



The second Part of Henry the Sixt,

with the death of the Good Duke HUMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Bedford on the one side.

The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill,
The Dukes of Orleance, *Caiber*, *Bruaigne*, and *Alanson*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was eipous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliu'er vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,
The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiuid.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse. O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Sympathy of Loue vntie our thoughts.

Queene. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder liest Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affoord,
And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Maiesty,
Makes me from Wending, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

All kneel. Long liue Qu. Margaret, Englands happines.
Queene. We thanke you all. *Flourish*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eightene moneths concluded by content.

Glo. Reads. In printis, It is agreed betweene the French K.
Charles, and *William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke*, Am-
bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto *Rougnor King of*
Naples, Sicilia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of
England, on the thirtenth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of Anson, and the County of *Main*,
shall be released and deliuered to the King her father.

King. Vnkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray reade on.

Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the
Dutcheffe of Anson and *Main*, shall be released and deliuered
ouer to the King her Father, and shal be sent ouer of the King of
Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without bawing any
Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eightene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vnckle Winchester,
Gloster, *Yorke*, *Buckingham*, *Somerset*,
Salisbury, and *Warwicke*.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the rest.

Glo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* must vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Lands
What? did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
 Haue you your selues, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Braue Yorke, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
 Receiud deepe ſcarres in France and Normandie:
 Or hath mine Vnckle *Beauford*, and my ſelfe,
 With all the Learned Counſell of the Realme,
 Studied ſo long, ſat in the Councell houſe,
 Early and late, debating too and fro
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
 And hath his Highneſſe in his infancy,
 Crowned in Paris in deſpight of foes,
 And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours dye?
 Shall *Henries* Conqueſt, *Bedfords* vigilance,
 Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counſell dye?
 O Peeres of England, ſhamefull is this League,
 Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
 Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
 Rasing the Charraeters of your Renowne,
 Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
 Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate diſcourſe?
 This preroration with ſuch circumſtance:
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it ſtill.

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
 But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
 Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Anion* and *Maine*,
 Vnto the poore King *Rognier*, whoſe large ſtyle
 Agrees not with the leauneſſe of his purſe.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
 Theſe Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:
 But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant ſonne?

War. For greefe that they are paſt recouerie.
 For were there hope to conquer them againe,
 My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anion and *Maine*? My ſelfe did win them both:
 Thoſe Prouinces, theſe Armes of mine did conquer,
 And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
 Deliu'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For *Suffolkes* Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
 That dims the Honor of this Warlike Iſle:
 France ſhould haue torne and rent my very hart,
 Before I would haue yielded to this League.
 I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
 Large ſummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
 And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
 To match with her that brings no vaſſages.

Hum. A proper ieſt, and neuer heard before,
 That *Suffolke* ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
 For Coſts and Charges in transporting her:
 She ſhould haue ſtaid in France, and ſtaid in France
 Before

Car. My Lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot,
 It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Wincheſter I know your mind.
 'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike:
 But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
 Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
 I ſee thy furie: If I longer ſtay,
 We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings:
 Lordings farewell, and ſay when I am gone,
 I prophesied, France will be loſt ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
 'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
 Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King:
 Conſider Lords, he is the next of blood,
 And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
 Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Weſt,
 There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
 Looke to it Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts, be wiſe and circumspect.
 What though the common people ſauiou him,
 Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
 Ieſu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
 With God preferue the good Duke *Humfrey*:
 I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloſſe,
 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why ſhould he then protect our Soueraigne?
 He being of age to gouerne of himſelfe.
 Coſin of *Somerſet*, ioyne you with me,
 And altogether with the Duke of *Suffolke*,
 Wee'l quickly hoyle Duke *Humfrey* from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſſe will not brooke delay,
 Ile to the Duke of *Suffolke* preſently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som. Coſin of *Buckingham*, though *Humfries* pride
 And greatneſſe of his place be greefe to vs,
 Yet let vs watch the haughrie Cardinall,
 His insolence is more intollerable
 Then all the Princes in the Land beſide,
 If *Gloſter* be displac'd, hee'l be Proteſtor.

Buc. Or thou, or I *Somerſet* will be Proteſtors,
 Deſpite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
 While theſe do labour for their owne preferment,
 Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.

I neuer ſaw but *Humfrey* Duke of *Gloſter*,
 Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
 Ofc haue I ſeene the haughty Cardinall,
 More like a Souldier then a man o'th' Church,
 As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
 Swear like a Ruſſian, and demeane himſelfe
 Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.

Warwicke my ſonne, the comfort of my age,
 Thy deeds, thy plainneſſe, and thy houſe-keeping,
 Hath wonne the greateſt fauour of the Commons,
 Excepting none but good Duke *Humfrey*.

And Brother *Yorke*, thy Acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to ciuill Diſcipline:
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
 Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
 Ioyne we together for the publike good,
 In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſſe
 The pride of *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall,
 With *Somerſets* and *Buckinghams* Ambition,
 And as we may, cheriſh Duke *Humfries* deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe *Warwicke*, as he loues the Land,
 And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. And ſo ſayes *Yorke*,
 For he hath greateſt cauſe.

Salisbury. Then lets make haſt away,
 And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
 Oh Father, *Maine* is loſt,
 That *Maine*, which by maine force *Warwicke* did winne,
 And would haue kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:

Main

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. *Anion* and *Maine* are giuen to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trequibling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So *Yorke* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
He thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:

Anion and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue offertile Englands soile.

A day will come, when *Yorke* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor wear the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then *Yorke* be still a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To pric into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* forssetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be false at iurres:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*,
And force perforce He make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookeish Rule, bath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inhae'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too thort? He lengthen is with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more shall our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearfall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of *Somerset*,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolke*.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a stick of *Glosters* groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humfrey*, my iweete Duke:
Me thought I fate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of *Westminster*,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crown'd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elianor*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protector's wife belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
About the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollick
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto *S. Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.

Hu. I go. Come *Nell* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum.*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While *Gloster* beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hum.*

Hum. Iesus preserue your Royall Maiesty.

Eli. What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.

Hum. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With *Margerie Iordans* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?

Hum. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

That shall make answere to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elianos. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Questions:
When from *Saint Albones* we doe make returne,
Wee'le see these things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elianos.

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, *Sir John Hume*?
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.
Dame Elianos giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill,
Yet hue I Gold byes from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde a so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing *Dame Elianos* aspruing humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.
They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume. You take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for a'l.

Exit

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armourers
Man being one.*

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.

2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Iesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him. Ile be the first sure.

2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houfe, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneship.

Peter. Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Queene. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Seruants

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pursuant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King.

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace, Begin your Sutes anew, and sue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, bate Cullions *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit*

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the giue?

Is this the Fashion in the Court of England?

Is this the Government of Brittaines Ile?

And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?

What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,

Vnder the faulty *Glosters* Governance?

Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee *Paole*, when in the Citie *Tours*

Thou ran'st a tilt in honor of my Loue,

And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,

In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:

But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,

To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades:

His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,

His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,

His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues

Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.

I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls

Would chase him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;

That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madaine be patient: as I was cause

Your Highnesse came to England, so will I

In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*

The imperious Churchman; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,

And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the least of these,

But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,

Cannot doe more in England then the *Nenils*:

Suffolke and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,

As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:

Shee sweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,

More like an Empreffe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:

Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:

She beates a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,

And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:

Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-borne Gallot as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t'other day,

The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,

Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,

Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughters,

Suff. Madaine, my selfe haue lyn'd a Bush for her,

And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,

That she will light to listen to the Layes,

And neuer mount to trouble you againe.

So let her rest: and Madaine list to me,

For I am bold to counsaile you in this;

Although we fancie not the Cardinall,

Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,

Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Torke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Duchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerset*, or *Torke*, all's one to me.
Torke. If *Torke* haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.
Som. If *Somerset* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Torke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, *Torke* is the worthier.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters speake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwicke*.
Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the best of all.
Salub. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason *Buckingham*
Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Because the King forsooth will haue it so.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.
Suff. Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraignie.
Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extorriions.
Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
Haue cost a masse of publike Treasurie.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come nere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee's hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
Shee shall not strike Dame *Eliane* vnreueng'd.

Exit Eliane.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Eliane*,
And listen after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Furue needs no spurres,
Shee'll gallop faste enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, *Torke* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *Torke* is most vnmeet of any man.

Torke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Somerset* will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.

Torke. Doth any one accuse *Torke* for a Traytor?

King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are
these?

Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words?

Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd
nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am
falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

Petr. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-
ring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.

Torke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the
words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-
rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his
knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse
of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast
away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let *Somerset* be Regent o're the French,
Because in *Torke* this breeds suspicion;
And let these haue a day appointed them
For single Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfrefes* doome.

Som. I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pittie my case. the spight of man preuayleth against me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet*, wee'll see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below; and to I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother *lordin*, be you prostrate, and grouell on the Earth; *John Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To this geere, the sooner the better.

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was set on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues; That time best fits the worke we haue in hand. Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayſe, Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reade, Coniuro te, &c. It Thunders and Lightsens terribly: then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Ad sum.

Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God, Whose name and power thou tremblest at, Answere that I shall aske: for till thou speake, Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and done.

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose: But him out-lieue, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerſet?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand. Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake: False Fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch. What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elianor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King, Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt vp close, And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs. *Stafford* take her to thee.

Wee'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming. All away. *Exit.*

Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well: A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.

Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ.

What haue we here? *Reades.*

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose: But him out-lieue, and dye a violent death.

Why this is iust *Aso Aecias Romanos vincere posse.* Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerſet?

Let him shunne Castles, Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines, Then where Castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my Lords, These Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly vnderstood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albones.* With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes, As fast as Horse can carry them: A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall giue me leaue, my Lord of York, To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord. Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Seruingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulknors hallawing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I saw not better sport these seuen yeeres day: Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pych she flew about the rest: To see how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well, They know their Master loues to be aloft, And beares his thoughts about his Faulcons Pitch:

Gloſt. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore:

Card. I

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.

Gloft. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart, Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,

That smooth'it it so with King and Common-weale.

Gloft. What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?

Tantane animis Caelestibus ira, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere.

Gloft. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Gloft. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

King. I prythee peace, good *Queene*, And whet not on these furious Peeres, For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make Against this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Gloft. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloft. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter, In thine owne person answer thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:

And if thou dar'st, this Euening,

On the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin *Gloster*, Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly, We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloft. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?

The East side of the Groue:

Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster*?

Gloft. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord. Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

He shaue your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,

So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?

When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloft. What meanes this noyse? Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine, Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight, A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules Gives Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betwene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession, To present your Highnesse with the man,

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his sight his sinne be multiplied.

Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King, His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship.

Gloft. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule, Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee: Let neuer Day nor Night unhallowed passe, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Can'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*: Who said; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth: And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce, To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.

Suff. How can'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloft. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

Gloft. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloft. 'Masse, thou lou'd'st Plummes well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some Danson's, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

Gloft. A subtile Knawe, but yet it shall not serue: Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones*.

Gloft. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood,

Gloft. Why that's well said: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

Gloft. But

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life.

Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Gloft. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Gloft. Nor his?

Simp. No indeede, Master.

Gloft. What's thine owne Name?

Simp. *Saunders Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

Gloft. Then *Saunders*, sit there, The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hadst bene borne blinde, Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names, As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe wear.

Sight may distinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, *Saint Albone* here hath done a Miracle: And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great, That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Gloft. My Masters of *Saint Albones*, Haue you not Beadles in your Towne, And Things call'd Whippes?

Maio. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Gloft. Then send for one presently.

Maio. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Gloft. Now fetch me a Stoolie hither by and by. Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoolie, and runne away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone: You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Peadle with Whippes.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must haue you fide your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoolie.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoolie, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloft. Let the be whipt through euery Market Towne, Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke *Humphrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Gloft. But you haue done more Miracles then I: You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold: A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent, Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of *Lady Elianor*, the Protector's Wife, The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout, Haue practis'd dangerously against your State, Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers, Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact, Raising vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground, Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death, And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell, As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.

Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London. This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge; 'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart: Sorrow and griete haue vanquisht all my powers; And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee, Or to the meane'st Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones? Hap'ing confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. *Gloster*, see here the Tincture of thy Nest, And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

Gloft. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale, How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:

And for my Wife, I know not how it stands, Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.

Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,

As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;

I banish her my Bed, and Companie,

And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,

That hath dis-honored *Glosters* honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:

To morrow toward London, back againe,

To looke into this Businesse thorowly,

And call these soule Offendors to their Answers;

And poyse the Cause in Justice equall Scales, Whole Beame stands sure, whose rightfull cause preuailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,

Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,

In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,

In crauing your opinion of my Title,

Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salib. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good, The *Neuills* are thy Subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:

The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;

The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of *Gloster*;

William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.

Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,

Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,

Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest Sonne and Heire of *John* of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,

And

And him to Pumphret; where, as all you know,
Harmlesse Richard was murdered traiterously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

Torke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

Salub. But William of Hatfield dyed without an
Heire.

Torke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I claime the Crowne,
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,
Who marryed Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March;
Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;

Salub. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,
As I haue read, layd claime vnto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendour, had bene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest.

Torke. His eldest Sister, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirde's fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I claime the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,
Who marryed Phillip, sole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth claime the Crowne from John of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Torke* claimes it from the third:
Till Lionels Issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Botb. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands
King.

Torke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Torke* can propheticie.

Salub. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde
at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of *Yorke* a King.

Torke. And *Neill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.*

King. Stand forth Dame *Eliano* Cobham,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adjudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Detpoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir *John Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.

Eliano. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Gloster. *Eliano*, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease.

King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:

And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitionly receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloster*, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in *Henries* hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this lostie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
Thus *Eliano*'s Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Torke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Torke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neighbor. Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2 Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3 Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1 Prent. Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2 Prent. Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Master, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me. I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee hath learnt so much fence already.

Salub. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* torsooth.

Salub. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thumpe*.

Salub. *Thumpe*? Then see thou thumpe thy Master well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this prefence? O *Peter*, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight, For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt, And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs The truth and innocence of this poore fellow, Which he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully. Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke *Humfrey* and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore succedes Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons flect. Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloster. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me, To watch the conning of my punish'd Duchesse: Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets, To treade them with her tender-feeling feet. Sweet *Nell*, all can thy Noble Munde abrooke The abiect People, gazing on thy face, With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy prou'd Chariot-Wheeles, When thou didst ride in triumph through the Streets. But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Paper burning in her hand with the Sheriff and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'll take her from the Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe by.

Elisnor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame? Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloster. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grieffe.

Elisnor. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe: For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinkes I should not thus be led along, May I'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fer groanes. The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I start, the enuious people laugh, And bid me be aduis'd how I treade.

Ah *Humfrey*, can I beate this shamefull yoake? Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World, Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell. Sometime Ile say, I am Duke *Humfrefes* Wite, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land: Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse, Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock To every idle Rascall follower.

But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame, Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will. For *Suffolke*, he that can dot all in all With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest, Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings, And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee. But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd, Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes.

Gloster. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou ay mest all awry. I must offend, before I be attainted: And had I twentie times so many foes, And each of them had twentie times their power, All these could not procure me any scathe, So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse. Would'it haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

n

Why

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
to holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Gloft. And my consent ne'ze ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

My Nell, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

Sh. And please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:
And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloft. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your
Grace.

Gloft. Entseat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir *John*, farewell.

Eliano. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-
well?

Gloft. Wimesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Eliano. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue bene afeard,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.

Stanly, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Eliano. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfresyes* Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Eliano. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast bene Conduct of my shame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Eliano. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Eliano. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

*Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Torke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,
to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maiestic he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Kneec,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe vnbowed Kneec,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they gryne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,

Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.

By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be feai'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.

If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:

Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectually.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke:

And had I first bene put to speake my minde,
I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.

The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuellish practices:

Or if he were not prime to those faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successeue Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,

Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.

Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.

The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloster* is a man
Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Torke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leue great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downfall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauens.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firinely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloſt. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay Gloucester, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Gloſt. Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.

Gloſt. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France:
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wretted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vte,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I dis-purged to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Gloſt. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Gloſt. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:

For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.

Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
About the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloſt. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand:
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyraanie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And Suffolks cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe Buckingham vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged Yorke, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.

And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeouour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:

I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Pertion
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbraid'd, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if she had suborned some to tweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.

Qu. But I can giue the loser leaue to chide.

Gloſt. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winnets, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

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

Gloſt. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare. Exit Gloucester.

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parlia-
ment?

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie:

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
 Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I see
 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
 And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
 That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
 Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.
 Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:
 And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
 Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
 Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case
 With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
 With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
 That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
 Belecue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthe pollicie,

But yet we want a Colour for his death:

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courie of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:

The King will labour still to saue his Life,

The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;

And yet we haue but triuall argument,

More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.

But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of Suffolke,

Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:

Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,

To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,

As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,

To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?

Who being accur'd a craftie Murtherer,

His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,

By nature prou'd an Enemy to the Flock,

Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,

As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.

And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:

Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtlctie,

Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,

So lie be dead; for that is good deceit,

Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
 For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preferue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
 Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And Ile prouide his Executioner,
 I tender to the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And so say I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come ataine,
 To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
 And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
 Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
 Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
 For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.

What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?

Yorke. That *Somerset* be sent as Regent thither:

'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,

Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-fet pollicie,

Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,

He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.

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

I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,

Then bin a burthen of dis-honour home,

By staying there so long, till all were lost.

Show me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,

Mens flesh preferu'd so whole, doe seldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this spake will proue a raging fire,

If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:

No more, good *Yorke*; sweet *Somerset* be still.

Thy fortune *Yorke*, hadst thou bene Regent there,

Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame

take all.

Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest

shame.

Card. My Lord of *Yorke*, trie what your fortune is:

Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,

And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.

To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,

Collected choycely, from each Countie some,

And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,

And what we doe establish, he confirms:

Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content; Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,

Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.

But now returne we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him; for I will deale with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:

And so breake off, the day is almost spent,

Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, with in foureteene dayes
At Bristol I expect my Souldiers,
For there he shal ppe them all for Ireland.

Suff. He see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*
Maunt Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
And change my doubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Reigne to death, it is not worth th' enioying:
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.

Faster thē Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.

My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,
Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.

Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
I feare me, you but warme the starud Snake,
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,

You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,

Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,

Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,

Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.

And for a minister of my intent,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *John Mortimer*.

In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne *Cade*
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,

And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were all most like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:

And in the end being reicued, I haue seene
Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,

Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a shag-hayr'd crasue Kerne,

Hath he conuersed with the Enemy,
And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,

And giuen me notice of their Villanies.

This Deuill here shall be my substitute;

For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.

By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke*.

Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;

I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.

Say that he thrue, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,

And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.
For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he shall be,

And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:

The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.

Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,

According as I gaue directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord.

Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,
Cardinal, Suffolke, Somerset, with
Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,

If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. He call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle *Gloster*,

Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,

He be approu'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuaile,

That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

King. I thanke thee *Neil*, these wordes content mee
much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forsend.

Card. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose.

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe. Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madaine be patient.

King. Oh Heauenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* com-
fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,

Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:

And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceiued sound?

Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,

Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,

Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.

Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:

Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie

Sits in grim Maieste, to fright the World.

Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;

Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;

In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?

Although the Duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,

Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,

Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with groanes,
 Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
 And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.

What know I how the world may deeme of me?
 For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
 It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
 So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
 And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
 This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappy,
 To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
 What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.

What? Art thou like the Adder woxen deafe?
 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.

Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?

Why then Dame *Eliano*r was neere thy ioy.

Erect his Statue, and worship it,
 And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.

Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
 And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
 Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.

What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde

Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,

Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.

What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,

And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,

And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,

Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:

Yet *Aeolus* would not be a murtherer,

But left that hatefull office vnto thee.

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,

Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore

With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.

The splitting Rockes cow'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,

Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,

Might in thy Pallace, perish *Eliano*r.

As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,

When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,

I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:

And when the duskie sky, began to rob

My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,

I tooke a cottly Iewell from my necke,

A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,

And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:

And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,

And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,

For loosing ken of *Albions* wish'd Coast.

How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue

(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)

To sit and watch me as *Ancanus* did,

When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold

His Fathers Aets, commenc'd in burning Troy.

Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not faise like him?

Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Eliano*r,

For *Henry* weepes, that thou lost liue so long.

Noyse within. Enter *Warwicke*, and many
Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
 That good Duke *Humfry* Traiterously is mured

By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:

The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees

That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,

And care not who they sting in his reuenge.

My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,

Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,

But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:

Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,

And comment then vpon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay *Salsburie*

With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgest all things, stay my thoughts:

My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,

Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:

If my suspect be false, forgiue me God,

For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:

Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,

With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine

Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,

To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunk,

And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:

But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:

What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this
 body.

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made,

For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:

For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to liue

With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,

To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,

I do beleue that violent hands were laid

Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:

What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for his vow.

War. See how the blood is setled in his face.

Ofte haue I scene a timely-parted Ghost,

Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,

Being ali defended to the labouring heart,

Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,

Attracts the same for aydance gainst the enemy,

Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,

To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.

But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:

His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,

Staring full gittly, like a strangled man:

His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:

His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt

And rugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.

Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,

His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,

Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:

It cannot be but he was mured heere,

The least of all these signes were probable.

Suf. Why *Warwicke*, who should do the D. to death?

My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,

And we I hope sir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. *Humfries* fets,

And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,

And 'tis well scene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,

As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

War.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding flesh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Purtocks Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Gallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolke* dare
him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
For euery word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?

*Enter Suffolke and Warwick, with their
Weapons drawne.*

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of *Bury*,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salib. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your
minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent scene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
With whose inuenomed and fatall sting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord
of *Salisbury*

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Handes,
Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all
breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly propheticie,
Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* means.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Vngentle *Queene*, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.
No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath,
Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle *Queene*, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queene. Fye

Queen. Eye Coward woman, and soft hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliuers'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke,
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards Rings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell—

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byring cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in pore.

Q. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments,
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that sursets, thinking on a want:
I will tepeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenrure to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery feuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vanx.

Queen. Whether goes Vanx so fast? What newes I
prethee?

Vanx. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For sodainly a greuous sicknesse tocke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
That euen now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Go tell this heauy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it elle,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothe:s dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in it selfe,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corasue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.

To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wherefoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Iris* that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofull Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. This way for me. *Exit*

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.*

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy
Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is scene so terrible.

War. *Beauford*, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.

Beauf. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
A liue againe? Then shew me where he is,
Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:
Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternals mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the bulie meddling Fiend,
That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heauens blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgieue him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.
Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lien. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:

And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowisie, slow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-men's graues, and from their misty Iawes,
Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:

Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere shall they make their ranfome on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maister, this Prisofer freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.
1. Gent. What is my ranfome Maister, let me know.
Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head
Ma. And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.

Lien. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:
The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,
Be counter-poy's'd with such a pettie summe.

1. Gent. He giue it sir, and therefore spare my life.
2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should these, if I might haue my will.

Lien. Be not so rash, take ranfome, let him liue.
Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit. And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrightes me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaime'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisofer is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

Lien. But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowlie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a iaded Groomer:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feasted with *Queene Margarets*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-faine,

I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forsoyn Swain.

Lien. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slaue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lien. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head. Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

Lien. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? Lord,
I kennell, puddie, sinke, whose filch and dirt
Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinks:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.

Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweep the ground:
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Hunfries* death,
Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt shall bisse at thee againe:
And wedded be thou to the Haggas of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord

Vnto the daughter of a worthless King,
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuellish policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylls ouer-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.

By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to France.
The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Disdain to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath slaine their Gouvernors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.

The Princely *Warwicke*, and the *Neuils* all,
Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.

And now the House of *Yorke* thrust from the Crowne,
By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,
And lofty proud inroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striuing to shine;

Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus*.
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
It is impossible that I should dye

By

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.

Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me :

I go of Message from the Queene to France :

I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lewis. Water : W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death :

Suff. *Pino gelidus timor occupat artum*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.

What, are ye danc'd now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord Intreat him, speak him fair.

Suff. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough :

Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour,

Farre be it, we should honor such as these

With humble suite : no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King :

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare :

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lewis. Hate him away, and let him talke no more :

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suff. That this my death may neuer be forget.

Great men oft dye by wilde Bezoniens.

A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto shue

Murder'd sweet Tully. *Bruism* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Iulius Caesar*. *Sauage* Islanders

Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lewis. And as for these whose ransome we haue let,

It is our pleasure one of them depart :

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King :

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and John Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Beuis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen came vp.

Lewis. O miserable Age : Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True : and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation : which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Beuis. Thou hast hit it : for there's no better signe of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them : There's *Bofts* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Lewis. Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And *Dicke* the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is *fin* strucke downe like an Ox, and iniquities throte cut like a Calfe!

Hol. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Ben. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drummes. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. Wee *Iohn Cade*, so tearm'd of our supposed Father.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command silence.

Bus. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his *Butch* is of prooffe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven halfe peny Loaucs sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, shall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Felony to drink small Beere. Alk the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God saue your Maicesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparrell them all in one Liuey, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers

Cade. Nay, that I meane not so. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clarke.

Weauer. The Clarke of Charram: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't : The man is a proper man of mine Honour : unless I finde him guilty he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee : What is thy name ?

Clarke. Emannell.

But. They vse to writ it on the top of Letters : I will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone : Dost thou vse to write thy name ? Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man ?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest : away with him : he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say : Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall ?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Hun-frey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or lie fell thee downe : he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is a ?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight presently ; Rise vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows : Lay your Weapons downe, Home to your Cottages : forsake this Groome. The King is mercifull, if you reuolt,

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward : therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaues I passe not, It is to you good people, that I speake, Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne : For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staf. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer, And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not ?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that ?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not ?

Staf. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question ; But I say, 'tis true : The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a begger-woman stolne away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age. His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the bricke are alieue at this day to testifie it : therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Draughtes words, that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we : therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Lacke *Cade*, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too *Sirrah*, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Henry* the first, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but he be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes* head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason : for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch : & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can : The Frenchmen are our enemies : go too then, I ask but this : Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or no ?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not preuaile, Assault them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne, Proclame them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*, That those which flye before the battell ends, May euen in their Wives and Childrens sight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores :

And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me : Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman : Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen, For they are thrifty honett men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford ?

But. Heere sir.

Cade. They tell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine owne Slaughter-house : Therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the boddes shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind, And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. He send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But stay, He read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Planee ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolkes* death?
I feare me (*Loue*) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my *Loue*, I should not mourne, but dye for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in Southwacke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace *Vsurper*, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in *Westminster*.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of *Hindes* and *Pezants*, rude and mercilesse:
Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All *Schollers*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call falsie *Catterpillers*, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buc. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolke* now alie,
These *Kentish* Rebels would be toone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the *Traitors* hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I stay,
And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*.
The *Citizens* flye and forsake their houses:
The *Rascall* people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the *Traitor*, and they ioyndly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your *Royall Court*.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolke* is deceast.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the *Kentish* Rebels

Buc. Trust no body for feare you betrayd.

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they haue wonne the *Bridge*,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The *L. Maior* craues ayd of your Honor from the *Tower*
To defend the City from the *Rebels*.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The *Rebels* haue assay'd to win the *Tower*.
But get you to *Smithfield*, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Mathew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

Exeunt

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting vpon *London Stone*,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing *Conduit* run nothing but *Clarret Wine*
This first yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be *Treason* for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.*

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke
Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set *London Bridge* on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the *Tower* too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Aiac. c. *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest.

Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So first: now go some and pull downe the *Sauoy*:
Others to'th *Innes of Court*, downe with them all.

Ent. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
word.

But. Onely that the *Lawes of England* may come out
of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be so're *Law* then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a *Speare*, and 'tis not whole yett.

Smith. Nay *John*, it wil be stinking *Law*, so. his breath
stinkes with eating toasted cheefe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the *Records* of the *Realme*, my mouth shall be
the *Parliament of England*.

John. Then we are like to haue biting *Statutes*
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in *Com-
mon*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,
which sold the *Townes* in *France*. He that made vs pay
one and twenty *Fiftenees*, and one shilling to the pound,
the last *Subsidie*.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for iz ten times :
Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now
art thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regall.
What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of
Normandie vnto Monsieur *Bastinecu*, the Dolphin of
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presences, even
the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Besome
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
art : Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole : and where-
as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the
Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,
and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy face,
that thou hast men about thee, that vniually take of a
Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as
no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed
Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-
bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreover,
thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not
reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
that cause they haue bene most worthy to liue. Thou
dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtst not to let thy horse weare
a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hoie
and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-
ample, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this : 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks La-
tine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you
will :

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is termed the cruelst place of all this isle :
Sweet is the Countrey, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.
I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would loose my life :
Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clarkees,
Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnlesse you be possesst with diuellish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me :
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when struckst thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands : soft haue I struck
Those that I neuer saw, and stricke them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde
Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o' th' eare, and that wil make 'em
red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help
of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddles at vs, as who should say, He be-
eats with you. He fees if his head will stand steddier on
a pole, or no : Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me : wherein haue I offended most?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Goid?

Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I inur'd, that ye seeke my death?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding.

This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorse in my selfe with his words : but
He biddeth he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so
well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder
his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take
him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then
breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir *James Cromer*,
and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two
poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countenmen : If when you make your prair's,
God should be so obdurate at your selues :

How wouldst thou see thy departed soules,

And the eternel torment, and saue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye : the
proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on
his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute : there shall not
a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Mayden-
head ere they haue it : Men shall hold of mee in Capite.
And we charge and command, that the twiues be as free
as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodi-
ties vpon our bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer :

Let them kisse one another : For they lou'd well

When they were aliuie. Now part them againe,

Least they consult about the giuing vp

Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,

Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night :

For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,

Will we ride through the streets, & at euery Corner

Haue them kisse. Away.

Exit

*Alarm, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,
and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Vp Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,
kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames :

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare?

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley

When I commaund them kill?

Enter

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countymen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your death.
Who loues the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to braue?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til
you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur-
thens, take your houses euer your heads, rauish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curfie light vpon you
all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meaneft of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to lye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
Vlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you are vanquished
Should make a start ore-leas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes already in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villago* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should stoop vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Natue Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of *Henry* the fift, haies them
to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee de-
solate. I see them lay thei. heades together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
middest of you, and heauens and honor be witness, that
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles. *Exit*

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and
Somerset on the Tarras.*

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
Neckes.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy eue-lasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Country.
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisie you to your severall Countries.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hither ward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispers'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
He yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Country good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fīue daies haue I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good. for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pau had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brauely marching, it hath seru'd me insteade of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court, And may enioy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Father left me, Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy. I seeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy: Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state, And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soule come to seize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into my Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds: Climbing my walles insight of me the Owner, But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate these fīue dayes, yet come thou and thy fīue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate a poore famish't man. Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesfer: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre, Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth: As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words, Let this my sword report what speech for beares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnails.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate, To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Dyot. Id How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee: And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell. Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue, And there cut off thy most vngracious head, Which I will beare in triumph to the King, Leauing thy trunk for Crows to feed vpon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henries head. Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. Ah *Santa Maria!* who would not buy thee deere? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot giue due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it. A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule, On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me? The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. Yorke, it thou meanest wel, I greet thee well. *Yor.* Humfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

Buc. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworne, Should raise so great a power without his leaue? Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarfe can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abiect tearmes. And now like *Ajax Telamonus*, On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie. I am farre better bowe then is the king: More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts. But I must make faire weather yet a while, Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me, That I haue given no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly. The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is so common proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismiss my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
He send them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may see.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of some rude condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iust art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an' like your Maiesty.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 't were not amisse
He were created Knight for his good seruice.

King. *Iden*, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:
We giue thee for rewarde a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit such a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

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

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But holdly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
Fals King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardily I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which darst not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to grasse a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an swefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Yorke. Wouldst thou haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Strah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'll pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.

Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, He warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.

Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford*: Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I *Clifford*, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower;
And chop away that factious pare of his.

Qu. He is attested, but will not obey:
His tonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him.

Yor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?

Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curses,
Bid *Salsbury* and *Warwicke* come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salsbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou darst bring them to the bayting place.

Rich. Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peccce of seruice will you do,

If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.

Clif. Take heede leat by your heate you burne your selues:

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy siluer haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffiane
And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banisht from the frostie head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warr,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore doest abuse it, it thou hast it?
For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.

Sal. My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do' repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegaunce vnto me?

Sal. I haue,

Ks. Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:

But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reauce the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wrong the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Que. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy hous'd Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Nenils* Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keeps his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen so affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

To Clif. And so to Armes victorios Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Rich. Fic, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.

To Clif. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou
canst tell.

Ric. If not in heauen, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angric Trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crows
Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Yor. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thrue to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd. *Exit War.*

Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?

Yorke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art to fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shew'd ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.

Yor. A direfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. *La si Corrone les eumenes.*

Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for *Yary* still,
Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angry leaues do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen basemes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance, I see no Souldier flye.

He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance

The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premiss'd latines of the Last day,
Knut earth and heauen together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and pettie sounds

To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atchieue

The Siluer Luery of aduised Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus

To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this fight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:

No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,

And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:

Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pittie.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,

Into as many gobbics will I cut it
As wilde *Medes* young *Abfirtus* did.

In cruelty, will I secke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:

As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyses* beare,
So beate I thee vpon my manly shoulders:

But then, *Aeneas* bare a liuing load;

o 3

Nothing

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So bye thou there :
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death :
Sword, hold thy temper ; Heart, be wrathfull still :
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queens, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens ? Good *Margaret*
stay.

Qu. What are you made of ? You'l nor fight nor flye :
Now is it manhood, wisedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarm a fuge off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes : but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye :
But flye you must : Vncurable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwick,
and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.*

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time :
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father :
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him : Thrice I led him off,
Perfwaded him from any further act :
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day :
By'th Masse so did we all. I thanke you *Richard*.
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue :
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repaying Nature.

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament :
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them ?

War. After them : nay before them if we can :
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drum me and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

