

```

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the Duke of Yorke from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &
tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&
          tragedies</title>
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1616.</author>
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</respStmt>
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 <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
 <resp>project management</resp>
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 <resp>encoding</resp>
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 <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
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 <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
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 Crowdfunding</funder>
 <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
 possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
 support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
 and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
 and book history.</funder>
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 April
 2014</date>
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 <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
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 3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
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 &
 tragedies</title>
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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The
Shakespeare First Folios a
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<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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<institution>University of Oxford</institution>

<repository>Bodleian Library</repository>

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<idno type="shelfmark">Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second

Bodleian

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<msContents>

<titlePage>

<docTitle>

<titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>

<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>

<lb/>COMEDIES, & HISTORIES, &

<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>

<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall

Copies.</titlePart>

</docTitle>

<docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

<docDate>1623</docDate>. </docImprint>

</titlePage>

</msContents>

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 <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76,
 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered 163; p.
 misnumbered 252; p.
 some copies;
 p.165-166
 5th count:
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2]$, $^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2$ a-g⁶ χgg^8 h-v⁶ x⁴ $\chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ aa-ff⁶
 gg^2 Gg⁶
 hh^6 kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2A-2B^6$ $2C^2$ a-
 g^6 $^2g^8$ h-v⁶ x⁴
 'gg3.4' (\pm 'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para]¹ 2a-2f⁶ $2g^2$ $2G^6$ $2h^6$
 $2k-2v^6$
 x^6 2y-3b⁶.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>

reader".
mount
some the
and the
Rare

<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
<layout>
<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.
Blount, I.
Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>
<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry
Condell.</p>
</layout>

</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
<decoDesc>
<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author
signed: "Martin-
earlier
shading,
with the
have the plate
the earlier
Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
</decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions>
<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap
was seen".
2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on
t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.

</additions>
<bindingDesc>
<p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.

</bindingDesc>
</physDesc>
<history>
<origin>
<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.

</p>
</origin>
<acquisition>
<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl>
<title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records

to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to [Richard Davis](#), a bookseller in Oxford, in [1664](#) for the sum of [£24](#).

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of [Richard Turbutt](#) of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until [1906](#), when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of [£3000](#), raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West

Rasmussen (2011), 31.

[Digital facsimile images available](#)

at: [ref](#)

<http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> [http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/](#).

[F-3h6-wat.1](#)

[First Watchman](#)

[1. Watch.](#)

[F-3h6-wat.2](#)

[Second Watchman](#)

[2. Watch.](#)


```

<person xml:id="F-3h6-wat.3">
  <persName type="standard">Third Watchman</persName>
  <persName type="form">3. Watch.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-3h6-all">
  <persName type="standard">All</persName>
  <persName type="form">All.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-3h6-bon">
  <persName type="standard">Bona, sister to the French
Queen</persName>
  <persName type="form">Bona.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-3h6-cla">
  <persName type="standard">George Plantagenet (Duke of
Clarence)</persName>
  <persName type="form">Cla</persName>
  <persName type="form">Cla.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Clar.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Clarence.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Qu.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-3h6-cli">
  <persName type="standard">Lord Clifford</persName>
  <persName type="form">Clif,</persName>
  <persName type="form">Clif.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Cliff.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Clifford.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-3h6-ed4">
  <persName type="standard">King Edward IV (Plantagenet)</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ed.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Edw.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Edward.</persName>
  <persName type="form">K.</persName>
  <persName type="form">K. Ed.</persName>
  <persName type="form">K. Edw.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Duke of Exeter, uncle to Henry IV, great-
uncle to Henry V</persName>
  <persName type="form">Exet.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Father, who has killed his son</persName>
  <persName type="form">Fa.</persName>

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  </person>
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marries Edward IV</persName>
    <persName type="form">Gray.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Lady Grey.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Wid.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Cla.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">K. Hen.</persName>
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    <persName type="standard">Humfrey (Second Keeper)</persName>
    <persName type="form">Hum.</persName>
  </person>
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    <persName type="form">Hunts.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Lew.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Lewis.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Lieu.</persName>
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    <persName type="standard">Mayor of York</persName>
    <persName type="form">Maior.</persName>

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<person xml:id="F-3h6-qma">
  <persName type="standard">Queen Margaret, daughter to Reignier,
afterwards married to King Henry VI</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mar.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Marg.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Qu.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Quee.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Queene.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Mess. 1.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-3h6-mes.2">
  <persName type="standard">Second Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mess. 2.</persName>
</person>
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  <persName type="form">Mount.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Nobleman</persName>
  <persName type="form">Nob.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">North.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Oxf.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Richard Plantagenet (Duke of Gloucester),
becomes duke of York in Henry VI, Part</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pl.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Plan.</persName>

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    <persName type="form">Prince Ed.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Prince.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-3h6-ri3">
    <persName type="standard">Richard III (Duke of Gloucester), son of
Richard Plantagenet, duke of York; was duke of Gloucester before
enthronement</persName>
    <persName type="form">Ric.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Rich.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Richard.</persName>
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  <person xml:id="F-3h6-riv">
    <persName type="standard">Lord (Earl) Rivers</persName>
    <persName type="form">Riu.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-3h6-rut">
    <persName type="standard">Edmond, Earl of Rutland</persName>
    <persName type="form">Rutland.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-3h6-sin">
    <persName type="standard">Sinklo (First Keeper)</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sin.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sink.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sinklo.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-3h6-som">
    <persName type="standard">Duke/Earl of Somerset, John
Beaufort</persName>
    <persName type="form">Som.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Somers.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-3h6-smv">
    <persName type="standard">Sir John Somerville</persName>
    <persName type="form">Someru.</persName>
  </person>

```

```

<person xml:id="F-3h6-son">
  <persName type="standard">Son, who has killed his father</persName>
  <persName type="form">Son.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-3h6-sol">
  <persName type="standard">Soldier</persName>
  <persName type="form">Soul.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-3h6-tut">
  <persName type="standard">Tutor of Rutland</persName>
  <persName type="form">Tutor.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Earl of Warwick</persName>
  <persName type="form">War.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Warw.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Warwick.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Warwicke.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-3h6-wes">
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  <persName type="form">Westm.</persName>
</person>
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</profileDesc>
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        <lb/>with the death of the Duke of
        <lb/>YORKE.</head>
      <div type="act" n="1">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="center italic" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
          <stage rend="center italic" type="entrance">Enter Plantagenet,
Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mount-
          <lb/>ague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
            <speaker rend="italic center">Warwicke.</speaker>
            <p>
              <c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c> Wonder how the King escap'd our
hands?</p>
          </sp>

```

<sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pl.</speaker>
 <l>while we pursu'd the Horsmen of <choice>
 <abbr>ȝ</abbr>
 <expan>the</expan>
 </choice> North,</l>
 <l>He slyly stole away, and left his men:</l>
 <l>Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,</l>
 <l>Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,</l>
 <l>Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.</l>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> and Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Stafford</hi> all a-brest</l>
 <l>Charg'd our maine Battailles Front: and breaking in,</l>
 <l>Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Staffords</hi> Father, Duke of <hi
 rend="italic">Buckingham</hi>,</l>
 <l>Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.</l>
 <l>I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:</l>
 <l>That this is true (Father) behold his blood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires
 <lb rend="turnunder"/>
 <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>blood,</l>
 <l>Whom I encountred as the Battels ioy'n'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plan.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> hath best deseru'd of all my
 sonnes:</l>
 <l>But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nfk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>Such hope haue all the line of <hi rend="italic">Iohn of
 Gaunt</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Thus do I hope to shake King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
 head.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>And so doe I, victorious Prince of <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>
 <l>Before I see thee seated in that Throne,</l>
 <l>Which now the House of <hi rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>
 vsurpes,</l>
 <l>I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.</l>
 <l>This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,</l>
 <l>And this the Regall Seat: possesse it <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
 <l>For this is thine, and not King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
 Heires.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Assist me then, sweet <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi>, and I
 will,</l>
 <l>For hither we haue broken in by force.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nfk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>
 <l>Wee'le all assist you: he that flyes, shall dye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Thankes gentle <hi rend="italic">Norfolke</hi>, stay by me
 my Lords,</l>
 <l>And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They goe
 vp.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>And when the King comes, offer him no violence,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,</l>
 <l>But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,</l>
 <l>By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>

<l>The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>, Duke of Yorke,
 be King,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>And bashfull <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> depos'd, whose
 Cowardize</l>
 <l>Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,</l>
 <l>I meane to take possession of my Right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,</l>
 <l>The prowdest hee that holds vp <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>,</l>
 <l>Dares stirre a Wing, if <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> shake
 his Bells.</l>
 <l>Ile plant <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>, root him vp who
 dares:</l>
 <l>Resolue thee <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, clayme the
 English Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flourish. Enter King
 Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
 <lb/>Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,</l>
 <l>Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,</l>
 <l>Backt by the power of <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, that
 false Peere,</l>
 <l>To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.</l>
 <l>Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,</l>
 <l>And thine, Lord <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, & you
 both haue vow'd reuenge</l>
 <l>On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>The hope thereof, makes <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>
 mourne in
 <lb/>Steele.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <l>What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,</l>
 <l>My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:</l>
 <l>He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.</l>
 <l>My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament</l>
 <l>Let vs assayle the Family of <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,</l>
 <l>And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <l>But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly
 <lb/>flye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Farre be the thought of this from <hi
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> heart,</l>
 <l>To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.</l>
 <l>Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,</l>
 <l>Shall be the Warre that <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> meanes
 to vse.</l>
 <l>Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,</l>
 <l>And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,</l>
 <l>I am thy Soueraigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>I am thine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of

<lb/>Yorke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Exet.</hi> Thy</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0504-0.jpg" n="148"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi> thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,</l>
 <l>In following this vsurping <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>Whom should hee follow, but his naturall
 <lb/>King?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>True <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, that's <hi
 rend="italic">Richard</hi> Duke of Yorke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <l>He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,</l>
 <l>And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>

forget,</l> <l>And <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> shall disproue it. You

<l>That we are those which chas'd you from the field,</l>
 <l>And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread</l>
 <l>Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>Yes <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, I remember it to my

griefe,</l> <l>And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Piantagenet</hi>, of thee and these thy Sonnes,</l>
 <l>Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues</l>
 <l>Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cliff.</speaker>
 <l>Vrge it no more, lest that in stead of words,</l>
 <l>I send thee, <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, such a

Messenger,</l> <l>As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Poore <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, how I scorne his

worthlesse <lb/>Threats.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?</l>
 <l>If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?</l>
 <l>My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,</l>
 <l>Thy Grandfather <hi rend="italic">Roger Mortimer</hi>,&br/>
 Earle of March.</l>
 <l>I am the Sonne of <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fift,</l>
 <l>Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,</l>
 <l>And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:</l>
 <l>When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>You are old enough now,</l>
 <l>And yet me thinkes you loose:</l>
 <l>Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers Head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>Good Brother,</l>
 <l>As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,</l>
 <l>Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
 <l>Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
 <lb/>King will flye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Sonnes peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Peace thou, and giue King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> leaue

to

 <lb/>speake.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>

<hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi> shal speake first: Heare him

Lords,</l>

 <l>And be you silent and attentive too,</l>
 <l>For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,</l>
 <l>Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?</l>
 <l>No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;</l>

<l>I, and their Colours often borne in France,</l>
 <l>And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,</l>
 <l>Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?</l>
 <l>My Title's good, and better farre then his.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Proue it <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and thou shalt be
 King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth by Conquest got the
 Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>'Twas by Rebellion against his King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>I know not what to say, my Titles weake:</l>
 <l>Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>What then?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>And if he may, then am I lawfull King:</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, in the view of many
 Lords,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Resign'd the Crowne to <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the
 Fourth,</l>
 <l>Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,</l>
 <l>And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,</l>
 <l>Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">

<speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,</l>
 <l>But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>His is the right, and therefore pardon me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,</l>
 <l>Thinke not, that <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> shall be so
 depos'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>Thou art deceiu'd:</l>
 <l>'Tis not thy Southerne power</l>
 <l>Of Essex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,</l>
 <l>Which makes thee thus presumptuous and prowde,</l>
 <l>Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, be thy Title right or
 wrong,</l>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> vowes to fight in thy
 defence:</l>
 <l>May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,</l>

<l>Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, how thy words reuiue my
 heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:</l>
 <l>What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,</l>
 <l>Or I will fill the House with armed men,</l>
 <l>And ouer the Chayre of state, where now he sits,</l>
 <l>Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He stamper with
 his foot, and the Souldiers
 <lb/>shew themselues.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,</l>
 <l>Let me for this my life time reigne as King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,</l>
 <l>And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>I am content: <hi rend="italic">Richard Plantagenet</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your
 <lb/>Sonne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>What good is this to England, and himselfe?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>

<l>Base, fearefull, and despayring <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <l>I cannot stay to heare these Articles.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>Nor I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these
 <lb/>Newes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
 <l>Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,</l>
 <l>In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>Be thou a prey vnto the House of <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
 <l>And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cliff.</speaker>
 <l>In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be ouercome,</l>
 <l>Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Turne this way <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and regard
 them not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exeter.</speaker>
 <l>They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not
 <lb/>yeeld.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Why should you sigh, my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Not for my selfe Lord <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi>, but
 my Sonne,</l>
 <l>Whom I vnnaturally shall dis-inherite.</l>
 <l>But be it as it may: I here entayle</l>
 <l>The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,</l>
 <l>Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,</l>
 <l>To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0505-0.jpg" n="149"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:</l>
 <l>And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,</l>
 <l>To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Long liue King <hi rend="italic">Henry: Plantagenet</hi>
 embrace
 <lb/>him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>And long liue thou, and these thy forward
 <lb/>Sonnes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi> are reconcil'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Senet. Here they
 come downe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Plant.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nfk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Norf.</speaker>
 <l>And I to Norfolke with my follower<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>And I with grieffe and sorrow to the Court.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
 Queene.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exeter.</speaker>
 <l>Heere comes the Queene,</l>
 <l>Whose Lookes bewray her anger:</l>
 <l>Ile steale away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi> so will I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
 <l>Who can be patient in such extreames?</l>
 <l>Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?</l>
 <l>And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,</l>
 <l>Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.</l>
 <l>Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus?</l>
 <l>Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,</l>

<l>Or felt that paine which I did for him once,</l>
 <l>Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;</l>
 <l>Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,</l>
 <l>Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,</l>
 <l>And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:</l>
 <l>If you be King, why should not I succede?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Henry.</speaker>
 <l>Pardon me <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, pardon me sweet
 Sonne,</l>
 <l>The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
 <l>Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?</l>
 <l>I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,</l>
 <l>Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,</l>
 <l>And giu'n vnto the House of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>
 such head,</l>
 <l>As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.</l>
 <l>To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,</l>
 <l>What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,</l>
 <l>And creepe into it farre before thy time?</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> is Chancelor, and the Lord of
 Callice,</l>
 <l>Sterne <hi rend="italic">Falconbridge</hi> commands the
 Narrow Seas,</l>
 <l>The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,</l>
 <l>And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes</l>
 <l>The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.</l>
 <l>Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,</l>
 <l>The Souldiers should haue toss'd me on their Pikes,</l>
 <l>Before I would haue granted to that Act.</l>
 <l>But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.</l>
 <l>And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,</l>
 <l>Both from thy Table <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and thy
 Bed,</l>
 <l>Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,</l>
 <l>Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.</l>
 <l>The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,</l>
 <l>Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:</l>
 <l>And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,</l>
 <l>And vtter ruine of the House of <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>

Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
 Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.
 Henry.
 Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me
 speake.
 Queene.
 Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee
 gone.
 Henry.
 Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay
 me?
 Queene.
 I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
 Prince.
 When I returne with victorie to the field,
 Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
 Queene.
 Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
 Henry.
 Poore Queene,
 How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
 Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
 Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
 Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,
 Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
 Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
 The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
 Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
 Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
 Exet.
 And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
 Exit.

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</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter Richard,
Edward, and

    <lb/>Mountague.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
    <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
    <l>Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee
      <lb/>leau.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
    <speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>
    <l>No, I can better play the Orator.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
    <l>But I haue reasons strong and forceable.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Duke of
Yorke.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?</l>
    <l>What is your Quarrell? how began it first?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
    <speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>
    <l>No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>About what?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
    <l>About that which concernes your Grace and vs,</l>
    <l>The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
    <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
    <l>Mine Boy? not till King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> be
dead.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
    <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
    <l>Your Right depends not on his life, or death.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
    <speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>

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<l>Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:</l>
 <l>By giuing the House of <hi rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>
 leaue to breathe,</l>
 <l>It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly
 <lb/>reigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>
 <l>But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:</l>
 <l>I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
 <l>No: God forbid your Grace should be for-
 <lb/>sworne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
 <l>Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee
 <lb/>speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
 <l>An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke</l>
 <l>Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,</l>
 <l>That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> had none, but did vsurpe the place.</l>
 <l>Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,</l>
 <l>Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.</l>
 <l>Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,</l>
 <l>How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,</l>
 <l>Within whose Circuit is <hi rend="italic">Elizium</hi>,</l>
 <l>And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.</l>
 <l>Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,</l>
 <l>Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de</l>
 <l>Euen in the luke-warme blood of <hi
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> heart.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> ynough: I will be King, or dye.</l>
 <l>Brother, thou shalt to London presently,</l>
 <l>And whet on <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> to this
 Enterprise.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Thou</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0506-0.jpg" n="150"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Thou <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> shalt to the Duke of
 Norfolke,</l>
 <l>And tell him priuily of our intent.</l>
 <l>You <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> shall vnto my Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Cobham</hi>,</l>
 <l>With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.</l>
 <l>In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,</l>
 <l>Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.</l>
 <l>While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?</l>
 <l>But that I seeke occasion how to rise,</l>
 <l>And yet the King not priue to my Drift,</l>
 <l>Nor any of the House of <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gabriel.</stage>
 <l>But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such
 <lb/>poste?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-gab">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gabriel.</speaker>
 <l>The Queene,</l>
 <l>With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,</l>
 <l>Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.</l>
 <l>She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:</l>
 <l>And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>I, with my Sword.</l>
 <l>What? think'st thou, that we feare them?</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>,
 you shall stay with me,</l>
 <l>My Brother <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi> shall poste to
 London.</l>
 <l>Let Noble <hi rend="italic">Warwicke, Cobham</hi>, and
 the rest,</l>
 <l>Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,</l>
 <l>With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselues,</l>

Oathes.</l>

<l>And trust not simple <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, nor his

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>

<l>Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.</l>

<l>And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Mountague.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mortimer, and

his Brother.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, and Sir <hi

rend="italic">Hugh Mortimer</hi>, mine Vnckles,</l>

<l>You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.</l>

<l>The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-jmo">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the

<lb/>field.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>What, with fiue thousand men?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">

<speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>

<l>I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a neede.</l>

<l>A Woman's generall: what should we feare?</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A March afaire

off.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>

<l>I heare their Drummes:</l>

<l>Let's set our men in order,</l>

<l>And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,</l>

<l>I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.</l>

<l>Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,</l>

<l>When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:</l>

<l>Why should I not now haue the like successe?</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Alarum.

Exit.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rutland, and
his Tutor.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-rut">

<speaker rend="italic">Rutland.</speaker>

<l>Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?</l>

<l>Ah Tutor, looke where bloody <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>
comes.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clifford.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">

<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>

<l>Chaplain away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.</l>

<l>As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,</l>

<l>Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-tut">

<speaker rend="italic">Tutor.</speaker>

<l>And I, my Lord, will beare him company.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">

<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>

<l>Souldiers, away with him.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-tut">

<speaker rend="italic">Tutor.</speaker>

<l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, murder not this innocent
Child,</l>

<l>Least thou be hated both of God and Man.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">

<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>

<l>How now? is he dead alreadie?</l>

<l>Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?</l>

<l>Ile open them.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-rut">

<speaker rend="italic">Rutland.</speaker>

<l>So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch,</l>

<l>That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:</l>

<l>And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,</l>

<l>And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.</l>

<l>Ah gentle <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, kill me with thy
Sword,</l>

<l>And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.</l>

before I dye:</l>
<l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> heare me speake,
<l>I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,</l>
<l>Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
<l>In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:</l>
<l>My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage</l>
<l>Where thy words should enter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-rut">
<speaker rend="italic">Rutland.</speaker>
<l>Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,</l>
<l>He is a man, and <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> cope with
him.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
<l>Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine</l>
<l>Were not reuenge sufficient for me:</l>
<l>No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,</l>
<l>And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,</l>
<l>It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.</l>
<l>The sight of any of the House of <hi
rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
<l>Is as a furie to torment my Soule:</l>
<l>And till I root out their accursed Line,</l>
<l>And leaue not one alieue, I liue in Hell.</l>
<l>Therefore---</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-rut">
<speaker rend="italic">Rutland.</speaker>
<l>Oh let me pray, before I take my death:</l>
<l>To thee I pray; sweet <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> pittie
me.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
<l>Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-rut">
<speaker rend="italic">Rutland.</speaker>
<l>I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
<lb/>me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
<l>Thy Father hath.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-rut">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rutland.</speaker>
 <l>But 'twas ere I was borne.</l>
 <l>Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me,</l>
 <l>Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,</l>
 <l>He be as miserably slaine as I.</l>
 <l>Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,</l>
 <l>And when I giue occasion of offence,</l>
 <l>Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-
 <lb/>fore dye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-rut">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rutland.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">Dis faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>, I come <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,</l>
 <l>Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood</l>
 <l>Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter Richard,
 Duke of Yorke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>The Army of the Queene hath got the field:</l>
 <l>My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;</l>
 <l>And all my followers, to the eager foe</l>
 <l>Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,</l>
 <l>Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starued Wolues.</l>
 <l>My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:</l>
 <l>But this I know, they haue demean'd themselues</l>
 <l>Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.</l>
 <l>Three times did <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> make a Lane
 to me,</l>
 <l>And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:</l>
 <l>And full as oft came <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> to my
 side,</l>

<l>With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,</l>
 <l>In blood of those that had encountred him:</l>
 <l>And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of
 ground,</l>
 <l>And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0507-0.jpg" n="151"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.</l>
 <l>With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,</l>
 <l>We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan</l>
 <l>With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,</l>
 <l>And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A short
 Alarum within.</stage>
 <l>Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,</l>
 <l>And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:</l>
 <l>And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie.</l>
 <l>The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,</l>
 <l>Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Queene,
 Clifford, Northumberland,
 <lb/>the young Prince, and Souldiers.</stage>
 <l>Come bloody <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, rough <hi
 rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>,</l>
 <l>I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage;</l>
 <l>I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>Yeeld to our mercy, proud <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme</l>
 <l>With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.</l>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Phaeton</hi> hath tumbled from his
 Carre,</l>
 <l>And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth</l>
 <l>A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:</l>
 <l>And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,</l>
 <l>Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.</l>

<l>Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cliff.</speaker>
 <l>So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,</l>
 <l>So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,</l>
 <l>So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,</l>
 <l>Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, but bethinke thee once
 againe,</l>
 <l>And in thy thought ore-run my former time:</l>
 <l>And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,</l>
 <l>And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,</l>
 <l>Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>I will not bandie with thee word for word,</l>
 <l>But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
 <l>Hold valiant <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, for a thousand
 causes</l>
 <l>I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:</l>
 <l>Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou <hi
 rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>Hold <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, doe not honor him so
 much,</l>
 <l>To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.</l>
 <l>What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,</l>
 <l>For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,</l>
 <l>When he might spurne him with his Foot away?</l>
 <l>It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,</l>
 <l>And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the
 <lb/>Gynne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>So doth the Connie struggle in the

<lb/>Net.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">York.</speaker>
 <l>So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,</l>
 <l>So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
 <l>What would your Grace haue done vnto
 <lb/>him now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
 <l>Braue Warriors, <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, and <hi
 rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>,</l>
 <l>Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,</l>
 <l>That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,</l>
 <l>Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.</l>
 <l>What, was it you that would be Englands King?</l>
 <l>Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,</l>
 <l>And made a Preachment of you high Descent?</l>
 <l>Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?<note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">This question mark type has slipped below the
 line.</note>
 </l>
 <l>The wanton <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, and the lustie <hi
 rend="italic">George?</hi>
 </l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Dickie</hi>, your Boy, that with his grumbling
 voyce</l>
 <l>Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?</l>
 <l>Or with the rest, where is your Darling, <hi
 rend="italic">Rutland?</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Looke <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, I stayn'd this Napkin
 with the blood</l>
 <l>That valiant <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, with his Rapiers
 point,</l>
 <l>Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:</l>
 <l>And if thine eyes can water for his death,</l>
 <l>I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.</l>
 <l>Alas poore <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, but that I hate thee
 deadly,</l>
 <l>I should lament thy miserable state.</l>
 <l>I prythee grieue, to make me merry, <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>

death?</l>
 <l>What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,</l>
 <l>That not a Teare can fall, for <hi rend="italic">Rutlands</hi>
 <l>Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:</l>
 <l>And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.</l>
 <l>Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.</l>
 <l>Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a
 Crowne.</l>
 <l>A Crowne for <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>; and Lords, bow
 lowe to him:</l>
 <l>Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.</l>
 <l>I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:</l>
 <l>I, this is he that tooke King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
 Chaire,</l>
 <l>And this is he was his adopted Heire.</l>
 <l>But how is it, that great <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?</l>
 <l>As I bethinke me, you should not be King,</l>
 <l>Till our King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> had shooke hands
 with Death.</l>
 <l>And will you pale your head in <hi
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> Glory,</l>
 <l>And rob his Temples of the Diademe,</l>
 <l>Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?</l>
 <l>Oh 'tis a fault too too vn pardonable.</l>
 <l>Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,</l>
 <l>And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
 <l>That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
 <l>Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee
 <lb/>makes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
 <l>Shee-Wolfe of France,</l>
 <l>But worse then Wolues of France,</l>
 <l>Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:</l>
 <l>How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,</l>
 <l>To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,</l>
 <l>Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?</l>
 <l>But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,</l>
 <l>Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.</l>

<l>I would assay, prowd Queene, to make thee blush.</l>
 <l>To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,</l>
 <l>Were shame enough, to shame thee,</l>
 <l>Wert thou not shamelesse.</l>
 <l>Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,</l>
 <l>Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,</l>
 <l>Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.</l>
 <l>Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?</l>
 <l>It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse the Adage must be verify'd,</l>
 <l>That Beggars mounted, runne their Horse to death.</l>
 <l>'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,</l>
 <l>But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.</l>
 <l>'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,</l>
 <l>The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.</l>
 <l>'Tis Gouvernment that makes them seeme Diuine,</l>
 <l>The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.</l>
 <l>Thou art as opposite to euey good,</l>
 <l>As the <hi rend="italic">Antipodes</hi> are vnto vs,</l>
 <l>Or as the South to the <hi rend="italic">Septentrion</hi>.</l>
 <l>Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">How</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0508-0.jpg" n="152"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,</l>
 <l>To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,</l>
 <l>And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?</l>
 <l>Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;</l>
 <l>Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.</l>
 <l>Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.</l>
 <l>Would'st haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.</l>
 <l>For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,</l>
 <l>And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.</l>
 <l>These Teares are my sweet <hi rend="italic">Rutlands</hi>

Obsequies,</l>

<l>And euey drop cryes vengeance for his death,</l>
 <l>'Gainst thee fell <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, and thee
 false French-woman.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-nor">

<speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>

<l>Beshrew me, but his passions moues me so,</l>

<l>That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-pla">

<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>

<l>That Face of his,</l>

<l>The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,</l>

<l>Would not haue stayn'd with blood:</l>

<l>But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,</l>
<l>Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.</l>
<l>See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:</l>
<l>This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,</l>
<l>And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.</l>
<l>Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,</l>
<l>And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,</l>
<l>Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:</l>
<l>Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,</l>
<l>And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.</l>
<l>There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,</l>
<l>And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,</l>
<l>As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.</l>
<l>Hard-hearted <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, take me from
the World,</l>

<l>My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
<speaker rend="italic">Northumb.</speaker>
<l>Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,</l>
<l>I should not for my Life but weepe with him,</l>
<l>To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
<l>What, weeping ripe, my Lord <hi
rend="italic">Northumberland?</hi>
</l>
<l>Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,</l>
<l>And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clifford.</speaker>
<l>Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
<lb/>Death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
<l>And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
<lb/>King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-pla">
<speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
<l>Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,</l>
<l>My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seeke out thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
<speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
<l>Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,</l>
<l>So <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi> may ouer-looke the Towne

of Yorke.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Flourish.

Exit.</stage>

</div>

</div>

<div type="act" n="2" rend="notPresent">

<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">A March. Enter

Edward, Richard,

<lb/>and their power.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>

<l>I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:</l>

<l>Or whether he be scap't away, or no,</l>

<l>From <hi rend="italic">Cliffords</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Northumberlands</hi> pursuit?</l>

<l>Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes;</l>

<l>Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:</l>

<l>Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard</l>

<l>The happy tidings of his good escape.</l>

<l>How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">

<speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>

<l>I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd</l>

<l>Where our right valiant Father is become.</l>

<l>I saw him in the Battaile range about,</l>

<l>And watcht him how he finged <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> forth.</l>

<l>Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,</l>

<l>As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,</l>

<l>Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,</l>

<l>The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.</l>

<l>So far'd our Father with his Enemies,</l>

<l>So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:</l>

<l>Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.</l>

<l>See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,</l>

<l>And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.</l>

<l>How well resembles it the prime of Youth,</l>

<l>Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>


<l>Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,</l>
 <l>Not seperated with the racking Clouds,</l>
 <l>But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.</l>
 <l>See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,</l>
 <l>As if they vow'd some League inuiolable.</l>
 <l>Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:</l>
 <l>In this, the Heauen figures some euent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis wondrous strange,</l>
 <l>The like yet neuer heard of.</l>
 <l>I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,</l>
 <l>That wee, the Sonnes of braue <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>,</l>
 <l>Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,</l>
 <l>Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,</l>
 <l>And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.</l>
 <l>What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare</l>
 <l>Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, beare three Daughters:</l>
 <l>By your leaue, I speake it,</l>
 <l>You loue the Breeder better then the Male.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one
 blowing.</stage>
 <l>But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell</l>
 <l>Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,</l>
 <l>When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,</l>
 <l>Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edward.</speaker>
 <l>Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too
 <lb/>much.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Richard.</speaker>
 <l>Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>Enuironed he was with many foes,</l>

And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
 Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
 But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to
 odde:
 And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
 Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.
 By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
 But onely slaught'ed by the irefull Arme
 Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the
 Queene:
 Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
 Laugh'd in his face: and when with grieve he wept,
 The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
 A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
 Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford*
 slaine:
 And after many scornes, many foule taunts,
 They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
 They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
 The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward.
 Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
 Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
 Oh *Clifford*, boyst'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slaine
 The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
 And trecherously hast thou vanquisht him,
 For hand to hand he would haue vanquisht thee.
 Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
 Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body
 Might

 The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.
 Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
 For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:
 Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.

Rich.
 I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
 Scarse serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
 Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
 For selfe-same winde that I would speake withall,
 Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
 And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench,
 To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:
 Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.

death, </l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy
 </l>Or dye renowned by attempting it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:</l>
 <l>His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,</l>
 <l>Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:</l>
 <l>For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,</l>
 <l>Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">March. Enter
 Warwicke, Marquesse Mountacute,
 <lb/>and their Army.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warwick.</speaker>
 <l>How now faire Lords? What faire? What
 <lb/>newes abroad?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt</l>
 <l>Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance</l>
 <l>Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,</l>
 <l>The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.</l>
 <l>O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>O Warwicke, Warwicke, that <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,</l>
 <l>Is by the sterne Lord <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> done to
 death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares.</l>
 <l>And now to adde more measure to your woes,</l>
 <l>I come to tell you things sith then befallne.</l>
 <l>After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,</l>
 <l>Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,</l>
 <l>Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,</l>

<l>Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.</l>
 <l>I then in London, keeper of the King,</l>
 <l>Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,</l>
 <l>Marcht toward <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice> Albons, to intercept the Queene,</l>
 <l>Bearing the King in my behalfe along:</l>
 <l>For by my Scouts, I was aduertised</l>
 <l>That she was comming with a full intent</l>
 <l>To dash our late Decree in Parliament,</l>
 <l>Touching King <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> Oath, and your
 Succession:</l>
 <l>Short Tale to make, we at <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice> Albons met,</l>
 <l>Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:</l>
 <l>But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,</l>
 <l>Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,</l>
 <l>That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.</l>
 <l>Or whether 'twas report of her successe,</l>
 <l>Or more then common feare of <hi
 rend="italic">Cliffords</hi> Rigour,</l>
 <l>Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,</l>
 <l>I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,</l>
 <l>Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:</l>
 <l>Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,</l>
 <l>Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,</l>
 <l>Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.</l>
 <l>I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,</l>
 <l>With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:</l>
 <l>But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,</l>
 <l>And we (in them) no hope to win the day,</l>
 <l>So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,</l>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">George</hi>, your Brother, Norfolke,
 and my Selfe,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you:</l>
 <l>For in the Marches heere we heard you were,</l>
 <l>Making another Head, to fight againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?</l>
 <l>And when came <hi rend="italic">George</hi> from
 Burgundy to England?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>

<l>Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,</l>
 <l>And for your Brother be was lately sent</l>
 <l>From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,</l>
 <l>With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;</l>
 <l>Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,</l>
 <l>But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Nor now my Scandall <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, dost
 thou heare:</l>
 <l>For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,</l>
 <l>Can plucke the Diadem from faint <hi
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> head,</l>
 <l>And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,</l>
 <l>Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,</l>
 <l>As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,</l>
 <l>'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:</l>
 <l>But in this troublous time, what's to be done<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,</l>
 <l>And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,</l>
 <l>Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?</l>
 <l>Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes</l>
 <l>Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?</l>
 <l>If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,</l>
 <l>And therefore comes my Brother <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>:</l>
 <l>Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,</l>
 <l>With <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, and the haught
 Northumberland,</l>
 <l>And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,</l>
 <l>Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.</l>
 <l>He swore consent to your Succession,</l>
 <l>His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.</l>
 <l>And now to London all the crew are gone,</l>
 <l>To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside</l>

<l>May make against the house of Lancaster.</l>
 <l>Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:</l>
 <l>Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,</l>
 <l>With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,</l>
 <l>Among'st the louing Welshmen can'st procure,</l>
 <l>Will but amount to fiue and twenty thousand,</l>
 <l>Why Via, to London will we march,</l>
 <l>And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,</l>
 <l>And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,</l>
 <l>But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak;</l>
 <l>Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day,</l>
 <l>That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,</l>
 <l>And when thou failst (as God forbid the houre)</l>
 <l>Must <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> fall, which perill heauen
 forefend.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:</l>
 <l>The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:</l>
 <l>For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd</l>
 <l>In euery Burrough as we passe along,</l>
 <l>And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,</l>
 <l>Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.</l>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, valiant <hi
 rend="italic">Richard Mountague</hi>:</l>
 <l>Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,</l>
 <l>But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, were thy heart as hard
 as Steele,</l>
 <l>As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,</l>
 <l>I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Then strike vp Drums, God and <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice> George for vs.</l>

</sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">p</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">War.</hi>
 </fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0510-0.jpg" n="154"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>How now? what newes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,</l>
 <l>The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast,</l>
 <l>And craues your company, for speedy counsell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 Omnes.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter the
 King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum-
 <lb/>and Yong Prince, with Drumme and
 <lb/>Trumpettes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,</l>
 <l>Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,</l>
 <l>That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.</l>
 <l>Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">K.</speaker>
 <l>I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,</l>
 <l>To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:</l>
 <l>With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,</l>
 <l>Nor wittingly haue I infrig'd my Vow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>My gracious Liege, this too much lenity</l>

<|>And harmful pittie must be layd aside:</|>
 <|>To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes</|>
 </|>
 <|>Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den.</|>
 <|>Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke?</|>
 <|>Not his that spoyle her yong before her face.</|>
 <|>Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?</|>
 <|>Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.</|>
 <|>The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,</|>
 <|>And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.</|>
 <|>Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,</|>
 <|>Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.</|>
 <|>He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,</|>
 <|>And raise his issue like a louing Sire.</|>
 <|>Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,</|>
 <|>Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:</|>
 <|>Which argued thee a most vnlouing Father.</|>
 <|>Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,</|>
 <|>And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,</|>
 <|>Yet in protection of their tender ones,</|>
 <|>Who hath not seene them euen with those wings,</|>
 <|>Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,</|>
 <|>Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,</|>
 <|>Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?</|>
 <|>For shame, my Liege, make them your President:</|>
 <|>Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy</|>
 <|>Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,</|>
 <|>And long heereafter say vnto his childe,</|>
 <|>What my great Grandfather, and Grandsire got,</|>
 <|>My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.</|>
 <|>Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,</|>
 <|>And let his manly face, which promiseth</|>
 <|>Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,</|>
 <|>To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.</|>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>Full well hath <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> plaid the

Orator,</|>

<|>Inferring arguments of mighty force:</|>
 <|>But <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> tell me, did'st thou neuer
 heare,</|>

<|>That things ill got, had euer bad successe.</|>
 <|>And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,</|>
 <|>Whose Father for his hoarding went to hell:</|>
 <|>Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,</|>
 <|>And would my Father had left me no more:</|>
 <|>For all the rest is held at such a Rate,</|>
 <|>As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,</|>

<l>Then in possession any iot of pleasure.</l>
 <l>Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,</l>
 <l>And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:</l>
 <l>You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,</l>
 <l>Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, kneele downe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Edward Plantagenet</hi>, arise a Knight,</l>
 <l>And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,</l>
 <l>Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,</l>
 <l>And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,</l>
 <l>For with a Band of thirty thousand men,</l>
 <l>Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,</l>
 <l>And in the Townes as they do march along,</l>
 <l>Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,</l>
 <l>Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>I would your Highnesse would depart the field,</l>
 <l>The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nor">
 <speaker rend="italic">North.</speaker>
 <l>Be it with resolution then to fight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,</l>
 <l>And hearten those that fight in your defence:</l>
 <l>Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice> George.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">mixed. Enter Edward,
 Warwicke, Richard, Clarence,
 <lb/>Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Now periur'd <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, wilt thou kneel
 for grace?</l>
 <l>And set thy Diadem vpon my head?</l>
 <l>Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,</l>
 <l>Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,</l>
 <l>Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>I am his King, and he should bow his knee:</l>
 <l>I was adopted Heire by his consent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,</l>
 <l>You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,</l>
 <l>Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,</l>
 <l>To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>And reason too,</l>
 <l>Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,</l>
 <l>Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>What say'st thou <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>,</l>
 <l>Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>you speak?</l>
 <l>When you and I, met at <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice>
 <hi rend="italic">Albons</hi> last,</l>
 <l>Your legges did better seruice then your hands.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>You said so much before, and yet you fled.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>'Twas not your valor <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> droue
 me thence.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nfk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nor.</speaker>
 <l>No, nor your manhood that<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>durst make you stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,</l>
 <l>Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine</l>
 <l>The execution of my big-swolne heart</l>
 <l>Vpon that <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, that cruell
 Child-killer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>I slew thy Father, cal'st thou him a Child?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Rich.</hi>
 </fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0511-0.jpg" n="155"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,</l>
 <l>As thou didd'st kill our tender Brother Rutland,</l>
 <l>But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare
 <lb/>me speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,</l>
 <l>I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege, the Wound that bred this meeting here,</l>

<l>Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:</l>
 <l>By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Cliffords</hi> Manhood, lyes vpon his
 tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Say <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, shall I haue my right, or
 no:</l>
 <l>A thousand men haue broke their Fastes to day,</l>
 <l>That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,</l>
 <l>For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pr. Ed.</speaker>
 <l>If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,</l>
 <l>There is no vvrong, but euery thing is right.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,</l>
 <l>For well I vvot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,</l>
 <l>But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,</l>
 <l>Mark'd by the Destinies to be auoided,</l>
 <l>As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,</l>
 <l>Whose Father beares the Title of a King,</l>
 <l>(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)</l>
 <l>Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,</l>
 <l>To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,</l>
 <l>To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:</l>

</>
 <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,</>
 </>Although thy Husband may be <hi
 rend="italic">Menelaus</hi>;</>
 </>And ne're was <hi rend="italic">Agamemnons</hi> Brother
 wrong'd</>
 </>By that false Woman, as this King by thee.</>
 </>His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,</>
 </>And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:</>
 </>And had he match'd according to his State,</>
 </>He might haue kept that glory to this day.</>
 </>But when he tooke a begger to his bed,</>
 </>And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,</>
 </>Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,</>
 </>That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France,</>
 </>And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:</>
 </>For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?</>
 </>Had'st thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,</>
 </>And we in pitty of the Gentle King,</>
 </>Had slipt our Claime, vntill another Age.</>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 </>But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,</>
 </>And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,</>
 </>We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:</>
 </>And though the edge hath something hit our selues,</>
 </>Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,</>
 </>Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,</>
 </>Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.</>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 </>And in this resolution, I defie thee,</>
 </>Not willing any longer Conference,</>
 </>Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake.</>
 </>Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,</>
 </>And either Victorie, or else a Graue.</>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 </>Stay <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>.</>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 </>No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,</>
 </>These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.</>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 omnes.</stage>

<cb n="2"/>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Excursions.
 Enter Warwicke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,</l>
 <l>I lay me downe a little while to breath:</l>
 <l>For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,</l>
 <l>Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,</l>
 <l>And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edward
 running.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,</l>
 <l>For this world frownes, and <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
 Sunne is clouded.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of
 <lb/>good?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Clarence.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,</l>
 <l>Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes vs.</l>
 <l>What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,</l>
 <l>And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Ah Warwicke, why hast y<c rend="superscript">u</c>
 withdrawn thy selfe?</l>
 <l>Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,</l>
 <l>Broach'd with the Steely point of <hi
 rend="italic">Cliffords</hi> Launce:</l>
 <l>And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,</l>
 <l>Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,</l>

<l>Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.</l>
 <l>So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,</l>
 <l>That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,</l>
 <l>The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:</l>
 <l>Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:</l>
 <l>Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,</l>
 <l>Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,</l>
 <l>And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie</l>
 <l>Were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors.</l>
 <l>Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,</l>
 <l>Ile neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,</l>
 <l>Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,</l>
 <l>Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,</l>
 <l>And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:</l>
 <l>I And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,</l>
 <l>I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,</l>
 <l>Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:</l>
 <l>Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)</l>
 <l>That to my Foes this body must be prey,</l>
 <l>Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,</l>
 <l>And giue sweet passage to my sinfull soule.</l>
 <l>Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,</l>
 <l>Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Brother,</l>
 <l>Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,</l>
 <l>Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes;</l>
 <l>I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,</l>
 <l>That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Away, away:</l>
 <l>Once more sweet Lords farwell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,</l>
 <l>And giue them leaue to flye, that will not stay:</l>
 <l>And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:</l>

<l>And if we thriue, promise them such rewards</l>
 <l>As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.</l>
 <l>This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,</l>
 <l>For yet is hope of Life and Victory:</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">p2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Fore-</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0512-0.jpg" n="156"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Foreslow no longer, make we hence amaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Excursions. Enter
 Richard and Clifford.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, I haue singled thee
 alone,</l>
 <l>Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,</l>
 <l>And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,</l>
 <l>Wer't thou inuironed with a Brazen wall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif,</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, I am with thee heere
 alone,</l>
 <l>This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,</l>
 <l>And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,</l>
 <l>And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,</l>
 <l>And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,</l>
 <l>To execute the like vpon thy selfe,</l>
 <l>And so haue at thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They Fight, Warwicke
 comes, Clifford flies.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,</l>
 <l>For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter King
 Henry alone.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">

<speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <|>This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,</|>
 <|>When dying clouds contend, with growing light,</|>
 <|>What time the Shepherd blowing of his nailes,</|>
 <|>Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.</|>
 <|>Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,</|>
 <|>Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:</|>
 <|>Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,</|>
 <|>Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.</|>
 <|>Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:</|>
 <|>Now, one the better: then, another best;</|>
 <|>Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:</|>
 <|>Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.</|>
 <|>So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.</|>
 <|>Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,</|>
 <|>To whom God will, there be the Victorie:</|>
 <|>For <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> my Queene, and <hi
 rend="italic">Clifford</hi> too</|>
 <|>Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,</|>
 <|>They prosper best of all when I am thence.</|>
 <|>Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;</|>
 <|>For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.</|>
 <|>Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,</|>
 <|>To be no better then a homely Swaine,</|>
 <|>To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,</|>
 <|>To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,</|>
 <|>Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:</|>
 <|>How many makes the Houre full compleate,</|>
 <|>How many Houres brings about the Day,</|>
 <|>How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,</|>
 <|>How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.</|>
 <|>When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:</|>
 <|>So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;:</|>
 <|>So many Houres, must I take my Rest:</|>
 <|>So many Houres, must I Contemplate:</|>
 <|>So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:</|>
 <|>So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:</|>
 <|>So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:</|>
 <|>So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:</|>
 <|>So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,</|>
 <|>Past ouer to the end they were created,</|>
 <|>Would bring white haire, vnto a Quiet graue.</|>
 <|>Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how louely?</|>
 <|>Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade</|>
 <|>To Shepherds, looking on their silly Sheepe,</|>
 <|>Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie</|>
 <|>To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?</|>
 <|>Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.</|>
 <|>And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,</|>
 <cb n="2"/>

<l>His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,</l>
 <l>His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,</l>
 <l>All which secure, and sweetly he enjoyes,</l>
 <l>Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:</l>
 <l>His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,</l>
 <l>His bodie couched in a curious bed,</l>
 <l>When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath
 killed his Father, at
 <lb/>one doore: and a Father that hath killed his Sonne at ano-
 <lb/>ther doore.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-son">
 <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
 <l>Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,</l>
 <l>This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,</l>
 <l>May be possessed with some store of Crownes,</l>
 <l>And I that (haply) take them from him now,</l>
 <l>May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them</l>
 <l>To some man else, as this dead man doth me.</l>
 <l>Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,</l>
 <l>Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) have kill'd:</l>
 <l>Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent.</l>
 <l>From London, by the King was I prest forth,</l>
 <l>My Father being the Earle of Warwicks man,</l>
 <l>Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master;</l>
 <l>And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,</l>
 <l>Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.</l>
 <l>Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:</l>
 <l>And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.</l>
 <l>My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:</l>
 <l>And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!</l>
 <l>Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,</l>
 <l>Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.</l>
 <l>Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,</l>
 <l>And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,</l>
 <l>Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charged with griefe</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Father, bearing of
 his Sonne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-fat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
 <l>Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,</l>
 <l>Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:</l>
 <l>For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.</l>
 <l>But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?</l>

<l>Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.,</l>
 <l>Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,</l>
 <l>Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,</l>
 <l>Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,</l>
 <l>Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.</l>
 <l>O pittie God, this miserable Age!</l>
 <l>What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?</l>
 <l>Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,</l>
 <l>This deadly quarrell daily doth beget<hi rend="italic">?</hi>
 </l>
 <l>O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,</l>
 <l>And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Wo aboue wo: greefe, more <choice>
 <abbr>thē</abbr>
 <expan>them</expan>
 </choice> common greefe</l>
 <l>O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:</l>
 <l>O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:</l>
 <l>The Red Rose and the White are on his face,</l>
 <l>The fatall Colours of our striuing Houses:</l>
 <l>The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,</l>
 <l>The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:</l>
 <l>Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:</l>
 <l>If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-son">
 <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
 <l>How will my Mother, for a Fathers death</l>
 <l>Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-fat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
 <l>How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,</l>
 <l>Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How will the Country, for these woful chances,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Mis-thinke</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0513-0.jpg" n="157"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-son">
 <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
 <l>Was euer sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-fat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fath.</speaker>
 <l>Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>Was euer King so greeu'd for Subiects woe?</l>
 <l>Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-son">
 <speaker rend="italic">Son.</speaker>
 <l>Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-fat">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fath.</speaker>
 <l>These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:</l>
 <l>My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,</l>
 <l>For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.</l>
 <l>My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell,</l>
 <l>And so obsequious will thy Father be,</l>
 <l>Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,</l>
 <l>As <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> was for all his Valiant

Sonnes,</l>

 <l>Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,</l>
 <l>For I haue murthered where I should not kill.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;</l>
 <l>Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarums. Excursions.

Enter the Queen, the

 <lb/>Prince, and Exeter.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin.</speaker>
 <l>Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.</l>
 <l>And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:</l>
 <l>Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-
 <lb/>maine:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>
 like a brace of Grey-hounds,</l>
 <l>Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,</l>

<l>With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,</l>
 <l>And bloody steele graspt in their yrefull hands</l>
 <l>Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>Away: for vengeance comes along with them.</l>
 <l>Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,</l>
 <l>Or else come after, Ile away before.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:</l>
 <l>Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go</l>
 <l>Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed ">A lowd alarum. Enter
 Clifford Wounded.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clif.</speaker>
 <l>Heare burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,</l>
 <l>Which whiles it lasted, gaue King <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi> light.</l>
 <l>O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,</l>
 <l>More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:</l>
 <l>My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,</l>
 <l>And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,</l>
 <l>Impairing <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, strength'ning
 misproud Yorke;</l>
 <l>And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?</l>
 <l>And who shines now, but <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi>
 Enemies?</l>
 <l>O Phœbus! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Phaeton</hi> should checke thy fiery
 Steeds,</l>
 <l>Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, had'st thou sway'd as
 Kings should do,</l>
 <l>Or as thy Father, and his Father did,</l>
 <l>Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,</l>
 <l>They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:</l>
 <l>I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,</l>
 <l>Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,</l>
 <l>And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.</l>
 <l>For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?</l>
 <l>And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity<c

rend="italic">?</c>
</i>
<l>Bootlesse are Complaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:</l>
<l>No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:</l>
<l>The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pitty:</l>
<l>For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pitty.</l>
<l>The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>And much effule of blood, doth make me faint:</l>
<l>Come <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Richard, Warwicke</hi>, and the rest,</l>
<l>I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum & Retreat.
 Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and
<lb/>Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.</stage>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
<speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
<l>Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,</l>
<l>And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:</l>
<l>Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,</l>
<l>That led calme <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, though he were
 a King,</l>
<l>As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust</l>
<l>Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues.</l>
<l>But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
<l>No, 'tis impossible he should escape:</l>
<l>(For though before his face I speake the words)</l>
<l>Your Brother <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> markt him for
 the Graue,</l>
<l>And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Clifford
 grones</stage>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Whose soule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?</l>
<l>A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.</l>
<l>See who it is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
<speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
<l>And now the Battailes ended,</l>
<l>If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis <hi
 rend="italic">Clifford</hi>,</l>
 <l>Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch</l>
 <l>In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,</l>
 <l>But set his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,</l>
 <l>From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,</l>
 <l>I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down <choice>
 <abbr>ÿ</abbr>
 <expansion>the</expansion>
 </choice> head,</l>
 <l>Your Fathers head, which <hi rend="italic">Ciifford</hi>
 placed there:</l>
 <l>In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,</l>
 <l>Measure for measure, must be answered.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our house,</l>
 <l>That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:</l>
 <l>Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,</l>
 <l>And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke is vnderstanding is bereft:</l>
 <l>Speake <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, dost thou know who
 speakes to thee:</l>
 <l>Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,</l>
 <l>And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,</l>
 <l>'Tis but his policy to counterfet,</l>
 <l>Because he would auoid such bitter taunts</l>
 <l>Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla</speaker>
 <l>If so thou think'st,</l>
 <l>Vex him with eager Words.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, repent in bootlesse penitence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>, devise excuses for thy faults.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>While we devise fell Tortures for thy faults.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Thou didd'st loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>Where's Capitaine <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, to fence
 you now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>They mocke thee <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi>,</l>
 <l>Sweare as thou was't wont.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ric.</speaker>
 <l>What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard</l>
 <l>When <hi rend="italic">Clifford</hi> cannot spare his
 Friends an oath:</l>
 <l>I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,</l>
 <l>If this right hand would buy two houres life,</l>
 <l>That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,</l>
 <l>This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing
 Blood</l>
 <l>Stifle the Villaine, whose vnstanch'd thirst</l>
 <l>Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,</l>
 <l>And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.</l>

<l>And now to London with Triumphant march,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">p3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">There</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0514-0.jpg" n="158"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>There to be crowned Englands Royall King:</l>
 <l>From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,</l>
 <l>And aske the Ladie <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi> for thy
 Queene:</l>
 <l>So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,</l>
 <l>And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread</l>
 <l>The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:</l>
 <l>For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,</l>
 <l>Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:</l>
 <l>First, will I see the Coronation,</l>
 <l>And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,</l>
 <l>To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:</l>
 <l>For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;</l>
 <l>And neuer will I vndertake the thing</l>
 <l>Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, I will create thee Duke of
 Gloucester,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">George</hi> of Clarence; <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> as our Selfe,</l>
 <l>Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Let me be Duke of Clarence, <hi rend="italic">George</hi>
 of Gloster,</l>
 <l>For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, be Duke of Gloster: Now to
 London,</l>
 <l>To see these Honors in possession.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="1" rend="notPresent">

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<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Sinklo, and
Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes
    <lb/>in their hands.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sink.</speaker>
    <l>Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd
    <lb rend="turnover"/>
  <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>our selues:</l>
    <l>For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,</l>
    <l>And in this couert will we make our Stand,</l>
    <l>Culling the principall of all the Deere.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
    <l>Ile stay aboue the hill, so both may shoot.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sink.</speaker>
    <l>That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow</l>
    <l>Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:</l>
    <l>Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:</l>
    <l>And for the time shall not seeme tedious,</l>
    <l>Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,</l>
    <l>In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sink.</speaker>
    <l>Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King with a
Prayer booke.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
    <l>From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,</l>
    <l>To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:</l>
    <l>No <hi rend="italic">Harry, Harry</hi>, 'tis no Land of
thine,</l>
    <l>Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,</l>
    <l>Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Annointed:</l>
    <l>No bending knee will call thee <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>
now,</l>
    <l>No humble suters prease to speake for right:</l>
    <l>No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:</l>
    <l>For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sink.</speaker>
    <l>I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:</l>

```

<l>This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,</l>
 <l>For Wise men say, it is the wisest course.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
 <l>Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sink.</speaker>
 <l>Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:</l>
 <l>And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke</l>
 <l>I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister</l>
 <l>To wife for <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>. If this newes be
 true,</l>
 <l>Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:</l>
 <l>For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> a Prince soone wonne with
 mouing words:</l>
 <l>By this account then, <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> may
 winne him,</l>
 <l>For she's a woman to be pittied much:</l>
 <l>Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,</l>
 <l>Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Nero</hi> will be tainted with
 remorse,</l>
 <l>To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.</l>
 <l>I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:</l>
 <l>Shee on his left side, crauing ayde for <hi
 rend="italic">Henrie</hi>;</l>
 <l>He on his right, asking a wife for <hi
 rend="italic">Edward</hi>.</l>
 <l>Shee Weepes, and sayes, her <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> is
 depos'd:</l>
 <l>He Smiles, and sayes, his <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> is
 instaul'd;</l>
 <l>That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:</l>
 <l>Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong,</l>
 <l>Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,</l>
 <l>And in conclusion winnes the King from her,</l>
 <l>With promise of his Sister, and what else,</l>

<l>To strengthen and support King <hi
 rend="italic">Edwards</hi> place.</l>
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, thus 'twill be, and thou
 (poore soule)</l>
 <l>Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
 <l>Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings & Queens?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:</l>
 <l>A man at least, for lesse I should not be:</l>
 <l>And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
 <l>I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
 <l>But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:</l>
 <l>Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:</l>
 <l>Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,</l>
 <l>A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
 <l>Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,</l>
 <l>Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented</l>
 <l>To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)</l>
 <l>You are the king King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> hath
 depos'd:</l>
 <l>And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegeance,</l>
 <l>Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">

<speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
 <l>No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Where did you dwell when I was <choice>
 <abbr>K.</abbr>
 <expan>King</expan>
 </choice> of England?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hum">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hum.</speaker>
 <l>Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I was annointed King at nine monthes old,</l>
 <l>My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:</l>
 <l>And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:</l>
 <l>And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sin.</speaker>
 <l>No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?</l>
 <l>Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:</l>
 <l>Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,</l>
 <l>And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,</l>
 <l>Obeying with my winde when I do blow,</l>
 <l>And yeelding to another, when it blowes,</l>
 <l>Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:</l>
 <l>Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.</l>
 <l>But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,</l>
 <l>My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.</l>
 <l>Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,</l>
 <l>And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sinklo.</speaker>
 <l>We are true Subiects to the king,</l>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>So would you be againe to <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi>,</l>
 <l>If he were seated as king <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>

is.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-sin">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sinklo.</speaker>
 <l>We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,</l>
 <l>To go with vs vnto the Officers.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,</l>
 <l>And what God will, that let your King performe,</l>
 <l>And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter K. Edward,
 Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Brother of Gloster, at <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice> Albons field</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">This</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0515-0.jpg" n="159"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>This Ladyes Husband, Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard
 Grey</hi>, was slaine,</l>
 <l>His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,</l>
 <l>Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,</l>
 <l>Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,</l>
 <l>Because in Quarrell of the House of Yorke,</l>
 <l>The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:</l>
 <l>It were dishonor to deny it her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, is it so:</l>
 <l>I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,</l>
 <l>Before the King will graunt her humble suit.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes
 <lb/>the winde<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Silence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Widow, we will consider of your suit,</l>
 <l>And come some other time to know our minde.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:</l>
 <l>May it please your Highnesse to resolute me now,</l>
 <l>And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,</l>
 <l>And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:</l>
 <l>Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How many Children hast thou, Widow<c rend="italic">?</c>
 <lb/>me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.</l>
 </sp>

tell

<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Three, my most gracious Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers
 <lb/>Lands.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes
 <lb/>wit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,</l>
 <l>Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your
 <lb/>Children?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>And would you not doe much to doe them
 <lb/>good?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>To doe them good, I would sustayne some
 <lb/>harme.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them
 <lb/>good.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>So shall you bind me to your Highnesse service.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What service wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>What you command, that rests in me to doe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>But you will take exceptions to my Boone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Why then I will doe what your Grace com-
 <lb/>mands.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the
 <lb/>Marble.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>As red as fire<c rend="italic">?</c> nay then, her Wax must
 melt.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>

<l>Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my
 <lb/>Taske?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue
 <lb/>thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The Match is made, shee seales it with a Cursie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I, but I feare me in another sence.</l>
 <l>What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,</l>
 <l>That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>But now you partly may perceiue my minde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue</l>
 <l>Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands
 <lb/>Lands.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,</l>
 <l>For by that losse, I will not purchase them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:</l>
 <l>But mightie Lord, this merry inclination</l>
 <l>Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:</l>
 <l>Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I, if thou wilt say I to my request:</l>
 <l>No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>The Widow likes him not, shee knits her
 <lb/>Browes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-
 <lb/>dome.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,</l>
 <l>Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,</l>
 <l>All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,</l>
 <l>One way, or other, shee is for a King,</l>
 <l>And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.</l>
 <l>Say, that King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> take thee for
 his Queene?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:</l>
 <l>I am a subiect fit to ieast withall,</l>
 <l>But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,</l>
 <l>I speake no more then what my Soule intends,</l>
 <l>And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:</l>
 <l>I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,</l>
 <l>And yet too good to be your Concubine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
 <l>'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call
 <lb/>you Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>No more, then when my Daughters</l>
 <l>Call thee Mother.</l>
 <l>Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,</l>

<l>And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,</l>
 <l>Haue other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,</l>
 <l>To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:</l>
 <l>Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue
 <lb/>had.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very
 <lb/>sad.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie
 <lb/>her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>To who, my Lord<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, to my selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Rich.</hi> That</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0516-0.jpg" n="160"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>By so much is the Wonder in extremes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Well, ieast on Brothers: I can tell you both,</l>
 <l>He<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="torn"
 resp="#ES"/> suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Noble
 man.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-nob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nob.</speaker>
 <l>My gracious Lord, <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> your Foe is
 taken,</l>
 <l>And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:</l>
 <l>And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,</l>
 <l>To question of his apprehension.</l>
 <l>Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet
 Richard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> will vse Women
 honourably:</l>
 <l>Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,</l>
 <l>That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,</l>
 <l>To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:</l>
 <l>And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,</l>
 <l>The lustfull <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Title buried,</l>
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Clarence, Henry</hi>, and his Sonne
 young <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
 <l>And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,</l>
 <l>To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:</l>
 <l>A cold premeditation for my purpose.</l>
 <l>Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,</l>
 <l>Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,</l>
 <l>And spyes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,</l>
 <l>Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,</l>
 <l>And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,</l>

<1>Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:</1>
<1>So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,</1>
<1>And so I chide the meanes that keepe me from it,</1>
<1>And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,</1>
<1>Flattering me with impossibilities:</1>
<1>My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,</1>
<1>Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.</1>
<1>Well, say there is no Kingdome then for <hi

rend="italic">Richard:</hi>

</1>

<1>What other Pleasure can the World affoord?</1>
<1>Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,</1>
<1>And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,</1>
<1>And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.</1>
<1>Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,</1>
<1>Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.</1>
<1>Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:</1>
<1>And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,</1>
<1>Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,</1>
<1>To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,</1>
<1>To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,</1>
<1>Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;</1>
<1>To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,</1>
<1>To dis-proportion me in euery part:</1>
<1>Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,</1>
<1>That carries no impression like the Damme.</1>
<1>And am I then a man to be belou'd?</1>
<1>Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.</1>
<1>Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,</1>
<1>But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,</1>
<1>As are of better Person then my selfe:</1>
<1>Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,</1>
<1>And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,</1>
<1>Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,</1>
<1>Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.</1>
<1>And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,</1>
<1>For many Liues stand betweene me and home:</1>

<cb n="2"/>

<1>And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,</1>
<1>That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,</1>
<1>Seeking a way, and straying from the way,</1>
<1>Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,</1>
<1>But toying desperately to finde it out,</1>
<1>Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:</1>
<1>And from that torment I will free my selfe,</1>
<1>Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.</1>
<1>Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,</1>
<1>And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,</1>
<1>And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,</1>
<1>And frame my Face to all occasions.</1>

<l>Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,</l>
 <l>Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,</l>
 <l>Ile play the Orator as well as <hi
 rend="italic">Nestor</hi>,</l>
 <l>Deceiue more slyly then <hi rend="italic">Vlisses</hi>
 could,</l>
 <l>And like a <hi rend="italic">Synon</hi>, take another
 Troy.</l>
 <l>I can adde Colours to the Camelion,</l>
 <l>Change shapes with <hi rend="italic">Proteus</hi>, for
 aduantages,</l>
 <l>And set the murtherous <hi rend="italic">Macheuill</hi> to
 Schoole.</l>
 <l>Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?</l>
 <l>Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lewis the
 French King, his Sister Bona, his
 <lb/>Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
 <lb/>Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
 <lb/>Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Faire Queene of England, worthy <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,</l>
 <l>Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,</l>
 <l>And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while <hi
 rend="italic">Lewis</hi> doth sit.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>No, mightie King of France: now <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,</l>
 <l>Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)</l>
 <l>Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:</l>
 <l>But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,</l>
 <l>And with dis-honor layd me on the ground,</l>
 <l>Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,</l>
 <l>And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this

<lb/>deepe despaire?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,</l>
 <l>And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,</l>
 <l>And sit thee by our side.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Seats her by
 him.</stage>
 <l>Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,</l>
 <l>But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,</l>
 <l>Ouer all mischance.</l>
 <l>Be plaine, Queene <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, and tell
 thy grieve,</l>
 <l>It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>Those gracious words</l>
 <l>Reuiue my drooping thoughts,</l>
 <l>And giue my tongue-ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.</l>
 <l>Now therefore be it knowne to Noble <hi
 rend="italic">Lewis</hi>,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, sole possessor of my
 Loue,</l>
 <l>Is, of a King, become a banisht man,</l>
 <l>And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;</l>
 <l>While prowld ambitious <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, Duke
 of Yorke,</l>
 <l>Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat</l>
 <l>Of Englands true anyoynted lawfull King.</l>
 <l>This is the cause that I, poore <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,</l>
 <l>With this my Sonne, Prince <hi rend="italic">Edward,
 Henries</hi> Heire,</l>
 <l>Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:</l>
 <l>And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done,</l>
 <l>Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Our</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0517-0.jpg" n="161"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,</l>
 <l>Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,</l>
 <l>And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Renowned Queene,</l>
 <l>With patience calme the Storme,</l>
 <l>While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>The more wee stay, the stronger growes our
 <lb/>Foe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.</l>
 <l>And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Warwicke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-
 <lb/>sence?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>Our Earle of Warwicke, <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
 greatest
 <lb/>Friend.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome braue <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, what
 brings thee
 <lb/>to France?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Hee descends.
 Shee ariseth.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>I now begins a second Storme to rise,</l>
 <l>For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>From worthy <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, King of
 Albion,</l>

<l>My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,</l>
 <l>I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)</l>
 <l>First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,</l>
 <l>And then to craue a League of Amitie:</l>
 <l>And lastly, to confirme that Amitie</l>
 <l>With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt</l>
 <l>That vertuous Lady <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi>, thy faire
 Sister,</l>
 <l>To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>If that goe forward, <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> hope is
 done.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>And gracious Madame,</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Speaking to
 Bona.</stage>
 <l>In our Kings behalfe,</l>
 <l>I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,</l>
 <l>Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue</l>
 <l>To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;</l>
 <l>Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,</l>
 <l>Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi>, and Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Bona</hi>, heare me speake,</l>
 <l>Before you answer <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>. His
 demand</l>
 <l>Springs not from <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> well-meant
 honest Loue,</l>
 <l>But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:</l>
 <l>For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?</l>
 <l>To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> liueth still: but were hee
 dead,</l>
 <l>Yet here Prince <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> stands, King
 <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> Sonne.</l>
 <l>Looke therefore <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi>, that by this
 League and Mariage</l>
 <l>Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:</l>
 <l>For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,</l>
 <l>Yet Heau'ns are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Iniurious <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>And why not Queene?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Because thy Father <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> did
 vsurpe,</l>
 <l>And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> disanulls great <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt,</l>
 <l>Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;</l>
 <l>And after <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> of Gaunt, <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fourth,</l>
 <l>Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:</l>
 <l>And after that wise Prince, <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the
 Fift,</l>
 <l>Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:</l>
 <l>From these, our <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> lineally
 descends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi>, how haps it in this smooth
 discourse,</l>
 <l>You told not, how <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Sixt hath
 lost</l>
 <l>All that, which <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Fift had
 gotten:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.</l>
 <l>But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree</l>
 <l>Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time</l>
 <l>To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, canst thou speak
 against thy Liege,</l>
 <l>Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres,</l>
 <l>And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">

right,</l>
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Can <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi>, that did euer sence the
 <l>Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?</l>
 <l>For shame leaue <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and call <hi
 rend="italic">Edward</hi> King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome</l>
 <l>My elder Brother, the Lord s<hi rend="italic">Aubrey
 Vere</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,</l>
 <l>Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,</l>
 <l>When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?</l>
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, no: while Life vpholds
 this Arme,</l>
 <l>This Arme vpholds the House of <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>And I the House of <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Queene <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi>, Prince <hi
 rend="italic">Edward</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi>,</l>
 <l>Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,</l>
 <l>While I vse further conference with <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They stand
 aloofe.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marg.</speaker>
 <l>Heauens graunt, that <hi rend="italic">Warwicks</hi>
 wordes be-
 <lb/>witch him not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, tell me euen vpon thy
 conscience</l>
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> your true King? for I were
 loth</l>
 <l>To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">


<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-
 <lb/>nor.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>The more, that <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> was
 vnfortunate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Then further: all dissembling set aside,</l>
 <l>Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue</l>
 <l>Vnto our Sister <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Such it seemes,</l>
 <l>As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe.</l>
 <l>My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,</l>
 <l>That this his Loue was an externall Plant,</l>
 <l>Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,</l>
 <l>The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,</l>
 <l>Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse the Lady <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi> quit his
 paine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolute.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-bon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bona.</speaker>
 <l>Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.</l>
 <l>Yet I confesse, that often ere this day,</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Speaks to
 War.</stage>
 <l>When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,</l>
 <l>Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, thus:</l>
 <l>Our Sister shall be <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>.</l>
 <l>And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,</l>
 <l>Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,</l>

Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poyts'd:
 Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be
 a witnesse,
 That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English
 King.

Pr. Edw.
 To *Edward*, but not to the English
 King.

Marg.
 Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy
 deuce,
 By this alliance to make void my suit:
 Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries*
 friend.

Lewis.
 And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*.
 But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
 As may appeare by *Edwards* good
 successe;
 Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
 From giuing ayde, which late I promised.
 Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,
 That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warw.
Henry now liues in Scotland, at his ease;
 Where
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.
 1
 Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.
 And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
 You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
 And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar.
 Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
 Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
 I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
 (Both full of Truth) I make King *Henry*

Lewis behold
 <l>Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Post blowing
 a horne Within.</stage>
 <l>For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
 Poste.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord Ambassador,</l>
 <l>These Letters are for you.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Speakes to
 Warwick,</stage>
 <l>Sent from your Brother Marquesse <hi
Montague</hi>.</l>
 <l>These from our King, vnto your Maiesty.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">To
 Lewis.</stage>
 <l>And Madam, these for you:</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">To
 Margaret</stage>
 <l>From whom, I know not.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">They all reade their
 Letters.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris</l>
 <l>Smiles at her newes, while <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>
 frownes at his.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince Ed.</speaker>
 <p>Nay marke how <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> stampes as he
 were
 <lb/>I netled. I hope, all's for the best.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lew.</speaker>
 <l>Warwicke, what are thy Newes<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>And yours, faire Queene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>

Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.
 War.
 Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.
 Lew.
 What? has your King married the Lady Grey?
 And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,
 Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
 Is this th'Alliance that he seekes with France?
 Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?
 Mar.
 I told your Maiesty as much before:
 This proueth Edwards Loue, and
 Warwicks honesty.
 War.
 King Lewis, I heere protest in sight of
 heauen,
 And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
 That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;
 No more my King, for he dishonors me,
 But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
 Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
 My Father came vntimely to his death?
 Did I let passe th'abuse done to my Neece?
 Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
 Did I put Henry from his Natiue
 Right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
 Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.
 And to repaire my Honor lost for him,
 I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.
 My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
 And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
 I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former
 state.

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Warwicke,</l>
 <l>These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,</l>
 <l>And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,</l>
 <l>And ioy that thou becom'st King <hi
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> Friend.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>So much his Friend, I, his vnfaired Friend,</l>
 <l>That if King <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> vouchsafe to
 furnish vs</l>
 <l>With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,</l>
 <l>Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coast,</l>
 <l>And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.</l>
 <l>'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.</l>
 <l>And as for <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, as my Letters tell
 me,</l>
 <l>Hee's very likely now to fall from him,</l>
 <l>For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Or then for strength and safety of our Country.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-bon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bona.</speaker>
 <l>Deere Brother, how shall <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi> be
 reueng'd,</l>
 <l>But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Renowned Prince, how shall Poore <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi> liue,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-bon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bona.</speaker>
 <l>My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>And mine faire Lady <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi>, ioynes
 with yours.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lew.</speaker>
 <l>And mine, with hers, and thine, and <hi
 rend="italic">Margarets</hi>.</l>

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd
 You shall haue ayde.
 Mar.
 Let me giue humble thanks for all, at once.
 Lew.
 Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,
 And tell false Edward, thy supposed
 King,
 That Lewis of France, is sending ouer
 Maskers
 To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
 Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.
 Bona.
 Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,
 I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
 Mar.
 Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
 And I am ready to put Armor on.
 War.
 Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.
 There's thy reward, be gone.
 Exit Post.
 Lew.
 But Warwicke,
 Thou and Oxford, with fiue thousand men
 Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false Edward
 And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen
 And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.
 Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
 What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?
 War.
 This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
 That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
 Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,

<l>To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.</l>
 <l>Sonne <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, she is Faire and
 Vertuous,</l>
 <l>Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,</l>
 <l>And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,</l>
 <l>That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prin. Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,</l>
 <l>And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">He giues his
 hand to Warw.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lew.</speaker>
 <l>Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,</l>
 <l>And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall</l>
 <l>Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.</l>
 <l>I long till <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> fall by Warres
 mischance,</l>
 <l>For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. Manet
 Warwicke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>I came from <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> as
 Ambassador,</l>
 <l>But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:</l>
 <l>Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,</l>
 <l>But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.</l>
 <l>Had he none else to make a stale but me?</l>
 <l>Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.</l>
 <l>I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,</l>
 <l>And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:</l>
 <l>Not that I pittie <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> misery,</l>
 <l>But seeke Reuenge on <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
 mockery.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard,
 Clarence, Somerset, and
 <lb/>Mountague.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Now tell me Brother <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, what
 thinke you</l>
 <l>Of this new Marriage with the Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Gray</hi>?</l>
 <l>Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">How</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0519-0.jpg" n="163"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>How could he stay till <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> made
 returne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the
 <lb/>King.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Edward,
 Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Staf-
 <lb/>ford, Hastings: foure stand on one side,
 <lb/>and foure on the other.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>And his well-chosen Bride.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Now Brother of Clarence,</l>
 <l>How like you our Choyce,</l>
 <l>That you stand pensiue, as halfe malecontent?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>As well as <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> of France,</l>
 <l>Or the Earle of Warwicke,</l>
 <l>Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,</l>

<l>That they'le take no offence at our abuse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Suppose they take offence without a cause:</l>
 <l>They are but <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, I am <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
 <l>Your King and <hi rend="italic">Warwicks</hi>, and must
 haue my will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>And shall haue your will, because our King:</l>
 <l>Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, Brother <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, are you
 offended too?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Not I: no:</l>
 <l>God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,</l>
 <l>Whom God hath ioyn'd together:</l>
 <l>I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,</l>
 <l>That yoake so well together.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,</l>
 <l>Tell me some reason, why the Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Grey</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?</l>
 <l>And you too, <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, and <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <l>Speake freely what you thinke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>Then this is mine opinion:</l>
 <l>That King <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> becomes your
 Enemie,</l>
 <l>For mocking him about the Marriage</l>
 <l>Of the Lady <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, doing what you gaue

in charge,</l>

<l>Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>What, if both <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi>, be appeas'd,</l>

<l>By such inuention as I can deuise?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>

<l>Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,</l>

<l>Would more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealth</l>

<l>'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-has">

<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>

<l>Why, knowes not <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>, that of it selfe,</l>

<l>England is safe, if true within it selfe?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-mon">

<speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>

<l>But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-has">

<speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>

<l>'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:</l>

<l>Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,</l>

<l>Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,</l>

<l>And with their helps, onely defend our selues:</l>

<l>In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>

<l>For this one speech, Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> well deserues</l>

<l>To haue the Heire of the Lord <hi

rend="italic">Hungerford</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,</l>

<l>And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,</l>

<l>To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord <hi rend="italic">Scales</hi>

</l>
 <l>Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;</l>
 <l>Shee better would haue fitted me, or <hi
 rend="italic">Clarence:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire</l>
 <l>Of the Lord <hi rend="italic">Bonuill</hi> on your new
 Wiues Sonne,</l>
 <l>And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, poore <hi rend="italic">Clarence:</hi> is it for a
 Wife</l>
 <l>That thou art malecontent<c rend="italic">?</c> I will
 prouide thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>In chusing for your selfe,</l>
 <l>You shew'd your iudgement:</l>
 <l>Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue</l>
 <l>To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;</l>
 <l>And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Leaue me, or tarry, <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> will be
 King,</l>
 <l>And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady Grey.</speaker>
 <l>My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie</l>
 <l>To rayse my state to Title of a Queene,</l>
 <l>Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,</l>
 <l>That I was not ignoble of Descent,</l>
 <l>And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.</l>
 <l>But as this Title honors me and mine,</l>
 <l>So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,</l>
 <l>Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes;</l>

friend,</l>
 <l>What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,</l>
 <l>So long as <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> is thy constant

<l>And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?</l>
 <l>Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:</l>
 <l>Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,</l>
 <l>And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.</l>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Poste.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes
 <lb/>from France?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
 <l>My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,</l>
 <l>But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)</l>
 <l>Dare not relate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Goe too, wee pardon thee:</l>
 <l>Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,</l>
 <l>As neere as thou canst guesse them.</l>
 <l>What answer makes King <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> vnto
 our Letters?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
 <l>At my depart, these were his very words:</l>
 <l>Goe tell false <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, the supposed
 King,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> of France is sending ouer
 Maskers,</l>
 <l>To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> so braue? belike he thinkes
 me <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>.</l>
 <l>But what said Lady <hi rend="italic">Bona</hi> to my
 Marriage?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">

<speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
 <l>These were her words, vt'tred with mild disdaine:</l>
 <l>Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower shortly,</l>
 <l>Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I blame not her; she could say little lesse:</l>
 <l>She had the wrong. But what said <hi
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> Queene?</l>
 <l>For I haue heard, that she was there in place.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
 <l>Tell him (quoth she)</l>
 <l>My mourning Weedes are done,</l>
 <l>And I am readie to put Armour on.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Belike she minds to play the Amazon.</l>
 <l>But what said <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> to these
 iniuries?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
 <l>He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,</l>
 <l>Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:</l>
 <l>Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,</l>
 <l>And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so prowd words?</l>
 <l>Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:</l>
 <l>They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.</l>
 <l>But say, is <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> friends with <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret?</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Post.</speaker>
 <l>I, gracious Soueraigne,</l>
 <l>They are so link'd in friendship,</l>
 <l>That yong Prince <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> marryes <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicks</hi> Daughter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clarence.</speaker>
 <l>Belike, the elder;</l>

</>
 <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> will haue the younger.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Now</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0520-0.jpg" n="164"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,</l>
 <l>For I will hence to <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> other
 Daughter,</l>
 <l>That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage</l>
 <l>I may not proue inferior to your selfe.</l>
 <l>You that loue me, and <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,
 follow me.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Clarence, and
 Somerset followes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Not I:</l>
 <l>My thoughts ayme at a further matter:</l>
 <l>I stay not for the loue of <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, but
 the Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>
 both gone to <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>?</l>
 <l>Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:</l>
 <l>And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Pembrooke</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Stafford</hi>, you in our behalfe.</l>
 <l>Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;</l>
 <l>They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:</l>
 <l>My selfe in person will straight follow you.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Pembrooke
 and Stafford.</stage>
 <l>But ere I goe, <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,</l>
 <l>Are neere to <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, by his blood,
 and by allyance:</l>
 <l>Tell me, if you loue <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> more
 then me;</l>
 <l>If it be so, then both depart to him:</l>
 <l>I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.</l>
 <l>But if you minde to hold your true obedience,</l>
 <l>Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,</l>

<l>That I may neuer haue you in suspect.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>So God helpe <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>, as hee
 proues
 <lb/>true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-has">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, as hee fauours <hi
 rend="italic">Edwards</hi> cause.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Now Brother <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, will you stand
 by vs?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.</l>
 <l>Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,</l>
 <l>Till wee meet <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, with his
 forreine powre.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Warwicke and
 Oxford in England,
 <lb/>with French Souldiors.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,</l>
 <l>The common people by numbers swarme to vs.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clarence and
 Somerset.</stage>
 <l>But see where <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Clarence</hi> comes:</l>
 <l>Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>Feare not that, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Then gentle <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, welcome vnto
 <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,</l>
 <l>And welcome <hi rend="italic">Somerset:</hi> I hold it
 cowardize,</l>
 <l>To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart</l>
 <l>Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;</l>
 <l>Else might I thinke, that <hi rend="italic">Clarence,
 Edwards</hi> Brother,</l>
 <l>Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:</l>
 <l>But welcome sweet <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, my
 Daughter shall be thine.</l>
 <l>And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,</l>
 <l>Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,</l>
 <l>His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,</l>
 <l>And but attended by a simple Guard,</l>
 <l>Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,</l>
 <l>Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very easie:</l>
 <l>That as <hi rend="italic">Vlysses</hi>, and stout <hi
 rend="italic">Diomed</hi>,</l>
 <l>With sleight and manhood stole to <hi
 rend="italic">Rhesus</hi> Tents,</l>
 <l>And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;</l>
 <l>So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,</l>
 <l>At vnawares may beat downe <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
 Guard,</l>
 <l>And seize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,</l>
 <l>For I intend but onely to surprize him.</l>
 <l>You that will follow me to this attempt,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Applaud the Name of <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, with
 your Leader.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They all cry,
 Henry.</stage>
 <l>Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> and his friends, God
 and Saint <hi rend="italic">George</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter three
 Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,</l>
 <l>The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-wat.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>What, will he not to Bed?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,</l>
 <l>Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,</l>
 <l>Till <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, or himselfe, be quite
 suppress.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>To morrow then belike shall be the day,</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> be so neere as men
 report.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,</l>
 <l>That with the King here resteth in his Tent?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis the Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, the Kings
 chieftest
 <lb/>friend.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>O, is it so? but why commands the King,</l>
 <l>That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,</l>
 <l>While he himselfe keeps in the cold field?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis the more honour, because more dange-
 <lb/>rous.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,</l>
 <l>I like it better then a dangerous honor.</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> knew in what estate he
 stands,</l>
 <l>'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his pas-

<lb/>sage.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,</l>
 <l>But to defend his Person from Night-foes?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Warwicke,
 Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
 <lb/>and French Souldiors, silent all.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard;</l>
 <l>Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:</l>
 <l>But follow me, and <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> shall be
 ours.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>Who goes there?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-wat.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Watch.</speaker>
 <l>Stay, or thou dyest.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic" type="business">Warwicke and the rest cry all,
 Warwicke, Warwicke,
 <lb/>and set vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme,
 <lb/>Warwicke and the rest following them.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">The Drumme playing,
 and Trumpet sounding.
 <lb/>Enter Warwicke, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
 <lb/>out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard
 <lb/>and Hastings flyes ouer the Stage.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>What are they that flye there?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Hastings:</hi>
 let them goe, heere is
 <lb/>the Duke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Edw.</speaker>
 <l>The Duke?</l>
 <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, when wee parted,</l>
 <l>Thou call'dst me King.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>I, but the case is alter'd.</l>
 <l>When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,</l>
 <l>Then I degraded you from being King,</l>
 <l>And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.</l>
 <l>Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,</l>
 <l>That know not how to vse Embassadors,</l>
 <l>Nor how to be contented with one Wife,</l>
 <l>Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,</l>
 <l>Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,</l>
 <l>Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">K. Edw.</hi> Yea,</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0521-0.jpg" n="167"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Yea, Brother of Clarence,</l>
 <l>Art thou here too?</l>
 <l>Nay then I see, that <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> needs
 must downe.</l>
 <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, in despite of all
 mischance,</l>
 <l>Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> will always beare himselfe as
 King:</l>
 <l>Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,</l>
 <l>My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Then for his minde, be <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>
 Englands King,</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Takes off his
 Crowne.</stage>
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> now shall weare the
 English Crowne,</l>
 <l>And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.</l>
 <l>My Lord of Somerset, at my request,</l>
 <l>See that forthwith Duke <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> be
 conuey'd</l>
 <l>Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:</l>
 <l>When I haue fought with <hi rend="italic">Pembroke</hi>,
 and his fellowes,</l>
 <l>Ile follow you, and tell what answer</l>

</>
 <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> and the Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Bona</hi> send to him.</l>
 <l>Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They leade him
 out forcibly.</stage>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Ed.</speaker>
 <l>What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;</l>
 <l>It boots not to resist both winde and tide.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,</l>
 <l>But march to London with our Soldiers?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,</l>
 <l>To free King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> from
 imprisonment,</l>
 <l>And see him seated in the Regall Throne.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Riuers, and Lady
 Gray.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-riv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
 <l>Why Brother <hi rend="italic">Riuers</hi>, are you yet to
 learne</l>
 <l>What late misfortune is befalne King <hi
 rend="italic">Edward</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-riv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
 <l>What losse of some pitcht battell</l>
 <l>Against <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
 <l>No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-riv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
 <l>Then is my Soueraigne slaine?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
 <l>I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,</l>
 <l>Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,</l>
 <l>Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:</l>
 <l>And as I further haue to vnderstand,</l>
 <l>Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,</l>
 <l>Fell Warwicks Brother, and by that our Foe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-riv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
 <l>These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,</l>
 <l>Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,</l>
 <l>Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
 <l>Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:</l>
 <l>And I the rather waine me from dispaire</l>
 <l>For loue of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Off-spring in my
 wombe:</l>
 <l>This is it that makes me bridle passion,</l>
 <l>And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:</l>
 <l>I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,</l>
 <l>And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,</l>
 <l>Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne</l>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Fruite, true heyre to
 th'English Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-riv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Riu.</speaker>
 <l>But Madam,</l>
 <l>Where is Warwicke then become?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qel">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
 <l>I am inform'd that he comes towards London,</l>
 <l>To set the Crowne once more on <hi
 rend="italic">Henries</hi> head,</l>
 <l>Guesse thou the rest, King <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
 Friends must downe.</l>
 <l>But to preuent the Tyrants violence,</l>
 <l>(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)</l>
 <l>Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>

right:</l>

<l>To saue (at least) the heire of <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>

<l>There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:</l>

<l>Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,</l>

<l>If Warwicke take vs, we are sure to dye.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.</stage>

<lb/>Stanley.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Now my Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, and Sir <hi rend="italic">William Stanley</hi>

</l>

<l>Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,</l>

<l>Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.</l>

<l>Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,</l>

<l>Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands</l>

<l>He hath good vsage, and great liberty,</l>

<l>And often but attended with weake guard,</l>

<l>Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.</l>

<l>I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,</l>

<l>That if about this houre he make this way,</l>

<l>Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,</l>

<l>He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,</l>

<l>To set him free from his Captiuitie.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman

<lb/>with him.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hun">

<speaker rend="italic">Huntsman.</speaker>

<l>This way my Lord,</l>

<l>For this way lies the Game.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">

<speaker rend="italic">King Edw.</speaker>

<l>Nay this way man,</l>

<l>See where the Huntsmen stand.</l>

<l>Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,</l>

<l>Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">

<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>

<l>Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,</l>

<l>Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King Ed.</speaker>
 <l>But whether shall we then?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-has">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
 <l>To Lyn my Lord,</l>
 <l>And shipt from thence to Flanders.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Wel guest beleue me, for that was my meaning</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Ed.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Stanley</hi>, I will requite thy forwardnesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Huntsman, what say'st thou?</l>
 <l>Wilt thou go along<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hun">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hunts.</speaker>
 <l>Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Bishop farwell,</l>
 <l>Sheeld thee from <hi rend="italic">Warwikes</hi>
 frowne,</l>
 <l>And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Flourish. Enter King
 Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke,

Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague,
 and Lieutenant.

K. Hen.

M.

Master

Lieutenant, now that God and Friends

Haue shaken Edward from the Regall
 seate,

And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,
 My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,
 At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu.


Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
 But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
 I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.

K. Hen.

For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?
 Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.
 For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure.
 I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
 Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
 At last, by Notes of Houshold harmonie,
 They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

q

But


 The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

1

But Warwicke, after God, thou set'st
 me free,

And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
 He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
 Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
 By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
 And that the people of this blessed Land
 May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,

Warwicke, although my Head still weare the
 Crowne,

I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,
 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War

<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,</l>
 <l>And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,</l>
 <l>By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,</l>
 <l>For few men rightly temper with the Starres:</l>
 <l>Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,</l>
 <l>For chusing me, when <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> is in
 place.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, thou art worthy of the
 sway,</l>
 <l>To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,</l>
 <l>Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,</l>
 <l>As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:</l>
 <l>And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>And I chuse <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> onely for
 Protector.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>,
 giue me both your Hands:</l>
 <l>Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your
 Hearts,</l>
 <l>That no dissention hinder Gouernment:</l>
 <l>I make you both Protectors of this Land,</l>
 <l>While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,</l>
 <l>And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,</l>
 <l>To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>What answers <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> to his
 Soueraignes
 <lb/>will<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>That he consents, if <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> yeeld
 consent,</l>
 <l>For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">


<speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:</l>
 <l>Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow</l>
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Henries</hi> Body, and supply his
 place;</l>
 <l>I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,</l>
 <l>While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, now then it is more
 then needfull,</l>
 <l>Forthwith that <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> be pronounc'd a
 Traytor,</l>
 <l>And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>What else? and that Succession be determined.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>I, therein <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> shall not want his
 part.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,</l>
 <l>Let me entreat (for I command no more)</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Margaret</hi> your Queene, and my
 Sonne <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
 <l>Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:</l>
 <l>For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,</l>
 <l>My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all
 <lb/>speede.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,</l>
 <l>Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Somers.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege, it is young <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, Earle of
 Rich-
 <lb/>mond.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Come hither, Englands Hope:</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Layes his Hand on his
 Head.</stage>
 <l>If secret Powers suggest but truth</l>
 <l>To my diuining thoughts,</l>
 <l>This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.</l>
 <l>His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,</l>
 <l>His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,</l>
 <l>His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe</l>
 <l>Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:</l>
 <l>Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee</l>
 <l>Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Poste.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>What newes, my friend?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poste.</speaker>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> is escaped from your
 Brother,</l>
 <l>And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-pos">
 <speaker rend="italic">Poste.</speaker>
 <l>He was conuey'd by <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, Duke of
 Gloster,</l>
 <l>And the Lord <hi rend="italic">Hastings</hi>, who attended
 him</l>
 <l>In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,</l>
 <l>And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:</l>
 <l>For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.</l>
 <l>But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide</l>
 <l>A salue for any sore, that may betide.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Somerset,
 Richmond, and Oxford.</stage>

Som.
 My Lord, I like not of this flight of
 Edwards:
 For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeeld
 him helpe,
 And we shall haue more Warres befor't be long.
 As Henries late presaging
 Prophecie
 Did glad my heart, with hope of this young
 Richmond:
 So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,
 What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
 Therefore, Lord Oxford, to preuent the
 worst,
 Forthwith wee'lle send him hence to Brittanie,
 Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.
 Oxford
 I: for if Edward re-possesse the
 Crowne,
 'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest,
 shall downe.
 Som.
 It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie.
 Come therefore, let's about it speedily.
 Exeunt.
 [Act 4, Scene 7]
 Flourish. Enter
 Edward, Richard, Hastings,
 and Souldiers.
 Edw.
 Now Brother Richard, Lord
 Hastings, and the rest,
 Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
 And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
 My wained state, for Henries Regall
 Crowne.
 Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
 And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
 What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd

<l>From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,</l>
 <l>But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The Gates made fast?</l>
 <l>Brother, I like not this.</l>
 <l>For many men that stumble at the Threshold,</l>
 <l>Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:</l>
 <l>By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,</l>
 <l>For hither will our friends repaire to vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-has">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon
 <lb/>them.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter on the Walls, the
 Maior of Yorke,
 <lb/>and his Brethren.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-may">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
 <l>My Lords,</l>
 <l>We were fore-warned of your comming,</l>
 <l>And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;</l>
 <l>For now we owe allegiance vnto <hi
 rend="italic">Henry</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>But, Master Maior, if <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> be your
 King,</l>
 <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, at the least, is Duke of
 Yorke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-may">
 <speaker rend="italic">Maior.</speaker>
 <l>True, my good Lord, I know you for no
 <lb/>lesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,</l>
 <l>As being well content with that alone.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">

Rich. But

The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

1

Rich.

But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,

Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.

Hast.

Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the Gates, we are King Henries

friends.

Maior.

I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.

He descends.

Rich.

A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded.

Hast.

The good old man would faine that all were wel,

So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,

I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade

Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw.

So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,

But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,

Takes his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee,

And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme

and Souldiers.

Rich.

<l>Brother, this is Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn
 Mountgomerie</hi>,</l>
 <l>Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn:</hi> but why come you
 in
 <lb/>Armes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>To helpe King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> in his time of
 storme,</l>
 <l>As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Thankes good <hi rend="italic">Mountgomerie:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,</l>
 <l>And onely clayme our Dukedome,</l>
 <l>Till God please to send the rest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,</l>
 <l>I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:</l>
 <l>Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">The Drumme
 begins to march.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Nay stay, Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, a while, and wee'le
 debate</l>
 <l>By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>What talke you of debating? in few words,</l>
 <l>If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,</l>
 <l>Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,</l>
 <l>To keepe them back, that come to succour you.</l>
 <l>Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
 <lb/>points?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>When wee grow stronger,</l>
 <l>Then wee'le make our Clayme:</l>
 <l>Till then, 'tis wisdome to conceale our meaning.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-has">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
 <l>Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
 <lb/>rule.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.</l>
 <l>Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,</l>
 <l>The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> but vsurpes the
 Diademe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,</l>
 <l>And now will I be <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
 Champion.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-has">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hast.</speaker>
 <l>Sound Trumpet, <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> shal be here
 proclaim'd:</l>
 <l>Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.
 Sound.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-sol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
 <l>Edward <hi rend="italic">the Fourth, by the Grace of Cod,
 King of
 <lb/>England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>And whosoe're gainsays King <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi>
 right,</l>
 <l>By this I challenge him to single fight.</l>

his Gauntlet.

Throws downe

All.

Edward the Fourth.

Edw.

Montgomery,

And thanks vnto you all:

If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindnesse.

Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:

And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre

About the Border of this Horizon,

Wee'le forward towards Warwicke,

and his Mates;

For well I wot, that Henry is no

Souldier.

Ah froward Clarence, how euill it

beseemes thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy

Brother?

Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warwicke.

Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,

And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay.

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 8]

Flourish. Enter the

King, Warwicke, Mountague,

Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War.

What counsaile, Lords? Edward from

Belgia,

With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,

And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,

And many giddie people flock to him.

King.

Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.

<speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>A little fire is quickly trodden out,</l>
 <l>Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>In Warwickshire I haue true-hearted friends,</l>
 <l>Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,</l>
 <l>Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne <hi
 rend="italic">Clarence</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,</l>
 <l>The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.</l>
 <l>Thou Brother <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>, in
 Buckingham,</l>
 <l>Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find</l>
 <l>Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.</l>
 <l>And thou, braue <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi>, wondrous
 well belou'd,</l>
 <l>In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.</l>
 <l>My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,</l>
 <l>Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,</l>
 <l>Or modest <hi rend="italic">Dyan</hi>, circled with her
 Nymphs,</l>
 <l>Shall rest in London, till we come to him:</l>
 <l>Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply.</l>
 <l>Farewell my Soueraigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell my <hi rend="italic">Hector</hi>, and my Troyes
 true hope.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Well-minded <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, be thou
 fortunate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi>, and my louing <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <l>And all at once, once more a happy farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.</l>
 <l>Cousin of <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>, what thinks your
 Lordship?</l>
 <l>Me thinkes, the Power that <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>
 hath in field,</l>
 <l>Should not be able to encounter mine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:</l>
 <l>I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,</l>
 <l>Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,</l>
 <l>My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,</l>
 <l>My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,</l>
 <l>My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.</l>
 <l>I haue not been desirous of their wealth,</l>
 <l>Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies,</l>
 <l>Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd.</l>
 <l>Then why should they loue <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>
 more then me?</l>
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>, these Graces challenge
 Grace:</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">q2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0524-0.jpg" n="168"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,</l>
 <l>The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Shout within, A
 Lancaster, A Lancaster.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-exe">

<speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
 <l>Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are
 <lb/>these?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Edward and his
 Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Seize on the shamefac'd <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, beare
 him hence,</l>
 <l>And once agane proclaime vs King of England.</l>
 <l>You are the Fount that makes small Brookes to flow,</l>
 <l>Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,</l>
 <l>And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.</l>
 <l>Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit with King
 Henry.</stage>
 <l>And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course,</l>
 <l>Where peremptorie <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> now
 remaines:</l>
 <l>The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay,</l>
 <l>Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Away betimes before his forces ioyne,</l>
 <l>And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:</l>
 <l>Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Warwicke, the
 Maior of Couentry, two
 <lb/>Messengers and others vpon the Walls.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Where is the Post that came from valiant <hi
 rend="italic">Oxford?</hi>
 </l>
 <l>How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mes.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess. 1.</speaker>
 <l>By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">

<speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>How farre off is our Brother <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>?</l>
 <l>Where is the Post that came from <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mes.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess. 2.</speaker>
 <l>By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Someruile.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Say <hi rend="italic">Someruile</hi>, what sayes my louing
 Sonne?</l>
 <l>And by thy guesse, how nigh is <hi
 rend="italic">Clarence</hi> now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-smv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Someru.</speaker>
 <l>At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,</l>
 <l>And doe expect him here some two howres hence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> is at hand, I heare his
 Drumme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-smv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Someru.</speaker>
 <l>It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:</l>
 <l>The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-smv">
 <speaker rend="italic">Someru.</speaker>
 <l>They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">March. Flourish. Enter
 Edward, Richard,
 <lb/>and Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.</l>
 </sp>

Wall.</l>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>See how the surly <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> mans the
 Wall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>
 come?</l>
 <l>Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,</l>
 <l>That we could heare no newes of his repayre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, wilt thou ope the
 Citie Gates,</l>
 <l>Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,</l>
 <l>Call <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> King, and at his hands
 begge Mercy,</l>
 <l>And thou shall pardon thee these Outrages?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,</l>
 <l>Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,</l>
 <l>Call <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> Patron, and be
 penitent,</l>
 <l>And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I thought at least he would haue said the King,</l>
 <l>Or did he makes the least against his will?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,</l>
 <l>Ile doe thee seruice for so good a gift.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Bro-
 <lb/>ther.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>

<l>Why then 'tis mine, if but by <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicks</hi> gift.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Thou art no <hi rend="italic">Atlas</hi> for so great a
 Weight:</l>
 <l>And Weakeling, <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> takes his
 gift againe,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> is my King, <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> his Subiect.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Warwicks</hi> King is <hi
 rend="italic">Edwards</hi> Prisoner:</l>
 <l>And gallant <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, doe but answer
 this,</l>
 <l>What is the Body, when the Head is off?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, that <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> had no more
 fore-cast,</l>
 <l>But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,</l>
 <l>The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:</l>
 <l>You left poore <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> at the Bishops
 Pallace,</l>
 <l>And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis euen so, yet you are <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>
 still.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,</l>
 <l>Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:</l>
 <l>Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,</l>
 <l>And with the other, fling it at thy face,</l>
 <l>Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>

<l>Sayle how thou canst,</l>
 <l>Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,</l>
 <l>This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,</l>
 <l>Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,</l>
 <l>Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,</l>
 <l>Wind-changing <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> now can
 change no more.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oxford, with
 Drumme and Colours.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Oh chearefull Colours, see where <hi
 rend="italic">Oxford</hi> comes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Oxford, Oxford</hi>, for <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The Gates are open, let vs enter too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>So other foes may set vpon our backs.</l>
 <l>Stand we in good array: for they no doubt</l>
 <l>Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;</l>
 <l>If not, the Citie being but of small defence,</l>
 <l>Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>Oh welcome <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi>, for we want thy
 helpe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mountague, with
 Drumme and Colours.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mon">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Mountague, Mountague</hi>, for <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason</l>
 <l>Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,</l>
 <l>My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Somerset, with
 Drumme and Colours.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Somerset, Somerset</hi>, for <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,</l>
 <l>Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>,</l>
 <l>And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clarence, with
 Drumme and Colours.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">War.</speaker>
 <l>And loe, where <hi rend="italic">George</hi> of Clarence
 sweepes along,</l>
 <l>Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:</l>
 <l>With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes</l>
 <l>More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.</l>
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, come: thou wilt, if <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> call.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?</l>
 <l>Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:</l>
 <l>I will not ruinate my Fathers House,</l>
 <l>Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,</l>
 <l>And set vp <hi rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>. Why, trowest
 thou, <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> is so harsh, so blunt,
 vnnaturall,</l>
 <l>To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Against</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0525-0.jpg" n="169"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.</l>
 <l>Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:</l>

Daughter.</l>
 <l>To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Iephah</hi>, when he sacrific'd his
 <l>I am so sorry for my Trespas made,</l>
 <l>That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,</l>
 <l>I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:</l>
 <l>With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,</l>
 <l>(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)</l>
 <l>To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.</l>
 <l>And so, prowde-hearted <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, I
 defie thee,</l>
 <l>And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.</l>
 <l>Pardon me <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, I will make
 amends:</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, doe not frowne vpon my
 faults,</l>
 <l>For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,</l>
 <l>Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome good <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, this is
 Brother-like.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>What <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>,</l>
 <l>Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?</l>
 <l>Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:</l>
 <l>I will away towards Barnet presently,</l>
 <l>And bid thee Battaile, <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, if thou
 dar'st.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Yes <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>, Edward</hi> dares, and
 leads the way:</l>
 <l>Lords to the field: Saint <hi rend="italic">George</hi>, and

Victorie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">March. Warwicke and
 his companie followes.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum, and
 Excursions. Enter Edward bringing
 <lb/>forth Warwicke wounded.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> was a Bugge that fear'd
 vs all.</l>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi> sit fast, I seeke for
 thee,</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Warwicks</hi> Bones may keepe
 thine companie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,</l>
 <l>And tell me who is Victor, <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>, or
 <hi rend="italic">Warwicke?</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,</l>
 <l>My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,</l>
 <l>That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,</l>
 <l>And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.</l>
 <l>Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,</l>
 <l>Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,</l>
 <l>Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,</l>
 <l>Whose top-branch ouer-peer'd <hi rend="italic">Ioues</hi>
 spreading Tree,</l>
 <l>And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.</l>
 <l>These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,</l>
 <l>Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,</l>
 <l>To search the secret Treasons of the World:</l>
 <l>The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,</l>
 <l>Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:</l>
 <l>For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?</l>
 <l>And who durst smile, when <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>
 bent his Brow?</l>
 <l>Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.</l>
 <l>My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,</l>
 <l>Euen now forsake me, and of all my Lands,</l>
 <l>Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.</l>

<l>Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?</l>
 <l>And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Oxford and
 Somerset.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Warwicke, Warwicke</hi>, wert thou as
 we are,</l>
 <l>We might recouer all our Losse againe:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.</l>
 <l>Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Why then I would not flye. Ah <hi
 rend="italic">Mountague</hi>,</l>
 <l>If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,</l>
 <l>And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.</l>
 <l>Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst,</l>
 <l>Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,</l>
 <l>That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.</l>
 <l>Come quickly <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi>, or I am
 dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Ah <hi rend="italic">Warwicke, Mountague</hi> hath
 breath'd his last,</l>
 <l>And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for <hi
 rend="italic">Warwicke:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.</l>
 <l>And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,</l>
 <l>Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,</l>
 <l>That mought not be distinguisht: but at last,</l>
 <l>I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,</l>
 <l>Oh farewell <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-war">
 <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet rest his Soule:</l>
 <l>Flye Lords, and saue your selues,</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> bids you all farewell, to
 meet in Heauen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.</l>

his Body.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here they beare away
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter King
 Edward in triumph, with
 <lb/>Richard, Clarence, and the rest.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward course,</l>
 <l>And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:</l>
 <l>But in the midst of this bright-shining Day;</l>
 <l>I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud,</l>
 <l>That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,</l>
 <l>Ere he attaine his easefull Western Bed:</l>
 <l>I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene</l>
 <l>Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,</l>
 <l>And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,</l>
 <l>And blow it to the Source from whence it came,</l>
 <l>Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,</l>
 <l>For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, with <hi
 rend="italic">Oxford</hi>, fled to her:</l>
 <l>If she haue time to breathe, be well assur'd</l>
 <l>Her faction will be full as strong as ours.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,</l>
 <l>That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.</l>
 <l>We hauing now the best at Barnet field,</l>
 <l>Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,</l>
 <l>And as we march, our strength will be augmented:</l>
 <l>In euery Countie as we goe along,</l>
 <l>Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. March. Enter
 the Queene, young
 <lb/>Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and
 <lb/>Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,</l>
 <l>But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.</l>
 <l>What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-boord,</l>
 <l>The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,</l>
 <l>And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?</l>
 <l>Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee</l>
 <l>Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,</l>
 <l>With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,</l>
 <l>And giue more strength to that which hath too much,</l>
 <l>Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,</l>
 <l>Which Industrie and Courage might haue sau'd?</l>
 <l>Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.</l>
 <l>Say <hi rend="italic">Warwicke</hi> was our Anchor: what
 of that<c rend="italic">?</c>
 <l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">q3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0526-0.jpg" n="170"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Mountague</hi> our Top-Mast: what
 of him?</l>
 <l>Our slaught'ed friends, the Tackles: what of these?</l>
 <l>Why is not <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi> here, another
 Anchor?</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, another goodly
 Mast?</l>
 <l>The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?</l>
 <l>And though vnskilfull, why not <hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>
 and I,</l>
 <l>For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?</l>
 <l>We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,</l>
 <l>But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)</l>
 <l>From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.</l>
 <l>As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.</l>
 <l>And what is <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, but a ruthlesse
 Sea?</l>
 <l>What <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, but a Quick-sand of
 Deceit?</l>
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, but a raged fatall
 Rocke?</l>
 <l>All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.</l>
 <l>Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:</l>

<l>Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,</l>
 <l>Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,</l>
 <l>Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.</l>
 <l>This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,</l>
 <l>If case some one of you would flye from vs,</l>
 <l>That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,</l>
 <l>More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.</l>
 <l>Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,</l>
 <l>'Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,</l>
 <l>Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,</l>
 <l>Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,</l>
 <l>And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.</l>
 <l>I speake not this, as doubting any here:</l>
 <l>For did I but suspect a fearefull man,</l>
 <l>He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,</l>
 <l>Least in our need he might infect another,</l>
 <l>And make him of like spirit to himselfe.</l>
 <l>If any such be here, as God forbid,</l>
 <l>Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>Women and Children of so high a courage,</l>
 <l>And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.</l>
 <l>Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather</l>
 <l>Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,</l>
 <l>To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>And he that will not fight for such a hope,</l>
 <l>Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,</l>
 <l>If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Thankes gentle <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, sweet <hi
 rend="italic">Oxford</hi> thankes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing
 <lb/>else.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
 Messenger.</stage>

hand, </l>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
 <l>Prepare you Lords, for <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> is at
 </sp>
 <l>Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,</l>
 <l>To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish, and march.
 Enter Edward, Richard,
 Clarence, and Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,</l>
 <l>Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,</l>
 <l>Must by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.</l>
 <l>I need not adde more fuell to your fire,</l>
 <l>For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:</l>
 <l>Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,</l>
 <l>My teares gaine-say: for euery word I speake,</l>
 <l>Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.</l>
 <l>Therefore no more but this: <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>
 </sp>
 your Soueraigne</l>
 <l>Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,</l>
 <l>His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,</l>
 <l>His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:</l>
 <l>And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.</l>
 <l>You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,</l>
 <l>Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.</l>
 </sp>

Excursions.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter
 Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,
 <lb/>Oxford, Somerset.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.</l>
 <l>Away with <hi rend="italic">Oxford</hi> to Hames Castle
 straight:</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Somerset</hi>, off with his guiltie
 Head.</l>
 <l>Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-oxf">
 <speaker rend="italic">Oxf.</speaker>
 <l>For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-som">
 <speaker rend="italic">Som.</speaker>
 <l>Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>So part we sadly in this troublous World,</l>
 <l>To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Is Proclamation made, That who finds <hi
 rend="italic">Edward</hi>,</l>
 <l>Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>It is, and loe where youthfull <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>
 comes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the
 Prince.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.</l>
 <l>What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick<c
 rend="italic">?</c>

</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, what satisfaction canst thou make,</l>
 <l>For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,</l>
 <l>And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Speake like a Subiect, prowld ambitious <hi
 rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.</l>
 <l>Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,</l>
 <l>Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,</l>
 <l>Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,</l>
 <l>Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,</l>
 <l>And ne're haue stolne the Breech from <hi
 rend="italic">Lancaster</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Æsop</hi> fable in a Winters
 Night,</l>
 <l>His Currish Riddles sorts not with this place.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
 <lb/>rather.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>

<l>Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ped">
 <speaker rend="italic">Prince.</speaker>
 <l>I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:</l>
 <l>Lasciuious <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, and thou periur'd
 <hi rend="italic">George</hi>,</l>
 <l>And thou mis-shapen <hi rend="italic">Dicke</hi>, I tell ye
 all,</l>
 <l>I am your better, Traytors as ye are,</l>
 <l>And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Stabs
 him.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Rich. stabs
 him.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clar.</speaker>
 <l>And ther's for twitting me with periurie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Clar. stabs
 him.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Oh, kill me too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Marry, and shall.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Offers to kill
 her.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>Hold, <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, hold, for we haue done
 too much.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">

<hi rend="italic">Rich.</hi> Why</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0527-0.jpg" n="171"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Why should shee liue, to fill the World with
 <lb/>words.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Edw.</speaker>
 <l>What? doth shee swowne? vse meanes for her
 <lb/>recouerie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> excuse me to the King my
 Brother:</l>
 <l>Ile hence to London on a serious matter,</l>
 <l>Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>What? what<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Tower, the Tower.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>, sweet <hi
 rend="italic">Ned</hi>, speake to thy Mother Boy.</l>
 <l>Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!</l>
 <l>They that stabb'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, shed no
 blood at all:</l>
 <l>Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,</l>
 <l>If this foule deed were by, to equall it.</l>
 <l>He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,</l>
 <l>And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.</l>
 <l>What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?</l>
 <l>No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,</l>
 <l>And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.</l>
 <l>Butchers and Villaine, bloody Caniballes,</l>
 <l>How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:</l>
 <l>You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,</l>
 <l>The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,</l>

<l>But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,</l>
 <l>Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off.</l>
 <l>As deathsmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:</l>
 <l>Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:</l>
 <l>What? wilt thou not? Then <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>
 do it thou.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> do: Sweet <hi
 rend="italic">Clarence</hi> do thou do it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma #F-3h6-cla">
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is
 conventionally given to Clarence.</note>
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I, but thou vset to forswear thy selfe.</l>
 <l>'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.</l>
 <l>What wilt y<c rend="superscript">u</c> not? Where is that
 diuels butcher <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>?</l>
 <l>Hard fauor'd <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>? <hi
 rend="italic">Richard</hi>, where art thou?</l>
 <l>Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almes-deed:</l>
 <l>Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
 <l>Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-qma">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Queene.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
<speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
<l>Where's <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> gone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
<l>To London all in post, and as I guesse,<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemaker"
resp="#ES"/>
</l>

</l>

<l>To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
<speaker rend="italic">Ed.</speaker>
<l>He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.</l>
<l>Now march we hence, discharge the common sort</l>
<l>With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,</l>
<l>And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,</l>
<l>By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 6]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Henry the sixt,

and Richard, with the Lieutenant

<lb/>on the Walles.</stage>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
<lb/>hard?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
<l>I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,</l>
<l>Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:</l>
<l>'Good Gloster and good Deuill, were alike,</l>
<l>And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
<speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
<l>Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
<speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
<l>So flies the wreacklesse shepherd from <choice>

<abbr>ȝ</abbr>

<expan>the</expan>
 </choice> Wolfe.</l>
 <l>So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,</l>
 <l>And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.</l>
 <l>What Scene of death hath <hi rend="italic">Rossius</hi> now
 to Acte<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,</l>
 <l>With trembling wings misdoubteth euery bush;</l>
 <l>And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,</l>
 <l>Haue now the fatall Object in my eye,</l>
 <l>Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Why what a peeuish Foole was that of Creet,</l>
 <l>That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,</l>
 <l>And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>I <hi rend="italic">Dedaius</hi>, my poore Boy <hi
 rend="italic">Icarus</hi>,</l>
 <l>Thy Father <hi rend="italic">Minos</hi>, that deni'de our
 course,</l>
 <l>The Sunne that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.</l>
 <l>Thy Brother <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, and thy Selfe,
 the Sea</l>
 <l>Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:</l>
 <l>Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,</l>
 <l>My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,</l>
 <l>Then can my eares that Tragicke History.</l>
 <l>But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Think'st thou I am an Executioner?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>A Persecutor I am sure thou art,</l>

<l>If murdering Innocents be Executing,</l>
 <l>Why then thou art an Executioner.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y<c rend="superscript">u</c>
 didst presume,</l>
 <l>Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:</l>
 <l>And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,</l>
 <l>Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,</l>
 <l>And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,</l>
 <l>And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,</l>
 <l>Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,</l>
 <l>Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,</l>
 <l>Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne.</l>
 <l>The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,</l>
 <l>The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,</l>
 <l>Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees:</l>
 <l>The Rauens rook'd her on the Chimnies top,</l>
 <l>And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:</l>
 <l>Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,</l>
 <l>And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,</l>
 <l>To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe,</l>
 <l>Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.</l>
 <l>Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,</l>
 <l>To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world;</l>
 <l>And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,</l>
 <l>Thou cam'st□</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Ile heare no more:</l>
 <l>Dye Prophet in thy speech,</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Stabbes
 him.</stage>
 <l>For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-hn6">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>I, and for much more slaughter after this,</l>
 <l>O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dyes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster</l>

<|>Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.</|>
 <|>See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.</|>
 <|>O may such purple teares be alway shed</|>
 <|>From those that wish the downfall of our house.</|>
 <|>If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,</|>
 <|>Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.</|>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Stabs him
 againe.</stage>
 <|>I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,</|>
 <|>Indeed 'tis true that <hi rend="italic">Henrie</hi> told me
 of:</|>
 <|>For I haue often heard my Mother say,</|>
 <|>I came into the world with my Legges forward.</|>
 <|>Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,</|>
 <|>And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right?</|>
 <|>The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de</|>
 <|>O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth,</|>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0528-0.jpg" n="172"/>
 <fw type="rh">The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <|>And so I was, which plainly signified,</|>
 <|>That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:</|>
 <|>Then since the Heauens haue shap'd my Body so,</|>
 <|>Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.</|>
 <|>I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:</|>
 <|>And this world [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,</|>
 <|>Be resident in men like one another,</|>
 <|>And not in me: I am my selfe alone.</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> beware, thou keept'st me from the
 Light,</|>
 <|>But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:</|>
 <|>For I will buzze abroad such Prophetesies,</|>
 <|>That <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> shall be fearefull of his
 life,</|>
 <|>And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.</|>
 <|>King <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, and the Prince his Son are
 gone,</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> thy turne is next, and then the
 rest,</|>
 <|>Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.</|>
 <|>Ile throw thy body in another roome,</|>
 <|>And Triumph <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi>, in thy day of
 Doome.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 7]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter King,
 Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings,
 <lb/>Nurse, and Attendants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,</l>
 <l>Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:</l>
 <l>What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,</l>
 <l>Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?</l>
 <l>Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,</l>
 <l>For hardy and vndoubted Champions:</l>
 <l>Two <hi rend="italic">Cliffords</hi>, as the Father and the
 Sonne,</l>
 <l>And two Northumberland: two brauer men,</l>
 <l>Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.</l>
 <l>With them, the two braue Beares, <hi
 rend="italic">Warwick</hi> & <hi rend="italic">Montague</hi>,</l>
 <l>That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,</l>
 <l>And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seate,</l>
 <l>And made our Footstoole of Security.</l>
 <l>Come hither <hi rend="italic">Besse</hi>, and let me kisse
 my Boy:</l>
 <l>Yong <hi rend="italic">Ned</hi>, for thee, thine Vnckles,
 and my selfe,</l>
 <l>Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,</l>
 <l>Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,</l>
 <l>That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,</l>
 <l>And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,</l>
 <l>For yet I am not look'd on in the world.</l>
 <l>This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,</l>
 <l>And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,</l>
 <l>Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>,
 loue my louely Queene,</l>
 <l>And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,</l>

<l>I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla #F-3h6-qel">
 <note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is
 conventionally given to Queen Elizabeth.</note>
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>Thanke Noble <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, worthy
 brother thanks.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ri3">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rich.</speaker>
 <l>And that I loue the tree <choice>
 <abbr>frō</abbr>
 <expan>from</expan>
 </choice> whence y<c rend="superscript">u</c> sprang'st:</l>
 <l>Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,</l>
 <l>To say the truth, so <hi rend="italic">Iudas</hi> kist his
 master,</l>
 <l>And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Now am I seated as my soule delights,</l>
 <l>Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cla.</speaker>
 <l>What will your Grace haue done with <hi
 rend="italic">Margaret</hi>,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Reynard</hi> her Father, to the King of France</l>
 <l>Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ieruselem,</l>
 <l>And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-3h6-ed4">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Away with her, and waft her hence to France:</l>
 <l>And now what rests, but that we spend the time</l>
 <l>With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,</l>
 <l>Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.</l>
 <l>Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy,</l>
 <l>For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 omnes</stage>
 </div>
 <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
 </div>
 </div>
 </body>

</text>
</TEI>