse\(^{11}\) did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphant, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.—
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard!—miserable England!

Grey, and Vaughan to death; yet the events of that scene and this are represented as occurring the same day. Knight thinks "this is one of those positions in which the Poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge." It may be so, but it seems to me much more likely to have been a simple oversight on the Poet's part.

\(^{11}\) A foot-cloth was a kind of housing that covered the body of the horse, and reached nearly to the ground. A foot-cloth horse was a palfrey covered with such housings, used for state; and was the usual mode of conveyance for the rich, at a period when carriages were unknown.
I prophesy the fearfull' st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. — The Same. The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in rusty armour, marvelous ill-favoured.

Glos. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught ¹ and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending ² deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagemms.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glos. He is; and, see, he brings the Mayor along.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—

¹ William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.

² Intend is repeatedly used by Shakespeare for pretend. So, again, in the seventh scene of this Act: “Intend some fear.” Also, in Lucrece: “For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, intending weariness with heavy sprite.” On the other hand, the Poet repeatedly has pretend and its derivatives in the sense of intend. See, also, vol. iv. page 186, note 2.
Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Lord Mayor,—

Glos. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glos. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—
Glos. Look back, defend thee; here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!
Glos. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glos. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon the Earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Weren't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the Council-house,

8 To daub was used for to disguise, to cover over. So in King Lear, iv. 1:
"I cannot daub it further." See vol. vi. page 85, note 9.
4 Familiar intercourse; what is now called criminal conversation.—
Apparent, again, in the sense of manifest. See page 103, note 15.
5 Suspect for suspicion. So, before, in i. 3: "You do me shameful injury,
falsely to draw me in these vile suspects."
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?
  May. What, had he so?
  Glo. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?
  May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
  Buck. Yet had we not determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have⁶ prevented;
Because, my lord, we would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.
  May. But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.
  Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

⁶ Properly it should be has. But the old writers have many such instances where the verb is made to agree with the nearest substantive, as with friends here, instead of its proper subject.
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Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glos. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The Mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termèd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appearèd in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;

7 In common speech a similar phrase is used, "to come short of a thing."
8 Infer is here used in the sense of introduce or bring forward; one of its Latin senses. So in iv. 4, of this play: "Infer fair England's peace by this alliance."
9 This person was one Walker, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the Crown in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c., are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an Act of Parliament.
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

_Buck._ Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

_Glos._ If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;¹⁰
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

_Buck._ I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.       [Exit.

_Glos._ Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[To CATE.] Go thou to Friar Penker:¹¹—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.—

[Execute LOVEL, CATESBY, and RATCLIFF.

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice that no manner person¹²
Have any time recourse unto the Princes.       [Exit.

¹⁰ This castle was built by Baynard, a nobleman who is said to have come
in with William the Conqueror. It stood on the bank of the river in
Thames-street, but has been swept away by the commercial necessities of
London.

¹¹ Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor; Penker, according to
Speed, was provincial of the Augustine friars; and both were popular
preachers of the time.

¹² The expression "no manner person" is according to the idiom of the
time. — "The brats of Clarence" were Edward and Margaret, known after-
wards as Earl of Warwick and Countess of Salisbury.
SCENE VI. — The Same. A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.¹

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,²
That it may be to-day fairly read o'er in Paul's,
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent ³ was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Why, who's so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.⁴  
[Exit.

¹ A scrivener is, literally, a writer or a scribe. The term was applied to a class of men whose special business it was to draw up or to transcribe legal writings and instruments.

² To engross, as the word is here used, is to copy legal or other documents in a clear, legible hand for public use. — In the olden time, St. Paul's Cathedral was used as a sort of exchange, and all sorts of notices were posted there for the public eye. The edifice was not used in Shakespeare's time, it having been set on fire by a stroke of lightning and the roof burnt off early in Elizabeth's reign. The present St. Paul's was not built till the time of Charles the Second.

³ The original draft from which the copy was made.

⁴ “Seen in thought is seen in silence.” — I am not certain whether the last word of the preceding line should be nought or naught. With the latter, the sense is about the same as in our phrase of “going to the bad.” See page 145, note 17.
Scene VII. — The Same. Court of Baynard’s Castle.

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, meeting.

Glos. How now, how now! what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glos. Touch’d you the bastardy of Edward’s children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,5
And his contract by deputy in France;
Th’ insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,6
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer7 your lineaments,
Being the right idea8 of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose

5 The King had been familiar with this lady before his marriage with the present Queen, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract between them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the King had not been affianced to her. Edward, however, had been married to Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great Earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground his children were declared illegitimate by the only Parliament convened by Richard; but nothing was said of Elizabeth Lucy.

6 This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the Duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the Duke of Gloster, soon after Edward’s death, revived this scandal.

7 Infer again as explained in note 8, page 221.

8 Idea is here used in the right classic sense of image or likeness.
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry, God save Richard, England's royal King!
   Glos. And did they so?
   Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas⁹ or breathing stones,
Stared each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, The people were not used
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
   Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, God save King Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of those few:
   Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I;
   This general applause and cheerful shout
   Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.
   Glos. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
   Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.
   Glos. Will not the Mayor, then, and his brethren, come?
   Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you get a Prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen,¹⁰ good my lord;

---
⁹ Statue was very often written and printed statua, as a trisyllable.
¹⁰ Churchmen was formerly used of what are now called clergymen.
For on that ground I’ll make a holy descant: ¹¹
And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid’s part; still answer nay, and take it.

_Glos._ I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we’ll bring it to a happy issue.

_Buck._ Go, go, up to the leads; ¹² the Lord Mayor knocks.—

[Exit Gloster.

_Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens._

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

_Enter, from the Castle, Catesby._

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

_Cate._ He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
Hs is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

_Buck._ Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

_Cate._ I’ll signify so much unto him straight.  [Exit.

_Buck._ Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,

¹¹ _Ground_ and _descant_ were technical terms in music; the former meaning the original air, the latter the variations. See vol. i. page 171, note 10.

¹² Formerly many buildings were roofed with lead. “Up to the leads” therefore means up to the _roof_, or close under the _eaves_; the topmost part of the building.
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But sore I fear we shall not win him to it.

_May_. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay!

_Buck_. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

_Re-enter Catesby._

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace?

_Cate_. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

_Buck_. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his Grace.—

[Exit Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

_Enter Gloster, in a gallery above, between two Bishops._

_Catesby returns._

_May_. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

_Buck_. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:

13 That is, to pamper, fatten, or make gross.
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

_Glos._ My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

_Buck._ Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

_Glos._ I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

_Buck._ You have, my lord: would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

_Glos._ Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

_Buck._ Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,—
Which here we waken to our country's good,—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock grafted with ignoble plants,

14 _Prayer_ is used by Shakespeare as one or two syllables indifferently, to suit his verse. Here it is a dissyllable. The same of _hour, fire, even, given, power, flower, toward or towards_, and sundry others.
And almost shoulder'd in\textsuperscript{15} the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure,\textsuperscript{16} we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

\textit{Glos.} I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not t' incur the last,—

\textsuperscript{15} \textit{In} for \textit{into}, the two being often used indiscriminately.—To \textit{shoulder}, as the word is here used, is to \textit{thrust} or \textit{heave} by force or violence. Steevens quotes a similar expression from Lyson's \textit{Environs of London}: "Lyke tyraunts and lyke madde men helpynge to \textit{shulderynge} other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche."—In the preceding line, \textit{graft} for \textit{grafted}, as before \textit{convict} for \textit{convicted}. See page 179, note 14.

\textsuperscript{16} To \textit{recur} is to \textit{recover}. Spenser has the word repeatedly in the same sense. So \textit{The Faerie Queene}, ii, 12, 19:

Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have \textit{recur'd} their prize.
Definitely thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable \(^{17}\) shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe révénume and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother’d.
But, God be thank’d, there is no need of me;
And much I need, to help you, were there need: \(^{18}\)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow’d by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend \(^{19}\) that I should wring from him!

**Buck.** My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;
But the respects thereof are nice \(^{20}\) and trivial,
All circumstances well consideréd.
You say that Edward is your brother’s son:
So say we too, but not by Edward’s wife;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—

\(^{17}\) *Unmeritable* for *unmeriting*. This indiscriminate use of active and passive forms has been repeatedly noted. See vol. iv. page 15, note 15.

\(^{18}\) “And I fall far short of the ability to help you, if help were needed.”

\(^{19}\) “God defend” is the same as God *forbid*. Repeatedly used thus by Shakespeare; and a common usage of the time.

\(^{20}\) *Respects for considerations*; a frequent sense of the word. — *Nice* here means *unimportant*, or, perhaps, *over-scrupulous*. 
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loathed bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive, 21
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!
Glos. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty.
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,

21 Buckingham here hints at the pretended illegitimacy of Edward and Clarence. By "some alive" he means the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. See near the close of scene 5, "Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person," &c.
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse, 22
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all estates;—
Yet, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our King;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: zounds! I'll entreat no more.

_Glos_. O, do not swear, my Lord of Buckingham.

_[Exit Buckingham: the Mayor, Aldermen, and
Citizens retiring._

_Cate_. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

_Glos_. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again.

_[Catesby goes to the Mayor, &c., and then exit._

— I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

_Re-enter Buckingham and Catesby; the Mayor, &c., coming
forward._

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But, if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance 23 me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,

22 _Remorse, again, for pity or compassion._ See page 154, note 16.
23 _Acquittance for acquit_, because the verse wanted a trisyllable.
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glos. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title:
Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

Mayor, &c. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glos. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your Grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glos. [To the Bishops.] Come, let us to our holy work
again.—

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. —London. Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and
Dorset; on the other, Anne Duchess of Gloster,¹ leading
Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece² Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.—
Daughter, well met.

¹ We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first Act, in
which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married to
him about the year 1472.

² The Duchess is speaking to what we should call her grand-daughter.
But the words grand-son, grand-daughter, grand-children, are not used by
Shakespeare at all; their places being supplied by nephew and niece; some-
times by cousin.
Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?
Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Enter Brakenbury.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?
Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath straitly charged the contrary.
Q. Eliz. The King! who's that?
Brak. I mean the Lord Protector.
Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—

8 He refers to his office or charge, which she has offered to take upon herself at her own risk or peril.
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[To Anne.] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster, There to be crowned Richard's royal Queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your Grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence! Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; Thy mother's name is ominous to children. If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas, And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell: Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house, Lest thou increase the number of the dead; And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse, Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.— Take all the swift advantage of the hours; You shall have letters from me to my son In your behalf, to meet you on the way: Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!— O my accurs'd womb, the bed of death! A cockatrice⁴ hast thou hatch'd to the world, Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.—

⁴ The cockatrice was so called from its fabled generation from the egg of a cock; the term being derived from cock and atter, Anglo-Saxon for adder. Cockatrice, it seems, was but another name for the basilisk. So in Browne's Vulgar Errors, Book iii. chap. 7: "Many opinions are passant concerning the basilisk, or little king of serpents, commonly called the cockatrice." And again: "As for the generation of the basilisk, that it proceedeth from a cock's egg, hatched under a toad or serpent, it is a conceit as monstrous as the brood itself." See page 154, note 15.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow’d Henry’s corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash’d from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow’d;
O, when, I say, I look’d on Richard’s face,
This was my wish: Be thou, quoth I, accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd’st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife — if any be so mad —
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord’s death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman’s heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And proved the subject of mine own soul’s curse,
Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy’d the golden dew of sleep,
But have been wak’d by his timorous dreams.6

6 She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or other criminals, by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot upon his head. In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torments, a burning crown is likewise appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. The Earl of Athol, who was executed for the murder of James I., King of Scots, was previous to death crowned with a hot iron.

6 This is from the History: "He tooke ill rest a nights, lie long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.
Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

Duch. [To Dorset.] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[To Anne.] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To Elizabeth.] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!—

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour’s joy wreck’d with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exit.]
Scene II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Sennet. Enter Richard, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [Ascends the throne.] Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,1
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives; think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.


Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.


Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! True, noble prince!—
Cousin, thouwert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly,2 be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,

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1 To play the touch is to do the office of the touchstone, that is, a test, to prove the quality of a thing.
2 Suddenly is here the same as quickly.
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your Grace immediately. [Exit.

Cate. [Aside to another.] The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: [Descends from his throne. none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.— Boy!—

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.


The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquess Dorset's fled

3 Resolve in the sense of inform or satisfy; a frequent usage.
4 Unrespective is inconsiderate or unthoughtful; in accordance with the old use of respect. See page 239, note 20.
5 Witty was employed to signify a man of sagacity, wisdom, or judgment; or, as Baret defines it, "having the senses sharp, perceiving or foreseeing quicklie."
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.

\textit{K. Rich.} Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter;
The boy is foolish,\(^6\) and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
That Anne my Queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,\(^7\)
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—

[\textit{Exit Catesby.}]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

\textit{Re-enter the Page, with Tyrrel.}

Is thy name Tyrrel?

\textit{Tyr.} James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

\textit{K. Rich.} Art thou indeed?

\textit{Tyr.} Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

\textit{K. Rich.} Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

\(^6\) This youth, who is known in history as Edward Earl of Warwick, was
at that time but about ten years old. He was put to death by Henry VII. in
1499; he being then the only surviving male of the Plantagenet name. The
chroniclers represent him as little better than an idiot; but his stupidity was
most likely the result of cruel treatment; he being confined immediately
after the battle of Bosworth, and his education totally neglected. It was the
interest of the reigning powers to make him "foolish," or at least to have
him thought so.

\(^7\) This is an old idiomatic phrase for \textit{it behoves me}, or, as we should now
say, \textit{it stands me in hand}. 
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Tyr.  Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich.  Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr.  Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich.  Thou sing'st sweet music.  Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel:
Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear:  [Whispers.
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr.  I will dispatch it straight.  [Exit.

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck.  My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich.  Well, let that rest.  Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck.  I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich.  Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it.

Buck.  My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
The which you promisèd I should possess.

K. Rich.  Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck.  What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich.  I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—

Buck.  My lord,—

K. Rich.  How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

_Buck._ My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

_K. Rich._ Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

_Buck._ My lord,—

_K. Rich._ Ay, what's o'clock?

_Buck._ I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

_K. Rich._ Well, but what's o'clock?

_Buck._ Upon the stroke of ten.

_K. Rich._ Well, let it strike.

_Buck._ Why let it strike?

_K. Rich._ Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

_Buck._ Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

_K. Rich._ Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM.

_Buck._ Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[Exit.

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8 This alludes to the _Jack of the clock_, which was a figure made in old clocks to strike the bell on the outside. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automatons, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. The following passage from Cotgrave will further elucidate its meaning: "A _jacke of the clocke-house_; a little busie-body, medler, _jack-stickler_; one that has an oare in every man's boat, or his hand in every man's dish."

9 _Brecknock_ was the name of Buckingham's castle in Wales.
SCENE III. — Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Tyrell.

Tyrell. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd 1 villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O, thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other:
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind;
But, O, the Devil — there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on: We smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse, 2
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody King:
And here he comes.—

1 The verb to flesh is defined by Richardson "to train, to inure, to indulge, to glut or satiate." So in Henry V., iii. i: "And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart," &c. Also in Drayton's Miseries of Queen Margaret:
Both which were fleshed abundantly with blood
In those three battles they had won before.

2 "Conscience and remorse" probably means what we call remorse of conscience, or, simply, remorse.
Enter King Richard.

All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at 3 after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match’d in marriage; 4
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham’s bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne 5 Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother’s daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

3 Shakespeare has the phrase soon at several times in the sense of about. See vol. iii, page 146, note 1.
4 The daughter of Clarence was in fact married to Sir Richard Pole, and hence became the mother of Cardinal Pole. Sir Richard was half-brother to the Countess of Richmond.
5 He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the Court of Francis II., Duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of Edward IV. he was kept a long time in honourable custody.
SCENE III.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

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Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond; And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen, Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength. Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting Is leaden servitor to dull delay; 6 Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary: Then fiery expedition be my wing, Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king! 7 Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield; 8 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. 9 [Exeunt.

6 Fearful commenting is timorous or cowardly reflection or deliberation; leaden of course is heavy or sluggish; servitor is an old form for servant; used whenever a trisyllable is wanted with that meaning; and delay is put for procrastination or reluctance to act. So that the sense is, cowardly deliberation is the tardy, lingering slave of a procrastinating spirit or master. The meaning of the next line is, that procrastination leads on to or super-induces feeble and creeping or slow-footed beggary.

7 "Let my action be winged with the speed of lightning." Mercury was the old god of dispatch, and so was Jupiter's expressman. The text is made somewhat obscure by the omission of the relative; the sense being "expedition who is Jove's Mercury, and so is a king's proper herald."

8 "My shield is my counsel, and shall deliberate the matter for me." He means that he is going to discuss or debate the issue not with words, but with knocks.

9 To "brave the field" is, probably, to challenge, dare, or defy one to the field or to battle.—Brief, again, for quick or speedy.
Scene IV. — The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction¹ am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

[Retires.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. [Aside.] Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.²

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. [Aside.] Plantagenet doth quit³ Plantagenet,

¹ Induction here is prologue or preparation. See page 143, note 7.
² Meaning, apparently, that the Divine Justice, which was alleged in i. 3,
as having righted others against her, and avenged the death of Rutland by
that of her son Edward, is now turning upon her side, and righting her
against others.
³ To quit was often used for to acquit, and also for to requite. Here it
may have either sense; perhaps it has both senses. Margaret may regard
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

_Q. Eliz._ Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst Thou sleep while such a deed was done?

_Q. Mar._ [Aside.] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

_Duch._ Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, \(^4\) [Sitting down.]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

_Q. Eliz._ Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[Sitting down by her.]

_Q. Mar._ [Coming forward.] If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory, \(^5\)
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, \(^5\) [Sitting down with them.]
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

the death of her Edward as having been avenged by that of the other Edward; or she may think of the latter as offsetting, or atoning for, the former: so that the requital may itself serve for an acquittal. — To "pay a dying debt" is, I suppose, to pay a debt by dying.

\(^4\) It is not very apparent why, or in what sense, lawful is here used: perhaps merely for a verbal antithesis to unlawful. Or is the speaker regarding England as the proper seat of order and law?

\(^5\) Seniory is but a shortened form of seniority. — Ancient here has the sense of aged or veteran. Margaret's sorrow is older than that of the others. — To "frown on the upper hand" is to have precedence in the right of expression.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.


From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,\(^6\)
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handiwork;
That excellent-grand tyrant of the Earth,
That reigns in gallèd eyes\(^7\) of weeping souls;
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank Thee, that this carnal\(^8\) cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow\(^9\) with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

---

\(^6\) Alluding to the tradition that Richard, at his birth, had his mouth armed with teeth. So, in v. 6, of the preceding play, Richard says in reference to his birth,

The midwife wonder'd, 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.

\(^7\) Eyes inflamed with weeping, or made red with "eye-offending brine." So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "The salt of most unrighteous tears had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes."

\(^8\) *Carnal* for sanguinary or blood-thirsty; as in *Hamlet*, v. 2: "So shall you hear of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts."

\(^9\) Pew-fellow is companion or participator. The Poet has coach-fellow in the same sense, apparently.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill’d my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,\(^{10}\) because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb’d my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th’ adulterate\(^{11}\) Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother’d in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, Hell’s black intelligencer;
Only reserved their\(^{12}\) factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, Hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey’d from hence.—
Cancel his bond of life,\(^{13}\) dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

_Q. Eliz._ O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back’d toad!

_Q. Mar._ I call’d thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call’d thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;\(^{14}\)
One heaved a-high, to be hurl’d down below;
A mother only mock’d with two sweet babes;

\(^{10}\) _Boot_ is an old word for any thing thrown into a bargain.

\(^{11}\) _Adulterate_ is stained with adultery. Alluding to Jane Shore.

\(^{12}\) _Their_ refers to _Hell_, which is used as a collective noun. — _Intelligencer_ sometimes has the sense of _intelligencing_ or giving intelligence. Here it seems to mean _spokesman, mouth-piece, or organ of communication._ Of course _factor_ is agent.

\(^{13}\) The image is of a deed or indenture securing a life-tenure of property. So in _Macbeth_, i. ii. 2: “Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps me paled.”

\(^{14}\) The _index_ of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited. See page 194, note 17.
A dream of what thou wert; a breath, a bubble;
A sign of dignity, a garish flag
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;\textsuperscript{15}
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries, \textit{God save the Queen}?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this\textsuperscript{16} and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressèd widow;
For joyful mother, one that waits the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued-to, one that humbly sues;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife; and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes will make me smile in France.
\begin{quote}
\textit{Q. Eliz.} O thou well-skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!
\end{quote}
\begin{quote}
\textit{Q. Mar.} Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{15} Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were intrusted.
\textsuperscript{16} That is, run it through all the moods and tenses.
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering\(^{17}\) thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

\(Q.\ Eliz.\) My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!
\(Q.\ Mar.\) Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?
\(Q.\ Eliz.\) Windy attorneys\(^{18}\) to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,\(^{19}\)
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.\(^{20}\)

[Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damnèd son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.

I hear his drum: be copious in exclams.

\textit{Enter King Richard and his Train, marching.}

\textit{K. Rich.} Who intercepts me in my expedition?

\textit{Duch.} O, she that might have intercepted thee,

\(^{17}\) \textit{Bettering} is here used in the sense of \textit{exaggerating} or \textit{magnifying}.
"The greater you conceive your loss to be, the worse the author of it will seem."

\(^{18}\) Words are called "\textit{windy attorneys}," because they are made up of wind. In his \textit{Venus and Adonis} the Poet figures the tongue as the heart's attorney:

\begin{quote}
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate of his suit.
\end{quote}

\(^{19}\) The joys, being all consumed and passed away, have died intestate; that is, have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.

\(^{20}\) This seems to have been rather a favourite idea with the Poet. So in \textit{Macbeth}, iv. 3:

\begin{quote}
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
\end{quote}
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

_Q. Eliz._ Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,  
Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

_Duch._ Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

_Q. Eliz._ Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

_Duch._ Where is kind Hastings?

_K. Rich._ A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!—

_[Flourish. Alarum._

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

_Duch._ Art thou my son?

_K. Rich._ Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

_Duch._ Then patiently hear my impatience.

_K. Rich._ Madam, I have a touch of your condition,"21

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

_Duch._ O, let me speak!

_K. Rich._ Do, then; but I'll not hear.

_Duch._ I will be mild and gentle in my words.

_K. Rich._ And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

_Duch._ Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

_K. Rich._ And came I not at last to comfort you?

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21 A smack or spice of your disposition or temper. For this use of condition see vol. v. page 23, note 25.
Scene IV.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Duch. No, by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well, Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my hell. A grievous burden was thy birth to me; Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy; Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous; Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous, More mild, but yet more harmful-kind in hatred: What comfortable hour canst thou name, That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hourer, that call'd your Grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.


Duch. Hear me a word;

22 So printed in the old copies. No satisfactory explanation of the passage has yet been discovered. A part of St. Paul's Cathedral was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, because Humphrey, sometime Duke of Gloucester, was supposed to be buried there. As the old Cathedral was a place of great resort, those who were hard up for a dinner used to saunter there, perhaps in the hope of being asked to dinner by some of their acquaintance. Hence grew the phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey," used of those who thus "waited upon Providence" for a chance to eat. And Steevens thinks that "Shakespeare might by this strange phrase, Humphrey Hour, have designed to mark the hour at which the good Duchess was as hungry as the followers of Duke Humphrey." Singer thinks "it is possible that by Humphrey Hour Richard alludes to the hour of his birth, the hour after which his mother ate out of his company." And he quotes the old vulgar saying, that a teeming woman feeds two. According to this, Humphrey Hour might be meant as the name of the physician who attended the Duchess when her Richard was born. Staunton "apprehends that Humphrey Hour was nothing more than a cant phrase for eating-hour." None of these explanations can hold my assent, nor can I think of any better.
For I shall never speak to thee again.

_**K. Rich.**_ So.

_Duch._ Either thou’lt die, by God’s just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear’st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward’s children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.  

_[Exit._

_Q. Eliz._ Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her._

_[Going._

_**K. Rich.**_ Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

_Q. Eliz._ I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

_**K. Rich.**_ You have a daughter call’d Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

_Q. Eliz._ And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I’ll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty:
Slander myself as false to Edward’s bed;
Throw over her the vale of infamy:
So she may live unscaarr’d of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward’s daughter.

_**K. Rich.**_ Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

_Q. Eliz._ To save her life, I’ll say she is not so.

_**K. Rich.**_ Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

23 Unavoided for unavoidable. So the endings -ed and -able were often used indiscriminately. See vol. viii. page 84, note 2.
24 Indirectly here means wrongfully or wickedly; probably used for a sort of jingle with direction. It may be worth noting, however, that the radical sense of right, as also of direct, is straight; while that of wrong, as also of indirect, is crooked.
25 The use of still for continually is very frequent: here it is used as an adjective with the same sense, continual.
26 That is, the bloody wars that are to follow; success being used in the Latin sense of succession or sequel. See vol. iv. page 226, note 14.
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this Earth's glory. 27
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise 28 to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, 29 I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should
be?

27 That is, the crown, the emblem of royalty.
28 To demise is to grant, from demittere, Latin.
29 The Queen is quibbling between the different senses of from; one of
which is out of, as when we say, "Speak the truth from the heart"; the
other, that of separation or distance, as when Hamlet says "any thing so
overdone is from the purpose of playing."
SCENE IV.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  257

Q. Eliz.  What, thou?
K. Rich.  Even I: what think you of it, madam?
Q. Eliz.  How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich.  That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz.  And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich.  Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz.  Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraved
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep’d in Rutland’s blood—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers’ bodies,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich.  You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz.  There’s no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich.  Say that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz.  Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich.  Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall30 deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

30 Shall for will; the two being often used indiscriminately.—Unadvisedly in the old sense of inconsiderately, rashly, or imprudently. See page 171, note 25.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

81 "Endured of her" is the same as endured by her; of being formerly used in such cases to denote the relation of agent. — Bid is an old preterite form for bided, suffered, or endured.
SCENE IV.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  259

Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer’s tale;
Put in her tender heart th’ aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And, when this arm of mine hath châstiséd
The petty rebel, dull-brain’d Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror’s bed;
To whom I will retail 32 my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar’s Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father’s brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England’s peace by this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.
K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the King’s King forbids.
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 33 ever last?
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthen it.
Q. Eliz. As long as Hell and Richard like of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject now.

32 Retail, again, for recount or tell over. See page 202, note 6.
33 The word title is here used in a legal or forensic sense, for interest in an estate. So says Heath.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;¹⁴
Took deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George,³⁵ my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. —I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now, by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.
K. Rich. Why, then by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

¹⁴ The Queen implies an equivocal on quick, which is used by Richard in the sense of prompt, nimble, or rash; and she plays between this sense and that of alive.
³⁵ This was a figure or image of St. George on horseback, which was worn as a badge by Knights of the Garter.
The unity the King thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had graced the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

_K. Rich._ The time to come.

_Q. Elis._ That thou hast wrong'd in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

_K. Rich._ As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding!—if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond\(^{36}\) in great designs.

_Q. Eliz._ Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?
_K. Rich._ Ay, if the Devil tempt thee to do good.
_Q. Eliz._ Shall I forget myself to be myself?
_K. Rich._ Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
_Q. Eliz._ But thou didst kill my children.
_K. Rich._ But in your daughter's womb I'll bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomfiture.

_Q. Eliz._ Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
_K. Rich._ And be a happy mother by the deed.
_Q. Eliz._ I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.\(^{37}\)

_K. Rich._ Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.—

[ _Kissing her._ Exit Queen Elizabeth.
Relenting fool, and shallow-changing woman!—

_Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following._

How now! what news?

_Rat._ My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore

---

\(^{36}\) Both _fond_ and _peevish_ are often used by Shakespeare for _foolish_. So in scene 2 of this Act: "When Richmond was a little _peevish_ boy." The compound seems to have about the same meaning as _childish-foolish_, which occurs in i. 3, of this play. Or _peevish_ may here have the sense of _perverse_.

\(^{37}\) This representation is in substance historical; and some of the old chroniclers are rather hard on Elizabeth for thus yielding to Richard's persuasions. But there is good reason to think that she outwitted him, and that her consent was but feigned in order to gain time, and to save her daughter from the fate that had overtaken her sons.
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull,\(^{38}\) expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

\textit{K. Rich.} Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Nor-
folk:—

\textit{Ratcliff, thyself, — or Catesby ; where is he?}

\textit{Cate.} Here, my good lord.

\textit{K. Rich.} Fly to the duke.—[\textit{To Ratcliff.}] Post thou
to Salisbury:

When thou comest thither, —[\textit{To Catesby.}] Dull, unmind-
ful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

\textit{Cate.} First, mighty liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

\textit{K. Rich.} O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

\textit{Cate.} I go. \hspace{6cm} [\textit{Exit.}

\textit{Rat.} What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

\textit{K. Rich.} Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

\textit{Rat.} Your Highness told me I should post before.

\textit{Enter Stanley.}

\textit{K. Rich.} My mind is changed. — Stanley, what news with
you?

\textit{Stan.} None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

\textit{K. Rich.} Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,

\(^{38}\) A ship is said to \textit{hull} when she hauls in her sails, and lays-to, without
coming to anchor, and so floats hither and thither as the waves carry her. See
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Once more, what news?

_Stan._ Richmond is on the seas.

_K. Rich._ There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver’d runagate! 39 what doth he there?

_Stan._ I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

_K. Rich._ Well, as you guess?

_Stan._ Stirr’d up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

_K. Rich._ Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway’d?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess’d?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England’s King but great York’s heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

_Stan._ Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

_K. Rich._ Unless for that 40 he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

_Stan._ No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

_K. Rich._ Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

_Stan._ No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.

_K. Rich._ Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their sovereign in the West?

_Stan._ They have not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,

---

39 Runagate is runaway or vagabond. White-liver’d, lily-liver’d, and milk-livered are terms denoting extreme cowardice. In v. 3, Richard calls Richmond "a milkspop." Richmond had in fact escaped the fate of the Lancastrian leaders by fleeing into France.

40 The words for that are here equivalent to because; a common usage with the old writers. Richard chooses to take the phrase in another sense than Stanley had meant.
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace
Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

    K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Rich-
    mond:
I will not trust you, sir.

    Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

    K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

    Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.        [Exit.

    Enter a Messenger.

    Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised, 41
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

    Enter a second Messenger.

    2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors 42
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

    Enter a third Messenger.

    3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
    [Strikes him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

    3 Mess. The news I have to tell your Majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,

  41 Advertised for informed, notified, or instructed, occurs repeatedly.
  42 Competitors for confederates or partners.  See vol. v. page 217, note 3.
  43 The owl's note or hoot was considered ominous or ill-boding.
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy:  
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-adviseèd friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess Dorset,  
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,  
The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest:  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks  
If they were his assistants, yea or no;  
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party: 44 he, mistrusting them,  
Hoised sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,—  
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told. 45

44 "Upon his party" is to take part with him; to fight on his side.  
45 The Earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at  
Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on  
the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive  
him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and  
his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the  
widow of Henry the Fifth and mother of Henry the Sixth.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here, 46 A royal battle might be won and lost:— Some one take order 47 Buckingham be brought To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Stanley and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me: That, in the sty of the most bloody boar, My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold: If I revolt, off goes young George's head; The fear of that holds off my present aid. But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-West, 1 in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renown'd soldier; Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley; Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt, And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew; And many more of noble fame and worth: And towards London they do bend 2 their course, If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him: Tell him the Queen hath heartily consented He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter. These letters will resolve 3 him of my mind. [Giving letters. Farewell. [Exeunt.

46 That is, "while we are talking here." See page 196, note 4.
47 To take order is, in old English, to adopt measures, or give directions.
1 This name in full is Haverford-West; shortened for metre's sake, of course. The place lies nearly north of Pembroke.
2 To bend occurs often in the sense of to direct.
3 Resolve, again, for inform or satisfy. See page 239, note 3.
ACT V.

SCENE I. — Salisbury.  An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with Buckingham, led to Execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward’s children, Rivers, Grey, Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice,— If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction! — This is All-Souls’ day, fellows, is it not?
Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls’ day 1 is my body’s doomsday. This is the day that, in King Edward’s time, I wish’d might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife’s allies; This is the day wherein I wish’d to fall By the false faith of him I trusted most; This, this All-Souls’ day to my fearful soul Is the determined respite of my wrongs: 2 That high All-seer that I dallied with Hath turn’d my feignèd prayer on my head, And given in earnest what I begg’d in jest. Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men

1 Buckingham was executed on All-Saints’ day, November 1, 1483.
2 That is, “the close or termination of the period for which the punishment of my crimes was deferred.” See vol. vi. page 182, note 11.
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, Richmond,3 Oxford,4 Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoils your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

3 It has already been noted that on his father's side the Earl of Richmond was grandson to Owen Tudor. His mother was Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, the first Duke of Somerset, and great-granddaughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford; on which account, after the death of Henry VI. and his son, Richmond was looked to by both friends and foes as the next male representative of the Lancastrian line. The Lancastrians all regarded him as their natural chief; and many of the Yorkists accepted him because of his having bound himself by solemn oath to marry the Princess Elizabeth, whom they of course considered the rightful heir to the crown after the death of her brothers.

4 This Earl of Oxford was John de Vere, whose character, together with that of his son Arthur, is so finely delineated in Scott's Anne of Geierstein.
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
  Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against this guilty homicide.
  Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
  Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.
  Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.  [Exeunt.

Scene III. — Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard and Forces, the Duke of Norfolk,
  Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth
  field.—
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
  Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
  Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we
  not?
  Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
    [Soldiers begin to set up his tent.
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
  Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account: ¹
Besides, the King’s name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.—
Up with the tent! — Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;
Call for some men of sound direction: ²
Let’s lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.  [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William
Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers
pitch Richmond’s tent.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I’ll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit ³ each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
My Lord of Oxford,— you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,— stay with me.—
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment: ⁴—

¹ Richmond’s forces are said to have been only five thousand; and
Richard’s army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay
at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be sup-
posed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved
otherwise.

² Men of tried judgment and approved military skill.

³ That is, direct or appoint the leaders what part they are separately to
perform in the forthcoming conflict. The Poet has to limit repeatedly so.
See page 212, note 1.

⁴ "Keeps his regiment" is, in our phrase, remains with his command; regiment
being used, not for the regimental portion of an army, but in the
old sense of government. So, in the next speech, it is said that Lord Stan-
ley’s “regiment lies half a mile at least south from the mighty power of the
King.— Keep is repeatedly used by the Poet for dwell or stay.
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,  
And by the second hour in the morning  
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:  
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—  
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?  

**Blunt.** Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—  
Which well I am assured I have not done,—  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the King.  

**Richm.** If without peril it be possible,  
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,  
And give him from me this most needful note.  

**Blunt.** Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!  

**Richm.** Good night, good Captain Blunt. [*Exit Blunt.*]  

—Come, gentlemen,  
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:  
In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.  

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]  

Re-enter, to his tent, **King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.**  

**K. Rich.** What is't o'clock?  
**Cate.** It's supper-time, my lord;  
It's nine o'clock.  

**K. Rich.** I will not sup to-night.—  
What, is my beaver easier than it was?  
And all my armour laid into my tent?  

**Cate.** It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.  

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5 To *quarter* is still in use as a military term for to *lodge* or *encamp.*  
6 The *beaver* was a part of the helmet fixed on a sort of hinge at the ear,  
so as to be drawn down over the face or pushed up over the forehead, as the  
wearer chose or had occasion. It is probably in reference to this motion  
that *easier* is used of it.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge; 
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Catesby, —

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley’s regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. — [Exit CATESBY.

Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give me a watch. 7 —
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —
Look that my staves 8 be sound, and not too heavy.—

Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw’st thou the melancholy Lord Northumber-

land?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, 9 from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. — Give me a bowl of wine:

7 In calling for a watch Richard evidently does not mean a sentinel; for that guard should be kept about his tent was a matter of course. The watch called for is, no doubt, a watch-light, which was a night-candle so marked as to indicate how long it had burned, and thus serve the purpose of a modern watch.

8 That is, the staves or poles of his lances. It was the custom to carry more than one into the field.

9 A cock-shut was a large net stretched across a glade, and so suspended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks “take wing to go and get water, flying generally low; and when they find any thoroughfare, through a wood or range of trees, they venture through.” The artificial glades made for them to pass through were called cock-roads. Hence cock-shut time and cock-shut light were used to express the evening twilight.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. [Wine brought.
Well, set it down. — Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Bid my guard watch; leave me. — *Ratcliff,*
About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. — Leave me, I say.

[King Richard, retires into his tent, and sleeps.
Exeunt Ratcliff and others.

**Richmond’s tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.**

*Enter Stanley.*

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Stan.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond’s good:
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, — for so the season bids us be, —
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to th’ arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.  

I, as I may, — that which I would I cannot, —
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father’s sight.

10 “Mortal staring war” sounds rather odd and harsh, but probably means war looking with deadly eye, or staring fatally, on its victims. So the Poet very often uses mortal for that which kills, not that which dies.
SCENE III.  KING RICHARD THE THIRD.  275

Farewell: the leisure\(^{11}\) and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise\(^{12}\) me down to-morrow
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.—

[Exeunt Officers, &c., with STANLEY.

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands Thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in the victory!
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!  

[Sleeps.

The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to King Henry the Sixth,
rises between the two tents.

Ghost of P. E. [To K. Rich.] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!—

\(^{11}\) We still have a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem:
"I would do this if leisure would permit"; where leisure stands for want
of leisure. So in King Richard II., i. 1: "Which then our leisure would
not let us hear." See vol. v. page 55, note 7.

\(^{12}\) Peise is an old form of poise, weigh; much used in the Poet's time.
[To Richm.] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrongèd souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost of K. H. [To K. Rich.] When I was mortal, my
anointed body
By thee was punchèd full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!—
[To Richm.] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou, and flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost of C. [To K. Rich.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow!
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,13
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
[To Richm.] Thou offspring of the House of Lancaster,
The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Ghost of R. [To K. Rich.] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die!

18 Fulsome probably has reference to the qualities of Malmsey wine,
which was peculiarly sweet and luscious, so much so as to cloy the appetite
after a little drinking. — The Poet has represented Clarence as having been
killed before he was thrown into the butt of wine. But one report gave it
that he was drowned in such a cask of drink.
Scene III. King Richard the Third.

Ghost of G. [To K. Rich.] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Ghost of V. [To K. Rich.] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy pointless lance: despair, and die!

All three. [To Richm.] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost of H. [To K. Rich.] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: so despair, and die!—
[To Richm.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts of the two P. [To K. Rich.] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!—
[To Richm.] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost of Q. A. [To K. Rich.] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!—
[To Richm.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost of B. [To K. Rich.] The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
[To Richm.] I died for hope\(^{14}\) ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side!
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!\(^{15}\)

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

\(^{14}\) Buckingham's hope of aiding Richmond induced him to take up arms: he lost his life in consequence, and therefore may be said to have died for hope; hope being the cause which led to that event.

\(^{15}\) In this series of speeches the Poet has with happy effect given a "local habitation and a name" to what is thus stated in the Chronicles: "The fame went, that he had the same night a terrible dreame; for it seemed to him, being asleepe, that he did see diverse images like terrible divels, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take anie quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenlie strake his heart with feare, but it stuffed his head with many busie and dreadfull imaginations. For incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated the doubtfull chance of the battle, not using the alacritie and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo."
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself? 16

Re-enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

16 In this strange speech there are some ten lines in or near the Poet's best style; the others are in his worst; so inferior indeed, that it is not easy to understand how Shakespeare could have written them at all.
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

    Rat.  No doubt, my lord.

    K. Rich.  O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!

Methought the souls of all that I had murder’d
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow’s vengeance on the head of Richard.

    Rat.  Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

    K. Rich.  By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in proof\(^{17}\) and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day.  Come, go with me;
Under our tents I’ll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

    [Exit King Richard and Ratcliff.

    Re-enter Oxford, with other Lords, &c.

    Lords.  Good morrow, Richmond!

    Richm.  [Waking.]  Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta’en a tardy sluggard here.

    Lords.  How have you slept, my lord?

    Richm.  The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams

That ever enter’d in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder’d,
Came to my tent, and cried, On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

    Lords.  Upon the stroke of four.

\(^{17}\) "Armèd in proof" is encased in armour that is proof against warlike weapons.  Probably the phrase is meant to include offensive as well as defensive armour.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.—

[He advances to the Troops.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure\(^{18}\) and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;\(^{19}\)
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as His soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit\(^{20}\) it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

\(^{18}\) Leisure, again, for want of leisure. See page 275, note 11.

\(^{19}\) "England's chair" is the throne. The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright-coloured foil under them.

\(^{20}\) Quit, again, in the sense of requite. See page 246, note 3.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth’s cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.—
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!  

[Exeunt.

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smiled, and said, The better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i’ the right; and so indeed it is.—

[Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the Sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have braved the East an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The Sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—

To brave is, in one of its senses, to make fine, splendid, or glorious.
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be order'd:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot;
Our archers shall be plac'd in the midst:
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well wing'd with our chiefest Horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! — What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [Giving a scroll.

K. Rich. [Reads.] Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold. —
A thing devis'd by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to Heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.—

22 This, and Saint George to help us, into the bargain.
23 So in the Chronicles: "John duke of Norfolke was warned by diverse
to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set for-
ward toward the king, one wrote this rime upon his gate:

Jocke of Norfolke, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold."

Jockey and Dickon were familiar forms of John and Richard.—Bought and
sold was a sort of proverbial phrase for hopelessly ruined by treacherous
practices.
[To his Soldiers.] What shall I say more than I have inferr'd? Remember whom you are to cope withal; A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways, A scum of Bretagnes, and base lacquey peasants, Whom their o'er-cloyèd country vomits forth To desperate ventures and assured destruction. You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives, They would distraín the one, distain the other. And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost? A milk-sop, one that never in his life Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow? Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again; Lash hence these overweening rags of France, These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives; Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves: If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobbd', and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [Drum afar off.] Hark! I hear
their drum. —
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! 28 —

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh: 29
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[Exeunt.

28 Fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.
29 Betweene both armies there was a great marish, which the earle of Richmond left on his right hand; for this intent, that it should be on that side a defense for his part, and in so dooing he had the sunne at his backe, and in the faces of his enimies. When king Richard saw the earles company was passed the marish, he did command with all hast to set upon them.—HOLINSHED.
SCENE IV. — Another Part of the Field.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Norfolk and Forces; to him Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue! The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:¹
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.² —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.

¹ The Poet repeatedly uses opposite for opponent or adversary. So that "daring an opposite to every danger" probably means offering himself as an opponent in every danger, or, which comes to the same thing, challenging every dangerous antagonist to fight with him.

² Shakespeare employs this incident with historical propriety in The First Part of King Henry IV. He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to the Chronicles, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last.
SCENE V. — Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter, from opposite sides, King Richard and Richmond; they fight, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter Richmond, with Stanley bearing the crown, and divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends; The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee. Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty From the dead temples of this bloody wretch Have I pluck’d off, to grace thy brows withal: Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all!— But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town; Whither, if ’t please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?


Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births: Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled That in submission will return to us: And then, as we have ta’en the Sacrament, We will unite the white rose and the red:— Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction, That long hath frown’d upon their enmity!— What traitor hears me, and says not Amen? England hath long been mad and scarr’d herself; The brother blindly shed the brother’s blood, The father rashly slaughter’d his own son,

8 Acquit for acquitted. See page 179, note 14, and page 213, note 2.
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal House,—
Divided in their dire division,—
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs—God, if Thy will be so—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate⁴ the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce⁵ these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say Amen!  [Exeunt.

⁴ Abate here means make dull, like rebate. So, in Love's Labours Lost, i. 1: "That honour which shall 'bate his scythe's keen edge." Also, in the novel of Pericles, 1608: "Absence abates that edge that presence whets." And Florio: "Spontare,—to abate the edge or point of any thing or weapon, to blunt, to unpoint."
⁵ Reduce, again, in the Latin sense of bring back. See page 191, note 10.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 144. *That tempers him to this extremity.* — So the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1598 corrupted *tempers* into *tempts*, thus leaving the verse defective; and the folio, to complete the verse, printed "*That temperts* him to this harsh Extremity."

P. 145. *Beseech your Graces both to pardon me.* — The old copies have "*I beseech."* In such phrases as "*I beseech,"* "*I pray,"* &c., the elision of the pronoun is too common in Shakespeare to need any special remark.

P. 145. *Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous.* — The folio has *jealous;* and, as a trisyllable is wanted here to complete the verse, perhaps it should be printed so. Walker asks, "*Why not write jealous in this place?"*

P. 145. *And the Queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.* — The old copies read "*And that the Queenes Kindred.*" But the repetition of *that* is needless as regards the sense, and defeats the rhythm of the line.

P. 146. *Beseech your Grace to pardon me.* — Here, again, the old editions have "*I beseech,"* and "*I do beseech.""

P. 147. *Till George be pack'd with post-haste up to Heaven.* — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *post-horse* instead of *post-haste.* In support of the old reading, Dyce quotes from the Induction to *2 King Henry IV.,* where Rumour speaks of "Making the wind my *post-horse.*" But it seems to me that the two cases are by no means parallel: there the *instrument* of motion was to be expressed, here the *manner.*
ACT 1., SCENE 2.

P. 153. *Thou wast the cause, and most accursed th' effect.* — So Hanmer. The old text reads "Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect."

P. 153. *To undertake the death of all the world,*  
*So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.* — So the folio. The quartos have *rest* instead of *live.* Lettsom would change *live* to *lie,* as the two words were often confounded. But *live* was probably meant in antithesis to *death* in the line before.

P. 154. *Not when my father York and Edward wept.* — So Pope. The folio has *No* instead of *Not.* The line is not in the quartos.

P. 157. *With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,*  
*The bleeding witness of her hatred by.* — So the quartos. The folio has "witness of my hatred," which some editors prefer. But "witness of my hatred" to what? Richard is speaking of the causes which the Lady Anne has for hating himself, and he regards King Henry's death as one of them, and the presence of Henry's bleeding corse is a witness to that hatred.

P. 158. *Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal.* — So Pope. The old text reads "Yong, *Valiant, Wise,* and (no doubt) right *Royal."* Surely there ought to be no hitch or halting in the metre here. Various ways of rectifying the verse have been proposed, but Pope's is the simplest.

ACT 1., SCENE 3.

P. 159. *Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.* — Here and four times afterwards in this scene, as also in several other places, the old editions have *Derby* instead of *Stanley,* but they have *Stanley* in a still larger number of places. In fact, the Lord Stanley of this play did not become Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII. For this confusion of names or titles in the old copies it is not easy to account; but it seems hardly credible that it could have originated with Shakespeare: at all events, I can see no sufficient reason for retaining it in the text, as some editors do.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 161. That thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.—The quartos have "and to remove it." The correction is Capell's. The folio has merely "that he may learne the ground," omitting the rest.

P. 165. As little joy enjoys the Queen thereof.—The old copies have "A little joy." But A is no doubt a misprint for As; for Margaret is running a variation upon what Elizabeth has just said, and the latter began her speech with "As little joy."

P. 168. Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of Nature and the son of Hell.—It appears that some have stumbled at the words slave and son here. Collier's second folio has "The stain of nature and the scorn of Hell"; Singer's, "The shame of nature and the spawn of Hell." For my part, I have to confess that the words have never troubled me; and I think Walker is right in saying that a slave of nature means "neither more nor less than a born villain."

P. 169. Riv. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.—The old text assigns this speech to Buckingham. But Margaret's reply to it, and her next speech, which is addressed to Buckingham, show that the prefix "Buc." must be wrong. Walker points out the error, and Lettsom remarks that perhaps the speech should be given to Rivers.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 175. Brak. I will, my lord: God give your Grace good rest!—

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, &c.—So the quartos. Between these two lines, the folio has "Enter Brakenny the Lieutenant," and prefixes "Bra." to the second line; the preceding dialogue being between Clarence and the "Keeper," and having "Enter Clarence and Keeper" at the opening of the scene. Of course this is making the Lieutenant and the Keeper two distinct persons. Why the folio made this change upon the quartos, is not very apparent, there being nothing gained by such variety of speakers. I must add that, in the last speech of Clarence before the entrance of Brakenny, the folio has "Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things," instead of "O Brakenny, I have done those things." Also, in Brakenny's speech a little after, the folio has "There lies the Duke asleepe, and
there the keys,” instead of “Here are the keys; there sits the duke asleep.” White objects to the quarto arrangement and reading, that “it was a violation of all propriety to make Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, go about with a bunch of ponderous keys at his girdle or in his hand.” But why may not the Lieutenant have taken the keys from one of his subordinates, for the purpose of visiting Clarence? And is there not quite as much impropriety in making Clarence, a prince of the royal blood, unbosom himself so freely in a dialogue with a mere turnkey of the prison?

P. 177. I hope my holy humour will change.—So the quartos. The folio “this passionate humor of mine.” Here, again, I prefer the quarto text, because the same speaker, in his next speech, says, “some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.”

P. 181. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul, &c.—In the quartos, this and the three following lines are addressed to the second murderer only, and in reply to what is said by him alone just before, “Make peace with God.” The folio reads “Have you that holy feeling in your soules,” &c., and makes the whole speech an address to both the Murderers.

P. 181. 2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 Murd. Relent! ’tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.—My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1 Murd. Ay, [Stabbing him.] thus, and thus, &c.—So the first quarto, which is followed by Capell, Staunton, and Dyce in his last edition. The other quartos have the same, with only some slight variations. The folio has the following:

2. Whall shall we do?

Cla. Relent, and save your soules:

Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,

Being bent from Liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as your selves came to you,

Would not intreat for life, as you would begge

Were you in my distresse.
CRITICAL NOTES.

1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
   Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, divellish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2. Looke behinde you, my Lord.
1. Take that, and that, &c.

Here it is manifest that the folio additions serve no purpose but to embarrass and enfeeble the dialogue: besides, in some places it is hardly possible to make any sense out of them. To amend the latter fault, they have been variously tinkered at, but with only partial success. I therefore have no scruple of concurring with the other editors named in omitting them altogether as an unauthorized intrusion.

P. 182. How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
   Of this most grievous murder!—So the folio. The quartos have "Of this most grievous guilty murder done."

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 185. Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,
   That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
   Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen;—indeed, of all.—So the quartos.
Between the second and third of these lines, the folio has the following line: "Of you Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales of you." Malone pointed out the fact, that there was no such person as Lord Woodville, and that Lord Scales was the oldest son of Earl Rivers.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 193. Hast. And so in me; and so, I think, in all: &c.—The old copies assign this speech to Rivers; which can hardly be right, as Rivers has all along been opposed to the faction who are here trying to dissemble their thoughts. The old copies also give the next speech to Hastings, which is here assigned to Stanley. The corrections are Capell's.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 198. Q. Eliz. For what offence?
   Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclosed:
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.—The old copies
assign the first of these speeches to the Archbishop; the quartos, with
the prefix "Car.," the folio, with "Arch." But the quartos have Lady
at the end of the next speech, while the folio has Lord, thus making
the correction in the wrong place. Johnson detected the error.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 201. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional;
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.
You break not sanctuary in seizing him: &c.—I here adopt
the punctuation proposed by Heath. The pointing commonly fol-
lowed, both in the old and in modern editions, sets a colon at the end
of the second line, and a comma at the end of the third; thus con-
necting the third line with what follows, not with what precedes. With
this pointing, I see no way but to accept Warburton's alteration of the
text, "the goodness of his age," or something equivalent. With that
change, the sense is, "If you consider the matter with due reference
to the childish and tender age of the Prince, you break not sanctuary
in taking him away." Here we have no want of logical coherence;
but, with the old reading and the old pointing, no such coherence
seems possible. The passage has troubled editors a good deal; and
other textual changes have been proposed: Collier's second folio has
"the goodness of his age;" and Lettsom notes that "the context seems
to require a word like cunning or knowledge." I at one time thought
that "grossness of this age" might refer to the gross abuses of sanctuary
practised in that age; but this consideration really does nothing towards
healing the logical incoherence. However, as those abuses are largely
insisted on in Buckingham's speech as reported by More, I subjoin a
considerable extract from the latter:

Now look how few sanctuary men there be whom necessity or misfortune compelled
to go thither. And then see, on the other side, what a sort there be commonly therein
of such whom wilful unthriftness hath brought to naught. What a rabble of thieves,
murderers, and malicious heinous traitors there be, and that in two places specially;
the one at the elbow of the city, and the other in the very bowels. I dare well avow
it, if you weigh the good that they do, with the hurt that cometh of them, ye shall
find it much better to lose both than to have both. And this I say, although they
were not abused (as they now be, and long have been,) that I fear me ever they will
be, while men be afeared to set to their hands to the amendment, as though God and
Saint Peter were the patrons of ungracious living. Now unthrifths riot and run in debt upon boldness of these places; yea, rich men run thither with poor men's goods; there they build, there they spend, and bid their creditors go whistle. Men's wives run thither with their husbands' plate, and say they dare not abide with their husbands for beating: thieves bring thither stolen goods, and live thereon. There devise they new robberies nightly, and steal out and rob, reave, and kill men, and come again into those places, as though those places gave them not only a safeguard for the harm that they have done, but a license also to do more mischief. Where a man is by lawful means in peril, there needeth he the tuition of some special privilege, which is the only ground of all sanctuaries; from which necessity this noble prince is far, whose love to his king, nature and kindred proveth; whose innocency to all the world, his tender youth affirmeth; and so sanctuary, as for him, is not necessary. Men come not to sanctuary as they come to baptism, to require it by his godfathers: he must ask it himself that must have it; and reason, sith no man hath cause to have it, but whose conscience of his own fault maketh him have need to require it. What will, then, hath yonder babe, which, if he had discretion to require it, if need were, I dare say would be now right angry with them that keep him there. And verily I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard before of sanctuary children. And he that taketh one out of sanctuary to do him good, I say plainly, he breaketh no sanctuary.

P. 201. This Prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it; Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it. — So the second folio. The earlier editions have "And therefore." Probably a repetition by mistake from the second line above, "And those who," &c.

P. 204. I'd weigh it lightly, were it heavier. — So Hanmer. The old text has "I weigh it lightly."

P. 204. I would, that I might thank you, as — as — you call me. — The folio has "thank you, as, as, you call me." Modern editions print "thank you, as you call me." Walker quotes the line as given in the folio, and then adds, "Meaning, I suppose, 'as — as — you call me.' May not this be the right reading?"

P. 207. My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots? — The old copies have "Now, my Lord, What shall wee-doe." Here Now does nothing but clog both sense and metre. Omitted by Pope.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 211. Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. — After this line, the folio makes the Priest answer, "Ile wait upon your Lordship."
As these are precisely the words in which Hastings is there made to answer Buckingham a little after, it seems altogether probable that they were inserted twice by mistake. The quartos lack them in both places.

ACT III., Scene 3.

P. 213. Make haste; the hour of death is expire. — The first folio has “the hour of death is expiate.” For “is expiate,” the second folio substitutes “is now expir’d.” The quartos give the whole line thus: “Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your lives is out”; repeating a line that occurs a little before. Steevens proposed expire, and so Singer prints. The sense of expired is evidently wanted here; and I more than doubt whether expiate was ever used in that sense. Nor can that sense be fairly drawn from any of the recognized meanings of the verb expio, while it is one of the commonest meanings of the Latin exspiratus or exspiratus. It is true, the Poet’s 22d Sonnet has “Then look I death my days should expiate”; but here again I have little doubt that expiate is a misprint for expire.

ACT III., Scene 4.

P. 214. Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination. — So Capell. Instead of They are, the old text has It is. This was probably a sophistication introduced in order to make a subject for wants, whereas nomination is the subject of wants: “and there wants,” or “there is wanting but the naming of the time.”

P. 216. What of his heart perceive you in his face

By any likelihood he show’d to day. — So the quartos. The folio has livelihood instead of likelihood. Some editors prefer the folio reading, and support it by quoting from All’s Well that Ends Well, i. 1: “The tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek”; where livelihood is put for liveliness. But it seems to me that the two cases are by no means parallel. The sense of appearance or sign is plainly required in the text; and likelihood may very well bear that sense.

P. 216. Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done. — See foot-note 10. As this scene is in London, and as in the preceding, which falls on the same day, Ratcliff is represented as being at Pomfret, Theobald here
CRITICAL NOTES.

substituted Catesby for Ratcliff. But, as we have Ratcliff again in the next scene, which also falls on the same day, and as the change cannot there be made without taking too much liberty with the old text, I deem it best to let the impropriety pass. Should we undertake to rectify all the discrepancies of this sort in Shakespeare, we should be—one can hardly tell where.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 220. Because, my lord, we would have had you hear

The traitor speak, &c.—The old text has “we would have had you heard.” The Poet probably wrote heare, and we have many instances of final d and final e confounded.

P. 221. Even where his raging eye or savage heart,

Without control, listed to make a prey.—So the folio. The quartos have “his lustfull eye.” Pope changed raging to ranging. But “raging eye” is a good classical phrase, and Dryden has it in his translation of Virgil.

ACT III., SCENE 7.

P. 225. But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,

Stared on each other, and look’d deadly pale.—The old text has “dumb statues”; but the verse clearly requires a trisyllable, and statua was often used in all sorts of writing. All the quartos, except the first two, have breathlesse instead of breathing. Rowe printed “like dumb statues or unbreathing stones,” and Lettsom proposes “like dumb statuas, unbreathing stones.” But “breathing stones” seems to me better in itself, let alone the authority of the old copies.

P. 226. He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed.—So Pope. The old copies have lulling for lolling; and the folio has love-bed instead of day-bed. The change of lulling to lolling is fully warranted from Troilus and Cressida, i. 3, where the old text has “The large Achilles, on his press’d bed lolling.” And I can hardly think that Buckingham would hint at the late King as “lolling on a lewd love-bed” in the day-time.

P. 227. But sore I fear me shall not win him to it.—So Collier’s second folio. The old copies have sure instead of sore. Dyce approves the change by citing from The Merchant of Venice, v. 1: “I’ll fear no other thing so sore as keeping safe Nerissa’s ring.”
P. 228. And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
True ornament to know a holy man.—These two lines occur only in the folio, and that has ornaments. The misprinting of singu-
lars and plurals for each other was very common. Of course the
meaning is, "to know a holy man by."

P. 228. Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf, &c.—The sec-
ond of these lines is not in the quartos, and the folio has "His royal
stock,"—an obvious error. In the third line, Johnson proposed to
read smoulder'd instead of shoulder'd, and Walker approves of that
reading. See, however, foot-note 15.

P. 230. But my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.—Walker would read
shames instead of shuns. As in the old copies the word is spelt
shunnes, it might easily be a misprint for shames. But shuns yields
an apt and forcible sense; though the proposed change seems well worth
considering.

P. 232. I am not made of stone.—The old copies have stones;
another clear instance of a plural misprinted for a singular.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 233. Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.—These lines
are not in the quartos, and the folio has "the tender Prince." But
Anne herself says a little after, that she is going to the Tower, "To
gratulate the gentle Princes there." The correction is Theobald's.

ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 247. When didst Thou sleep while such a deed was done?—In-
stead of while, the old text repeats when; probably by accident. The
correction is Lettsom's.

P. 247. I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him.—So the Cambridge
Editors. In the second line, the quartos have Richard instead of
CRITICAL NOTES.

Harry, and the folio substitutes husband for Richard. A little before, Margaret says, "When holy Harry died," and the Duchess, a little after, "O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!"

P. 248. That foul defacer of God's handiwork;
That excellent grand tyrant of the Earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls.—The last two of these lines are not in the quartos, and the folio has them transposed. An unquestionable error, which was corrected by Capell.

P. 250. For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one being sued-to, one that humbly sues;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about.—So the quartos, which are followed by Capell, Staunton, and Dyce. The folio has, instead of the lines in Roman type, the following:

For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.

P. 257. Even I: what think you of it, madam? — Such is the reading of the quartos, except that they have "I even I." The folio has "Even so: How thinke you of it?"

P. 257. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven
Edward and York.—The old copies have "thereon ingrave." Collier's second folio has "thereon engraven," which gives the same sense. I prefer engraven, because we have very frequent instances of final d and final e confounded.

P. 257. The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies.—This line is not in the quartos, and the folio has body instead of bodies.

P. 257. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love thee. — This line also is wanting in the quartos, and the folio has hate instead of love, thus giving a sense not at all suited to the context. The correction is Tyrwhitt's.
P. 258. *Advantaging their loan with interest.* — Not in the quartos. The folio has *Love* instead of *loan.* Corrected by Theobald.

P. 259. *Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject now.* — So Pope. The quartos have *love,* the folio *low,* instead of *now.*

P. 261. *The unity the King thy brother made.* — So the seventh quarto. The earlier quartos have "the King *my* brother made," — a palpable error, for which the folio substituted "the King *my husband* made."

P. 261. *As I intend to prosper and repent,*
   *So thrive I in my dangerous affairs*
   *Of hostile arms.* — So the folio. The quartos have *attempt* instead of *affairs.* I prefer the latter, because it seems more in keeping with the idea of hostile arms used defensively.

P. 262. *And be not peevish-fond in great designs.* — The quartos have "be not *peevish, fond*"; the folio, "be not *peevish found.*" See foot-note 36.

**Act V., Scene 2.**

P. 269. *The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,*
   *That spoils your summer fields and fruitful vines,*
   *Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough*
   *In your embowell'd bosoms,* &c. — So Capell. The old copies have *spoil'd* instead of *spoils.* Shakespeare has indeed other like instances of abrupt change of tense, but here the change makes a bad hitch in the sense. — Some have stumbled at the word *wretched* in the first of these lines. Collier's second folio substitutes *reckless,* and Walker pronounces *wretched* "palpably wrong." But *wretched,* I think, may very well bear the sense of *hateful* or *cursed,* or nearly that; and so the Poet elsewhere uses it; as in *Othello,* v. 1, where Roderigo, on receiving his death-wound from Iago, exclaims, "*O wretched villain!*"

**Act V., Scene 3.**

P. 272. K. Rich. *What is't o'clock?*
   *Cate.*
   *It's supper-time, my lord;*
   *It's nine o'clock.* — So the folio. The quartos have *sixe* instead of *nine.* *Six o'clock* disorders the time of the scene; for Richmond
has before said the "weary Sun hath made a golden set," and at that season, August, the Sun did not set till after seven. We are not to suppose, though, that nine o'clock was the usual supper-time at that period: on the contrary, Harrison tells us in the Preface to Holinshed, "The nobilitie, gentrie, and students ordinarilie go to dinner at eleven before noone, and to supper at five, or betweene five and six, at afternoone." Verplanck remarks upon the matter thus: "It seems, then, that the Poet, perceiving that the conduct of the scene required a later hour, and wishing to preserve the incident of Richard's refusing to sup, altered the time to what, though not the common supper hour, might well be that of an army, which had just encamped, after a march."

P. 272. I will not sup to-night.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was? — So Pope, Hanmer, and Capell. Between these two lines, the old text has the hemistich, "Give me some ink and paper," — the same words that Richmond has used a little before. Here the words are at least useless, as Richard says, a little after, "Is ink and paper ready?" How the words got repeated here, is not easy to say: Capell thinks the printers put them in by mistake, "from having their eye caught by a line opposite."

P. 274. Well, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready? — The old text is without the word Well, thus making bad work with the metre of the line. Pope mended the breach by inserting There; Capell, by inserting So.

P. 276. Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,

Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou, and flourish! — So Rowe and Collier's second folio. The old text omits thou in the second line.

P. 277. Let fall thy pointless lance: despair, and die! — So Collier's second folio. The old text lacks pointless. Some epithet is plainly needful here. Capell inserted hurtless.

P. 277. Think on Lord Hastings: so despair, and die! — So Collier's second folio. The old text lacks so. Pope completed the verse by inserting and.

P. 277. To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die! — Here Col-
lier's second folio has *powerless arm* for *edgeless sword*. Dyce thinks the latter is "an accidental repetition from the speech of Clarence's ghost."

P. 279. *Then fly.* What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.—The old copies have the second line thus: "Lest I revenge. What? my Selfe upon my Selfe?" Here *What* evidently crept in by mistake from the line above.

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.—In the old copies, the last three lines of Richard's speech are placed at the close of Richard's soliloquy, before the entrance of Ratcliff. With this arrangement, there is no apparent ground or reason for Ratcliff's saying, "be not afraid of shadows." The transposition was proposed by Mason.

P. 280. *Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,"
*Came to my tent, and cried, On! victory!"—So Warburton. The old copies read "and cried on Victory." Pope changed this to "cried out Victory." Shakespeare has the phrase to *cry on repeatedly*; but in most other cases it means to "exclaim against"; a meaning evidently unsuited to the context here.

P. 282. *Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully."—So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text has "boldly and cheerfully."

P. 283. *They thus directed, we ourself will follow, &c."—So Pope. The old copies lack *ourself*, thus leaving a gap in the verse where, evidently, there ought to be none.

P. 284. *Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold."—The old copies have "be not so bold" and "be not to bold." The *Chronicles* suggest the correction.

P. 284. *To desperate ventures and assured destruction."—So Capell. The old copies have *adventures* instead of *ventures.*
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 284. They would distrain the one, distain the other. — So Warburton, Walker, and Collier's second folio. The old text has restraine instead of distrain. The former word was never used in a sense suited to the context, while Shakespeare has the latter twice at least in just the sense here required. See foot-note 26.

P. 285. Off with his son George's head! — Hanmer printed "Off instantly with his son George's head," and it would seem that some such qualifying word is fairly required.

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 287. They fight, and exeunt fighting. — Instead of this, the old copies have "they fight, Richard is slaine"; and then add "Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne," &c. Here we have a plain contradiction, as Stanley is made to enter, and bring the crown, into the same place where Richard lies dead; which of course implies the slaying of him to have taken place somewhere else. But it is admitted, I believe, on all hands, that the stage-directions in the old copies are often badly confused, and that, in many instances at least, they were supplied by the players. Perhaps it was the custom in Shakespeare's time, as it still is, to have Richard killed before the audience. — I must add, that neither the fourth nor the fifth scene of this Act is so marked in the old copies; but the course of the action fairly implies a change of scene in both places. Such changes indeed were often left to the imagination of the audience; owing, probably, to the scant arrangements for scene-shifting on the old stage. Here the marking of the fifth scene, though not less necessary than that of the fourth, was left to be made by Dyce.

P. 287. But tell me now, is young George Stanley living? — So Dyce. The old text lacks now. Pope filled up the gap in the metre by inserting first.

P. 288. All this divided York and Lancaster,
O, now let Richmond and Elisabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal House,—
Divided in their dire division,—
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together! — In the old copies, the fourth of these lines is printed as the second. This arrangement makes the sense very obscure, to say the least, and has caused a deal
of trouble to the editors, who, it seems, cannot yet agree about either
the meaning or the punctuation of the passage. Mr. White so punctu-
ates it as to give the same meaning which is here given, except in the
first of the five lines, where I think he errs in taking divided as a verb,
and not as a participle, and so making York and Lancaster the objects
of it; as if the foregoing particulars were the cause, and not the con-
sequences, of the quarrel. The sense of that line I take to be, "All
this division of York and Lancaster." And I have little doubt that the
fourth line as here printed got transposed, by some mistake, into the
place of the second; an error which those who are at all practised in
the mysteries of printing can easily understand.
THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE

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Professor of Shakespeare in Boston University.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

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KING JOHN.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623, but included in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his Palладis Tamia, in 1598. This is the only external evidence we have as to the date of the writing. Various attempts have been made to argue that date from allusions to contemporary matters; but I cannot see that those attempts really amount to any thing at all. On the other hand, some of the German critics are altogether out, when, arguing from the internal evidences of style, structure of the verse, and tone of thought, they refer the piece to the same period of the author's life with The Tempest, The Winter's Tale, and Cymbeline. In these respects, it strikes me as having an intermediate cast between The Two Gentlemen of Verona and The Merchant of Venice. From the characteristics of style alone, I am quite persuaded that the play was written some considerable time before King Henry the Fourth. It thus synchronizes, I should say, very nearly with King Richard the Second. The matter is well stated by Schlegel: "In King John the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they have little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. Falconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language; he ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and would rather be of the deceivers than the deceived; there being in his view of the world no other choice." Schlegel thus regards the peculiarities in question as growing naturally out of the subject; whereas I have no scruple of referring them to the undergraduate state of the Poet's genius; for in truth they are much the same as in several other plays where no such cause has been alleged. These
remarks, however, are hardly applicable except to the first three Acts of the play; in the last two we have much more of the full-grown Shakespeare, sure-footed and self-supporting; the hidden elements of character, and the subtle shapings and turnings of guilty thought shining out in clear transparence, or flashing forth amidst the stress of passion; with kindlings of poetic and dramatic inspiration not unworthy the best workmanship of the Poet's middle period.

Shakespeare's play was founded upon an earlier one entitled "The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England," first printed in 1591, again in 1611, and a third time in 1622. The first issue was anonymous; the other two were put forth with Shakespeare's name as author; which really does nothing towards proving it to be his, as we have divers instances of other men's workmanship being fathered upon him. Steevens at one time thought it to be Shakespeare's, but afterwards gave it up, as he well might. Several of the German critics have taken the other side, arguing the point at great length, but with little effect. To answer their arguments were more easy than profitable; and such answer can better be spared than the space it would fill, since no English reader able to understand the reasoning will need it, after once reading the play. Coleridge indeed went so far in 1802 as to pronounce it "not his, yet of him"; a judgment in which few, I apprehend, will concur. In effect, all the English critics agree that he did not write it, though scarce any two of them agree who did.

The scope and sum of the Poet's borrowings from the older play are aptly expressed by Staunton: "The play of King John stands precisely in the same relation to the old drama called 'The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England,' that The Taming of the Shrew does to its predecessor, The Taming of a Shrew. In both cases the older productions were probably current favourites on the stage when Shakespeare first joined it; and in obedience to the customs of the time, and perhaps to the dictates of his employers, he took them up as good dramatic subjects; and, availing himself of the general plot and leading incidents of each, transfused a new vitality into the crude materials furnished by some other workman."
KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King John.
Prince Henry, his Son.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.
Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.
Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex.
Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, Chamberlain.
Robert Falconbridge.
Philip, the Bastard, his Half-Brother.
James Gurney, Servant to Lady Falconbridge.
Peter of Pomefret, a Prophet.

Philip, King of France.
Louis, the Dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
Pandulph, the Pope's Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, Ambassador from France to King John.

Elenor, Mother to King John.
Constance, Mother to Arthur.
Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.
Lady Falconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene.—Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elenor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour,¹ to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.
   Eli. A strange beginning: borrow'd majesty!
   K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
   Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.
   K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
   Chat. The proud control² of fierce and bloody war,
T' enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
   K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
   Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
   K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon³ shall be heard:

¹ "In the speech and action I am now going to use." So in v. 2, of this play: "Now hear our English King; for thus his royalty doth speak in me."

² Control here means coercion or constraint. Hooker often uses the word in the kindred sense of to rebuke, censure, or chastise; as in Preface, ii. 4: "Authority to convent, to control, to punish, as far as excommunication," &c. And viii. 7: "They began to control the ministers of the Gospel for attributing so much force and virtue to the Scriptures of God read." Also in Book vii. 16, 6: "Which letters he justly taketh in marvellous evil part, and therefore severely controlleth his great presumption in making himself a judge of a judge."

³ The Poet here antedates the use of gunpowder by more than a hundred
SCENE I. KING JOHN.

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen\(^4\) presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have: —
Pembroke, look to't. — Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage\(^5\) of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. [Aside to John.] Your strong possession much more
than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge. —

*Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Falconbridge, and Philip his
bastard Brother.*

What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Coeur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow.— Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
SCENE I.  KING JOHN.

But whêr\(^6\) I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

\(K.\) John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven sent us here!

\(Eli.\) He hath a trick\(^7\) of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:\(^8\)
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

\(K.\) John. Mine eye hath well examinéd his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

\(Bast.\) Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat\(^9\) five hundred pound a year!

\(Rob.\) My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

\(Bast.\) Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

\(Rob.\) —And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

---

\(^6\) A frequent contraction of \textit{whether}.

\(^7\) \textit{Trick}, as here used, is properly an heraldic term for \textit{mark} or \textit{note}; hence meaning a peculiarity of countenance or expression. See vol. iv. page 16, note 18.

\(^8\) To \textit{affect} a thing is, in one sense, to \textit{draw} or \textit{incline} towards it; that is, to \textit{resemble} it. The meaning here is, that the Bastard's speech has a \textit{smack} of his alleged father's.

\(^9\) The groats of Henry VII. differed from other coins in having a \textit{half-face}, or profile, instead of a full-face. Hence the phrase \textit{half-faced groat} came to be used of a meagre visage. So in \textit{The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon}, 1601: "You \textit{half-fac'd} groat, you thin-cheek'd chitty face."
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,\textsuperscript{10}
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

\textit{K. John.} Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

\textit{Rob.} Shall, then, my father's will be of no force

\textsuperscript{10} This appears to have been a common form of making oath, or swearing to a thing. So in \textit{r Henry IV.}, v. 4: "I'll \textit{take it upon my death}, I gave him this wound in the thigh."
To dispossess that child which is not his?

_Bast._ Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

_Eli._ Whèr hadst thou rather, be a Falconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land besides?

_Bast._ Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff’d; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, _Look, where three-farthings goes!_

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land;
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I’d give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

_Eli._ I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

---

11 Whèr, again, for whether. And in alternative questions whether is often used as equivalent to which, or which of the two. So that the meaning here is, “Which wouldst thou prefer, to be a Falconbridge,” &c.

12 Presence is here equivalent to person; and the meaning is lord in right of thy own person. The lord of a thing is, properly, the owner of it; and lords are commonly such in virtue of the lands and titles that belong to them. As the son of a king, Falconbridge will be a lord by personal right, whether he has any lands or not. Sir Henry Wotton’s _Happy Man_ has a similar expression: “Lord of himself, though not of lands.”

13 Sir Robert his is merely equivalent to Sir Robert’s; his being the old sign of the genitive.

14 Alluding to the three-farthing pieces of Elizabeth, which, being of silver, were of course very thin. These pieces had a profile of the Queen on the obverse side, and a rose on the reverse. Staunton notes that, “as with the profile of the sovereign it bore the emblem of a rose, its similitude to a weazen-faced bean with that flower stuck in his ear, according to a courtly fashion of Shakespeare’s day, is sufficiently intelligible and humorous.”

15 Here to has the force of in addition to; a frequent usage.
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

_Bast._ Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

_Eli._ Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

_Bast._ Our country manners give our betters way.

_K. John._ What is thy name?

_Bast._ Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun,—
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eld' st son.

_K. John._ From henceforth bear his name whose form
thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet. 16

_Bast._ Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

_Eli._ The very spirit of Plantagenet! —
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

_Bast._ Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right, 17
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch; 18

16 _Plantagenet_ was originally an epithet conferred upon a member of the House of Anjou from his wearing a stalk of the broom-plant, _planta genista_, in his cap or bonnet.

17 That is, "I am your grandson, though, to be sure, somewhat _irregularly_ so; but that matters little, since what a man has, he has, however he came by it; and, in a shooting-match, it makes no difference whether one hits close or wide of the mark, so long as he wins the game." Such is in substance Johnson's explanation. Here, as often, _truth_ is put for _honesty_. So _true man_ often means _honest man_.

18 These were proverbial phrases applied to persons born illegitimately. So in _The Family of Love_, 1608: "Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that _came in at a window._" And in _The Witches of Lancashire_, 1634: "I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's _cat to leap over the hatch._"
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Falconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam,—and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.—

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:

Good den, Sir Richard:—God-a-mercy, fellow!
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his toothpick at my Worship's mess;
And, when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why, then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man, of countries: My dear sir,

19 Good den was a common colloquialism for good even.—God-a-mercy
is an old colloquialism for God have mercy; that is, "God pardon me."
Here it stands as a sort of apology for non-recognition.—Joan, in the line
before, is used as a common term meaning about the same as wench.

20 Conversion here means change of condition, such as the speaker has
just undergone in being transferred to a higher rank. Respective is mindful
or considerate; a very frequent usage. The language of the passage is
elliptical; the meaning being, that remembering men's names implies too
much thought of others, and too much community of feeling, for one that
has just been lifted into nobility of rank. The Bastard is ridiculing the
affectations of aristocratic greenhorns. See Critical Notes.

21 Pickèd is scrupulously nice, fastidious, or coxcomical; as in Love's
Labours Lost, v. i: "He is too picked, too spruce, too odd, too affected, as
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
I shall beseech you — that is Question now;
And then comes Answer like an A B C-book: 22
O sir, says Answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:
No, sir, says Question; I, sweet sir, at yours:
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,—
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Appennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,—
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation: 23

it were, too peregrinate.” “My picked man” here is a man who pranks up
his behaviour with foreign airs, or what may pass for such; and the mean-
ing is, catechize him of, or about, the countries he claims to have seen. In
Shakespeare’s time, which was an age of newly-awakened curiosity, with
but small means of gratifying it, travellers were much welcomed to the
tables of the rich and noble, for the instruction and entertainment of their
talk. This naturally drew on a good deal of imposture from such as were
more willing to wag their tongues than to work with their hands. It seems
that the tooth-pick was wont to cut a prominent figure in the conduct of
such persons. So in Jonson’s Cynthia’s Revels, ii. i: “Amorphus, a travel-
er, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms, that himself is truly
deform’d. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his
mouth; he is the mint of compliment; all his behaviours are printed,” &c.
Also in Overbury’s Characters: “His attire speaks French or Italian, and
his gate cries, Behold me. He censures all things by countenances and
shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping: he will
choake rather than confess beere good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a
maine part of his behaviour.”

22 A B C-book was for teaching children their letters, catechism, &c.
23 The meaning is, that the present time thinks scorn of a man who does
not show by his dress and manners that he has travelled abroad, and ob-
served the world. Sir Richard here uses bastard in a double sense; for one
born illegitimately, and also for one that the time regards as base, that is,
low-born or low-bred.
And so am I, — whether I smack or no,—
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion, to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age’s tooth: 24
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn; 25
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her? 26

Enter Lady Falconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother. — How now, good lady!
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert’s son?

24 Something of obscurity here, perhaps. But I take the infinitive to de-
liver as depending upon I am. Motion is motive, or moving power; and
“inward motion” is an honest, genuine impulse or purpose in antithesis to
the mere externals spoken of just before. So that Sir Richard means that
he is going to humour the world in his outward man, and at the same time
be thoroughly sound within; or that he will appear what the age craves, and
yet be what he ought.

25 The which, in this latter member of the sentence, I understand as
referring to the whole sense of the preceding member. The speaker means
to learn the arts of popularity, and to practise them, not hollowly, that he
may cheat the people, or play the demagogue, but from the heart, and that
he may be an overmatch for the cheats and demagogues about him. The
Poet here prepares us for the honest and noble part which Falconbridge
takes in the play; giving us an early inside taste of this most downright and
forthright humourist, who delights in a sort of righteous or inverted
hypocrisy, talking like a knave, and acting like a hero.

26 A double allusion, to the horns blown by postmen, and to such horns
as Lady Falconbridge has endowed her husband with. See vol. iii. page
212, note 7; and vol. iv. page 164, note 24.
Colbrand the giant,²⁷ that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

_Lady F._ Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

_Bast._ James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?
_Gur._ Good leave, good Philip.

_Bast._ Philip! sparrow!²⁸ James,
There's toys²⁹ abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.—

[Exit Gurney.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

_Lady F._ Hast thou conspirèd with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

_Bast._ Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisko-like:³⁰

²⁷ The famous Danish giant whom Guy of Warwick vanquished in the presence of King Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book.

²⁸ The sparrow was called Philip, because its note resembles that name. So in Lyly's _Mother Bombie_: "_Philip, phil_, the sparrows as they fly." And Catullus, in his elegy on Lesbia's sparrow, formed the verb _pipilabat_, to express the note of that bird. The new Sir Richard tosses off the name _Philip_ with affected contempt.

²⁹ Toys sometimes means _rumours_ or _idle reports_: here it probably means _slight changes_ or _novelties_; alluding humorously to the changes in the speaker's name and rank.

³⁰ Referring to the old play of _Solyman and Perseda_, 1599, in which there is a bragging, cowardly knight called Basilisko. Piston, a buffoon, jumps upon his back, and forces him to take an oath as "the aforesaid Basilisco"; whereupon he says, "I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—_knight_, good fellow, _knight_"; and Piston replies, "_Knav_, good fellow, _knav_."
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert; and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heaven lay not my transgression to thy charge,
That art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence!

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on Earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatchèd force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

81 We should say, "my good mother." Such inversions occur very often
all through these plays. So we have "dread my lord," "sweet my sister,"
"gentle my brother," "gracious my mother," &c.

82 Proper is handsome, fine-looking; such being then the more common
meaning of the word.

83 It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to
have devoured hym; and, when the lyon was gapyng, he put his arm in his
mouth, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon;
and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon: but some say
he is called Cure de Lyon because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake.—
Rastall's Chronicle.
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to Hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. — France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, Philip, King of France, Louis, Constance, Arthur, and Forces; on the other, the Archduke of Austria and Forces.

K. Phi. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria! —
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave: ¹
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance ² hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation

¹ In point of fact, Leopold, the Duke of Austria who imprisoned Richard, died by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John came to the throne; and Richard fell by the hand of the Viscount of Limoges, one of his own vassals. But Shakespeare, following the old play, makes Limoges and Austria the same person. So in iii. 1: "O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame that bloody spoil." And in the old play: "The Bastard chaseth Limoges the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leave the lyon's skin."

² Importance for importunity; a frequent usage. See vol. v. page 239, note 29.
SCENE I.  KING JOHN.  

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John: 
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love: 3
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.
K. Phi. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture 4 of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,—
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-wallèd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,—
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more 5 requital to your love!

3 We have an instance of similar language in Pericles, i. 1: "My unspotted fire of love." Also near the close of this play: "And the like tender of our love we make, to rest without a spot for evermore."

4 An indenture is, properly, a written contract drawn in duplicate on one piece of parchment, and then two copies cut with indentations, so as to guard against counterfeits. Setting the seal to such an instrument was the finishing stroke of the process, and made the contract good in law. —In the third line after, "that pale, that white-faced shore" refers to the chalky cliffs at Dover which from the opposite coast appear as a whitened wall.

5 More in the sense of greater. So in 1 Henry IV., iv. 3: "The more and less came in with cap and knee."
Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages: 6
We’ll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen’s blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly 7 shed.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady; lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived! —

Enter Chatillon.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay’d, 8 have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient 9 to this town,

6 That is, to select the most advantageous places for assault.
7 Indirectly in the Latin sense of indirectus; that is, wrongfully. Such
a wanton or needless shedding of blood would be unrighteous; so Con-
stance thinks.
8 The winds whose quietness, or whose subsiding, I have waited for.
9 Expedient for rapid or expeditious; a common usage in the Poet’s
time. See vol. ix. page 156, note 18.
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até,¹⁰ stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them, a bastard of the King deceased:
And all th' unsettled humours of the land, —
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,¹¹ —
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights¹² proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft¹³ o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums     [Drums within.
Cuts off more circumstance:¹⁴ they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

    K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!¹⁵
    Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

¹⁰ Até was the goddess of discord, the unholy spirit of hate.
¹¹ The spleen was supposed to be the special seat of the electric and gun-
powder passions. See vol. iii. page 13, note 17.
¹² A birthright, as the word is here used, is an inherited estate.
¹³ Waft for wasted. The Poet has many preterites formed the same way,
such as quit, hoist, &c. See vol. vii. page 21, note 42.
¹⁴ Circumstance for particulars, or circumstantial detail. Often so. See
vol. iii. page 120, note 35.
¹⁵ Expedition in the same sense as expedient, a little before; speed or
swiftness.
Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to Heaven!
While we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to Heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-facèd infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And his is Geoffrey's: in the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

16 Under-wrought for undermined; supplanting by underhand practices.
17 This miniature contains, in little, that which died large, or full-grown, in Geoffrey. Abstract here means the same as brief in the next clause.
18 Meaning that whatever was Geoffrey's is now his, that is, Arthur's. The sense would be clearer if the order of the words were inverted. See Critical Notes.
19 Owe for own, possess; continually so in Shakespeare.
SCENE I.

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer to thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world! 20

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother. 21

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

20 "The allusion," says Staunton, "is obviously to the Queen of the chessboard, which, in this country, was invested with those remarkable powers that rendered her by far the most powerful piece of the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century."

21 Elinor was first married to Louis VII. of France, and was divorced by him on a charge of infidelity. Afterwards, in 1151, she was married to Henry II. of England, by whom she became the mother of Richard, Geoffrey, and John. It is to these stains in her history that Constance refers. Pretty sharp taunting!
**Bast.** Hear the crier.  
**Aust.** What the Devil art thou?

**Bast.** One that will play the Devil, sir, with you,  
And 'a may catch your hide and you alone:  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:  
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

**Blanch.** O, well did he become that lion's robe  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!  
**Bast.** It lies as sightly on the back of him  
As great Alcides' does upon an ass:  
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

**Aust.** What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath? —  
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.  

**K. Phi.** Women and fools, break off your conference. —  
King John, this is the very sum of all,  
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:  
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

---

22 Alluding to the order for silence proclaimed by criers in courts of justice. The Bastard is baiting Austria.

23 What most of all kindles the wrath of Falconbridge against Austria is, that the latter, after having caused the death of King Richard, now wears the lion's hide which had belonged to that prince. In the old play Falconbridge is made to exclaim, "My father's foe clad in my father's spoyle!" — The 'a in this line is an old colloquialism for he or she, much used in the Poet's time. So in the preceding scene: "The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out," &c.

24 This proverb is met with in the Adagia of Erasmus: "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant." So in The Spanish Tragedy: "So hares may pull dead lions by the beard." — Smoke, in the next line, is an old provincialism for to cudgel, to drub, or thrash. So Cotgrave's Dictionary: "L'en auray, — blowes being understood,— I shall be well beaten; my skin-coat will be soundly curried." This explanation is Halliwell's.
K. John. My life as soon! I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it\(^{25}\) grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil\(^{26}\) that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whèr she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and Earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of Heaven and Earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressèd boy, thy eld' st son's son,
Infortuniate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,

\(^{25}\) Shakespeare has many instances of *it* used possessively, for *its*, which was not then an accepted word. In such cases, modern editors generally, and justly, print *its* instead of *it*. The text, however, should probably pass as an exception to the rule, since, as Lettsom remarks, "Constance here is evidently mimicking the imperfect babble of the nursery." Doubtless we have all heard *it* so used in "baby talk."

\(^{26}\) *Coil* is *bustle, tumult, or fuss*. Often so. See vol. iv. page 248, note 6.
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue;—plagued for her,
And with 27 her plagued; her sin his injury;
Her injury the beadle 28 to her sin:
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised 29 scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd 30 grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim 31
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

27 Shakespeare often uses with where the present idiom requires by; as in Julius Caesar, iii. 2: "Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors."
—Constance still has in mind the words of the second Commandment, "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." And she means, that Arthur not only suffers in consequence of Elinor's crime, or on her account, but is also plagued by her, as the direct agent or instrument of his sufferings.

28 The beadle is the officer who, as the sheriff with us, executes the sentence of the court upon persons condemned. The meaning is, that Elinor's sin draws evil upon Arthur, and that her sin is moreover the executioner of that evil.

29 Unadvised here means inconsiderate, reckless, or rash. So the Poet often has advised for considerate or careful. So unadvised in the preceding scene: "Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood." See, also, vol. ix. page 257, note 30.

30 Here canker'd probably means malignant; as in cancer, a malignant sore. See vol. vii. page 87, note 42.

31 To cry aim was a term in archery, meaning to encourage or instigate. See vol. vi. page 52, note 8.
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fix'd beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful King,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd checks,—
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

32 Ordinance for ordinance. The Poet uses it so, where the verse wants a trisyllable. — Dishabited, second line below, is dislodged.
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your King; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens\(^33\) before your town;
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressèd child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes\(^34\) it, namely, this young Prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessèd and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But, if you fondly pass our proffer'd peace,

\(^33\) *Greens for plants,* or vegetation in general, says Walker.

\(^34\) *Owes for owns,* while *owe,* in the preceding line, has the present meaning of that word.
Tis not the rondure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge, then, the King, and let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramin'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. —To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. —Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. Phi. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swunged the dragon, and e'er since

85 Rondure is circle or girdle; from the French rondeur. — Fondly, line before, is foolishly; a common usage.
Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,\textsuperscript{36}
Teach us some fence!—[To Aust.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

\textit{Aust.} Peace! no more.
\textit{Bast.} O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!
\textit{K. John.} Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
\textit{Bast.} Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.
\textit{K. Phi.} It shall be so;—[To Louis.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!

[Exeunt, severally, the English and French Kings, &c.

\textit{After excursions, enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to
the gates.}

\textit{F. Her.} You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discouler'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's King and yours.

\textit{Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.}

\textit{E. Her.} Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your King and England's, doth approach,

\textsuperscript{36} Pictures of Saint George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew
the Dragon, were used for innkeepers' signs.
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood; 37
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes: 38
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

r Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censur'd:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Re-enter, on one side, King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and Forces; on the other, King Philip, Louis, Austria, and Forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,

37 The phrase gilded or gilt with blood was common. So in Chapman's Iliad, book xvi.: "The curets from great Hector's breast all gilded with his gore."

38 It appears that, at the conclusion of a deer-hunt, the huntsmen used to stain their hands with the blood of the deer as a trophy.
Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

_ K. Phi._ England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

_Bast._ Ha, Majesty! how high thy glory^39_ towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chops with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing^40_ the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings._—_
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry _havoc_,^41_ Kings! back to the stained field,
You equal-potent, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

_K. John._ Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
_K. Phi._ Speak, citizens, for England; who's your King?

_1 Cit._ The King of England, when we know the King.

_K. Phi._ Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

_K. John._ In us, that are our own great deputy,

---

^39_ Glory for glorying_, that is, _vaunting_; one of the senses of the Latin _gloria_. A frequent usage.

^40_ To _mouse_ is to _tear in pieces_, or to _devour eagerly_. So in Dekker's _Wonderful Year_, 1603: "Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and _mousing_ fat venison, the mad Greeks made bonfires of their houses." See, also, vol. iii. page 86, note 99.

^41_ Crying _havoc_ in battle, was a signal for indiscriminate massacre, or for giving no quarter.
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater Power than ye denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,
Kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gaze and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

42 "King'd of our fears" is the same as ruled by our fears. We have a like expression in King Henry V., ii. 3: "For, my good liege, she [England] is so idly king'd."
43 I am not quite sure as to the sense of resolved here. Sometimes the word, in Shakespeare, means to inform, assure, or satisfy; sometimes to melt or dissolve. The latter seems to accord best with the sense of purged and deposed.
44 Scroyles is scurvy rogues; from the French escrouelles.
45 Mutines for mutineers; as in Hamlet, v. 2: "Methought I lay worse than the mutines in the bilboes." The allusion is probably to the combination of the civil factions in Jerusalem when the city was threatened by Titus.
46 Soul-appalling. The Poet often uses the verb to fear in the sense of making afraid or scaring. See vol. vi. page 149, note 2.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states? Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. — France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And, when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for Heaven or Hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. — Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunders from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [Aside.] O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

47 States here may be equivalent to thrones, the chairs of state being put for the occupiers of them. Sometimes state is used for person of high rank; as in Cymbeline, iii. 4: "Kings, queens, and states." — The meaning of the next line appears to be, "Is there not some smack of policy, or of politic shrewdness, in this counsel?"
I'll stir them to it. — Come, away, away!

† Cit. Hear us, great Kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league:
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persévér not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

† Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England: 48 look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, then say he is not she;
And she, again, wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be, but that she is not he: 49
He is the half part of a blessèd man,
Left to be finishèd by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,

48 Blanch was in fact daughter to Alphonso IX., King of Castile, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.
49 The sense appears to be, "And she, again, wants nothing, but that she is not he; if there be anything wanting in her, and if it be right to speak of want in connection with her."
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,  
To these two Princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance: but, without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion;⁵⁰ no, not Death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

Bast.  Here's a flaw,⁵¹  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon, fire and smoke and bounce;⁵²  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:  
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his  
But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds, I was never so bethump'd with words

⁵⁰ If the text be right, the meaning is, "Lions are not more confident, nor mountains and rocks more free from motion."

⁵¹ Flaw, in one of its senses, signifies a violent gust of wind. So in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "A flaw of wind is a gust, which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth." Shakespeare has it repeatedly so; as in *Coriolanus*, v. 3: "Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, and saving those that eye thee."

⁵² Bounce is the old word for the report of a gun, the same as our bang. So in *2 Henry the Fourth*, iii. 2: "There was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: rah, tah, tah, would 'a say; bounce would 'a say; and away again would 'a go," &c. — To give the bastinado is to beat with a cudgel; the same as to baste, or to give a bastinage."
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

_Eli._ [Aside to John.] Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now-unsured assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable\(^{53}\) of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

_I Cit._ Why answer not the double Majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

_K. Phi._ Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: — what say you?

_K. John._ If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read _I love_,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea—
Except this city now by us besieged—
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

_K. Phi._ What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

_Lou._ I do, my lord; and in her eye I find

\(^{53}\) Capable here is equivalent to susceptible. So in the next scene: "For I am sick, and capable of fears." See, also, vol. ix. page 189, note 3.
A wonder, or a wonderous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself,
Till now infix'd I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[Whispers with Blanch.

_Bast._ [Aside.] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.

_Blanch._ My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.—
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

_K. John._ What say these young ones?—What say you,
my niece?

_Blanch._ That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

_K. John._ Speak, then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

_Lou._ Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

54 _Table for the board_ or _canvas_ on which a picture is made. See vol. iv. page 15, note 17.
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.— Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young Princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured That I did so when I was first affied.56

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made; For at Saint Mary's chapel presently The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.— Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? I know she is not; for this match made up Her presence would have interrupted much: Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lou. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made Will give her sadness very little cure.— Brother of England, how may we content This widow'd lady? In her right we came; Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way, To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all; For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

55 Likes was continually used thus, in all sorts of writing, for suits or pleases.

56 Affied is betrothed or affianced. See vol. ii. page 223, note 6.

57 Passionate here means perturbed or agitated. So in The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, 1600: "Tell me, good madam, why is your Grace so passionate of late?"
We make him lord of.——Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:——I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook’d-for, unprepared pomp.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard. The Citizens
retire from the walls.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Author’s title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed\(^{58}\) with a part;
And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God’s own soldier,—rounded\(^ {59}\) in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker,\(^ {60}\) that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,\(^ {61}\)—
Commodity, the bias of the world;

\(^{58}\) Departed in the sense of parted, the two being formerly synonymous. See vol. ii. page 28, note 16.

\(^{59}\) To round, or roun, was sometimes used for to whisper. So in The Examination of William Thorpe, 1407: “And the archbishop called then to him a clerke, and rouned with him: and that clerke went forth, and soone brought in the constable of Saltwood castle, and the archbishop rouned a good while with him.” See, also, vol. vii. page 152, note 31.

\(^{60}\) A broker was properly a pander or pimp; hence, sometimes, as here, a dissembler or cheat. See vol. iv. page 77, note 10.

\(^{61}\) Commodity here is advantage, profit, or interest. So, in 2 Henry IV., i. 2, Falstaff says, “A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity.”
Scene I.  

The world, who of itself is peised \textsuperscript{62} well, 
Made to run even upon even ground, 
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias, 
This sway of motion, this commodity, 
Makes it take head from all indifferency,\textsuperscript{63} 
From all direction, purpose, course, intent: 
And this same bias, this commodity, 
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word, 
Clapp'd on the outward eye\textsuperscript{64} of fickle France, 
Hath drawn him from his own determined aim, 
From a resolved and honourable war, 
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.— 
And why rail I on this commodity? 
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet: 
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand, 
When his fair angels\textsuperscript{65} would salute my palm; 
But for my hand, as unattempted yet, 
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich. 
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail, 
And say, There is no sin but to be rich: 
And being rich, my virtue then shall be 
To say, There is no vice but beggary: 
Since kings break faith upon commodity, 
Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee! [Exit.

\textsuperscript{62} Peised is balanced or poised. To peise is, properly, to weigh.

\textsuperscript{63} Indifference in the sense of impartiality. The world, swayed by interest, is compared to a biassed bowl, which is deflected from an impartial course by the load in one side.

\textsuperscript{64} The allusion to the game of bowls is still kept up. Staunton says, "The aperture on one side which contains the bias or weight that inclines the bowl, in running, from the direct course, was sometimes called the eye."

\textsuperscript{65} Angel was the name of a gold coin. See vol. iii. page 156, note 7.—The sense of the passage is, "I rail at bribery, not because I have the virtue to keep my hand closed when a bribe tempts me to open it, but because I am as yet untempted."
ACT III.

SCENE I.—France. The French King’s Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join’d! gone to be friends!
Shall Louis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoken, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o’er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say ’tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king’s oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish’d for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress’d with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And, though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex’d spirits I cannot take a truce,¹
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,²

¹ To take truce is old language for to make peace. So in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1: “Could not take truce with the unruly spleen of Tybalt deaf to peace.”

² Lamentable for lamenting; the passive form with the active sense, according to the old usage which I have often noted. See vol. iv. page 193, note xi. — Rheum was used indifferently for tears, and for the secretions of the nose and mouth.
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

_Sal._ As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

_Const._ O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die!—
Louis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

_Sal._ What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

_Const._ Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

_Arth._ I do beseech you, madam, be content.

_Const._ If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:

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*8 Sightless for unsightly. The Poet has a like use of several other words; as in _King Richard II._, iv. i: "The bloody office of his timeless end."
—_Swart_, in the next line, is _dark or swarthy_, and _prodigious_ in the sense of _misshapen_ or _monstrous_.*
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the Kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout. 4
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm Earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Seats herself on the ground.

Enter King John, King Philip, Louis, Blanch, Elinor, the
Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:

4 Stout in a moral sense; that is, proud.—"Distress," says Johnson,
"while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but, when
no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that
injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can
be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be
dreaded."
To solemnize this day the glorious Sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. [Rising.] A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar? 
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodiginously be cross’d:
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn’d to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty; which, being touch’d and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies’ blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—

5 "High tides of the calendar" are times set down in the almanac to be specially observed; days marked for public honour and celebration.
6 Lest their hopes be frustrated by monstrous births.
7 But in the exceptive sense; from be out.
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured Kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured Kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

_Aust._                 Lady Constance, peace!
_Const._        War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool wert thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party!⁸ Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

_Aust._ O, that a man should⁹ speak those words to me!
_Bast._ And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
_Aust._ Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.
_Bast._ And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
_K. John._ We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

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⁸ _Party_ for _part_; that is, _side_. The two words were often used interchangeably. See vol. iv, page 65, note r.
⁹ _Should_ for _would_; the two being often used indiscriminately. Constance means that Austria is a coward, and that a calf's-skin would fit him better than a lion's.
K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and, force perforce, 10
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king? 11
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority. 12

10 Force and perforce were often thus used together, merely to intensify the expression. Cotgrave explains it, "of necessitie, will he nill he, in spite of his teeth."
11 The order is, "What earthly name can task to interrogatories the free breath," &c.; meaning, simply, "what earthly power can hold a free king responsible, or call him to account?"
12 "All reverence to him and his usurp'd authority being set apart"; that is, cast off.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call’d,
Canónized, and worshipp’d as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There’s law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look’st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, Hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.
Bast. And hang a calf’s-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because —
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say’st thou to the Cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?
Lou. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That’s the curse of Rome.
Const. O Louis, stand fast! the Devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new-uptrimmèd bride.
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need!
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The King is moved, and answers not to this.
Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!
Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf’s-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex’d, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
The latest breath that gave the sound of words  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love  
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before,—  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd  
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed kings:  
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,¹³  
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?¹⁴  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so!  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; then we shall be blest  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.  

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!

¹³ So strong both in deeds of blood and in deeds of love.  
¹⁴ Regret here means interchange of salutation.
SCENE I.  

KING JOHN.  

Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal\textsuperscript{15} paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

\textit{K. Phi.} I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

\textit{Pand.} So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church!
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself,
And may not be perform'd by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is most amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it:\textsuperscript{16}
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorchèd veins of one new-burn'd.\textsuperscript{17}
It is religion that doth make vows kept:
But thou hast sworn against religion;

\textsuperscript{15} Mortal is deadly, that which kills. Commonly so in Shakespeare. The venom of serpents, or snakes, was formerly supposed to be seated in the tongue; and snakes in general were held to be poisonous.

\textsuperscript{16} A specimen of argument in converso. "On the one hand, the wrong which you have sworn to do, is most wrong when your oath is truly performed; on the other hand, when a proposed act tends to ill, the truth is most done by leaving the act undone."

\textsuperscript{17} The Poet has several references to the mode of curing a burn by holding the burnt place up to the fire. So in \textit{Romeo and Juliet}, i. 2: "Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning." And in \textit{Julius Caesar}, iii. 1: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity."
By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And makest an oath — the surety for thy truth —
Against an oath, — the test thou art unsure.\textsuperscript{18}
Who swears, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.\textsuperscript{19}
Therefore thy later vow against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy-loose suggestions:\textsuperscript{20}
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but if not, then know
The peril of our curses light\textsuperscript{21} on thee,
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
\textit{Aust.} Rebellion, flat rebellion!
\textit{Bast.} Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?
\textit{Lou.} Father, to arms!
\textit{Blanch.} Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums —
Clamours of Hell — be measures to our pomp?

\textsuperscript{18} "By which \textit{act}, thou swearest against the thing thou swearest \textit{by};
and, by setting an oath against an oath, thou makest that which is the surety
for thy truth the proof that thou art untrue." See Critical Notes.
\textsuperscript{19} That is, "\textit{in keeping} that which thou dost swear." An instance of the
infinitive used gerundively. See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.
\textsuperscript{20} Suggestions, as usual in Shakespeare, for temptations or seductions.
See vol. vii. page 52, note 54.
\textsuperscript{21} An instance of false concord; the verb agreeing with the nearest sub-
stantive, \textit{curses}, instead of with the proper subject, \textit{peril}. 
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee, I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour:—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!

Lou. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from
thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this
hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The Sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.—
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;—
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;—

22 Muse for wonder. Often so.—Respects, in the next line, is considera-
tions; a frequent usage. See vol. iv. page 192, note 10.
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;—
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:—
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assurèd loss before the match be play’d.

Lou. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn’d up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay’t, nothing but blood,—
The best and dearest-valued blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let’s
hie! [Exeunt, severally, the English and French
Kings, &c.

SCENE II. — The Same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Austria’s
head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.—Austria’s head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep thou this boy.—Philip, make up: 1
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta’en, I fear.

1 Make up is an old military term for advance.—Here John calls the
Bastard Philip, notwithstanding he has knighted him as Sir Richard, and
has before called him by the latter name.
SCENE III. — The Same. Another Part of the Plains.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [To Elinor.] So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind,
More strongly guarded. — [To Arthur.] Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [To the Bast.] Cousin, away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison’d angels: \(^2\) the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry war be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle \(^3\) shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highness. — Grandam, I will pray —

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\(^2\) The gold coin so named. See page 41, note 65.

\(^3\) Alluding to the old forms used in pronouncing the final curse of excommunication. On such occasions, the bishop and clergy went into the church, with a cross borne before them, and with several waxen tapers lighted. At the climax of the cursing, the tapers were extinguished, with a prayer that the soul of the excommunicate might be “given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quenched and put out.” What with these things, and what with the tolling of bells and the using of books, it was an appalling ceremony.
If ever I remember to be holy—
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
   Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

[Exit Bastard.

   Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

   K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishéd.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
   Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.
   K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and, creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The Sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one⁴ into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,

⁴ There is an apparent discrepancy here between midnight and sound one. But such notes of inexactness were not uncommon in all sorts of writing. So in The Famous History of Doctor Faustus, quoted by Dyce: "It happened that, betwenee twelve and one a clocke at midnight, there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house."
SCENE III.  

KING JOHN.  

And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded⁵ watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.


Hub. My lord?


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⁵ Brooded for brooding; under the old indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See vol. vii. page 95, note 10.—Milton has a like expression in his L'Allegro: "Find out some uncouth cell, where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings."
Hub. He shall not live.


I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee; Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, t' attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Philip, Louis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convented sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lou. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,

1 Con vented is assembled or collected.—Armado is a fleet of war. The word was adopted from the Spanish, and was made familiar to English ears by the defeat of the Armada.

2 Advice here is judgment or consideration. Often so. See vol. iii. page 208, note x.
So we could find some pattern of our shame.
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—

Enter Constance.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust;
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a mother's invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

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8 Eternal for immortal. So in Othello, iii. 3: "By the worth of man's eternal soul." — "The vile prison of afflicted breath" is the body, of course.
4 To refuse or reject is among the old senses of to defy.
Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to Heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason.5
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts6 were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.7

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my son,

5 Reason in the sense of reasoning or consideration.
6 "A babe of clouts" is simply a doll, or a rag-baby.
7 It is not very apparent what Constance means by these words, or what object she is addressing. Perhaps, as Staunton suggests, she "apostrophizes her hair, as she madly tears it from its bonds."
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspirot,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague-fit:
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the Court of Heaven
I shall not know him: therefore—never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

8 Gracious in the sense of graceful or lovely. So, again, in “all his gracious parts,” a little after.—The sense of the next line is, that sorrow, like a canker-worm, will eat the bud, &c. So in Romeo and Juliet, i. 1: “As is the bud bit with an envious worm.” See vol. vii. page 35, note 93.

9 Respect in the sense of favour or regard. “Such a perverse and wilful cherishing of grief is a heinous wrong.”
I could give better comfort than you do.\textsuperscript{10}
I will not keep this form upon my head,

\textit{[Dishevelling her hair.]} 

When there is such disorder in my wit.—
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

\textit{K. Phi.} I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. \textit{[Exit.}

\textit{Lou.} There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale\textsuperscript{11}
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

\textit{Pand.} Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

\textit{Lou.} All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

\textit{Pand.} If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

\textit{Lou.} As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

\textit{Pand.} Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak

\textsuperscript{10} This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness.—Johnson.

\textsuperscript{11} So in Psalm xc.: “For when Thou art angry all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.”
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,\(^{12}\)
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain one hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice\(^{13}\) of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

_Lou._ But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

_Pand._ You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

_Lou._ And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

_Pand._ How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood\(^{14}\)
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne,\(^{15}\) shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

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\(^{12}\) _Rub_ was a term at bowls, for _hindrance, obstruction_, any thing that turned the bowl from its aim. See vol. ii. page 49, note 16.

\(^{13}\) To _make nice_ is to _be scrupulous, to stick at_. So the Poet uses _nice_ repeatedly. And we still say, he _makes no scruple_ of doing so and so.

\(^{14}\) _True blood_ here means the blood of the true, that is, just or rightful, claimant of the crown. The Poet has several instances of _blood_ put for _person_. So in _Julius Caesar_, iv. 3: "I know young _bloods_ look for a time of rest."

\(^{15}\) _Evilly borne_ is _wickedly carried on_ or _performed_. The Poet often uses to _bear_ in this sense. In what follows, _shall for will_. Often so.
No natural exhalation\textsuperscript{16} in the sky,
No scape of Nature,\textsuperscript{17} no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customèd event,
But they will pluck away his\textsuperscript{18} natural cause,
And call them meteors,\textsuperscript{19} prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of Heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

\textit{Lou}. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

\textit{Pand}. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts

\textsuperscript{16} The Poet sometimes uses \textit{exhalation} in a way that seems strange to us. So in \textit{Julius Cæsar}, ii. 1: "The exhalations, whizzing in the air, give so much light that I may read by them." As this is said amidst a fierce thunder-storm at night, \textit{exhalations} must mean flashes of lightning. And such, or something such, may well be the meaning in the text.

\textsuperscript{17} "\textit{Scape of Nature}" may well mean any irregularity in the course of things, or any event which, though natural, is uncommon enough to excite particular notice, such as a "distemper'd day," or an "exhalation in the sky." So the Poet has "'scapes of wit" for \textit{sallies, flights, or frolics} of wit. And so Nature may be said to have her frolics, sometimes merry, and sometimes mad; her weather, for instance, sometimes plays very wild pranks. It is observable that in the text we have a sort of climax proceeding from things less common to things more and more common.

\textsuperscript{18} His for \textit{its}, referring to event. The form \textit{its}, though repeatedly used by Shakespeare, especially in his later plays, had not then the stamp of English currency. See page 25, note 25. Also vol. i. page 90, note 1. — The Poet seems to have been specially fond of the word pluck for pull, tear, wrench, jerk, or draw.

\textsuperscript{19} Meteor was used in much the same way as \textit{exhalation}, only it bore a more ominous or ill-boding sense; any strikingly black or any strikingly brilliant phenomenon in the heavens. So in \textit{i Henry the Fourth}, v. 1: "And be no more an \textit{exhaled meteor}, a prodigy of fear, and a portent of broachèd mischief to the unborn times." Also in \textit{Romeo and Juliet}, iii. 5: "Yon light is not day-light: it is some \textit{meteor} that the Sun \textit{exhales}." And in v. 2, of this play: "Makes me more amazed than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven figured quite o'er with burning meteors." — Abortives are monstrous births, whether of man or beast, which were thought to portend calamities and disasters.
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted\textsuperscript{20} change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly\textsuperscript{21} all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call\textsuperscript{22}
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain.\textsuperscript{23} O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence:
For England go: I will whet on the King.

\textit{Lou.} Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the King will not say no. \textit{[Exeunt.}

\textsuperscript{20} Unacquainted for unaccustomed or extraordinary.
\textsuperscript{21} Hurly is tumult, commotion; like hurly-burly.
\textsuperscript{22} An allusion to the reed, or pipe, termed a \textit{bird-call}; or to the practice
of bird-catchers, who, in laying their nets, place a caged bird over them,
which they term the \textit{call}-bird or \textit{bird-call}, to lure the wild birds to the
snare. — Staunton.
\textsuperscript{23} Bacon, in his \textit{History of Henry VII.}, speaking of Simnel's march, re-
marks that their \textit{snowball} did not gather as it went.
ACT IV.

Scene I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look you stand
Within the arras:¹ when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.—

[Exeunt Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more² prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

¹ Arras were the hangings or tapestries with which rooms were lined, before the days of plastering. To keep them from being rotted by the damp, they were hung on frames, far enough from the walls to admit of a person's hiding behind them.

² More for greater, again. See page 19, note 5.
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey’s son?
No, indeed, is’t not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [Aside.] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [Aside.] His words do take possession of my
bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur.— [Showing a paper.

[Aside.] How, now, foolish rheum!

Turning disputive torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is’t not fairly writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

8 This fashionable affectation is ridiculed by Lyly in his Midas: “Now every base companion, being in his muble-fubles, says he is melancholy.”
4 Christendom for christening or baptism. The usage was common. See vol. iv. page 19, note 34.
6 Doubt in the sense of fear or suspect; a frequent usage.—Practises, in the next line, is contrives, plots, or uses arts. Repeatedly so.
6 In truth or truly. This use of sooth occurs very often.
7 Rheum, again, for tears. See page 42, note 2.
8 Dispiteous for unpitiful, that is, pitiless.—In the next line, brief is quick, prompt, or sudden. Often so.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,⁹
Still and anon cheer’d up the heavy time,
Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
Many a poor man’s son would have lain still,
And ne’er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service ¹⁰ had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if ¹¹ you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I’ve sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat ¹² red-hot,

---

⁹ That is, as the minutes watch over, or mark, the progress or passage of the hour. A pretty way of expressing a minute and sedulous attention. — "Still and anon," in the next line, is the same as our “ever and anon.”

¹⁰ *Sick service* is of course merely an instance of what is called transferred epithet: service done to the sick.

¹¹ *An if* is an old reduplication much used in the Poet’s time. So we have an, or if, or an if, used indifferently.

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the water of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer’d iron?
An if an Angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert’s.

*Hub.* Come forth!

[Stamps.]

_Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c._

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I’ll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

_I Attend._ I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous\(^{13}\) there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes:\(^{14}\) see else yourself;
There is no malice burning in this coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre\(^{15}\) him on.

\(^{13}\) Boisterous was used much more variously than at present; as a common antithesis to gentle, and so for rough, rude, violent, &c.

\(^{14}\) Extremities, or extreme severities, that are unmerited. Johnson paraphrases the passage as follows: "The fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved."

\(^{15}\) To tarre is to incite, to instigate, as in setting on dogs. So in Hamlet,
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless 16 and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely 17 in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his state.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your Highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: 1 you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard\(^2\) a title that was rich before,
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told;
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigurèd;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.\(^3\)

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;\(^4\)
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches set upon a little breach

---

\(^2\) To guard is to face, or ornament with facings. See vol. iii. page 143, note 27.

\(^3\) Properly, "so new-fashion'd a robe." The Poet has many such inversions for metre's sake. See vol. vii. page 83, note 26.

\(^4\) Covetousness here means over-eager desire of excelling. Bacon, in like sort, distinguishes between the love of excelling and the love of excellence, and ascribes the failures of certain men to the former.
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breathed our counsel; but it pleased your Highness
To overbear't; and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I—as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies—heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why should your fears—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong—then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,

6 To sound, as the word is here used, is to speak or express.
6 That is, "if you rightly hold that which you are possessed of."
7 "That they may not have this to urge in behalf of, or for giving plausibility to, alleged occasions;" that is, occasions of revolt.
That you have bid us ask, his liberty; 
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction.—

Enter Hubert; whom King John takes aside.

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

---

8 The order, according to the sense, is, "let his liberty be our suit, that you have bid us ask." The language would be better with make instead of ask. To ask a suit is hardly English.

9 Close aspect is look of secrecy, of concealment, or of keeping dark. See page 71, note 17.

10 Between his wicked purpose and his conscience of right. Hubert gives the King to understand that his order for Arthur's death has been performed. Perhaps I should note here, that in Shakespeare's time conscience was used as a dissyllable or trisyllable indifferently, as prosody might require. Here it is properly a trisyllable. The same was the case with patience, and other like words. And we have, in this play, many instances of words ending in -tion or -sion, where that ending is properly disyllabic; as in "Startles and frights consideration," in this scene.

11 Not betwixt two battles, in our sense of the word, but betwixt two armies drawn up in battle array. Battle was often used thus.
K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.  

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out,
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.  

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

12 To-night for last night, or the past night. See vol. iii. page 149, note 2.
13 Apparent, here, is evident or manifest. See vol. ix. page 193, note 15.
14 In words denoting measurement of time, space, and quantity, the singular form is often used with the plural sense. So we have year for years, mile for miles, pound for pounds, and, as here, foot for feet. See vol. vii. page 16, note 13.
15 Doubt, again, for fear or suspect. See page 67, note 5.
16 "A fearful eye" here means an eye full of fear; that is, frightened.
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.\textsuperscript{17} Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy\textsuperscript{18} of your speed is learn’d by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother’s ear,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp’d with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before; but this from rumour’s tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! — What! mother dead!
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct come those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. —

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world

\textsuperscript{17} The messenger plays upon \textit{goes}; meaning, “all in France now goes to England.”

\textsuperscript{18} \textit{Copy} in the sense of \textit{example} or \textit{pattern}. Often so.
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

_Bast._ But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

_K. John._ Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

_Bast._ How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

_K. John._ Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

_Peter._ Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

_K. John._ Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee.—[Exit Hubert with Peter.

_O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

_Bast._ The French, my lord; men's mouths are full
of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury


\(^{19}\) *Safety for safe-keeping, or custody.*
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill’d to-night
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.—

[Exit Bastard.

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say five Moons were seen to-night;
Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

*K. John.* Five Moons!

*Hub.* Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur’s death is common in their mouths:

---

*Stout, here, is bold, proud.* See page 44, note 4.
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailèd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had,²¹ my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.²²

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and Earth

---

²¹ *No had* is an ancient form of speech, equivalent to *had not*. This appears from various corresponding phrases in old writers, such as *no does*, *no did*, *no will*, &c.

²² *Advised respect* is *deliberate judgment* or *consideration*. See page 53, note ²².
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst thou not then been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark’d,
Quoted, and sign’d, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhor’d aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ’d in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur’s death;
And thou, to be endear’d to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

_Hub._ My lord,—

_K. John._ Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposéd,
Or turn’d an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.²⁴

²³ To _note_ is among the old meanings of to _quote_. Shakespeare often has it so. See vol. iv. page 121, note 21.

²⁴ There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. This timidity of guilt is drawn _ab ipsis recessibus_, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says that to _have bid him tell his tale_ in _express words_ would have _struck him dumb_: nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. — JOHNSON.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin’s death.

_Hub._ Arm you against your other enemies,
I’ll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter’d yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander’d nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

_K. John._ Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul-imaginary eyes of blood
Presented²⁵ thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste!
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

²⁵ _Presented for represented._ Repeatedly so.
SCENE III. — The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter, on the walls, Arthur, disguised as a Ship-boy.

Arthur. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [Leaps down.
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well-met, distemper'd lords!

1 Private here may mean secret information or personal conference. But I suspect the text is wrong. See Critical Notes.
2 Or ever was a common phrase for before. See vol. vii. page 14, note 3.
3 Distemper'd in the sense of angry or out of temper. So in Hamlet, iii. 2: "The King, sir, is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd."
The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The King hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his sin-bestain'd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our grieves, and not our manners, reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?

[Seeing Arthur.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

---

4 Reason for talk or converse. Often so. See vol. ix. page 267, note 46.
5 Wall-eyed is "having eyes with a white or pale-gray iris,—glaring-eyed, fierce-eyed." So says Dyce; and quotes from Cotgrave "A Whall, over-white eye. Oeil de chevre." And the author of The Dialect of Craven, after quoting Shakespeare's "wall-eyed wrath," says, "It frequently happens
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.⁶

_Pem._ All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Examplied by this heinous spectacle.

_Bast._ It is a damnèd and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand.

_Sal._ If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shamefull work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the King:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellency
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

_Pem._

_Big._ Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

_Enter Hubert._

_Hub._ Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you.

_Sal._ O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

that, when a person is in an excessive passion, a large portion of the white
of the eye is visible. 'This confirms the propriety and force of the above
expression.'

⁶ _Remorse is pity or compassion._ Generally so in the Poet's time.
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. [Drawing his sword.] Must I rob the law?
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say;
By Heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; 7
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so; 8
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the Devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the Devil is come from Hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renownèd Falconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:

7 "True defence" is honest defence; that is, defence in a just cause.
8 Meaning, "Do not prove me a murderer by forcing or provoking me
to kill you." — Yet, in the next line, has the force of as yet.
I honour'd him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

_Sal._ Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

_Big._ Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
_Pem._ There, tell the King, he may inquire us out.

[Exeunt Lords.

_Bast._ Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

_Hub._ Do but hear me, sir:—

_Bast._ Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of Hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

_Hub._ Upon my soul,—

_Bast._ If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider'd a cord, the smallest thread
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,

---

9 Stauton thinks the Poet may here have had in mind the old religious plays of Coventry, wherein _the damned souls have their faces blackened_. Sharp, in his account of these performances, speaking of White and Black Souls, says that these characters are sometimes "denominated _sawyd_ and _dampnyd Sowles_, instead of white and black."
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

_Hub._ If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let Hell wants pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

_Bast._ Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to Heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble,¹⁰ and to part by th' teeth
Th' unwound interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth doggèd war bristle his angry crest,
And snarlèth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast¹² confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wasted pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cinürte¹³ can
Hold out this tempest. — Bear away that child,

¹⁰ To _scramble_ is much the same as to _ruffle_, to _swagger_; to carry one's point by turbulence and bravado. See vol. iv. page 237, note 7.

¹¹ _Unowned_ for _unowned_. The unowned interest is the interest not now legally possessed by any one.

¹² _Vast_ in the sense of the Latin _vastus_; that is, _empty_ or _waste_. Sometimes it appears to mean _wasting_ or _devastating_; as in _King Henry V_, ii. 3: “The poor souls for whom this hungry war opens his _vasty_ jaws.”

¹³ _Cincture_ is _belt_ or _girdle_.

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_SCENE III._

_KING JOHN._

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87
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.  

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. [Giving him the crown.] Take't again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.¹
Our discontented counties² do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:

¹ Inflamed here means on fire or in constagration; as in Chapman's Iliad, book viii.: "We should have made retreat by light of the infamèd fleet."
² Counties probably refers not to geographical divisions, but to the peers or nobles; county being a common title of nobility.
But, since you are a gentle convertite,³
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.       [Exit.

_ K. John._ Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

_Enter the Bastard._

_Bast._ All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

_ K. John._ Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

_Bast._ They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

_ K. John._ That villain Hubert told me he did live.

_Bast._ So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

³ _Convertite_ in its old ecclesiastical sense, for one who, having relapsed, has been recovered. See vol. v. page 113, note 31.
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glist're like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure\(^ \text{4} \) further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

\textit{K. John.} The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

\textit{Bast.} O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton,\(^ \text{5} \) brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at least be said

\(^4\) \textit{Displeasure,} to make it harmonize with the context, must here be taken
as equivalent to \textit{enmity} or \textit{hostility}; the sense of the passage being, "Rush
forth to hunt and dare the foe, as a hungry lion does to seek his prey." See
Critical Notes.

\(^5\) "A cocker'd silken wanton" is a pampered, finely-tailored milksop.—
To \textit{flesh}, as the word is here used, is to \textit{elate, embolden,} or \textit{make eager} for
fighting; just as we use \textit{flushed}. The Poet has \textit{fleshment in the same sense.
Scene II.  

They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.

*Bast.* Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.  

[Exeunt.


Enter, in arms, Louis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lou. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and unurged faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,

1 The *precedent* is the *original draft* of the treaty. So, in *King Richard III.*, iii, 6, the Scrivener employed to copy out the indictment of Hastings, says, "Eleven hours I have spent to write it over; the *precedent* was full as long a-doing."
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grievèd friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger-march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforcèd cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it so unneighbourly!

Lou. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!

2 Spot is stain, blot, or disgrace. Salisbury thinks it, as he well may, a foul dishonour thus to side with the invader of his country; and the conscience of duty, or the sense of right outraged in the person of Arthur, which compels him to do so, naturally wrings him with grief. A hard alternative indeed!—Enforced is enforcing; another instance of the confusion of active and passive forms. See page 42, note 2.

3 To clip is to encircle or embrace. See vol. vii. page 257, note 7.

4 To by is here used merely as an intensive prefix. The usage was common, and Shakespeare has it several times. See vol. vi. page 90, note 6.

5 Here, as usual, respect is consideration, motive, or inducement. See page 53, note 22.—Brave is manly, honourable, and so a fitting epithet of the national feeling which has struggled so hard for the mastery in Salis-
Let me wipe off this honorable dew
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossipping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Louis himself: — so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine. —
And even there, methinks, an Angel spake:  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,

bury's breast.— Compulsion refers to the "enforcing cause" mentioned in note 2.

6 "Shakespeare was guilty, according to cousin Bull, of an unmitigated
Americanism in writing this line." So says Mr. White. But I suspect he
is a little off the track here. Progress, I take it, is a substantive, and doth is
used as a principal verb, equivalent to maketh. So it still remains to be
shown that using progress as a verb was English in Shakespeare's time.

7 This is a strange passage. The Cambridge Editors note upon it as
follows: "Surely the close proximity of purse, nobles, and angel, shows that
Shakespeare has here yielded to the fascination of a jeu de mots, which he
was unable to resist, however unsuitable the occasion might be. The
Dauphin, we may suppose, speaks aside, with an accent and gesture which
mark his contempt for the mercenary allies whom he intends to get rid
of as soon as may be." It may be needful to add that noble and angel were
names of English coins.
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

Park.

Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd-up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lou. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,\(^8\)
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coals of war
Between this châstised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to\(^9\) this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?

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\(^8\) To be used as a *chattel* or a *piece of property*. See vol. v. page 221, note 13.

\(^9\) Such language was not uncommon. So in *Henry IV.*, iii. 2: "He hath more worthy interest to the state than thou." And in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*: "He hath a release from Rose, and all her interest to the manor of Pedimore."
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi! as I have bank'd their towns? 10
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lou. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promis'd
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook 11 conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. [Trumpet sounds.
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English King;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared; and reason too he should: 13
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troop,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch; 16
To dive, like buckets, in concealèd wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake
Even at the crowing of your nation's cock, 17

12 To temporise is to comply with the exigencies or the interests of the time; hence to yield, to come to terms, to succumb.
13 "And there is reason too why he should be prepared."
14 Harness'd is armed, or armoured, or both.—Unadvised, again, for rash, inconsiderate, or thoughtless.
15 Unhair'd is beardless, boy-faced. Spoken in contempt, of course.
16 To take the hatch is to leap the hatch. So we speak of taking the fence.
17 Probably an equivocation was intended here, gallus being the name both of a cock and of a Frenchman.
Thinking his voice an armèd Englishman; —
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his eyrie,\textsuperscript{18} towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armèd gauntletts changed,
Their neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

\textit{Lou.} There end thy brave,\textsuperscript{19} and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

\textit{Pand.} Give me leave to speak.

\textit{Bast.} No, I will speak.

\textit{Lou.} We will attend to neither. —
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

\textit{Bast.} Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced

\textsuperscript{18} \textit{Eyrie} here is \textit{nest}. Properly it means a young brood in the nest.—
To tower was a term in falconry for to \textit{soar}. In the case supposed, an
eagle mounts in a spiral course; and \textit{souse} was used of the swift and deadly
plunge which he makes upon the object of his aim, after he has thus soared
high above it. \textit{Stoop} was also used of the same act. See vol. ii. page 209,
note 1.

\textsuperscript{19} \textit{Brave} is \textit{boast, vaunt, or defiance}. So in \textit{Troilus and Cressida}, iv. 4:
"This \textit{brave} shall oft make thee to hide thy head."
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand —
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need —
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lou. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Same. A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert!
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your Majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,¹
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:

¹ Supply here means reinforcement, supply of troops. Hence, as a collective noun, it admits both a singular and a plural verb, was expected and Are wreck'd.
The French fight coldly, and retire\(^2\) themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me, this tyrant fever burns me up, And will not let me welcome this good news!— Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight; Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. \[Exeunt.\]

**Scene IV.** *—The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.*

*Sal.* I did not think the King so stored with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say King John sore-sick hath left the field.

*Enter Melun wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the Count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the eye of rude rebellion,\(^3\)
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if that France be lord of this loud\(^4\) day,
He means to recom pense the pains you take

\(^2\) *Retire* was often thus used transitively, in the sense of *withdraw.*

\(^3\) Here, if the text be right, the unthreading of a needle is used as a metaphor for simply undoing what has been done. See Critical Notes.—

"Bought and sold" is an old proverbial phrase, meaning *played false with,* or *betrayed.* See vol. viii. page 82, note 1.

\(^4\) *Loud* appears to have been sometimes used in the sense of *stormy* or *boisterous.* So in *Hamlet,* iv. 4: "My arrows, too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind," &c.
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I, then, be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the East:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Pay ing the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Louis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King:
The love of him—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—

5 Resolveth for melteth; as in Hamlet, i. 2: "O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!" See, also, page 33, note 43.

6 Rated perhaps in the sense of the Latin ratus; treason ratified by overt act. Johnson, however, explains it, "The Dauphin has rated your treachery, and set upon it a fine which your lives must pay."—In the next line, fine seems to mean end, like the Latin finis.

7 A clear instance of respect for consideration. See page 92, note 5.
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee: — and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damnèd flight;
And, like a bated and retirèd flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o’erlook’d,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John. —
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leading off Melun.]

Scene V. — The Same. The French Camp.

Enter Louis and his Train.

Lou. The Sun of heaven methought was loth to set,
But stay’d, and made the western welkin blush,
When th’ English measured backward their own ground

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8 With Shakespeare, in lieu of is always equivalent to in return for, or in consideration of. See vol. iii. page 221, note 33.
9 Rumour here is loud murmur, or roar. So in Fairfax’s Tasso, vii. 106: “Of breaking spears, of ringing helm and shield, a dreadful rumour roar’d on every side.”
10 Rankness, or rank, applied to a river, means overflowing or exuberant.
11 O’erlook’d for overflow’d or overpassed.
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering\(^1\) colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?
Lou. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fall’n off;
And your supply, which you have wish’d so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lou. Ah, foul-shrewd\(^2\) news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoe’er spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lou. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.  

[Exeunt.

Scene VI.—An open Place near Swinstead Abbey.

Enter, severally, the Bastard and Hubert.

Hub. Who’s there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part\(^3\) of England.

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\(^1\) Tattering for tattered; the active form with the passive sense, as we have before had this order reversed. See page 57, note 5.

\(^2\) Shrewd in its old sense of sharp, biting, or bitter. Commonly so in Shakespeare. See vol. v. page 113, note 28.

\(^3\) Part for party; as we have before had party for part. See page 46, note 8.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Bast. Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Hubert, I think?
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless ⁴ night
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.⁵

⁴ Eyeless for blind, that is, dark. So in Markham's English Arcadia, 1607: "O eyeless night, the portraiture of death." And Shakespeare, in Lucrece, has "sightless night."—Remembrance here is memory, or the faculty of remembering.

⁵ "Than if this knowledge had been withheld from you till the present hurry were over, or till you were more at leisure."
KING JOHN.

ACT V.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved 6 villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.
Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—
These Lincoln washes have devour'd them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the King;
I doubt 7 he will be dead or c'er I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. — The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his poor brain—
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak; and holds belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality

6 Resolved for determined or resolute.
7 Doubt, again, for fear. See page 67, note 5.
Of that fell poison which assaieth him.

_P. Hen._ Let him be brought into the orchard here. —
Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot.

_Pem._ He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

_P. Hen._ O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.¹
Death, having prey’d upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

_Sal._ Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.²

_Re-enter Bigot, with Attendants carrying King John in a chair._

_K. John._ Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

_P. Hen._ How fares your Majesty?

¹ That is, will lose all sense of themselves, or become unconscious.
² So in Ovid’s description of Chaos: “Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.”
K. John. Poison'd, — ill fare; — dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips,
And comfort me with cold: I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,\(^3\)
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen\(^4\) of speed to see your Majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utterèd;
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And model\(^5\) of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,

\(^3\) Strait for stingy, niggardly, or small-souled.

\(^4\) Spleen was used thus of any sudden or violent motion. So in ii. r of this play: "With swifter spleen than powder can enforce."

\(^5\) Model here is image or representation. See vol. iv. page 95, note 6.
As I upon advantage did remove,⁶
Were in the washes all unwarily
Devourèd by the unexpected flood.        [King John dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear. —
My liege! my lord! — but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to Heaven,
As it on Earth hath been the servant still. —
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewèd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch’d
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,

⁶ To “remove upon advantage” is to move for the purpose or in the hope of gaining an advantage.
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

_Bast._ Let it be so:—and you, my noble Prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

_P. Hen._ At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

_Bast._ Thither shall it, then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

_Sal._ And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

_P. Hen._ I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

_Bast._ O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.——
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. {Exeunt.

---

That is, since the time has prefaced this event with afflictions enough.
The speaker thinks they have already suffered so much, that now they ought
to give way to sorrow as little as may be.
ACT I., SCENE I.


P. 9. With that half-face would he have all my land. — The original has half that face. Corrected by Theobald.

P. 10. Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands. — The original has hazards. The confounding of singulars and plurals is a very frequent error in the old editions. Pope made the change.

P. 12. Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great, —
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet. — Instead of “arise more great,” the old text has “rise more great.” Corrected by Steevens.

P. 13. For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. — I suspect we ought to read, with Pope, “too respective and unsociable For your conversing.” This makes 'Tis refer to honour, as we should naturally understand it. See, however, foot-note 20.

P. 14. For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation. — The original has smoake for smack. Hardly worth noting.

P. 16. Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
'Could he get me? — The original omits he, which is evidently required both for sense and for metre.
P. 17. *Heaven lay not my transgression to thy charge,*  
*That art the issue of my dear offence.* — The original has “my charge.” In modern editions generally, the passage is printed thus:  

Heaven lay not my transgression to *my charge!* —  
*Thou art the issue of my dear offence.*

The reading in the text was proposed by Staunton; who justly remarks, “She had a moment before confessed that Richard Cœur-de-lion was his father; and ‘Thou art the issue’ is a needless repetition of the avowal.”

**ACT II., SCENE I.**

P. 18. K. Phi. *Before Angiers well met, brave Austria!* — In the old copies, this and also King Philip’s next speech are assigned to Louis. The correction is Theobald’s. Mr. W. W. Williams, also, in *The Parthenon,* August 16, 1862, pointed out the error. As he remarks, the mere fact of the speaker’s saying that Austria “is come hither at our importance” is enough to show that the speech should not be assigned to Louis, who is addressed afterwards as a “boy.”

P. 21. *With them, a bastard of the king deceased.* — So the second folio. The first has *Kings* instead of *king*.

P. 22. *That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,*  
*And this his son; England was Geoffrey’s right;*  
*And his is Geoffrey’s.* — So Mason. The original reads “And *this* is Geoffrey’s,” *this* having got repeated from the line above. I suspect the correction ought to be carried still further, and *Arthur’s* substituted for *Geoffrey’s:* “England was Geoffrey’s right, and his [*right*] is Arthur’s.” See, however, foot-note 18.

P. 23. *From whom hast thou this great commission, France,*  
*To draw my answer to thy articles?* — So Hanmer. Instead of *to,* the original has *from,* which probably crept in from the preceding line.

P. 24. *It lies as sightly on the back of him*  
*As great Alcides*’ *does upon an ass.* — Instead of *does,* the old text has *shoos,* out of which it is hardly possible to make any sense. Theobald substituted *shows,* and has been followed by some editors.
CRITICAL NOTES.

The reading in the text was lately proposed by Mr. H. H. Vaughan. It removes all difficulty, and infers an easy misprint. Mr. Fleay retains shoes, and substitutes ape for ass; which may be right.

P. 24. King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference. — In the first of these lines, the original has “King Lewis;” and the speech beginning with the second line is there assigned to Louis. The correction is Theobald’s.

P. 24. England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine.—Both here and in one or two other places, the old copy misprints Angiers for Anjou.

P. 25. Thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy, thy eld’st son’s son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee. — So Ritson and Collier’s second folio. The original gives the third line thus: “Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne”; where both sense and metre plead against this is as an interpolation.

P. 26. And with her plagued; her sin his injury;
Her injury the beadle to her sin.—In the original this stands as follows:

And with her plague her sinne: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her sinne.

The passage has proved a very troublesome one to dress into order and sense, and is printed variously in modern editions. It is somewhat perplexed and obscure at the best. The change of plague to plagued in the first line is by Roderick, and removes, I think, a good part of the difficulty. See foot-notes 27 and 28.

P. 27. All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city’s eyes.—The original reads “Comfort yours citties eies.” Corrected by Rowe.

P. 28. We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But, if you fondly pass our proffer'd peace,
'Tis not the rondere of your old-faced walls, &c. — Instead of "proffer'd peace," the original has "proffer'd offer"; which seems to me a plain instance of sophistication, in order to avoid a repetition of peace. But I should rather say that the word ought to be repeated here, for peace is precisely what the speaker has just proffered. Walker notes upon the passage thus: "The bad English, the cacophony, and the two-syllable ending, so uncommon in this play, prove that offer is a corruption originating in proffer'd. Read, I think, love." — Instead of rondere, in the last line, the old text has rounder, which however is but another spelling of the same word.

P. 31. 1 Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold, &c. — In the original, this and the following speeches by the same person have the prefix "Hubert." The error — for such it clearly is — probably grew from the two parts of the first Citizen and of Hubert being assigned to the same actor.

P. 31. Say, shall the current of our right run on? — So the second folio. Instead of run, the first has rome; doubtless a misprint for runne, the word being commonly so spelt.

P. 32. Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. — So Collier's second folio. The original has water, instead of waters.

P. 32. You equal-potent, fiery-kindled spirits. — So Walker. The old text reads "You equall Potents."

P. 33. A greater Power than ye denies all this. — Instead of ye, the original has We. The change was made by Theobald at Warburton's suggestion, and was adopted by Hanmer and Capell. The original also prefixes "Fra." to the speech.

P. 33. King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed. — Such is Tyrwhitt's reading. The old text reads "Kings of our feare"; which, if it gives any sense at all, gives a wrong one. The speaker clearly means, that they are ruled by their fears, or their fears are their king, and must continue to be so, until that king is deposed.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 34. Our thunders from the south

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. — So Capell. The old text has Thunder for thunders. The pronoun their points out the correction.

P. 35. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England. — Instead of niece, the original has neere, no doubt a misprint for neece, as the word was commonly spelt. The correction is from Collier's second folio, and is fully justified in that the Lady Blanch is repeatedly spoken of as John's niece.

P. 35. Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete :

If not complete, then say he is not she;

And she, again, wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be, but that she is not he. — The original has, in the third of these lines, "If not compleat of;" and, in the last, "If want it be not." The former can hardly be made to yield any sense at all; and Hanmer changed of to oh. The context naturally suggests the reading here given: but possibly we ought to read "If not complete he, say he is not she." The other correction was proposed, independently, by Lettsom and Mr. Swynfen Jervis. The confounding of but and not is among the commonest of errors in the originals of Shake-speare. See foot-note 49.

P. 35. He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she. — The old text reads "such as shee." Not worth noting, perhaps.

P. 36. Here's a flaw,

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death

Out of his rags. — Here, instead of flaw, the original has stay, which Collier's second folio changes to say. The former seems palpably wrong, and I cannot pronounce say much better. Johnson proposed flaw, and Walker says it "is indisputably right." See foot-note 51.

P. 39. For I am well assured

That I did so when I was first affied. — Instead of affied, the old text repeats assur'd; whereupon Walker notes as follows: "It is impossible that this repetition of the same word in a different sense—
there being no quibble intended, or any thing else to justify it — can have proceeded from Shakespeare. Read 'when I was first affied,' that is, betrothed.' See, also, foot-note 56.

P. 39. \textit{Brother of England, how may we content}
\textit{The widow'd lady? —} So Collier's second folio. The original has "The widdow Lady."

P. 41. \textit{Hath drawn him from his own determined aim. —} So Mason and Collier's second folio. The old text has ayd.

\textbf{ACT III., SCENE I.}

P. 44. \textit{I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;}
\textit{For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout. —} Instead of stout, the original has stoope, which just contradicts the preceding clause. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 44. \textit{Here I and sorrow sit;}
\textit{Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. —} Here, as in a former line of the same speech, the old text has sorrowes. There, however, the plural is in keeping; which is far from being the case here. Corrected by Pope.

P. 46. \textit{What a fool wert thou,}
\textit{A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,}
\textit{Upon my party! —} The old text reads "What a fool art thou." The context fairly requires the change, which was proposed by Lettsom.

P. 47. \textit{What earthly name to interrogatories}
\textit{Can task the free breath of a sacred king? —} Instead of earthly and task, the old text has earthie and tast, — palpable misprints.

P. 49. \textit{O Louis, stand fast! the Devil tempts thee here}
\textit{In likeness of a new-uptrimmèd bride. —} The original reads "a new untrimmèd Bride." The correction is Dyce's, who aptly quotes, in support of it, from \textit{Romeo and Juliet}, iv. 4: "Go waken Juliet; go and trim her up." Staunton adopts "the happy and unforced emendation of Mr. Dyce." In his \textit{Addenda and Corrigenda}, however, he makes the following note in support of the old reading:
In old times it was a custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided, and hanging loose over her shoulders. May not Constance, by 'a new untrimmed bride,' refer to this custom? Peacham, in describing the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave, says that 'the bride came into the chapell with a cornet of pearle on her head, and her haire dischevelled and hanging down over her shoulders.' Compare, too, Tancred and Gismunda, v. 1:

'So let thy tresses flaring in the wind
Untrimmed hang about thy bare'd neck.'"

P. 50. Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; then shall we be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends. — In the original, the second line reads "Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest." Here and hurts the metre without helping the sense; and so, as Lettsom remarks, "seems to have intruded from the lype next below."

P. 51. France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw, &c. — So Theobald. The original reads "A cased Lion," which is absurd. Collier's second folio has "A caged lion," which is rather worse than absurd, as the paw of a caged lion may be quite harmless. In support of chafed, Dyce quotes from King Henry VIII., iii. 2: "So looks the chafed lion upon the daring huntsman that hath gall'd him." Also from Fletcher's Loyal Subject, v. 3: "He frets like a chafed lion."

P. 51. For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is most amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it. — In the second of these lines, the original reads "Is not amiss"; which, it seems to me, cannot be reconciled to the context, or strained to sense, without a course of argument as over-subtile and intricate as Cardinal Pandulph is here using. Warburton reads "Is yet amiss," and Collier's second folio, "Is but amiss"; the latter of which also occurred to Lettsom. The reading in the text is Hammer's, and is preferable, I think, to either of the others, inasmuch as it just makes a balance between the two branches of the sentence. See foot-note 16.
P. 52. It is religion that doth make vows kept:
   But thou hast sworn against religion;
   By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
   And makest an oath — the surety for thy truth —
   Against an oath, — the test thou art unsure.
   Who swears, swears only not to be forsworn;
   ' Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
   But thou dost swear only to be forsworn. — A transcriber or
composer or proof-reader might well get lost in such a maze of casu-
istry as Pandulph weaves in this speech: accordingly, the original here
presents an inextricable imbroglio. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth
of the above lines there stand as follows:

   By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
   And make'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
   Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
   To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne.”

In the first of these lines, Capell reads “By which,” as Johnson sug-
gested; and Hanmer reads “By that,” as Staunton also proposes to
read. In either of these readings the pronoun must be understood as
referring, not to religion, but to the act expressed in the preceding line.
Again, in the last of the lines, Who swears is Capell’s reading, which
Staunton also proposes. In the third line, again, Staunton proposes to
substitute proof for truth. This would be a rather bold change; and
I prefer test, as a word more likely to be misprinted truth. I see no
possibility of making any sense out of the passage without some such
change; and test is repeatedly used by Shakespeare as an equivalent
for proof. Perhaps we ought also to read untrue instead of unsure;
but unsure may well be taken in much the same sense as untrue, —
not to be relied on, or untrustworthy. Some of the strainings and
writhings of exegetical ingenuity that have been resorted to in support
of the old text are ludicrous enough. See foot-note 18.

P. 54. A rage whose heat hath this condition,
   That nothing can allay’t, nothing but blood,—
   The best and dearest-valued blood of France. — Here the old
text has allay instead of allay’t, and blood instead of best. The former
change is Capell’s, the latter Walker’s. Perhaps it were as well to
read “The blood, the dearest-valued blood of France.”
CRITICAL NOTES. 117

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 54. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. — So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The original, "Some ayery Devill." Burton, in his Anatomie of Melancholy, says that, of the sublunary devils, "Prelus makes six kinds: fiery, aeriell, terestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faieries, satyres, nymphs," &c. — "Fiery spirits or devills are such as commonly work by blazing starres, fire-drakes, or ignes fatui; likewise they counterfeit sunnes and moones, stars oftentimes, and sit on ship masts," &c.

P. 54. Hubert, keep thou this boy. — So Tyrwhitt. The original lacks thou.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 55. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind,
More strongly guarded. — Instead of More, the old text has So; probably repeated by mistake from the line before. The correction is Lettsom's.

P. 55. And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry war be fed upon. — In the original "set at liberty" and "imprison'd angels" change places with each other, thus untuning the verse badly. The correction is Walker's. The original also reads "Must by the hungry now be fed upon." Warburton proposed and Theobald printed war.

P. 56. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time — The original has tune,
— a frequent misprint for time. Corrected by Pope.

P. 56. If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night. — The original reads "Sound on into the drowsie race of night." Shakespeare has many clear instances of one printed on, which was in fact a common way of spelling one. Theobald was the first to see that here on was merely
the old spelling of one. The correction of race to ear is Walker's. Such a misprint was very easy when ear was spelt eare. See footnote 4.

P. 58. Hubert shall be your man, t' attend on you. — So the third folio. The original reads "your man, attend on you."

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 58. A whole armado of convented sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship. — So Mason and Collier's second folio. The original has "convicted sail."

P. 58. Such temperate order in so fierce a course
Doth want example. — The old text has cause instead of course, which was conjectured by Theobald and printed by Hanmer. So, in Macbeth, v. 2, the old copies have cause misprinted for course: "He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause within the belt of rule."

P. 59. And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a mother's invocation. — So Heath and Collier's second folio. The old text has "a modern invocation." Heath observes, "The epithet modern hath no meaning in this place. We should undoubtedly read 'And scorns a mother's invocation.'" Probably it was written moders.

P. 60. Thou art unholy to belie me so. — So Staunton. The original reads "Thou art holy," against both sense and verse. The fourth folio has "not holy," which is the common reading.

P. 61. As dim and meagre as an ague-fit. — The original reads "an Agues fitte." In support of ague-fit, Lettsom appositely quotes from King Richard II., iii. 2: "This ague-fit of fear is overblown."

P. 62. And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness. — So Pope. The old text, "sweet words taste." — The repetition of shame seems hardly right. Walker proposes "nought but gall and bitterness," and remarks that "something is wanting that shall class with bitterness."
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 63. And it cannot be,

That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain one hour,

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.—Instead of one in
the third line, the original has an. Obvious as is the correction, it was
not made till found in Collier's second folio.

P. 64. No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scape of nature, no distemper'd day, &c.—The old text has
scope for scape. Corrected by Pope. Dr. Schmidt denounces the cor-
rection as "preposterous"; and glozes the old text into meaning "no
effect produced within the regular limits of nature." His denunciation
would have stood a better chance, if he had spared his explanation: as
it is, the gloss amply nonsuits the censure, and reacts in support of the
correction. Such freaks of exegetical license can make you any thing
out of any thing, and read you whatever sense you please into abra-
cadabra. See foot-note 17.

P. 65. Strong reasons make strong actions.—So the second folio.
The first reads "strange actions." I am not sure that the change is a
correction; though the repetition of strong is much in Shakespeare's
manner.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 66. Scene I. Northampton.—The old copies have nothing indi-
cating the whereabout of this scene. Modern editors generally have
settled upon Northampton, though for no reason, apparently, but that
the course of the dialogue identifies that as the whereabout of the
opening scene. Here the course of the dialogue merely shows the
scene to be somewhere in England; and perhaps Northampton may
answer as well for the whereabout here, as in the first Act. In fact,
however, Arthur, after falling into John's hands, was confined in the
castle of Falaise, and afterwards in that of Rouen, where he was put to
death. Perhaps I ought to add that Staunton and the Cambridge Edi-
tors assign "A Room in a Castle" as the place of Arthur's confinement,
without further specifying the whereabout; to which I can see no
objection, except that Northampton was the ordinary place of the Court
in John's time; but that is not much.

P. 66. Heat me these irons hot; and look you stand

Within the arras.—The original reads "look thou stand."
But Hubert is addressing the two Attendants, and the occurrence of you in the third line below shows that it should be you here. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 67. I should be merry as the day is long.—In the original, “be as merry as the day.” The first as overfills the verse without helping the sense. Pope’s correction.

P. 69. And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the water of mine innocence.—The original has this instead of his, and matter instead of water. The former correction is very obvious, as we have many instances of his and this misprinted for each other; the latter is due to Mr. W. W. Williams, and is exceedingly happy.

P. 69. But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.—Both here and afterwards, in the line of Hubert’s speech, “Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes,” the original has eye,—errors easily corrected from the context.

P. 70. There is no malice burning in this coal.—The old text reads “no malice in this burning coal.” As Arthur has just said “the fire is dead,” the transposition seems but just to the sense of the passage.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 73. And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall endue you with.—Instead of when, the old text has then. Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

P. 73. Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies.—The original reads “for the which myself and them.” Corrected by Pope. Walker notes, upon the passage, “Is it possible that Shakespeare should have written so ungrammatically? they, surely.”

P. 73. If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why should your fears— which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong—then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman.—So Pope and Collier’s second folio.
In the old text, should and then change places with each other.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 74. Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent. — So Theobald. The original has set for sent. As battles here means armies drawn up in order of battle, I do not see how heralds can be said to be set between them. That heralds should be sent to and fro between them, for the purpose of arranging a composition, is intelligible enough.

P. 76. Where is my mother's ear,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it? — This is commonly printed "my mother's care." In the original eare has the first letter so blemished as to be hardly distinguishable from a e.

P. 76. Under whose conduct come those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here? — The original has came for come. Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 78. O, let me have no subjects enemies, &c. — So the second folio. The first has subject instead of subjects.

P. 80. How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst thou not then been by,
This murder had not come into my mind. — The original reads "Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by." The first correction was proposed by Capell, and is made in Collier's second folio; the other is Lettsom's. Pope reads "for hadst not thou."

P. 80. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words. — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text, "As bid me tell."

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 82. Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import. — Collier's second folio reads "Whose private missive," and rightly, perhaps.

P. 83. We will not line his sin-bestained cloak
With our pure honours. — So Collier's second folio. The old copies have "his thin-bestained cloake."
KING JOHN.

P. 84. To the yet unbegotten sins of time. — The original reads “sinne of times.” Corrected by Pope.

P. 84. Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge. — So Farmer and Collier’s second folio. The old text, “a glory to this hand.”

P. 87. Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. — The original has center instead of cincture. An obvious error, and hardly worth noting.

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 88. K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand, [Giving him the crown.] Take’t again
From this my hand. — The old text reads “Take again.” The correction is Lettsom’s. Strange it should have been so long in coming.

P. 90. What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors. — Collier’s second folio substitutes Courage! for Forage, and, I suspect, rightly; as, at the close of the scene, the same speaker says, “Away, then, with good courage!” The old text seems indeed to be sustained by several quotations showing that lion and forage were apt to be used together. So in King Henry V., i. 2: “Smiling to behold his lion’s whelp forage in blood of French nobility.” Also in Chapman’s Revenge of Bussy d’Ambois, ii. 1: “And look how lions close kept, fed by hand, lose quite th’ innative fire of spirit and greatness that lions, free, breathe, foraging for prey; and grow so gross, that mastiffs, curs, and mongrels, have spirit to cow them.” Still I am not sure that the argument from these passages will fairly cover the case in hand; as it is the spirit of resistance and defence, not of conquest, that Falconbridge is trying to kindle in John.

P. 90. Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise? — So Collier’s second folio. The original has “fayre-play-orders.”
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 91. And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary seal and unurged faith
To your proceedings; &c. — The old text reads “and an un-
urged faith.”

P. 91. Should seek a plaster by condemn’d revolt. — The original has con-
temn’d; upon which Heath notes as follows: “The epithet con-
temn’d hath no propriety here. We should certainly read condemn’d;
that is, which the general voice of mankind condemns, and which
therefore Salisbury himself cannot help deploring.”

P. 92. And grapple thee unto a pagan shore. — The old copies have crip-
tle. Corrected by Pope.

P. 92. O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect. — In the first of these
lines, the original omits thou, which was supplied in the fourth folio.

P. 93. Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossipping. — The old copies read “Full warm of blood.” Corrected by Heath.

P. 94. Your breath first kindled the dead coals of war. — The original has “coale of warres.” The correction is Capell’s.

P. 96. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties. — Hereupon Walker
notes as follows: “The double ending in this play grates on my ear.
Read, surely, entreats; the mistake was easy. The word is frequent.”
And he cites examples of entreats, substantive, from various sources;
also several examples of entreaties, where it is clearly an erratum for
entreats. Still the change seems inadmissible.

P. 96. This unhair’d sauciness and boyish troop
The King doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms. — Here the
original has, in the first line, “This un-heard sawciness and boyish
Troopes,” and, in the third, “this Pigmy Armes.” The first of these
corrections, unhair’d, was made by Theobald; the second, troop, was
conjectured independently by Capell, Lettsom, and Jervis. The third
error corrects itself.
P. 96. *Even at the crowing of your nation’s cock.*—So Collier’s second folio. The old text, “*Even at the crying of your Nations crow.*” See foot-note 17.

P. 97. *Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets changed,*

_Their neelds to lances, &c._—Instead of changed and neelds, the original has change and Needls. The confounding of final e and d is very frequent, as Walker abundantly shows. For neelds, see note on “Is all the counsel that we two have shared,” &c., vol. iii. page 100.

**ACT V., SCENE 4.**

P. 99. *Unthread the eye of rude rebellion,*

_And welcome home again discarded faith._

_Seeck out King John, and fall before his feet;*

_For, if that France be lord of this loud day,_

_He means to recom pense the pains you take_

_By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn, &c._—In the first of these lines, the old text reads “the rude eye of Rebellion.” But rude should evidently be taken as an epithet of rebellion, not of eye. Theobald’s reading of the line is, “*Untread the rude way of rebellion*”; which I am strongly moved to adopt. Collier’s second folio reads “*Untread the road-way.*” Either of these might be supported by the line in the last speech of the scene: “We will untread the steps of damnèd flight.” See, however, foot-note 3. — In the fourth line, again, the original has “For if the French be Lords.” The reading here given was suggested by Walker, who notes upon the old text as follows: “Palpably wrong. Did Shakespeare write ‘if that France be lord,’ &c.? or is a line lost? e. g.,

Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
[Confide not in the plighted faith of Lewis;]
For, if,’ &c.”

P. 101. *For I do see the cruel pangs of death*

_Right in thine eye._—*Right* sounds rather odd here, though common speech often uses it in much the same way, as in the phrases, “He caught me right here,” “I hit him right in the eye,” &c. Collier’s second folio substitutes Bright: plausible, indeed; but Dyce puts it right out of court, on the authority of an “eminent physician,” Dr. Elliotson: “Mr. Collier tells us that Bright is to be understood ‘in reference to the remarkable brilliancy of the eyes of many persons just*
before death': but if that lighting up of the eye ever occurs, it is only when comparative tranquility precedes dissolution, — not during 'the pangs of death'; and most assuredly it is never to be witnessed in those persons who, like Melun, are dying of wounds — of exhaustion from loss of blood, — in which case, the eye, immediately before death, becomes glazed and lustreless." — Capell reads "Fight in thine eye"; and the same occurred to me before I knew that any one had hit upon it. I have hardly any doubt that so we ought to read; for the image or idea of death-pangs combating in the eye, and striving to quench its native fire, is good sense and good poetry too. Perhaps I should add, that Mr. A. E. Brae proposes, and Dr. Ingleby strongly approves, the reading, "Riot in thine eye." This, besides that it makes the verse begin with a Dactyl, — a rare thing in Shakespeare, — does not seem to me so good in itself as Capell's Fight. Dr. Schmidt explains Right to mean "in a manner deserving the name"; which, to my thinking, has much the effect of putting the old text out of court.

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 101. But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When th' English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire. — The original reads "When English measure backward." Corrected by Rowe and Pope.

P. 102. And wound our tattering colours clearly up. — The original has "And woon'd our tottering colours." But tottering, it appears, is but an old spelling of tattering. See foot-note 1. — Much question has been made about clearly here; whether it be the right word, and, if so, in what sense it is to be taken, neatly or entirely. Capell proposed cheerly, and Collier's second folio substitutes closely. The Cambridge Editors propose cleanly in the sense of neatly, and as rightly antithetical to tattering.

ACT V., SCENE 6.

P. 103. Hub. What's that to thee?
Bast. Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Hubert, I think. — The original prints all this as Hubert's speech, except "Hubert, I think," to which it prefixes "Bast." The arrangement in the text is Dyce's, who notes upon it as follows:
"Here I adopt, as absolutely necessary, a portion of the new distribution of the speeches at the commencement of this scene which was recommended to me by Mr. W. W. Lloyd."

P. 103. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night
      Have done me shame. — So Theobald and Collier's second folio.
The original, "thou and endless night." See foot-note 4.

Act v., Scene 7.

P. 105. Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
      Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
      Against the mind. — The original has invisible for insensible.
Corrected by Hanmer. The original also has winde for mind; an error that corrects itself.

P. 105. I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan. — For cygnet the old text has Symet. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 108. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks. — The old copies omit you, which is necessary alike to sense and metre.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

FIRST heard of through an entry in the Stationers' register, dated August 29, 1597, and published in the course of the same year, but without the author's name. The same text was issued again in 1598, with "By William Shakespeare" in the title-page. There was a third issue in 1608, the title-page having the words, "With new additions of the Parliament-Scene, and the deposing of King Richard." These additions are in Act iv., Scene 1, comprising a hundred and sixty-four lines, or about half the Act. Another quarto edition appeared in 1615, the text being the same as in that of 1608. Of course the play reappeared along with the others in the folio of 1623. In the folio text, however, several passages, including in all just fifty lines, are unaccountably wanting; the omissions, in some cases, making a palpable break in the continuity of the sense. The text of 1597 is, I believe, generally allowed to be the best of the five, except as regards the additions of 1608; each later issue retaining the errors of the earlier, with new ones of its own.

As to the date of the composition, we have nothing decisive beyond the entry at the Stationers'. Malone assigns the writing to 1593; Chalmers to 1596; and others, to various dates between those two. To the best of my judgment, the internal evidence of style, the abundance of rhymes, the frequent passages of elaborate verbal trifling, the smooth-flowing current of the verse, and the comparative uncompactness of texture, make strongly in favour of as early a date as 1594, when the author was thirty years old. In all these respects, a comparison of the play with the First Part of King Henry the Fourth, which could not have been written later than 1597, will, I think, satisfy almost any one that there must have been an interval of several years between the two.
And we have another sort of argument which, it seems to me, carries no little force towards the same conclusion. The first four Books of Daniel’s *History of the Civil Wars*, three of which are wholly occupied with the closing passages of Richard’s government and life, were originally published in 1595. Samuel Daniel was a star, not indeed of the first magnitude, nor perhaps of the second, but yet a star in that matchless constellation of genius contemporary with Elizabeth and James which has since made England the brightness of the whole Earth. As he was himself a writer of plays, and an aspirant for dramatic honours, it is hardly to be supposed that he would be away from the theatre when “th’ applause, delight, the wonder of our stage” was making the place glorious with his “Delphic lines.”

The poem and the play have several passages so similar in thought and language as to argue that one of the authors must have drawn from the other. This, to be sure, will of itself conclude nothing as to which way the obligation ran. But there is another sort of resemblance much more to the point. Shakespeare, in strict keeping with the nature and purpose of his work, makes the Queen, in mind, character, and deportment, a full-grown woman; whereas, in fact, she was at the time only twelve years old, having been married when she was but eight: a liberty of art every way justifiable in an historical drama, and such as he never scruples to use when the proper ends of dramatic representation may be furthered thereby. On the other hand, the plan of Daniel’s poem, and also the bent of his mind, caused him to write, for the most part, with the historical accuracy of a chronicler, insomuch that the fine vein of poetry which was in him hardly had fair play, being overmuch hampered by the rigidity of literal truth. Yet he makes a similar departure from fact in regard to the Queen, representing her very much as she is in the play.

The point, then, is, that such a departure, however justifiable in either case, seems more likely to have been original in the play than in the poem: in the former it grew naturally from the purpose of the work and the usual method of the workman; in the latter its cause appears to be rather in the force of example: in other words, Shakespeare was more likely to do it because,
artistically, it ought so to be; Daniel, because it had been so done with success. And it is considerable that Daniel pushes the divergence from historic truth even further than Shakespeare; in which excess we may easily detect the influence of a model: for that which proceeds by the reason and law of Art naturally stops with them; but in proceeding by the measure of examples and effects such is not the case; and hence it is that imitation is so apt to exaggerate whatever traits it fastens on. To all which if we add, as we justly may, that both this and the other resemblances are such withal as would naturally result from the impressions of the stage, the whole makes at least something of probability for the point in question.

Some question has been made as to whether the "additions" first printed in the quarto of 1608 were written at the same time with the rest of the play. The judgment of, I believe, all the best critics is that they were; and such is clearly my own. They are all of a piece with the surrounding portions: there is nothing either in the style, the matter, or the connection of them, to argue or even to indicate in the slightest degree a different period of workmanship. Nor is this judgment at all hindered by the fact of their non-appearance in the two earlier issues of the play. For Elizabeth was then on the throne; to whose ears the deposing of monarchs was a very ungrateful theme, especially after the part she had in deposing from both crown and life her enchanting and ill-starred kinswoman, the witty and beautiful Mary of Scotland. Her sensitiveness in this behalf was shown on various occasions. Thus in 1599 Hayward barely escaped prosecution for his History of King Henry the Fourth, which related the deposing of Richard; all because of the Queen's extreme jealousy lest the matter should be drawn into a precedent against herself. So that, supposing those additions to have been a part of the play as originally written, it is pretty certain that no publisher would have dared to issue them, however they may have been allowed on the stage.

There was certainly another play in Shakespeare's time on the subject of Richard the Second. This we learn beyond peradventure from Dr. Simon Forman, a dealer in occult science, who kept a diary of curious and noteworthy things. Under date of
April 30, 1611, he notes the performance of a play called Richard the Second at the Globe theatre; adding such particulars of the plot and action as make it evident that the play could not have been Shakespeare's, though performed at the theatre for which he had so long been used to write. The details noted by Forman ascertain the piece to have embraced the insurrection of Wat Tiler and Jack Straw, with various other matters occurring before the outbreak of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk. Forman says nothing about the deposing of Richard; an event which he would hardly have failed to mention, had it formed any part of the play.

This brings me to a curious affair of State which took place in 1601. It appears that in February of that year the partisans and accomplices of Essex, in pursuance of the conspiracy they had formed, and to further the insurrection they had planned, procured a play to be acted, wherein the deposing of Richard the Second was represented. The affair is briefly related in Camden's Annals, and the main points of it are further known from Lord Bacon's official papers concerning "the treason of Robert, Earl of Essex." Bacon's statement tallies exactly with another document lately discovered in the State-Paper Office. This ascertains that on the 18th of February, 1601, Augustine Phillips, a member of the same theatrical company with Shakespeare, was examined under oath by Chief-Justice Popham, Justice Anderson, and Sergeant Fenner, in support of the prosecution. Phillips testified that a few days before some of Essex's partisans had applied, in his presence, to the leaders of the Globe company, "to have the play of the deposing and killing of King Richard the Second played the Saturday next, promising to give them forty shillings more than their ordinary" for playing it. Phillips also testified that he and his fellows had determined to act some other play, "holding the play of King Richard to be so old, and so long out of use, that they should have small or no company at it," but that the extra forty shillings induced them to change their purpose, and do as they were requested.

Until this deposition came to light, it was not known what theatrical company had undertaken the performance for which the friends of Essex were prosecuted. We now know that it was
the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and by which his play had for some time been owned and often acted. As we have seen, the piece bespoken by the conspirators could not have been the same which Forman witnessed ten years later. It is indeed possible that the play so bespoken may have been a third one on the same subject, that has not elsewhere been heard of; but this, to say the least, appears highly improbable. To be sure, the play engaged for that occasion is spoken of as being "so old, and so long out of use," that it was not likely to draw an audience; which circumstance has been rather strongly urged against supposing it to have been Shakespeare’s. But these words need not infer any more than that the play had lost the charm of novelty; a thing which, considering the marvellous fertility of the time in dramatic production, might well enough have come about in the course of five or six years.

My own judgment, therefore, is, that Shakespeare’s King Richard the Second was written as early as 1594; that it is the play referred to in the trial of Essex and his accomplices; and that for reasons of State the deposition-scene was withheld from the press till some time after the accession of James the First, when such reasons were no longer held to be of any force.

The leading events of King Richard the Second, and all the persons except the Queen, the whole substance, action, and interest, are purely historical, with only such heightening of effect, such vividness of colouring, and such vital invigoration, as poetry can add without marring or displacing the truth of history; the Poet having entirely forborne that freedom of art in representative character which elsewhere issued in such delectations as Falconbridge and Falstaff. For the materials of the drama, Shakespeare was indebted, as in his other historical plays, to the pages of Holinshed; though there are several passages which show traces of his reading in the older work of Hall. In the current of Holinshed’s narrative, the quarrel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk strikes in so abruptly, is so inexplicable in its origin, and so teeming with great results, as to form, naturally and of itself, the beginning of the manifold national tragedy which ends only with the catastrophe of King Richard the Third. The cause
indeed of that quarrel is hardly less obscure in the history than in the play: it stands out almost as something uncaused, so that there was no need of going behind it; while at the same time it proves the germ of such a vast and varied procession of historical events as to acquire the highest importance.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.  
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster.  
HENRY OF BOLINGBROKE, his Son.  
EDMUND, Duke of York.  
EDWARD, his Son, Duke of Aumerle.  
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.  
THOMAS HOLLAND, Duke of Surrey.  
JOHN MONTACUTE, Earl of Salisbury.  
SIR JOHN BUSHY, Creatures of the King.  
SIR WILLIAM BAGOT, Creatures of the King.  
SIR HENRY GREEN, Creatures of the King.  
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.  

HENRY PERCY, his Son.  
EARL OF BERKLEY.  
LORD WILLOUGHBY.  
LORD FITZWATER. LORD ROSS.  
THOMAS MERKS, Bishop of Carlisle.  
THE ABBOT of Westminster.  
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.  
SIR PIERCE of Exton.  
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.  
ISABELLA, Queen to Richard.  
DUCHESS OF YORK.  
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.  
A Lady attending the Queen.  

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE. — Dispersely in England and Wales.

ACT I.


Enter King Richard, attended; Gaunt, and other Nobles.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt,¹ time-honour’d Lancaster,

¹ The Duke of Lancaster was born in 1340, in the city of Ghent, Flanders, and thence called John of Gaunt. At the time referred to in the text, 1398, he was only fifty-eight years old. The language here applied to him is such
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band, Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son, Here to make good the boisterous late appeal, Which then our leisure would not let us hear, Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him, If he appeal the duke on ancient malice; Or worthily, as a good subject should, On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument, On some apparent danger seen in him Aim'd at your Highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face, And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear Th' accuser and th' accused freely speak:—

[Exeunt some Attendants.

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire, In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall

as we should hardly use of a man under eighty. At that time men were often married at fifteen, and were commonly reckoned old at fifty; and to reach the age of sixty was as uncommon as it is now to reach fourscore.

Band and bond were used indifferently for obligation, both of them being from the verb to bind. Some six weeks before the time of this scene, in a Parliament held at Shrewsbury, Lancaster had pledged himself, given his oath and bond, that his son should appear for combat at the time and place appointed. This was in accordance with ancient custom.

To appeal was constantly used for to accuse or impeach.

Leisure is here put for want of leisure. A frequent usage both in Shakespere and other old writers. See vol. v. page 55, note 7.

Here, as often, apparent is manifest. — Argument is theme or matter.

Stomach was used for pride, and also for resentment.

Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of Lancaster, was surnamed Bolingbroke from his having been born at the castle of that name in Lincolnshire.
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the Heavens, envying Earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come; 9
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First,—Heaven be the record to my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject’s love,
Tendering the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee:
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this Earth,
Or my divine soul 11 answer it in Heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note, 12

8 To better for to surpass. A frequent usage. So in The Winter’s Tale, iv. 3: “What you do still betters what is done.” Both here and in the text, still is always, or continually.

9 Meaning, of course, come for, or come on. The Poet has many such ellipses, especially of prepositions.

10 To tender a thing is to be careful or tender of it; to hold it dear.

11 “Divine soul” for immortal soul; or, perhaps, in the sense of Wordsworth’s well-known passage: “Not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home.”

12 Note for mark or stigma.—This was the usual way of aggravating words of accusation, contumely, or reproach. “You lie in your teeth,” “You lie in your throat,” “You lie as low as to the heart,” were the three degrees; the last being the ne plus ultra of insult.
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword\textsuperscript{13} may prove.

\textit{Nor.} Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post\textsuperscript{14} until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied\textsuperscript{15} to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,\textsuperscript{16}
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

\textsuperscript{13} That is, a sword drawn in a \textit{righteous} or \textit{just} cause.
\textsuperscript{14} To \textit{post} is to \textit{hasten}; to go with the speed of a \textit{postman}.
\textsuperscript{15} \textit{Tied} in the sense of \textit{bound} or \textit{obliged}.
\textsuperscript{16} \textit{Inhabitable} for \textit{uninhabitable}; a strictly classical use of the word, the
\textit{in} having a negative force. So in Heywood's \textit{General History of Women},
1624: "Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the Sun, and the
place almost\textit{inhabitable} for the multitude of serpents." Also in Holland's
Plutarch: "That some parts of the world should be \textit{habitable}, others\textit{inhabitable},
according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature
of both."
Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except. 17
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, 18 then stoop:
By that and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and by that sword I swear
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not 'light, 19
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us 20
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true:
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd 21 employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere to the farthest verge

17 Referring to Norfolk's disclaimer of any thing that might be offensive
to the King; and meaning that this disclaimer sprang from fear, not from
loyalty.
18 Pawn is pledge; referring to the glove which he throws down as his
gage of battle.
19 'Light for alight; that is, dismount.
20 Here, as often, inherit is possess, or have; and is used as a causative
verb; "can cause us to have." See vol. vii. page 85, note 31.
21 Lewd in its old sense of knavish, wicked, or base. So in 1 Henry IV.,
iii. 2: "Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts."
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contriv'd in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,22
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the Earth,
To me 24 for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

   K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

   Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

22 This was Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward the Third, and so uncle to the King. Fierce, turbulent, and noted for cruelty in an age of cruel men, he was arrested for treason in 1397, and his own nephews and brothers concurred in the judgment against him. Upon his arrest he was given into the keeping of Norfolk, who pretended to conduct him to the Tower; but, when they reached the Thames, he put him on board a ship, took him to Calais, of which Norfolk was governor, and confined him in the castle. When ordered, some time afterwards, to bring his prisoner before Parliament for trial, Norfolk answered that he could not produce the Duke, because, being in the King's prison at Calais, he had there died. Holinshed says "the King sent unto Thomas Mowbray to make the Duke secretly away."

23 To prompt, to set on, to instigate are among the old meanings of suggest. So in King Henry VIII., i. 1: "This holy fox, or wolf, or both, suggests the King our master to this last costly treaty."

24 "Cries to me" finely expresses the subtle but stern audacity of Bolingbroke. It is a note of terror to the King, and works all the more for being so cunningly done that he cannot or dare not resent it. — Worth, in the next line, is nobility, dignity.
Till I have told this slander of his blood, 25
How God and good men hate so foul a liar!

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom’s heir,—
As he is but my father’s brother’s son,—
Now, by my sceptre’s awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
Th’ unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt 26 I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his Highness’ soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account, 27
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster’s death,
I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case. 28 —

25 Slander for disgrace or shame; that which causes slander.—Blood is
kindred or ancestry.
26 Receipt for the money received.
27 Meaning, perhaps, a large or heavy debt. But, more likely, the account
is called dear because the expense was in a matter of special interest or dear-
ness to the King. Norfolk and Aumerle, with several other peers and a
large retinue of knights and esquires, were sent over to France in 1395, to
negotiate a marriage between Richard and Isabella, daughter of the French
King, then in her eighth year. The next year, 1396, Norfolk went to France
again, and formally married Isabella in the name and behalf of his sover-
eign. Richard’s first wife, daughter of Charles the Fourth, Emperor of
Germany, and known in history as “the good Queen Anne,” died in 1394,
“to the great griefe of hir husband, who loved hir intrelie.”
28 This reads as if Norfolk held it his duty to slay Gloster, or, at least, to
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul:
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly\(^{29}\) begg’d
Your Grace’s pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal’d,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;\(^{30}\)
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor’s foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber’d in his bosom.
In haste whereof,\(^{31}\) most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our trial-day.

\(K.\) Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
Let’s purge this choler without letting blood.
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:\(^{32}\)
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.\(^{33}\) —
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We’ll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

\(^{29}\) \textit{Exactly for scrupulously, expressly, or punctiliously.}
\(^{30}\) \textit{Defend, here, has the sense, apparently, of maintain.}
\(^{31}\) “In \textit{haste whereof}” is in order to \textit{hasten which.}
\(^{32}\) The words \textit{physician} and \textit{incision} were meant to rhyme; and the endings of both, in accordance with old usage, are properly disyllabic.
\(^{33}\) In the old almanacs the best times for blood-letting were set down. The earliest English almanac known has those times carefully noted.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age.—
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when! Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.
Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave;
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.
K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage: — lions make leopards tame.
Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

84 When! was often used thus as an exclamation of impatience.
85 Boot is advantage or profit. Here the meaning is, "It's of no use to resist."
86 "That lives upon my grave in spite of death" is the meaning.
87 Abused, reviled, belaboured with opprobrious terms, are among the old senses of baffled.
88 "The heart-blood of him who breathed."
89 Alluding, probably, to Norfolk's crest, which is said to have been a golden leopard.
90 It may seem as if his should be their, to accord with leopards; but Norfolk probably has in mind the text, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

*Boling.* O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit Gaunt.

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day. There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see

---

41 Here, again, it may seem that your should be his. But "your gage" is the gage which you have made yours by taking it up. So, just before, Norfolk says "resign my gage," meaning the appellant's gage, which he has taken up.

42 "Impeach my height" means "draw my high descent in question"; that is, "show that I am not a Plantagenet."

43 Such base notes of feebleness or imbecility. — "Sound a parle" is, order the trumpeter to sound a parley, to settle the quarrel with talk.

44 Here motive is the moving power, or agent; that is, the tongue, which utters the cowardly recantation. The Poet has motive repeatedly so.

45 Saint Lambert's day is the 17th of September.

46 Cannot reconcile or at-one you, or make you friends. Such is the old meaning of the word. — Design, in the next line, has the classical sense of
Justice design the victor’s chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The Same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster’s Palace.

Enter Gaunt and the Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock’s blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But, since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on Earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders’ heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward’s seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature’s course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;

Mark or point out. So designator was “a marshal, or master of a play or prize, who appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory.”

1 Gaunt means his blood-relationship, his consanguinity to the Duke of Gloster. Thomas, like his brothers, John of Gaunt and Edmund of Langley, was surnamed Woodstock, from the place of his birth.—Exclaims for exclamations. The Poet has many words thus shortened.

2 Referring, evidently, to the King, whom Gaunt believes to have caused the murder of Gloster. As the King alone could punish the crime, and as Gaunt could not call him to account, he might well speak of it as a “fault that we cannot correct.”

3 They refers to Heaven, which is here used as a collective noun. Shakespeare has the same usage elsewhere.—In this line, as in many other places, hours is a dissyllable.
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer-leaves all faded,
By envy's hand⁴ and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self⁵ mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model⁶ of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?⁷
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why, then I will. Farewell, old Gaunt:

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⁴ Envy, here, is malice; the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.
⁵ Self for self-same; a very frequent usage.
⁶ Model for image or copy; that which is modelled. Often so.
⁷ Complain used reflexively; like the French me complairdre.
Thou go' st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career, 8
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes 9 brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more: Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: 10
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy 11 visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones? 12

8 Career is here a technical term of the tilt-yard, for the course or race from the lists or extremities of the yard to the spot where the combatants met full-tilt. The Poet has it so once again, at least.
9 Sometimes and sometimes were used indiscriminately, and often, as here, in the sense of former or formerly.
10 She is likening her wordy grief to the repeated boundings of a tennis-ball.
11 Plashy was the name of Gloster's residence in Essex.
12 In the ancient English castles the naked stone walls were only lined with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was easily taken down whenever the family removed. The offices were the rooms for
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a throne; with Attendants. Enter the
Duke of Surrey as Lord Marshal and Aumerle.¹

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of th' appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King Richard, who takes his
seat on his throne; Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and

keeping the various stores of provisions; always situate within the house,
on the ground-floor, and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had
been set on the board, the proper officers attended in these offices respec-
tively. The Duchess, therefore, laments that, owing to the murder of her
husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; the walls are unfurnished,
the lodging-rooms empty, and the offices unpeopled.

¹ The official actors in this scene are spoken of by Holinshed as follows:
"The Duke of Aumerle that day being High Constable of England, and the
Duke of Surrey Marshal, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and
appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists,
with a great company of men appareled in silk sendal, embroidered with
silver both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the
field in order." Aumerle was Edward, the oldest son of the Duke of York,
and was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. Norfolk was by inheri-
tance Earl Marshal of England; but, being one of the parties in the com-
batt, of course he could not serve in that office. Surrey, who acted as
marshal in his stead, was half-brother to the King, being the son of Joan,
the Fair Maid of Kent, by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. While
so serving, he is addressed as Marshal or Lord Marshal.
others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter Norfolk in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God’s name and the King’s, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee Heaven and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and therefor comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of Heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. Th' appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.—
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear

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5 Depose as a causative verb, and in the legal sense of making a deposition; that is, giving evidence upon oath.
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray’s spear:
As confident as is the falcon’s flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
[To L. Mar.] My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
[To Gaunt.] O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance’s point,
That it may enter Mowbray’s waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John o’ Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!  

Nor. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard’s throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

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6 To regret is, properly, to return a salutation: here, and in some other places, it is simply to salute.

7 Waxen and waxy sometimes mean soft, or penetrable. So Bishop Hall, speaking of an inconstant man: “He is servile in imitations, waxy to persuasions, an ape of others, and any thing rather than himself.”

8 To thrive has here the force of to speed me, or help me to thrive. The expression is rather odd.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll’d enfranchismment,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest. 9
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich Farewell, my lord: securely 10 I espy
Virtue with valour crouched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. [To an Officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas,
Duke of Norfolk.

1 Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Nor-
folk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve 11
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

9 To jest was, sometimes, to play a part in a masque. So in the old play
of Jeronimo: “He promised us to grace our banquet with some pompous jest.” And accordingly a masque is performed.

10 Securely qualifies couchèd, and means confidently.

11 Here, approve is simply prove, or make good. So in The Merchant, iii.
2: “What damned error, but some sober brow will approve it with a text?”
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

*Mar.* Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. —

[\textit{A charge sounded.}

Stay, stay! the King hath thrown his warden down.\textsuperscript{12}

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us; —and let the trumpets sound
While\textsuperscript{13} we return these dukes what we decree. —

[\textit{A long flourish.}

[\textit{To the Combatants.}] Draw near,
And list what with our Council we have done.
For\textsuperscript{14} that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fosteréd;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspèct
Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Therefore we banish you our territories: —
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: this must my comfort be,

\textsuperscript{12} The \textit{warder} was a kind of truncheon or staff used in presiding at such trials; and the combat was to \textit{go on or to stop}, according as the president threw this \textit{up or down.}

\textsuperscript{13} \textit{While} in the old sense of \textit{until}. So in \textit{Macbeth}, iii. 1: "We will keep ourself till supper-time alone: \textit{while} then, God b'wi' you!" And in iv. 1, of this play: "Read o'er this paper \textit{while} the glass doth come."

\textsuperscript{14} This use of \textit{for} in the sense of \textit{because} was very common.
That Sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeless word of Never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd-for from your Highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstring'd viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailer to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,

15 "Fly-slow hours" is, no doubt, slow-flying hours.—Determinate for terminate simply. Still used so in legal language.

16 Dear was formerly applied indifferently to objects of love or hate, and to occasions of extreme pleasure and extreme pain. Shakespeare often has it as in the text. See vol. v. page 227, note 6.

17 As the Poet has before used model for the thing modelled, that is, the copy; so here he has merit for the thing merited, that is, the reward.
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be so passionate: 18
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country’s light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal sword your banish’d hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves, 19—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall — so help you truth and God! —
Embrace each other’s love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other’s face;
Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advised 20 purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
’Gainst us, our State, our subjects, or our land.

*Boling.* I swear.

*Nor.* And I, to keep all this.

*Boling.* Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy: 21
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wander’d in the air,
Banish’d this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish’d from this land:

18 *Passionate* is sorrowful, or perturbed with grief. So in *King John*, ii. 1, it is said of Constance, “She’s sad and passionate.” See Critical Notes.

19 Writers on the law of nations are divided in opinion whether an exile is still bound by his allegiance to the State that banished him. Shakespeare here is of the side of those who hold the negative.—*Staunton*.

20 *Advised* is deliberate, premeditated. Repeatedly so.

21 Ritson’s explanation of this is probably right: “Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him as a friend. ‘Norfolk,’ says he, ‘so far as a man may speak to his enemy,’ &c.” So in Fletcher’s *Woman’s Prize*, iii. 3: “Yet thus far, Livia: your sorrow may induce me to forgive you, but never love again.”
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

_Nor._ No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from Heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world's my way.        [Exit.

_K. Rich._ Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grievèd heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—_[To BOLING._ Six frozen Winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

_Boling._ How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging Winters and four wanton Springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

_Gaunt._ I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

_K. Rich._ Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

_Gaunt._ But not a minute, King, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen\(^{22}\) sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

\(^{22}\) _Dark, dismal, gloomy, are among the old senses of sullen._
SCENE III.  KING RICHARD THE SECOND.  155

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish’d upon good advice,
Whereunto thy tongue a party-verdict gave: 23
Why at our justice seem’st thou, then, to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth 24 his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander 25 sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy’d.
Alas! I look’d when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make 26 mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Flourish. Exeunt King RICHARD and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence 27 must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return’st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue’s office should be prodigal

23 “Your tongue had a part or share in the verdict I pronounced.”
24 To smooth for to extenuate. Sometimes it is to flatter.
25 A partial slander” is a slanderous charge of partiality.
26 The infinitive to make is here used gerundively; equivalent to in making.
27 Presence for majesty, and used because the King’s presence has hitherto prevented Aumerle from speaking.
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

_Gaunt._ Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

_Boling._ Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

_Gaunt._ What is six Winters? they are quickly gone.

_Boling._ To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

_Gaunt._ Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

_Boling._ My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforc'd pilgrimage.

_Gaunt._ The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

_Boling._ Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

_Gaunt._ All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.31

_28 Foil is that which sets off something, or makes it show to advantage. The Poet has it repeatedly so._

_29 Passages for journeyings; passings to and fro._

_30 This seems to have been a favourite metaphor with the poets for the Sun. So in The Faerie Queen, i. 3, 4:_

> From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
> And layd her stole aside: her angel's face,
> As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
> And made a sunshine in a shady place.

_31 The Poet probably had in mind Euphues' exhortation to Botomio to take his exile patiently: 'Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'_
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King: woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exiled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
'To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd, 39
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure 33 or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic Summer's 34 heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

32 The presence-chamber, which used to be strewed with rushes for carpeting. The Poet repeatedly notes the use of such carpeting.
33 A measure was a dignified sort of dance; described in Much Ado, as "full of state and ancientry." — Gnarling, next line, is snarling or growling.
34 Fantastic Summer" is probably a Summer existing only in imagination or in fantasy.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. — The Court.

Enter, from one side, King Richard, Bagot, and Green;
from the other, Aumerle.

K. Rich. We did observe. — Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdain'd that my tongue

The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into Al-
main, and at the last came to Venice, where he, for thought and melancholy,
deceased. The Duke of Hereford took his journey over into Calais, and
from thence into France, where he remained. A wonder it was to see what
a number of people ran after him in every town and street where he came,
before he took to sea, lamenting and bewailing his departure, as who would
say that, when he departed, the only shield and comfort of the common-
wealth was faded and gone. — Holinshed.

1 The King here speaks to Green and Bagot, who are supposed to have
been talking to him of Bolingbroke's "courtship to the common people."
2 To bring was in frequent use for to attend, to escort.
3 For me here means on my side, or my part.
4 Rheum was used for the secretions of the eyes, the nose, and the mouth,
indifferently. Here, of course, tears.
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem’d buried in my sorrow’s grave.
Marry,⁵ would the word farewell have lengthen’d hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,⁶
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects⁷ with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,⁸
With Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects’ next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland:
Expedient manage⁹ must be made, my liege,

⁵ Marry was continually used as a general intensive, equivalent to indeed, verily, &c. Originally an oath by the Virgin Mary.
⁶ "'Tis doubt" for "'tis doubtful." Repeatedly so.
⁷ Affects for affections. A frequent usage.
⁸ Courtesying, a gesture of respect used only by women in our time, was formerly practised by men. Sometimes called making a leg.
⁹ Expedient manage is speedy arrangement or order; expedient being used just as expeditious is now.
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your Highness' loss.

_K. Rich._ We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a Court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm; ¹⁰
The révenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,¹¹
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.—

_Enter Bushy._

Bushy, what news?

_Bushy._ Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
T' entreat your Majesty to visit him.

_K. Rich._ Where lies he?

_Bushy._ At Ely-house.

_K. Rich._ Now put it, God, in his physician's mind

¹⁰ To _farm_, as the word is here used, is to let out on contract; to sell commissions for collecting taxes, the buyers being allowed to make what they can by the process. When this was done, greedy contractors often had full license for fleecing and even skinning the people.

¹¹ The common bruit ran, that the King had set to farm the realm of England unto Sir William Scroop, Earl of Wiltshire, and then Treasurer of England, Sir John Busby, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, knights. Many blank charters were devised, and brought into the city, which many of the substantial and wealthy citizens were fain to seal, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all the shires within the realm; whereby great grudge and murmuring arose among the people: for, when they were sealed, the King's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with payment of money, as otherwise.—_HOLINSHED._
Scene I.       King Richard the Second.       161

To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late! [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I.—London. A Room in Ely-house.

Gaunt on a couch; the Duke of York¹ and others standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they’re seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen’d more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze;²
More are men’s ends mark’d than their lives before:
The setting Sun, and music at the close,³—

¹ Edward the Third had five sons who grew to manhood. Edmund, Duke of York, the fourth of these, was born, in 1341, at Langley, near St. Alban's; hence called “Edmund of Langley.” He is said to have been “of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion.”

² To gloze is to wheedle and cajole with fair and soothing speeches; to flatter. To gloss, meaning to explain away, is from the same original.

³ “Music at the close” is a musical cadence; what Duke Orsino, in
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,—last
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life’s counsel would not hear,
My death’s sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp’d with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond; 4
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy, 5
Whose manners still our tardy-apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So it be new, there’s no respect 6 how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz’d into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit’s 7 regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
’Tis breath thou lack’st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new-inspired,
And thus, expiring, do fortell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;

Twelfth Night, terms “a dying fall.” And Bacon says, “The falling from a
discord to a concord maketh great sweetness in music.”

4 The sense implied is, that if even the wise are fond of praises, much
more so is Richard.

5 In Shakespeare’s time the Italian Courts led all Europe in fashion and
splendour; as much so as Paris in later times.

6 Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, respect is consideration.—Buzz’d
in the next line, is whispered. Often so.

7 Wit was used in reference to all the faculties of knowledge. Here it
is judgment or understanding. The sense of the text is, “where will rebels
against the instructions of reason.”
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy\(^8\) of less happy lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed,\(^9\) and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home—
For Christian service and true chivalry—
As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's Son;—
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement or pelting\(^10\) farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:

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\(^8\) Envy, again, for *malice or hatred*. See page 144, note 4.

\(^9\) "Feared by reason of their breed" is the meaning.

\(^10\) *Pelting* is *paltry or petty*. A frequent usage. So in Bishop Hall's *Contemplations*: "To tender a trade of so invaluable a commodity to these *pelting petty* chapmen, for thirty poor silverlings, it was no less base than wicked."
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard and the Queen, Aumerle, Bushy,
Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The King is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being curb’d, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is’t with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition! 11
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch’d;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean, my children’s looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones. 12

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me, 13

11 Composition, here, seems to combine the two senses of state of mind
and of bodily condition.

12 Upon this strange speech, Coleridge has the following: “Yes! on a
death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns
and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess
by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to drama, as
by gesticulations, looks, or tones.” Schlegel, also, defends the passage on
similar grounds. Nevertheless the thing seems to me a decided blot; I can-
not accept it either as right in itself or on the score of dramatic fitness.

13 This is supposed to be done by the banishment of his son, as leaving
Gaunt without an heir to keep his name alive.
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

*K. Rich.* Should dying men flatter with those that live?
*Gaunt.* No, no, men living flatter those that die.
*K. Rich.* Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.
*Gaunt.* O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
*K. Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
*Gaunt.* Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commiss'tst thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But, for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law; 15
And——

14 *Possess'd* is here used in two senses; the first being possessed of the crown, the other, possessed by an evil spirit, that is, mad.
15 "Thy legal state, that rank in the State and those large demesnes which the law gives thee are now bond-slave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every pelting farm that is let on a lease."
K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son:
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly caroused.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,—
Whom fair befall in Heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;¹⁸
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

¹⁸ Roundly is freely, boldly, blantly; as round was used for out-spoken, plain, or downright.
¹⁷ That is, "Let them love, or care to live," &c.
¹⁸ Sullens appears to be the old name for what we call horrors. So in Milton's Colasterion: "No, says he; let them die of the sullens, and try who will pity them." Also in Beaumont and Fletcher's Spanish Curate, iii. 2: "Let women die o' the sullens too; 'tis natural: but be sure their daughters be of age first."
York. Beseech your Majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford,\(^{19}\) were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true: as Hereford’s love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says he now?

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancastor hath spent.

*York.* Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:\(^{20}\)
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;\(^{21}\)
Which live like venom, where no venom else
But only they hath privilege to live.\(^{22}\)
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,

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\(^{19}\) York’s meaning is, "He holds you as dear as he holds his own son, Bolingbroke"; but the King chooses to take him as meaning, "He holds you as dear as his son holds you."

\(^{20}\) The meaning probably is, "our pilgrimage must be spent"; though Mason explains it, "our pilgrimage is yet to come."

\(^{21}\) Kerns were the rude foot-soldiery of Ireland. Stanihurst, in his *Description of Ireland*, speaks of them thus: "Kerns signifieth (as noblemen of deep judgment informed me) a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than rakehels, or the divels blackguard." Called *rug-headed*, probably because, as Spenser says, in his *View of the State of Ireland*, they had "a thicke curled bush of haire, hanging downe over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them."

\(^{22}\) Alluding to the notion that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland.
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, révenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess’d.

_York._ How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster’s death, nor Hereford’s banishment,
Not Gaunt’s rebukes, yet nor England’s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign’s face.
I am the last of noble Edward’s sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look’d he,
Accomplish’d with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown’d, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father’s hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred’s blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

_K. Rich._ Why, uncle, what’s the matter?

—Gaunt’s is the objective genitive, as it is called: the rebukes which Gaunt suffered, or of which he was the object.

—Bolingbroke, on going into France, after his banishment, was honourably entertained at the French Court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French King, had not Richard interfered, and prevented the match.

—“There never was a lion that raged more fiercely,” is the meaning. Shakespeare often omits the relative pronoun in such cases.
York.

O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself,—for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-dispos'd hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

26 Such was the usage of the time. We should write letters patent. The term is so used in distinction from letters close, patent being open; and it means a writing executed and sealed or stamped, by which a person is authorized or empowered to do some act or enjoy some right. So, with us, a certificate of copy-right is a letter patent.

27 On the death of a person holding lands by feudal tenure, his heir, if under age, became the King's ward; but, if of age, he had a right to procure a writ of ouster le main, or livery, that the King's hand might be taken off, and the lands delivered to him. To deny, that is, refuse, his offered homage, was, in effect, to withhold the lands from him.—The attorneys-general here meant were not the officers of the Crown, but Bolingbroke's own attorneys, authorized to represent him generally, according to the scope of the letters patent.
K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events\(^{28}\) can never fall out good.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always loved us well.—
Come on, our Queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle,
Bushy, Green, and Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in révenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of
Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,

\(^{28}\) Events, here, is results or consequences.—"By bad courses" means of,
or with reference to, bad courses.
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,²⁹
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd³⁰ with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences,³¹ and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?³²

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

²⁹ Inform, here, is *give informations*: that is, bring accusations.
³⁰ Pill'd is * pillaged or plundered*. Pillage and pilfer are from the same original. So in one of South's Sermons: "The Church is every one's prey, and the shepherds are *pilled* and polled and fleeced by none more than by their own flocks."
³¹ Benevolences were what we should call *forced loans*. Stowe records that the King "compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seals to *blanks*, to the end that he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once." See page 160, note xi.
³² The sense properly requires *will* instead of *doth*: "what will come to be, or will result from this?"
North. His noble kinsman: — most degenerate King! But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,\(^33\)
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.\(^34\)

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavowed\(^35\) is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts;\(^36\) therefore be bold.

North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,
[Thomas, the son and heir to th' Earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter;\(^37\)

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83 So in The Tempest, ii. 2: "Another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind."
84 Securely in the sense of the Latin securus; negligently or carelessly. The Poet often uses secure thus. — Strike is here a nautical term. To strike sail is to lower sail.
85 Unavoided for unavoidable. So in King Richard the Third, iv. 4: "All unavoided is the doom of destiny." Shakespeare uses various words so; as unvalued for invaluable, imagined for imaginable, and unnumbered for innumerable.
86 "Thy words, spoken to us, are but as things not spoken: you will be just as safe as if you had but thought them with yourself."
87 The Duke of Exeter was John Holland, brother to the Duke of Surrey, and half-brother to the King. According to Holinshed, Thomas Arundel had been consigned to his keeping, but had broken away, and fled to Bolingbroke. He was not the brother, as here stated, but the nephew of Archbishop Arundel. The matter is given by Holinshed thus: "The Earl of Arundel's son, named Thomas, which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these well furnish’d by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedition,38
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country’s broken wing,39
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish’d crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre’s gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post 40 to Ravenspurg;
But, if you faint,41 as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To-horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[Exeunt.]

house, escaped out of the realm, and went to his uncle, Thomas Arundel
late Archbishop of Canterbury, and then sojourning at Cullen. Duke
Henry, chiefly through the earnest persuasions of the late Archbishop, who
had been removed from his See and banished the realm, got him down to
Brittany; and there were certain ships rigged for him at a place called Le
Port Blanc: and when all his provisions were made ready he took the sea,
together with the said Archbishop and his nephew, Thomas Arundel, son
and heir to the late Earl of Arundel beheaded at the Tower-hill.”

38 Expedience for expedition, speed, or dispatch. See page 159, note 9.
39 When the wing-feathers of a hawk were lost or broken, new ones were
artificially inserted. This was “to imp a hawk.” So Milton, in one of his
Sonnets: “To imp their serpent wings.” The word is from the Saxon imp-
pan, to graft.
40 In post, is the same as in haste. See page 136, note 14.
41 That is, “if you are faint-hearted.” So in Bacon’s essay Of Atheism:
“Atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it
within themselves.”
Scene II. — The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than parting from my lord the King.¹

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazèd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
Distinguish form:² so your sweet Majesty,

¹ This presentimental depression of spirits, which who has not sometimes
felt? is thus commented on by Coleridge: "Mark in this scene Shakespeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the terra incognitae
of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction
he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it
may be taken once for all as the truth, that Shakespeare, in the absolute
universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our
moral nature; he never profanes his Muse with a contemptuous reasoning
away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of man-
kind."

² Of these perspectives there were various kinds, and the Poet has several
references to them. Hobbes, in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to Gon-
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
Or, if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thing I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is—that is not yet known what—

dibert, thus describes one kind: "You have seen a curious kind of perspective, where he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass." I have seen sign-boards so arranged that, if you stood to the right, you would see one name distinctly; if to the left, another; if directly in front a confusion of the two. Something of like sort seems referred to in the text: "eyed awry," that is, seen obliquely, the form was truly distinguished; "rightly gazed upon," that is, seen directly, it "showed nothing but confusion."

8 The Poet always uses conceit in a good sense. Here it is imagination or fancy.

4 "'Tis nothing less than that" is an old equivalent for the phrase, "'Tis any thing but that." Here, again, still is always or constantly.

6 This passage is made dark by elaborate verbal play. The meaning seems to be, that either nothing has caused her grief, or else there really is somewhat in the nothing that she grieves about. And she possesses her grief in reversion, as something which, though really hers, she has no right to claim till the coming of the event that is to cause it.
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your Majesty! — and well met, gentlemen: —
I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope;
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravensburg.

Queen. Now God in Heaven forbid!

Green. O madam, 'tis too true: and, what is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction,
Traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;

6 To draw back or withdraw is among the old senses of retire.
7 That is, repeals the sentence of exile against himself. We should say, "recalls himself." The Poet often uses repeal so.
8 The Earl of Worcester was Thomas Percy, brother to Northumberland. The staff he broke was his official badge as Lord High Steward.
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

_Bushy_. Despair not, madam.

_Queen_. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.\(^9\)

_Green_. Here comes the Duke of York.

_Queen_. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O, full of careful\(^{10}\) business are his looks!

_Enter York._

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable\(^{11}\) words.

_York_. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in Heaven; and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

_Enter a Servant._

_Serv_. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

_York_. He was?—Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

---

\(^9\) Which false hope *causes to linger in extreme distress.*

\(^{10}\) *Careful* for anxious, or *full of care.* — The “signs of war” are the upper parts of his armour: his *gorget* or throat-covering.

\(^{11}\) *Comfortable* for *comforting*; the passive form with the active sense. Such was the common usage of the time.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I callèd there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for His mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth has not provoked him to it,)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say; pray, pardon me.—
[To the Serv.] Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—[Exit Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I
Know how or which way t' order these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other, again,
Is my near kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

12 *Untruth* for *unfaithfulness* or *disloyalty*. The Poet has *truth* repeatedly in the opposite sense.
13 Shakespeare may have confounded the death of Arundel, who was *beheaded*, with that of Gloster, who was said to have been *smothered*.
14 This is one of the Poet's touches of nature. York is talking to the Queen, his cousin; but the death of his sister, the Duchess, is uppermost in his thoughts.
15 Here, *sovereign* is, properly, a trisyllable. Often so.
16 *Kindred* in the sense of *kinship* or *consanguinity.*
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit:—all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.17

[Exeunt York and the Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love
Is near the hate of those love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and who18 empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the King.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol-castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful19 commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his Majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes

17 That is, all is in confusion; an old proverbial phrase.
18 Who for whoever or whoso; a frequent usage in poetry.
19 Hateful for hating, or full of hate. So in 2 King Henry the Sixth, ii.
4: "Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks." — Office for service.
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

_Bagot._ Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.
_Bushy._ Well, we may meet again.

_Bagot._
I fear me, never.

_[Exeunt._

**Scene III.—The Wilds in Glostershire.**

_Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces._

_Boling._ How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
_North._ Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten’d with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy\(^1\) is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy’d: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

_Boling._ Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?
_North._ It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.\(^2\)—

---

\(^1\) _To joy_ is here a verb, meaning the same as _to enjoy._

\(^2\) That is, "sent from my brother, whencesoever he may come."
Enter Henry Percy.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the Court, Broken his staff of office, and dispersed The household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolved when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor. But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg, To offer service to the Duke of Hereford; And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover What power the Duke of York had levied there; Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge, I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young; Which elder days\(^3\) shall ripen, and confirm To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul remembering my good friends; And, as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense: My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

\(^3\) We should say later instead of elder. But "elder days" is put for "days of an older man." So in Cymbeline, v. 1: "You some permit to second ills with ills, each elder worse," &c.
North. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords, York, Berkley, Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who is't comes here?

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Enter Berkley.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is— to Lancaster; 4
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on

4 "I will answer you when you address me as Lancaster." He takes Berkley's Hereford as a malicious ignoring of his proper title.
To take advantage of the absent time,⁵
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.⁶

_Boling._ I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his Grace in person.—

_Enter York attended._

My noble uncle!  [Kneels.

_York._ Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable⁷ and false.

_Boling._ My gracious uncle!—

_York._ Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor’s uncle; and that word grace
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish’d and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England’s ground?
But, then, more why,—why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despoiling arms?
Comest thou because th’ anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth⁸
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

---

⁵ _Absent time for time of absence_; meaning, of course, the absence of the King. So, in _Othello_, iii. 4, we have “lovers’ absent hours” for “hours of lovers’ absence.”

⁶ “Self-born arms” are the arms, or the armed men, that peace has herself brought forth and bred.

⁷ _Deceivable for deceiving or deceptive_. This indiscriminate use of active and passive forms is very frequent in Shakespeare. Thus we have _disputable for disputatious_, and _unexpressive for inexpressible_. See vol. v. page 223, note 3.

⁸ “The lord of such hot youth” is the owner of such hot youthful blood.
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, châstise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving\(^9\) arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent\(^{10}\) eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties\(^{11}\)
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifits? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman:
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs,\(^{12}\) and chase them to the bay.

---

\(^9\) Braving is defiant, or full of bravado.

\(^{10}\) Indifferent in its old sense of impartial. So in Baret's Alvearie:
Æquus judex, a just and indifferent judge; nothing partial."

\(^{11}\) His royalties were the privileges belonging to him as a prince of the
blood royal.

\(^{12}\) Wrongs for wrongers; the effect for the cause. So, in Antony and
Cleopatra, ii. 2, we have reports for reporters.—A hunted animal was said
to be at bay, when it could run no further, and had no way but to turn upon
the hunters.
I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:  
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold;  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.
Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right;  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;  
And you that do abet him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own; and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my power is weak and all ill left;  
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King:  
But, since I cannot, be it known to you

\textsuperscript{18} Distrain'd is seized, or taken possession of, by violence.  
\textsuperscript{14} "It is your Grace's bounden duty." So in Hooker's \textit{Answer to Travers}:  
"The weightier the cause, the more it stood him upon to take good heed  
that nothing were rashly done or spoken in it."
I do remain as neuter. So, farewell,—
Unless you please to enter in\textsuperscript{15} the castle,
And there repose you for this night.
\textit{Boling.} An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol-castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
\textit{York.} It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. \[Exeunt.\]

\begin{center}
\textbf{Scene IV. — A Camp in Wales.}
\end{center}

\textit{Enter Salisbury and a Captain.}

\textit{Cap.} My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.
\textit{Sal.} Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
\textit{Cap.} 'Tis thought the King is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,\textsuperscript{1}
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;

\textsuperscript{16} The Poet often uses \textit{in} and \textit{into} indiscriminately.
\textsuperscript{1} So in Holinshed: "In this yeare (1399), in a maner, throughout all the realme of England, old \textit{baie trees withered}, and afterwards, contrarie to all men's thinking, grew greene againe,—a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknowne event." This was thought ominous, the bay-tree being held sacred. So in Lupton's \textit{Booke of Notable Things}: "Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, will infect or hurt one in that place whereas a Bay-tree is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good angell."
The pale-faced Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war: ²
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead. [Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base ³ Earth from the firmament!
Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—BOLINGBROKE’S Camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers behind, with Bushy and Green, Prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part ¹ your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,

² The language is rather boldly elliptical; but the meaning is, "The other in hope to enjoy by rage and war."
³ Here base is lower; as in the phrase "base court." See iii. 3, note 17.
¹ Part and depart were often used interchangeably; and Shakespeare has the phrases, "depart the chambers," and "depart the field."
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean: ²
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself — a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me —
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,³
Dispark'd my parks,⁴ and fell'd my forest-woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my imprese,⁵ leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. — See them deliver'd over

² Happy in the sense of the Latin felix; prosperous or fortunate. Of course, unhappied is made unfortunate. Clean is entirely, utterly. So in the 77th Psalm: "Is His mercy clean gone for ever?" And in Isaiah, xxiv. 19: "The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved."
³ A signory is a manor, estate, or whatever constitutes a lordship.
⁴ To dispark is to divest a park of its name and character by breaking down the enclosure, and destroying the beasts of the chase therein.
⁵ The imprese was a device with a motto. When stained glass was in use, it was common for a man to have his coat-of-arms annealed in his windows; and Ferne, in his Blazon of Gentry, says, "The arms of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wherever found."
SCENE II.  KING RICHARD THE SECOND.  189

To execution and the hand of death.

_Bushy._ More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. — Lords, farewell.

_Green._ My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of Hell.

_Boling._ My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.—

[Exeunt Northumberland and others,
with the Prisoners.

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated: 6
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

_York._ A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

_Boling._ Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, my lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.  [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The Coast of Wales.  A Castle in view.

_Flourish; drums and trumpets._ Enter King Richard, the
Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers, with colours.

_K. Rich._ Barkloughly-castle call they this at hand?

_Aum._ Yea, my good lord. How brooks your Grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

_K. Rich._ Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child. 1

6 To entreat is used several times by the Poet for to treat.
1 "As a mother long parted from her child," is the prose order of the
words. The Poet has many similar transpositions.
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not

---

2 Here, as usual, mortal is deadly, that which kills. It was commonly believed that the double, or forked, tongue of snakes had a poisonous sting.

3 The meaning may be, "Mock not my conjuration as senseless." Or it may be, that his words are senseless, as addressed to a thing devoid of sense.

4 Security for negligence or over-confidence. See page 172, note 34.

5 Discomfortable for discomforting. See page 183, note 7.
SCENE II.  KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested\textsuperscript{6} sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this time hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with th' Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough-rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd\textsuperscript{7} steel against our golden crown,
God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angel: then, if Angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.—

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near\textsuperscript{8} nor further off, my gracious lord,

\textsuperscript{6} Detested for detestable, probably. See page 172, note 35.
\textsuperscript{7} Shrewd is sharp, biting. So a shrew is, properly, a sharp-tongued person.—Press'd is impressed; that is, forced into the service.
\textsuperscript{8} Near' for nearer, as we elsewhere have far' for farther. So in Daniel's Letter of Octavia to Antony: "I was commanded to approach no near."
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on Earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, or fled.

_Aum_. Comfort, my liege: why looks your Grace so pale?

_K. Rich._ But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

_Aum_. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

_K. Rich._ I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

_Enter Scroop._

_Scroop._ More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

_K. Rich._ Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:

Also in Drayton's _Eclogue vii._: "Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the near."
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

9 Here his refers, apparently, to Bolingbroke. In what follows, the image of a river is kept up; limits being put for the banks within which the stream of Bolingbroke's action ought to be confined.
10 That is, some with thin hair, others with none at all.
11 A beadsmen is, properly, one who prays for another's welfare: here the word seems to mean the men whose chief occupation is prayer. To "bid the beads" is to pray through the rosary; that is, to say as many prayers as there are beads on the string.
12 The yew is called double-fatal, because the leaves are poisonous, and also because the wood was used for bows, instruments of death.
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

_K. Rich._ Too well, too well thou tell’st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they’ve made peace with Bolingbroke.

_Scroop._ Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

_K. Rich._ O villains, vipers, damn’d without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm’d, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

_Scroop._ Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death’s destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground.

_Aum._ Is Bushy, Green, and th’ Earl of Wiltshire dead?

_Scroop._ Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

_Aum._ Where is the duke my father with his power?

_K. Rich._ No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let’s talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the Earth.

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18 A slip of memory, I suspect, on the Poet’s part, either here or before when _four_ are named. In fact, only three of the favourites had made their peace by death: Bagot had fled to Ireland to join Richard there.

14 This verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. George Cavendish, in his _Metrical Visions_, makes the Duke of Suffolk say, “And my hedles body, vouchsafe to see it graved.”
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our depos'd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model\textsuperscript{15} of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;\textsuperscript{16}
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state,\textsuperscript{17} and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,\textsuperscript{18}
As if this flesh, which walls-about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,\textsuperscript{19}

\textsuperscript{15} Model and module were the same in Shakespeare's time; and the word is probably used here in the sense of the Latin \textit{modulus}, a measure.

\textsuperscript{16} Meaning, probably, the ghosts of those they have deposed. An elliptical way of speaking not uncommon with the Poet.

\textsuperscript{17} So in \textit{1 King Henry the Sixth}, iv. 7: "Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn." The image is thought to have been suggested by some fine emblematic wood-cuts called \textit{Imagines Mortis}, a fac-simile of which is given in Douce's book, \textit{The Dance of Death}. Death is there represented taking off an emperor's crown, not keeping his Court in it. So that it could, at the most, but have suggested, not furnished, the image in the text.

\textsuperscript{18} "Self and vain conceit" is the same as vain self-conceit. The Poet has several like forms of expression; as in \textit{Macbeth}, iii. 4: "My strange and self-abuse."

\textsuperscript{19} Humour'd is probably to be construed with he or the king understood, and not with Death: "the king being humour'd thus." This takes to humour in the ordinary sense of to indulge one's caprices, to cosset his whims.
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and — farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition,\textsuperscript{20} form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends: — subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

\textit{Car.} My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:\textsuperscript{21}
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where\textsuperscript{22} fearing dying pays death servile breath.

\textit{Aum.} My father hath a power: inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

\textit{K. Rich.} Thou chidest me well. — Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own. —
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

\textit{Scroop.} Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye

\textsuperscript{20} Tradition, if it be the right word, must here mean old usage, precedent, or ancestral loyalty to the king's person. See Critical Notes.
\textsuperscript{21} Another gerundial infinitive, and equivalent to in or by fighting.
\textsuperscript{22} Where for whereas; a common and very frequent usage with the writers of that time. So, too, we often have whereas for where.
SCENE III.  KINGS RICHARD THE SECOND.

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

[To Aum.] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-castle: there I'll pine away;
A 'king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear²³ the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint-Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces;
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury

²³ To ear is to plough or to till. So in All's Well, i. 3: "He that ears my land spares my team." Also in Genesis, xlv. 6: "And yet there are five years, in which there shall neither be earing nor harvest."
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard: 'lack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the Heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and I not oppose
Myself against their will. But who comes here?—

Enter Henry Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence,—who I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. [To North.] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin’d ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard’s hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal’d,
And lands restored again, be freely granted:
If not, I’ll use th’ advantage of my power,
And lay the Summer’s dust with showers of blood
Rain’d from the wounds of slaughter’d Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard’s land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. —

[Northum. advances to the castle with a trumpet.]

Let’s march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle’s tatter’d¹ battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.²
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I’ll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters, — on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

¹ Tatter’d is ragged. In the Induction to 2 Henry the Fourth, Rumour calls Northumberland’s castle “this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.”
² Perused is examined, marked. Often so. Appointments is equipments, comprehending the usual furniture of war. Also a frequent usage.
A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Flourish. Enter, on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented Sun
From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. [To North.] We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;

3 "Awful duty" here means, apparently, duty of awe, that is, due reverence. A like use of awful occurs in 2 Henry the Fourth, iv. r: "We come within our awful banks again." And in Milton's Hymn of the Nativity: "And kings sat still with awful eye."

4 To profane, as the word is here used, is to commit sacrilege.

5 That is, have wronged or wounded their own souls by an act of perjury, or by breaking their oaths of allegiance.
Yet know, my Master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in His clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he stands,—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;  Six
But, ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers’ sons
Shall ill become the flower of England’s face; Seven
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures’ grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush’d upon! No; thy thrice-noble cousin
Harry of Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandsire’s bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said;

6 The common explanation takes testament in the legal sense; that Bolingbroke has come to open the will, that he may see and execute its contents. But in the old play of Jeronimo we have “Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war.” Here the idea is of a book with a purple cover. And so, perhaps, in the text.

7 Meaning, no doubt, the blooming or flowery surface of England. We have a like expression in Sidney’s Arcadia: “Opening the cherry of her lips;” that is, her cherry lips.
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement\(^8\) immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party\(^9\) granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds\(^10\) to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

\textit{K. Rich.} Northumberland, say thus the King returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish’d without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[\textit{To Aum.}] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

\textit{Aum.} No, good my lord; let’s fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

\textit{K. Rich.} O God, O God! that e’er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth!\(^11\) O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!

\(^8\) \textit{Enfranchisement}, here, is restoration to his full rights of free inheritance. This would include his estates seized by the King.

\(^9\) \textit{Party for part}; the two words being often used indiscriminately.

\(^10\) \textit{Barbed}, an old corruption of \textit{barred}, is \textit{equipped with armour}. So in \textit{The Faerie Queene}, ii. 2, 11: “He left his lofie steed with golden sell and goodly gorgeous \textit{barbet}.” See, also, vol. ix. page 142, note 3. — \textit{Commend}, in the line before, is \textit{commit}. Repeatedly so. See vol. vii. page 183, note 16.

\(^11\) \textit{Sooth}, adjective, is \textit{sweet}, as well as \textit{true}: here the noun is \textit{sweetness} or \textit{softness}, as in the verb to \textit{soothe}. 

Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

_Aum._ Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

_K. Rich._ What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: must he be deposed?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,\(^{12}\)
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's\(^{13}\) walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carvèd saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,\(^{14}\) where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despisèd tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge\(^{15}\) the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

\(^{12}\) "A set of beads" is a _rosary_; used by people in "bidding their beads." See page 193, note 11.

\(^{13}\) A _palmer_ is a _pilgrim_; the word being so used because pilgrims were wont to carry a branch of _palm_ as a badge.

\(^{14}\) That is, some way of common _resort_, or a road of frequent traffic. So in Surrey's translation of the _Æneid_, ii.: "A postern with a blind wicket there was, a common _trade_, to pass through Priam's house."

\(^{15}\) Grain was said to be _lodged_ when it was what we call _laid._
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus: To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, There lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? — Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you: may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistening Phaëthon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, Court! down,

King!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.

[Exeunt above.

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard attended, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,

\[16 \text{ A common phrase for a gesture of obeisance. See page 159, note 8.}

\[17 \text{ "The base court" is the lower court of the castle; what we call the basement. So in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey: "My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the base court."}

\[18 \text{ Lacking the government or control; unable to manage.}

\[19 \text{ Foolish is the more common meaning of fond in old authors.}
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London;—cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.


Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

20 An old phrase equivalent to "I would rather."
21 The two men were of the same age, both having been born in 1366.
Lady. Madam, we’ll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.¹
Lady. Madam, we’ll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure² in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we’ll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For, if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I’ll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst³ thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let’s step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They’ll talk of State; for every one doth so

¹ Bias is a weight put into one side of a bowl, to deflect it from the aim.
— A rub is any hindrance or obstruction tending to the same effect. See page 41, notes 63 and 64.
² Here measure is a dance; in the next line it has the common meaning.
So we have delightful measures in the first scene of Richard the Third.
³ According to present usage, shouldst and wouldst should change places with each other. The two were often used indiscriminately.
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.⁴
[Queen and Ladies retire.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,⁵
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, a firm State,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,⁶ and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

⁴ The Poet supposes dejection to prognosticate calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.
⁵ Pale is enclosure, palings. Elsewhere the Poet has "bounded in a pale."
⁶ The regular, symmetrical beds of a garden were called knots. So in Milton's description of Eden:

Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth.
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,—
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful King. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound 7 itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What, think you, then, the King shall be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and deposed
'Tis doubt 8 he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speak-
ing! 9—

[Comes forward with Ladies.

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing
news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested 10 thee

7 Shakespeare often uses to confound for to destroy.
8 'Tis feared or suspected. Doubt is often used so by old writers.
9 Pressing to death was the punishment for accused persons who obsti-
nately refused to plead. It was done by laying weights on the chest, heavier
and heavier, till the breath was stopped.
10 Suggest, again, for instigate or prompt. See page 138, note 23.
To make a second fall of cursèd man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news: yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's King in woe.—
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt the Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall 11 a tear; here, in this place

11 Fall for let fall. So in Othello, iv. 1: "Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile." Also in A Midsummer, v. 1: "And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall," The usage was common.
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.  

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — London.  Westminster Hall.

The Lords Spiritual on the right side of the throne; the  
Lords Temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter  
Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy,  
Fitzwater, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the  
Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants.  Officers behind,  
with Bagot.

Boling.  Call forth Bagot.—  

[Officers bring Bagot to the bar.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,  
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;  
Who wrought it with the King,  
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot.  Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling.  Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot.  My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue  
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.  
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,  
I heard you say, Is not my arm of length,

---

12 Rue was often called herb of grace.  So in Hamlet, iv. 2: "There's rue for you: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays."

1 That is, who counselled or induced him to order or allow it.

2 Timeless for untimely.  So in King John, iii. 1, we have sightless for unsightly: "Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains."
That reacheth from the restful English Court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for Hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

8 Restful is full of rest, peaceful.—"Arm of length that reacheth" is arm long enough to reach.
4 Common speech still retains traces of the old notion that men's fortunes and characters were signified or governed by the stars under which they were born. Ascendency, aspect, influence, lunatic, predominance are among the words of astrological origin.
5 Sympathy, being a mutual feeling between two subjects, implies likeness or equality of nature; hence the term is here transferred to equality of rank. By the laws of chivalry, a man was not bound to fight with one of lower rank, because the nobler life might not be thus staked against the baser.
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,  
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.  
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forgèd, with my rapier's point.  

_Aum._ Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.  

_Fitz._ Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.  

_Aum._ Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to Hell for this.  

_Percy._ Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true  
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;  
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,  
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point  
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.  

_Aum._ An if I do not, may my hands rot off,  
And never brandish more revengeful steel  
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!  

_Lord._ I task thee to the like, forsworn Aumerle;  
And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;  
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.  

_Aum._ Who sets me else? by Heaven, I'll throw at all:  
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.  

_Surrey._ My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well  
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.  

_Fitz._ 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;  

6 Here it appears that to task was sometimes used in the sense of to challenge. A like sense attaches to the phrase still in use, "Take him to task"; that is, call him to account.  
7 "From sun to sun" is, I take it, from sunrise to sunset; though some explain it, from one sunrise to another.  
8 Probably meaning, "Who else challenges me to a match?" We have a like expression in _Troilus and Cressida_, ii. 1: "Will you set your wit to a fool's?" that is, "Will you challenge a fool to a trial or contest of wit?"
And you can witness with me this is true.

_ Surrey._ As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.

_ Fitz._ Surrey, thou liest.

_ Surrey._ Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father’s skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour’s pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

_ Fitz._ How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish’d Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

_ Aum._ Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal’d, to try his honour.

_ Boling._ These differences shall all rest under gage,

---

9 That is, _alone_, or where no help can be had against him. So Beaumont and Fletcher in _The Lover’s Progress_, v. 2: “Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what contempt I hear it! in a _wilderness_ I durst encounter it.”

10 A world new, because he anticipates a new order of things under Bolingbroke. Fitzwater was then thirty-one years old: so that the world could not be new to him because he was a “boy.”

11 _Repeal’d_, again, for _recalled_. See page 176, note 7.—According to Holinshed, Aumerle on this occasion threw down a hood that he had borrowed, both of his gloves having been thrown down before.
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! — My lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him, —
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid! —
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeeming me to speak the truth.

12 Retire, again, for withdraw. See page 176, note 6. — Toil'd, here, is wearied, exhausted with toil.
SCENE I.  KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent\(^{13}\) guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present?  O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate,\(^{14}\) souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene\(^{15}\) a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King;
And, if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this House against this House,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this curs'd Earth.

\(^{13}\) Apparent, again, for manifest or evident.  See page 134, note 5.
\(^{14}\) Climate, here, is land or country.  Repeatedly so.
\(^{15}\) Obscene in the sense of the Latin obscenus; ill-boding or portentous.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you *Woe!*

*North.* Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here. —
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial. —
May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.

*Boling.* Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

*York.* I will be his conduct. [Exit

*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer. —
[To Carlisle.] Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the crown, &c.*

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, *All hail!* to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but He, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King! — Will no man say amen?

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16 In these four lines, Northumberland must be understood to be acting as the new King's Earl Marshal, and so speaking in his name and using his style.


18 *Favours for features or countenances.* A common usage.
Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
God save the King! although I be not he;
And yet amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. [The crown is brought to

him, and he seizes it.] — Here, cousin,

On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another; The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich.* My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

My care is, loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is, gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; — no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

19 A parish clerk had it as part of his duty to lead the responses of the congregation in the services.

20 Owe is for owns, of course, as usual.—"Filling one another" sounds odd, and should probably be taken to mean "filling alternately."
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues  
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—What more remains?

_North._ [Offering a paper.] No more but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

_K. Rich._ Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

21 The _balm_ is the _oil of coronation._ So in iii. 2: "Not all the water in the rough-rude sea can wash the _balm_ from an anointed king." The royal unction was thought to have something of sacramental virtue in it.

22 Meaning, probably, the ceremonious observances which subjects were bound to render to their sovereign.

23 Here _revenue_ has the accent rightly placed on the second syllable. The word has occurred thrice before with the ictus on the first syllable.
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of Heaven.—
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
T' undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haughty-insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many Winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery-king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good King, great King,—and yet not greatly good,—
An if 27 my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his 28 majesty.

Boling. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to Hell!
Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not, then, be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.—

Re-enter Attendant with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? 29 was this the face

27 An if is an old reduplication, having the force simply of if.
28 His for its, as repeatedly in this play, and in all these plays.
29 There resorted daily to his Court above ten thousand persons that had
meat and drink there allowed them. In his kitchen were three hundred
servitors; and every other office was furnished after the like rate. Of ladies,
cherchers, and launderers, there were above three hundred at the least.
And in gorgeous and costly apparel they exceeded all measure; not one
of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and grooms
were clothed in silks, with cloth of grain and scarlet, over-sumptuous, ye
may be sure, for their estates.—HOLINSHED.
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers. —
Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, my fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

30 The use of to instead of for or as was very common. So in the Marriage Service of the Church: "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" See, also, vol. vii. page 74, note 13.
Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey? 31 — conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. 32

[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords,
and a Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[Exeunt all but the Bishop of Carlisle, the
Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper: I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

31 Convey was often used with reference to cheats, jugglers, thieves, and pickpockets. So, in The Merry Wives, i. 3, Pistol reproves his fellow Nym for using steal: "Convey, the wise call it: steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!"

32 Here end the additions first printed in the quarto of 1608. These additions include the preceding 165 lines, beginning with the last line of Northumberland's speech, "May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?" page 216.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street leading to the Tower.

Enter the Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the King will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,¹
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.—

Enter King Richard and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,²
Thou map of honour,³ thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,⁴

¹ Tradition ascribes to Julius Caesar the original building of the Tower;
which is here called ill-erected with reference, no doubt, to the purposes for
which it was used.

² Platform is one of the old meanings of model. Here it seems to mean
ground-plan; and Richard is compared to the ancient site of a vanished
city. Mr. Grant White thus explains the passage: "Thou pattern of ruined
majesty. Troy was used of old as the type of regal grandeur."

³ Map and picture were often used interchangeably. So in Lucrece the
Poet calls sleep "the map of death."

⁴ Inn does not here mean a house of public resort or entertainment, but
a dwelling or lodgings in general. So in Optick Glass of Humours, 1607:

His comely body is a beauteous inn
Built fairely to the owner's princely minde,
Where wandring virtues lodge, oft lodg'd with sin.
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,  
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?  

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,  
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,  
'To think our former state a happy dream;  
From which awaked, the truth of what we are  
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,  
To grim Necessity; and he and I  
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,  
And cloister thee in some religious house:  
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,  
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind  
Transform'd and weakened? hath Bolingbroke deposed  
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
To be o'erpowers; and wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,  
And fawn on rage with base humility,  
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,  
I had been still a happy king of men.  
Good sometime Queen, prepare thee hence for France:

5 The idea is, that Richard is to Bolingbroke as a well-ordered lodging  
to a riotous alehouse; and that dismal sorrow is lodged in the former, while  
triumphant joy is the guest of the latter.

6 Alluding to the fratres jurati, who in the times of chivalrous adventure  
bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together.

7 A religious house is a convent or cloister, where people live under  
special vows to a life of prayer and mortification of the flesh.

8 That is, transformed in shape, and weakened in mind.

9 The infinitive again used gerundively, and so equivalent to "at being  

10 Sometime for once or formerly; like the Latin quondam. So in The Tem-  
pest, v. i: "I will disease me, and myself present as I was sometime Milan."
Think I am dead; and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In Winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grieves
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;

11 "To quit their griefs" is to requite their sad tales. This use of quit for requite was very common. So in King Lear, iii. 7: "Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, to quit this horrid act."
12 For why was often used with the exact sense of because or for the reason that. Repeatedly so in Shakespeare. See vol. i, page 204, note 8.
13 Sympathize is here a transitive verb. The Poet has a like use of sympathized in at least two passages.
14 The shall and shalt occurring so often in this speech are a mark-worthy instance of the old indiscriminate use of shall and will.
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurpèd throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.\textsuperscript{15}
Take leave, and part; for you must part\textsuperscript{16} forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the North,
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime;\textsuperscript{17}
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorn'd hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas\textsuperscript{18} or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from
heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

\textsuperscript{15}“And there an end” was a common colloquial phrase: “is an end,”
of course. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

\textsuperscript{16}Here, as often, \textit{part is depart}. So in \textit{King Lear}, i. 2: “Kent banish’d
thus! and France in choler part’d!” See, also, page 187, note 1.

\textsuperscript{17}A singular use of language; but meaning, apparently, “where the
climate causes people to pine or waste away with cold and sickness.” So,
in \textit{Venus and Adonis}, the Poet says of “painted grapes,” that they “pine the
maw” of birds.

\textsuperscript{18}Hallowmas, or All Hallows, is All Saints’ day, November 1.—\textit{Short’st
of day} was a not uncommon form of speech. So in \textit{Macbeth}, iii. 1: “Every
minute of his being thrusts against my near’st of life.”
SCENE II. KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe. Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here; Better far off than—near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [They kiss.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. [They kiss again.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York and his Duchess.1

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,

19 Meaning, I take it, "than be none the nearer in heart for being to-
gether." Richard thinks, apparently, that, under such adversity, their love
will thrive best in a state of separation. The phrase seems to have been
proverbial. See page 191, note 8.

1 The first wife of Edmund, Duke of York, was Isabella, daughter of
Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and
had by her the Duke of Aumerle and all his other children. In introducing
her here, the Poet departs widely from history; for she died in 1394, several
years before the events related in the play. After her death, York married
Joan, daughter of John Holland, Earl of Kent, who survived him about
thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern’d hands from window-tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard’s head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem’d to know,—
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery\(^2\) had said at once,

Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed’s neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass’d along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men’s eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—

\(^2\) Painted imagery refers to the embroidered tapestries or hangings which often had mottoes, that is, “brief sententious precepts,” figured upon them.
That, had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him. 3
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bow our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now: 4
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
Aud lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring? 5

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom? 6

3 The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language.— DRYDEN.

4 The Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an Act of Henry's first Parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon.— HOLINSHED.

5 She means, "Who are to be the cherished plants, the favourites, in the Court of the new King?"  

6 The seals of deeds and such-like instruments were formerly impressed on slips of parchment attached to them.
Yea, look'st thou pale, sir? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who sees it: I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. Beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see't, I say.—

[Snatches it, and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who's within there? ho!—

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.—

God for His mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—

Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, [Exit Servant.

I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?

1. Appeal is accuse or inform against; much the same as impeach.
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots:—I will unto the King.

Re-enter Servant with Boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.—

[To the Serv.] Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say. [Exit Servant.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming-date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,

8 Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, fond is foolish. So, again, in
"Away, fond woman!" a little after.
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

_York._ Make way, unruly woman! [Exit.

_Duch._ After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!

[Exeunt.

_SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle._

_Enter Bolingbroke as King, Percy, and other Lords._

_Boling._ Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

_Percy._ My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

_Boling._ And what said the gallant?

_Percy._ His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle hastily.

Aum. Where is the King?
Boling. What means our cousin, that
He stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
[Exeunt Percy and lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. [Kneeling.] For ever may my knees grow to the
earth,
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire. [Aumerle locks the door.
York. [Within.] My liege, beware! look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. [Drawing.] Villain, I'll make thee safe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, foolhardy King:

1 In Shakespeare’s time, Grace, Highness, and Majesty were used indifferently as titles of sovereigns. Highness has since become specially appropriated to princes of the royal blood, and Grace to archbishops and dukes.
2 Secure, again, in the Latin sense of negligent or unguarded; as in Macbeth, iii. 5: “Security is mortals’ chiefest enemy.” See page 172, note 34.
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[Bolingbroke opens the door, and then locks it again.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,\(^3\) immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing\(^4\) son

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

---

\(^3\) To \textit{sheer} is to \textit{cut}, to \textit{separate}: hence the adjective came to mean \textit{severed from any mixture or alloy}, that is, \textit{pure}; and in this sense it was often used by the old writers. Thus in Spenser we have “Pactolus with his waters \textit{shere},” and “having viewèd in a fountaine \textit{shere} his face.”

\(^4\) To \textit{dgress} is to deviate from what is right. So, in \textit{Love's Labours Lost}, i. 2, we have \textit{digression} for the act of straying or diverging from the right,—\textit{transgression}.
SCENE III. KING RICHARD THE SECOND. 235

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies: 5
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within.] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. [Within.] A woman, and thy aunt, great King; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to The Beggar and the King. 6—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[Aumerle unlocks the door.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter the Duchess.

Duch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make 7 here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.

[Kneels.

5 That is, "my life lies shamed in his dishonour."
6 Alluding, no doubt, to the old ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, sometimes called A Song of a King and a Beggar. Given in Bishop Percy's Reliques.
7 An old phrase of frequent occurrence, the same as "what are you doing?" See vol. ix. page 165, note 14.
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [Kneels.

York. Against them both my true joints bended be.

[Kneels.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy which true prayers⁸ ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say stand up;

But pardon first, and afterwards stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say pardon, King; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like⁹ pardon for kings' mouths so meet.

---

⁸ Here, as in sundry other places, prayers is a dissylable. Walker thinks it is used in the sense of precatores, not of preces. I am not clear as to that.

⁹ Like is here equivalent to as: "No word so meet as pardon for kings' mouths." So in several other instances.
SCENE III.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

York. Speak it in French, King; say, pardonnez-moi.  
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? 
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord, 
That sett'st the word itself against the word!— 
Speak pardon as 'tis current in our land; 
The chopping 11 French we do not understand. 
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there: 
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear; 
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce, 
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse. 

Boling. Good aunt, stand up. 
Duch. I do not sue to stand; 
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me. 
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee! 
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again; 
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain, 
But makes one pardon strong. 

Boling. With all my heart 
I pardon him. 
Duch. A god on Earth thou art. 
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, 12 and th' abbot, 
With all the rest of that consorted crew, 
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

10 French for excuse me; a polite way of denying a request. A rather poor witticism: Johnson says, "The whole passage is such as I could wish away." But I suspect the Poet meant it as an intimation that York is inwardly glad at the pardon which he sees to be forthcoming.

11 That is, the changing French. Thus "chopping churches" is changing one church for another; and to "chop logic" is to discourse or interchange logic with another person. Collier explains thus: "The Duchess calls the language 'the chopping French.' on account of the convertibility of such terms as pardonnez-moi, which, apparently consenting, means the very reverse.

12 This was John Holland, Duke of Exeter and Earl of Kent, half-brother to King Richard: he had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; — and, cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Another Room in the Same.

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake,

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did!

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,¹³ I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid¹⁴ his foe.

[Exeunt.

¹³ That is, as much as to say, or as if he were saying. An old form of speech occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare.
¹⁴ To take off, to destroy, are among the old meanings of to rid. So in The Tempest, i. 2: "The red plague rid you." And so in Baret's Alvearie, 1576: "To dispatch or ridde one quickly."
Scene V. — Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And, for because\(^1\) the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; — yet I'll hammer't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;\(^2\)
In humours\(^3\) like the people of this world,
For no thought is content. The better sort —
As thoughts of things divine — are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:\(^4\)
As thus, Come, little ones; and then again,
It is as hard to come as for a camel

\(^1\) For because is an old reduplication, and equivalent to because simply; just as we have an if three times in this play. The words for and because were often used interchangeably; and both are sometimes found together.

\(^2\) Alluding to the old Platonic doctrine of man's being a microcosm or universe in miniature; and that things existing without are made knowable to us by certain things within us corresponding to them or resembling them. So Sir Thomas Browne, in his Religio Medici: "That we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of Holy Scripture: but to call ourselves a microcosm, or little world, I thought it only a pleasant trope of rhetoric, till my near judgment and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein."

\(^3\) Humours, here, is tempers or dispositions. The radical meaning of humour is moisture: and it is an ancient doctrine that there are four distinct kinds of moisture in the human body, and that as changes occur among these, so men are rendered humorous, that is to say, capricious, fancifual, or whimsical.

\(^4\) Meaning, of course, set one text of Scripture against another.
To thread the postern\(^5\) of a small neeld's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not\(^6\) be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there;\(^7\)
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—\([\text{Music.}]\) Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear

\(^5\) Postern is a small door or gate: properly a back door or gate; hence, sometimes, a private entrance.

\(^6\) Negatives, as also comparatives and superlatives, are very often thus doubled in Shakespeare. The usage was common.

\(^7\) The meaning is, "take refuge from their shame in the thought that many have sat and others must sit there."
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Where to my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears:
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours. But my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For, though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.

8 To "check time broke" is the same as to check, that is, reprove, the breaking of time.
9 There are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; namely, by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the King, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring (ticking) of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in the minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, to use an expression of Milton, minute-drops; his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial-point; his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. — HENLEY.
10 In Shakespeare's time, clocks had miniature automatons to strike the hour. This Jack of the clock, as it was called, is often referred to by the old writers.
11 Holp, or holpen, is the old preterite of help.
12 Here "wise men" is evidently the same as men in their wits. So the Poet has many instances of wit and wisdom used as equivalents, both being indeed from the same original. — Richard doubtless has in mind David's playing and singing the evil spirit out of King Saul. See 1 Samuel, xvi. 23.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer; The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither now,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

18 Brooch, an ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in general, is here put for ornament simply.
14 Noble peer is meant as a sportive rejoinder to the Groom's royal Prince, and the humour of the royal sufferer as thus shown is very gentle and graceful. So, in The Merchant, ii. 8, a servant, entering, asks, "Where is my lady?" and Portia replies, "Here: what would my lord?" — In the text, a quibble is also intended on royal and noble, which were used as names of gold coins. In Elizabeth's time, the royal was 10s., the noble 6s. 8d., the groat 4d. So that the difference between the royal and the noble was ten groats. And Richard says that the cheapest of them, the noble, worth twenty groats, is rated at double his true worth. — In this passage with the Groom there is enough to prove that Bolingbroke has not deposed Richard's intellect: if his mind is too much framed and filled with moral and sentimental embroidery, here are such flashes of manhood as secure him both our sympathy and our respect.
18 Sometimes, again, for former. See page 145, note 9. — Yearn'd, next line, is grieved; a frequent usage. So in The Merry Wives, iii. 5: "Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it."
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend, How went he under him?

Groom. So proud as if he had disdain’d the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back! That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,— Since pride must have a fall,— and brake the neck Of that proud man that did usurp his back?— Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, Since thou, created to be awed by man, Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse; And yet I bear a burden like an ass, Spur-gall’d and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. [To the Groom.] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, ’tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will’t please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.18

16 This incident of roan Barbary is an invention of the Poet. Did Shakespeare intend only a little bit of helpless pathos? Or is there a touch of hidden irony here? A poor spark of affection remains for Richard, but it has been kindled half by Richard, and half by Richard’s horse. The fancy of the fallen King disports itself for the last time, and hangs its latest wreath around this incident. Then suddenly comes the darkness. Suddenly the hectic passion of Richard flares; he snatches the axe from a servant, and deals about him deadly blows. In another moment he is extinct; the grace-ful futile existence has ceased. — DOWDEN.

17 jauncing is hard riding; from the old French jauceur, which Cotgrave explains, “To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withal.”

18 It was an old custom for the chief waiters at the tables of kings and other high-seated persons to taste the food when set upon the table as an assurance against poison.
Keep. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the Keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants armed.

K. Rich. How now! what! mean'st death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.—

[Snatching a weapon, and killing a Servant.

Go thou, and fill another room in Hell.—

[He kills another Servant. Then Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person.— Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.—
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies.

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt: O, would the deed were good!
For now the Devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [Exeunt.

Scene VI.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke as King, York, Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.—
SCENE VI.  KING RICHARD THE SECOND.  245

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursèd in this paper here.  [Presenting a paper.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right-noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life;
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For, though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.1

1 The Bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the inter-
cession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster
Abbey. In order to deprive him of his See, the Pope, at the King's in-
Enter Sir Pierce of Exton, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux,² by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander,³ with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.⁴
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.

stance, translated him to a bishopric in partibus infidelium; and the only preferment he got afterwards was a rectory in Glosstershire.

² So called because he was born at Bourdeaux, France, while his father, the Black Prince, was residing there.

³ "A deed of slander" is a deed that will put slanderous tongues in motion.

⁴ Incontinent is immediately; a common usage.—Here, again, sullen is gloomy, mournful. See page 154, note 22.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Page 134. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign! — Here May was supplied by Pope.
Walker remarks, "The correction 'May many' is indisputably right."
Collier's second folio reads "Full many."

P. 143. Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. — The old copies read
"Lord Marshall." It is impossible that the Poet should have written
so in a rhyming couplet. And in the third scene we have the line,
"Marshall, demand of yonder champion." Capell's correction.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 146. Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die. — Collier's second
folio reads "Desolate, desperate," and, I suspect, rightly.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 147. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms. — Upon this Ritson
notes as follows: "Why not, as before, 'Marshal, demand of yonder
knight in arms'? The player, who varied the expression, was probably
ignorant that he injured the metre." But there are so many other im-
perfect lines in this play, that such an answer can hardly pass here.
In the preceding scene we have the line, "Why, then I will. Fare-
well, old Gaunt." Likewise, near the end of this scene, "Think not
the King did banish thee."

P. 149. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive. — So Capell.
The old copies have "Mine innocence"; which makes an unpleasant
hitch in the verse. Though this play has a good many incomplete
lines, — too many to be fairly accounted for as corruptions, — still it
has few if any such palpable breaches of rhythm.
P. 151. *Stay, stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.* — The old copies read "Stay, the King," &c. Pope, to complete the verse read "But stay." The repetition of stay is Walker's, who says, "The situation itself, surely, demands more than the simple stay."

P. 151. *And for we think the eagle-wing'd pride*  
*Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,*  
*With rival-hating envy, set on you*  
*To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle*  
*Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;*  
*Therefore we banish you our territories.* — In the third of these lines Pope reads "set you on," rightly perhaps; though it seems better, on the whole, to give you the emphasis which it naturally has from being in the accented part of the verse. — The folio omits the first five of these lines altogether, and has the following five instead:

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,  
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,  
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,  
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood; &c.

The quartos, on the other hand, contain the whole ten lines. But the latter five, if Shakespeare's at all, were evidently written as an alternative reading: they are a mere repetition, and this too in the most ranting vein of Bombastes Furioso, of what is vastly better expressed in the preceding five: therewithal they totally disorganize the sentence, throwing both sense and grammar into utter confusion. So that, all together, they are nothing less than a vile blot on the page; I therefore concur with Capell in ejecting them from the place. My own belief is, that the last five were written by some other hand as an improvement on what Shakespeare had written; that in the quartos both the original five and the substitute got printed together; and that the editors of the folio, perceiving them to be but alternative readings, preferred the worst.

P. 152. *The fly-slow hours shall not determinate*  
*The dateless limit of thy dear exile.* — So the second folio. The earlier editions have "slie slow hours." What may be the meaning of *sly slow* is not very evident; while *fly-slow* gives a very clear and expressive image. Walker says, "Of course, 'The fly-slow hours.'"
P. 153. *It boots thee not to be* so passionate:

*After our sentence plaining comes too late.* — Instead of *so passionate*, the old copies have *compassionate*, which is commonly explained *lamenting, complaining*; but no other instance is produced of *compassionate* so used. Theobald proposed *become passionate*, which is adopted by White. "*Be so passionate*" is Singer's reading; who aptly quotes from *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 2: "And cannot *passionate* our tenfold griefs." Also from the *Palace of Pleasure*: "Now leave we this amorous hermit to *passionate* and payne his misfortune."

P. 153. *Return again, and take an oath with ye.* — So Rowe. The old copies read "an oath with *thee.*" But the words are evidently addressed to both Norfolk and Bolingbroke. And we have other instances of *thee* misprinted for *ye.*

**ACT II., SCENE I.**

P. 162. *No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,*

*As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond;*

*Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound*

*The open ear of youth doth always listen.* — So the first two quartos, except that the second substitutes *state* for *taste*, and both have *found* instead of *fond*. The other old copies read "As praises of *his state*; then there are found Lascivious Meeters," &c. The reading in the text was proposed by Collier, and is adopted by the Cambridge Editors. The other old reading seems quite of joint, and was probably the result of some sophistication growing out of the misprints, *state* and *found*, in the second quarto. Lettsom proposed "of whose taste *th' unwise are fond*"; and so I suspect we ought to read. The present reading, however, gives an apt enough sense; meaning, of course, that if even the wise are fond of praises, much more is Richard.

P. 163. *This fortress built by Nature for herself*  

*Against infection and the hand of war.* — Some have stumbled at the word *infection* here; and Farmer proposed *infestation*, as a shortened form of *infestation*. But White appositely quotes, in support of the old lection, the following from Daniel's *Civil Wars*:

Neptune keepe out from thy imbracèd ile  
The foul *contagion* of iniquitie;  
Drown all corruptions coming to defile  
Our faire proceedings ordred formally.
P. 163. Against the envy of less happy lands. — The old copies read "less happier lands." As happy was commonly spelt happier, such a misprint might easily occur. Pope's correction.

P. 164. The King is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For hot young colts, being curb'd, do rage the more. — The old editions read "being rag'd, do rage the more." Ritson proposed rein'd; and Collier's second folio reads "being urg'd."

P. 165. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself, and in thee seeing ill. — So Capell. The old copies, "Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill"; thus sadly obscuring the sense and marring the verse.

P. 167. Beseech your Majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him. — The old copies read "I do beseech." Corrected by Steevens.

P. 167. K. Rich. What says he now?
North. Nay, nothing; all is said. —
So Capell. The old copies lack now. I cannot doubt that the two half-lines were meant to form a complete verse.

P. 171. That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs. — Collier's second folio substitutes wives for lives; whereupon White notes as follows: "'Our wives' seems a very plausible emendation, until we remember that a prosecution for treason would touch the life, the children, and the heirs of the traitor, but could not touch his wife; and then we see that the change is only ignorant." Dyce also aptly quotes in support of the old reading from King Henry V., i. 2: "That owe yourselves, your lives, and services to this imperial throne."

P. 171. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts. — The old copies read, in the second line, "And quite lost their hearts." Here quite defeats the rhythm, and also greatly impairs the force of quite in the next line. Probably it crept in out of place, from its occurrence just after in a similar clause. Pope's correction.
P. 172. That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,
     [Thomas, the son and heir to th' Earl of Arundel,]
     That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
     His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury. — The second of
     these lines is wanting in all the old copies. But it is evident, and is on
     all hands admitted, that something must have dropped out either in the
     printing or in the transcribing; for the old text does not tally at all
     with the passage of Holinshed which the Poet undoubtedly had before
     him. Malone inserted, in brackets, the line “The son of Richard Earl
     of Arundel.” Ritson proposed to insert the following, which is almost
     word for word from Holinshed: “The son and heir of the late Earl
     of Arundel.” This, I think, is preferable to Malone’s insertion, be-
     cause more in the words of the historian; but, as late occurs in the
     next line, I think the Poet would have avoided it here. I therefore so
     far vary from Ritson as to give the man’s name, and shorten the line
     by omitting two other syllables. See foot-note 37.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 175. I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
     As—though, in thinking, on no thing I think—
     Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink. — The old
     copies read “As though on thinking on no thought I thinke.” Modern
     editors generally concur in substituting in for the first on; but they
     retain thought. Lettsom says, “Surely common sense requires us to
     read no thing for no thought.” I agree with him.

P. 176. O madam, ’tis too true: and, what is worse,
     The Lord Northumberland, &c.—The old copies have that
     instead of what, the reading of Rowe and Collier’s second folio.

P. 177. The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
     And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford’s side.—The old copies
     read “the commons they are cold.” Pope’s correction.

P. 178. Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.—I suspect we
     ought to read “Bid her to send.” The Poet does indeed sometimes,
     though rarely, begin a verse with an anapest; but it is hardly possible
     to make an anapest of “Bid her send.” On the other hand, the inser-
     tion of to makes another verse of six feet, and there are too many such
     already in this play.
P. 178. Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I
Know how or which way to order these affairs, &c.—The old
text ends the first of these lines with men, and puts "If — affairs " all
into the next line. I suspect we ought to read thus:

Now, gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how to order these affairs, &c.

The time of Now is obviously wanted for the verse; and it seems to
me that the transitional sense of now is fairly required for other cause.
In the next line, or which way is evidently mere surplusage: accord-
ingly Pope omits it. Probably how and which way were written as
alternative readings, and both got printed together.

P. 178. Thus thrust disorderly into my hands.—In the old copies,
"Thus disorderly thrust." Corrected by Steevens.

P. 178. Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other, again,
Is my near kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd.—So Col-
lier's second folio. The old copies lacks near.

P. 179. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and who empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.—The old edi-
tions have whoso instead of who; which hitches the line all out of
rhythm. Pope made the change. We might read purse' instead of
purses; but Pope's change seems the better.

P. 179. The hateful commons will perform for us.—So Pope. The
old copies have "Will the hateful commons performe for us."

P. 180. Bagot. Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.—
So White and Dyce. The first four quartos give the line to Green;
the other old copies to Bushy.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 182. And in it are the lords, York, Berkley, Seymour.—So
Pope. The old copies, "And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley,
and Seymour." Lettsom thinks the And were better away, and would
print "In't are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour." I suspect
he is right.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 182. Which, till my infant fortune comes to years.
        Stands for my bounty. But who is’t comes here? — So Capell.
In the old copies, “But who comes here?”

P. 183. Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
        And ostentation of despooiling arms. — So Collier’s second folio.
Instead of despooiling, the old copies have despised, which does not
cohere at all with Frighting. Hanmer substituted despightful, and
Warburton disposed.

P. 186. I do remain as neuter. So, farewell,—
        Unless you please to enter in the castle,
        And there repose you for this night. — So Pope. The old copies
have “So fare you well.” Upon which Walker notes, “The extra
syllable in the body of the line would be in place in Macbeth or King
Henry the VIII., but is strange here.” — In the last line, Capell has
“And there repose you for this night, or so”; Collier’s second folio,
“And there, my lords, repose you for this night.” Of course these
additions were made in order to complete the verse; but this play
abounds in octo-syllabic verses.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 189. Thanks, gentle uncle. — Come, my lords, away,
        To fight with Glendower and his complices :
        Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. — In the first of these lines,
the old copies are without my. Inserted by Pope. The second line
was thrown out by Theobald as an interpolation; partly because the
other two lines rhyme to each other. On the other hand, Ritson and
Heath think it genuine. Walker is for retaining the line, but thinks a
line ought to be supplied before it, thus: “And lead we forth our
well-appointed powers.” He adds, “The awkward vicinity of the final
words away and holiday to each other perhaps demands this.”

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 189. Yea, my good lord. How brooks your Grace the air,
        After late tossing on the breaking seas? — In the first line, good,
wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Pope. In the second, the
old copies read “After your late tossing”; your having probably been
repeated by mistake from the preceding line.
P. 190. The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
    And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
    And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse.—In the first of
these lines, the old copies have heavens yield, and in the second omit
is, needful alike to sense and metre.

P. 191. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
    That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
    Behind the globe, and lights the lower world.—So Hanmer.
Instead of and, the old copies have that, which is commonly explained
as referring, not to globe, the nearest antecedent, but to eye of heaven.
But where is the sense of saying "the eye of heaven, which lights the
lower world, is hid behind the globe"? as if the same eye of heaven
did not light the upper world also.

P. 192. For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
    Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, or fled.—So Collier's second
folio. The old copies have and instead of or.

P. 193. Boys, with women's voices,
    Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
    In stiff, unwieldy arms against thy crown.—Here Pope sub-
stituted clasp for clap, and Collier's second folio changes female to feeble.
But clap may well have the same meaning as clasp. The other change
is plausible indeed; yet why not "female joints," as well as "women's
voices"? And Dyce aptly quotes from Cowley's Garden,

The earth itself breathes better perfumes here
Than all the female men or women there.

P. 195. How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
    Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed.—Walker, refer-
ing to deposed and deposed, says, "One of these is wrong. Possibly
deprive in the latter place." And he rightly adds that the Poet has
deprieve in the sense of depose in Hamlet, i. 4: "Which might deprive
your sovereignty of reason." But, if any change were to be made, I
should prefer Pope's "by the ghosts they dispossess'd."

P. 196. Throw away respect,
    Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.—Instead of Tradition,
Roderick proposed Addition; and rightly, I have little doubt. Addi-
tion was continually used for title, or mark of honour. See, however,
foot-note 20.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 196. *I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,*

*Need friends:* — *subjected thus,*

*How can you say to me, I am a king?* — Upon this, Walker notes, "I feel almost assured that Shakespeare wrote, 'Need friends, fear enemies:' — Subjected thus,' &c." I have very little doubt that Walker is right, and find it not easy to refrain from adopting his reading.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 198. *Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,*

*Left I his title out.* — So Rowe. The old copies omit me.

P. 198. *I know it, uncle; and I not oppose*  

*Myself against their will.* — The old copies read "and oppose not," thus making a bad hitch in the metre. Corrected by Seymour.

P. 198. *Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?* — There is surely something wrong here: it is hardly credible that Shakespeare could have fallen into so gross a breach of prosody. Hanmer substituted *Well for Welcome;* but neither does that seem right; though, to be sure, it rectifies the metre.

P. 200. *York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,* &c. — The first six lines of this speech are without any prefix in the old copies, and York's speech is there made to begin with "Yet looks he like a king." Most of the modern editions assign them to York; and with good reason, I think, as the four lines which the old copies assign to York are strictly continuous with them. Dyce gives the first six lines to Percy; rather strangely, I think, for they seem little in keeping with the reserved and modest bearing of Percy in this play.

P. 200. *Alack, alack, for woe,*

*That any harm should stain so fair a show.* — Instead of harm, Collier's and Singer's second folios have *storm,* which Dyce adopts; much to my surprise, I must confess, for I fail to perceive how any thing is gained by the change. Williams proposed to read *shame.*

P. 201. *The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King*  

*Should so with civil and uncivil arms*  

*Be rush'd upon!* No; thy thrice-noble cousin,

*Harry of Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand.* — So Pope.
The old editions are without No in the third of these lines, and also without of in the fourth. Walker would read "This thy thrice-noble," &c.; which would rectify the metre indeed, but not so well, I think, as Pope's reading. Several ways have been proposed for rectifying the metre of the last line; but Pope's of is the simplest.

P. 202. We do debase ourself; cousin, do we not? — Walker says, "Perhaps, coz." But I suspect cousin was in this instance meant to be pronounced as one syllable, as even, given, heaven, &c., often are.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 206. Of sorrow or of joy.—The old copies have grieve instead of joy. A palpable misprint, which the context readily corrects.

P. 206. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee. — So Pope. The old copies read "And I could sing." Some have tried to maintain the old reading, using an over-subtilty of argument that may indeed amuse, but not convince. Dyce aptly quotes from the Poet's Lucrece:

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

P. 207. Showing, as in a model, a firm state. — So Walker, and with evident propriety. The old text reads "our firme estate."

P. 208. O, what pity it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, &c.—The necessary word We is wanting in the old editions. Supplied by Capell.

P. 208. They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.—So the second folio. The other old copies omit All.

P. 208. What, think you, then, the King shall be deposed? — So Pope. The old copies lack then.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 208. Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

—The old copies read "Thou old Adams likenesse." Pope struck out
old as he did also harsh-rude in the next line. But harsh-rude only
makes that line an Alexandrine, just as many others are in this play;
whereas Thou old makes the line neither an Alexandrine nor a pen-
tameter; in fact, defeats the metre of it altogether. The Poet proba-
bly first wrote Thou, and then substituted Old, and both words got
printed together.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 212. I task thee to the like, forsworn Aumerle. —So Capell and
Walker. The old copies read "I taske the earth to the like," and "I
take the earth to the like"; both of which are at odds alike with sense
and with metre. Much ingenuity has been exercised to make sense
out of "task the earth," but it is all a mere waste of labour.

P. 212. And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear

From sun to sun. —The old copies read "As it may be holla'd,"
and "From sinne to sinne." Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Cor-
rected by Capell.

P. 214. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom

Of good old Abraham! —My lords appellants. —So Capell.
The old copies lack My.

P. 216. Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,

Lest children's children cry against you Woe! —The old copies
read "Prevent it, resist it," and also "Least Child, Childs Children."
Corrected by Pope.

P. 217. Give me the crown. [The crown is brought to him, and he
seizes it.] —Here, cousin,

On this side my hand, and on that side yours. —The quarto of
1608, where this speech first appeared, reads thus:

Seize the crown.
Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours.

In the folio this is altered so as to read thus:

Give me the Crown. Here, Cousin, seize the Crown.
Here, Cousin, on this side my Hand, and on that side thine.
KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

The words *seise the crown* were no doubt intended as a stage-direction, and got printed as part of the text, — a thing that often happened. The correction is Singer's.

P. 218. *With mine own breath release all* duty's rites. — So the quartos. The folio has "all dutious oathes," which I am apt to think the better reading, although the learned Editors of the "Clarendon Press Series" observe that it "seems like the substitution of a commonplace for a difficult reading." I do not quite take it that a reading is any the better for being difficult. See, however, foot-note 22.

P. 221. *And these external manners of lament*  
*Are merely shadows to the unseen grief, &c.* — The old copies have "manners of laments." Of course *lament* is for *lamentation*, as the Poet has *dispose* for *disposition*; and it is clear that the plural has no business there. But the misprinting of singulars and plurals for each other is one of the commonest. Corrected by Capell.

P. 221. *Name it, my fair cousin.* — Here, again, *my* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Hanmer.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 225. *Thou shalt think,*  
*Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,*  
*It is too little, helping him to all;*  
*And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way*  
*To plant unrightful kings, &c.* — The old copies are without *And* at the beginning of the fourth line. Supplied by Rowe.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 228. *Where rude misgovern'd hands from window-tops*  
*Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.* — The old editions have "windowes tops." Corrected by Pope.

P. 229. *But Heaven hath a hand in these events,*  
*To whose high will we bow our calm contents.* — So Lettsom. Instead of *how*, the old copies have *bound*, which was changed by Capell to *bind*. Lettsom is probably right in thinking *bound* a mis-
CRITICAL NOTES.

print for bowe, as the confounding of d and e final is very frequent. — Milton has a like use of bow in Paradise Regained, i. 498: "And Satan, bowing low his gray dissimulation."

P. 229. If God prevent it not, I purpose so. — Here it, needful to the metre, is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Capell.

P. 230. Yea, look'st thou pale, sir? let me see the writing. — So Capell. The old copies are without sir. Hanmer, to fill up the verse, printed, "come, let me see the writing."

P. 230. Beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it. — The old copies read "I do beseech you." Yet so many lines in this play overrun, that I am doubtful whether this line ought to be thus reduced to a pentameter.

P. 230. Ho! who's within there? ho! — The last ho! is wanting in the old copies. The addition is Dyce's, who says, "I prefer making this addition, instead of printing in the next portion of the line, 'Saddle me my horse,' which was given by Hanmer, and is recommended by Walker."

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 232. While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew. — The old editions have Which instead of While. Corrected by Pope.

P. 233. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth. — The old copies read "cleave to my roof," my being no doubt accidentally repeated in advance. Corrected by Lettsom.

P. 233. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee. — So Pope. The old copies read "If on the first."

P. 236. His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest. — So Capell. The old text reads "his prayers are in jest."
P. 237. But makes one pardon strong.
    Boling. With all my heart
    I pardon him.
    Duch. A God on Earth thou art. — So Pope. The old text has Bolingbreke’s speech inverted, “I pardon him with all my heart.” But heart and art were evidently meant as the endings of a couplet.

P. 238. Uncle, farewell; — and, cousin too, adieu. — So the fifth quarto. The other old copies omit too. Collier’s second folio fills the gap in the verse with mine.

ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 239. For no thought is content. The better sort —
    As thoughts of things divine — are intermix’d
    With scruples, &c. — So Hanmer and Walker. The old copies have contented.

P. 240. To thread the postern of a small neeld’s eye. — The old copies have “needle’s eye.” The folio salves the metre by omitting small. Neeld was a common form of needle, especially in poetry.

P. 241. My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
    Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
    Whereo my finger, like the dial’s point, &c. — So the second folio. The earlier editions have “Their watches on unto mine eyes.” The meaning is the same either way, the difference being merely in the metre. Keightley would substitute motions for watches; and rightly, I suspect.

P. 241. Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
    Are clamorous groans, &c. — So Pope. The old copies read “the sound that tells.” — Instead of sir, Collier’s second folio has for, which Walker recommends on the ground of the speech being a soliloquy. But we have many like instances of soliloquy spoken as if addressed to a second person.

P. 242. What art thou? and how comest thou hither now,
    Where no man ever comes, &c. — So Dyce. The old copies are without now. Capell supplied man.
P. 243. So proud as if he had disdain'd the ground. — "So proudly" in the old copies. Corrected in Collier's second folio.

P. 244. How now! what! mean'st death in this rude assault? — The old text reads "what meanes Death," &c.; out of which it is hardly possible to make any sense. The correction is Staunton's.

ACT V., SCENE 6.

P. 246. The mightiest of thy greatest enemies. — Capell proposed "thy mighty enemies"; which, if not written by Shakespeare, surely ought to have been.