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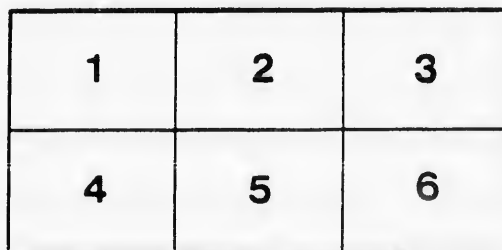
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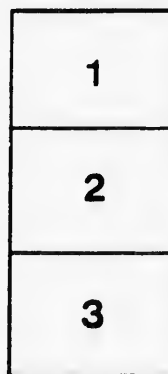
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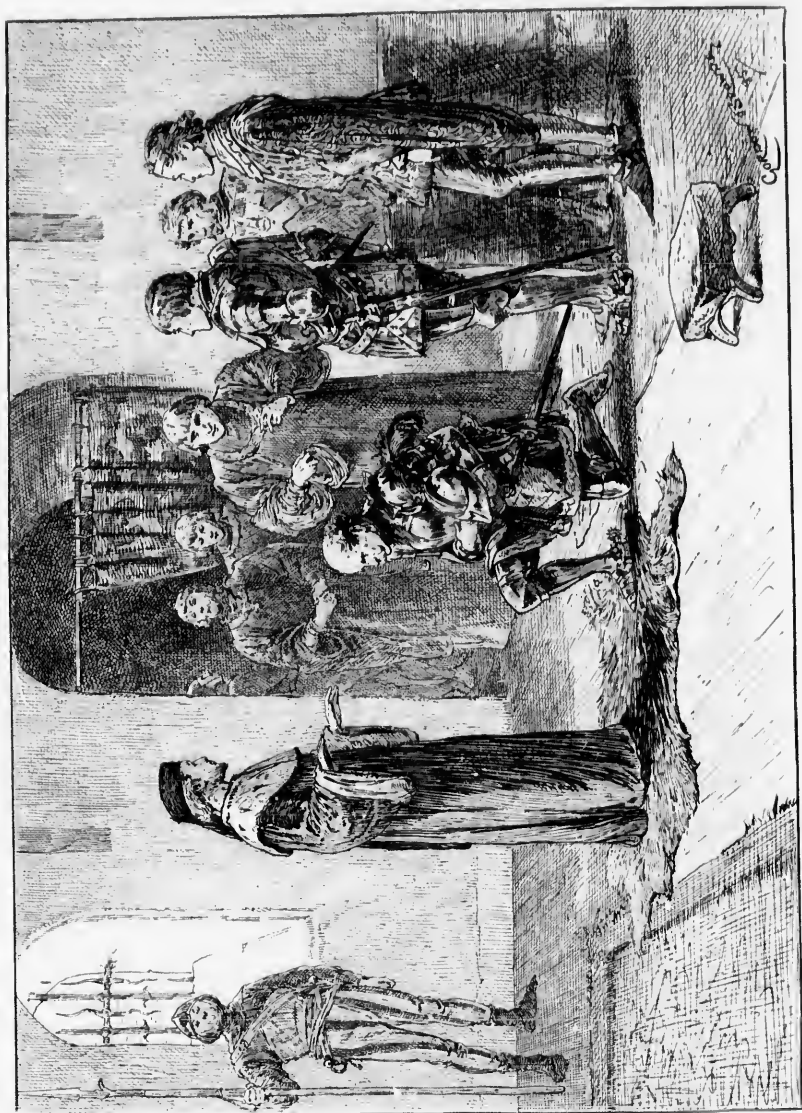
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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH
NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL
AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS,

AND
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

VOLUME II.



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PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

Act I. scene 3, lines 1, 2,	13	Act III. scene 2, lines 102, 103,	42
<i>Fieat Petit.</i> My masters, let stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by.		<i>Queen.</i> When from thy shore the tempest beat us back, I stood upon the hatchels in the storm.	
Act I. scene 2, line 1,	17	Act III. scene 2, line 149,	43
<i>Duch.</i> Why dreads my lord?		<i>War.</i> Come hither, gracious sovereign.	
Act I. scene 4, line 31,	22	Act III. scene 2, lines 339, 340, (<i>Etching</i>)	46
<i>Spir.</i> Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!		<i>Queen.</i> O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand, That I may dew it with my mournful tears.	
Act II. scene 1, lines 1, 2,	25	Act III. scene 3, lines 2, 4,	48
<i>Queen.</i> Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook, I saw not better sport these seven years' day.		<i>Car.</i> If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.	
Act II. scene 1, line 153,	27	Act IV. scene 1, lines 70-72,	50
"A Miracle!"		<i>Suf.</i> <i>Poole!</i> <i>Cap.</i> Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.	
Act II. scene 2, lines 59-62,	29	Act IV. scene 2, lines 92-94,	53
<i>War.</i> Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together: And, in this private place, be we the first That shall salute our rightful sovereign With honour of his birthright to the crown.		<i>Smith.</i> The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account. <i>Clerk.</i> O monstrous!	
Act II. scene 3, lines 101, 102,	33	Act IV. scene 4, line 8,	56
<i>Peter.</i> O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!		<i>Back.</i> What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?	
Act III. scene 1, lines 228-230,	38		
<i>Queen.</i> Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank, With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child That for the beauty thinks it excellent.			

Act IV, scene 7, lines 142-144,	59	Act V, scene 1, line 66,	65
<i>Carb.</i> For with these horns before us, instead of horns, will we rule through the streets; and at every corner have their kisses.		<i>Hen. Lo,</i> I present your grace a traitor's head.	
Act IV, scene 10, lines 77-79,	62	Act V, scene 2, lines 51, 52,	68
<i>Carb.</i> Hail, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Till Kent from me, she hath lost her best man.		<i>Clg.</i> York not our old men spares; No more will I their babes.	

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

Act I, scene 1, line 16,	111	Act III, scene 3, lines 119-121,	143
<i>Rich.</i> Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.		<i>K. Lear.</i> Then further,—all dissimbling set aside, Tell me for truth the measure of his love Unto our sister Bona.	
Act I, scene 1, line 259,	115	Act IV, scene 3, lines 4-6,	148
<i>K. Hen.</i> Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?		<i>First Watch.</i> He hath made a solemn vow Never to lie and take his natural rest Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.	
Act I, scene 3, lines 25, 26,	118	Act IV, scene 4, line 1,	150
<i>Clg.</i> Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine, Were not revenge sufficient for me.		<i>Ric.</i> Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?	
Act I, scene 4, lines 79-81,	120	Act IV, sec. 4, l. 7, 8,	(Etching) Frontis.
<i>Q. Mar.</i> Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, Made issue from the bosom of the boy.		<i>Lion.</i> If an humble prayer may prevail, I then crave pardon of your majesty.	
Act II, scene 1, lines 45-47,	123	Act IV, scene 7, lines 74, 75,	154
<i>M. ec.</i> Ah, one that was a woful looker-on Who was the noble Duke of York was slain, Your princely father and my loving lord!		<i>Mont.</i> And whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right, By this I challenge him to single fight.	
Act II, scene 4, line 1,	130	Act V, scene 2, lines 23-26,	158
<i>Rich.</i> Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.		<i>War.</i> Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood! My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, Even now forsake me; and of all my lands Is nothing left me but my body's length!	
Act II, scene 5, line 83,	131	Act V, scene 5, lines 39, 40,	161
<i>F. Sol.</i> It is mine only son!		<i>Glo.</i> Sprawlst thou? take that, to end thy agony. <i>Clar.</i> And there's for twitting me with perjury.	
Act II, scene 6, line 28,	133	Act V, scene 6, line 63,	164
<i>Clif.</i> Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest.		<i>Glo.</i> See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!	
Act III, scene 1, line 55,	136		
<i>Sec. Rep.</i> Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?			
Act III, scene 2, lines 194, 195,	140		
<i>Glo.</i> Can I do this, and cannot get a crown? Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.			

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act IV, scene 1, line 78,	255	Act II, scene 1, line 220,	272
<i>Grumio.</i> How he beat me because her horse stumbled, &c.		<i>Pet.</i> Good Kate; I am a gentleman. <i>Kath.</i> That I'll try. [<i>She strikes him.</i>]	
Act I, scene 1, line 105,	261	Act II, scene 1, line 365,	274
<i>Gro.</i> You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.		<i>Tru.</i> Sir, list to me.	
Act I, scene 2, line 220,	266	Act III, scene 2, line 43,	277
<i>Hor.</i> Sir, a word ere you go; Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yes or no?		<i>Bon.</i> Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, &c.	
Act II, scene 1, line 156,	270	Act III, scene 2, lines 240, 241, (<i>Etching</i>) 280	
<i>Hor.</i> And there I stood amazed for a while.		<i>Pet.</i> Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, <i>Kate:</i> I'll buckler thee against a million.	

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Act IV. scene 1. line 168,	283	Act IV. scene 5. line 27,	292
<i>Pet.</i> There, take it to you, trunckers, cups, and all.		<i>Pet.</i> Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?	
Act IV. scene 2. line 48,	285	Act V. scene 1. line 84,	294
<i>Bian.</i> Tranke, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?		<i>Tin.</i> His name? as if I knew not his name.	
Act IV. scene 2. line 72,	286		
<i>Pet.</i> Good save you, sir!			

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act V. scene 1. lines 406, 407,	327	Act III. scene 2. lines 65, 66,	345
<i>Tita.</i> Hand in hand, with fairy grace, Will we sing, and bless this place.		<i>Her.</i> Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv' t me past the bounds, Of maiden's patience.	
Act II. scene 1. line 39,	333	Act III. scene 2. lines 201, 202,	347
<i>Fairy.</i> Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.		<i>Hel.</i> O, is all forgot? All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?	
Act II. scene 1. lines 121, 122, (<i>Etching</i>)	334	Act III. scene 2. lines 404, 405,	350
<i>Tita.</i> Set your heart at rest: The fairy land buys not the child of me.		<i>Don.</i> O, sauder! speak again: Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?	
Act II. scene 1. line 188,	336	Act III. scene 2. line 442,	351
<i>Don.</i> I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.		<i>Her.</i> Never so weary, never so in woe.	
Act II. scene 2. line 74,	338	Act IV. scene 2. line 27,	356
<i>Puck.</i> And here the maiden, sleeping sound.		<i>Bot.</i> Masters, I am to discourse wanders; but ask me not what.	
Act III. scene 1. line 22,	340	Act V. scene 1. line 369,	361
<i>Bot.</i> I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver.		<i>A Dance.</i>	
Act III. scene 1. line 121,	342	Terminal,	390
<i>Quinc.</i> Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.			

KING RICHARD II.

Act I. scene 3. line 118,	401	Act III. scene 2. lines 213, 214,	427
<i>Mar.</i> So ay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.		<i>K. Rich.</i> let no man speak again To alter this, for counsel is but vain.	
Act I. scene 1. line 69, (<i>Etching</i>)	402	Act III. scene 3. lines 190, 191,	431
<i>Boling.</i> Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gause.		<i>K. Rich.</i> Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee To make the base earth proud with kissing it.	
Act I. scene 3. lines 253, 254,	409	Act III. scene 4. lines 79, 80,	433
<i>Gaunt.</i> O, to what purpose dost thou heave thy words, That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?		<i>Queen.</i> Say, where, when, and how, Canst thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.	
Act II. scene 1. lines 137, 138,	414	Act IV. scene 1. line 181,	437
<i>Gaunt.</i> Carry me to my bed, then to my grave: Love they to live that love and honour have.		<i>K. Rich.</i> Here, cousin, seize the crown.	
Act II. scene 2. line 30,	417	Act V. scene 1. lines 37, 38,	440
<i>Queen.</i> I cannot but be sad.		<i>K. Rich.</i> Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France: Think I am dead.	
Act II. scene 3. lines 110, 111,	421	Act V. scene 2. lines 10, 11,	442
<i>Fork.</i> Thou art a banished man; and here art come, Before the expiration of thy time.		<i>Fork.</i> With slow but stately pace kept on his course, Whilst all tongues cried "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"	
Act III. scene 2. lines 2 5,	424		
<i>Don.</i> How brooks your grace the air. After late tossing on the breaking seas?			
<i>K. Rich.</i> Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy To stand upon my kingdom once again.			

Act V. scene 2. line 71,	443	Act V. scene 5, lines 19-21,	447
York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say		K. Rich. how these vain weak natts May tear a passage through the flinty ribs Of this hard world, my rugged prison walls.	
Act V. scene 3. lines 30-32,	445	Act V. scene 5, lines 110, 111,	449
Ann. For ever may my knees grow to the earth. My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth. Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.		K. Rich. Exton, thy fierce hand Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.	



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KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
 HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-
 uncle to the King.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
 EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET.
 DUKE OF STAFFORD.
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
 LORD CLEFFORD.
 YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son.
 EARL OF SALISBURY.
 EARL OF WARWICK.
 LORD SCALES.
 LORD SAY.
 SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD,
 his brother.
 SIR JOHN STANLEY.
 VAUX.

MATTHEW GOUGH.
 WALTER WHITMORE.
 A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate.
 Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
 ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.
 JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, two priests.
 ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjuror.
 THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer. PETER, his
 man.
 CLERK OF CHATHAM. MAYOR OF ST. ALBANS.
 SAUNDER SIMPSON, an impostor.
 JACK CADE, a rebel.
 GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the Butcher,
 SMITH the Weaver, MICHAEL, &c., his followers.
 Two Murderers.
 MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
 ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.
 MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch, wife to Simpecox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers,
 Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c. A Spirit.

SCENE—In various parts of England.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Daniel, occupies fourteen days, as represented on the stage,
 "with intervals, suggesting a period in all of say, at the outside, a couple of years."

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1. —Interval (?) eighteen months.
 Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2-4.
 Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval a month at least.
 Day 4: Act II. Scene 3.—Interval at least two days.
 Day 5: Act II. Scene 4.—Interval about twenty-seven days.
 Day 6: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval a few days.
 Day 7: Act III. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval three days or more.

Day 8: Act IV. Scene 1.
 Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 2, 3.
 Day 10: Act IV. Scenes 4-7.
 Day 11: Act IV. Scene 8.
 Day 12: Act IV. Scene 9.—Interval three or four days.
 Day 13: Act IV. Scene 10.
 Day 14: Act V. Scenes 1-3.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

22nd April, 1445, to 23rd May, 1455.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

INTRODUCTION—PARTS II. III.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The connection between the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. is so close that we have thought it best, as far as the Introduction is concerned, not to treat them separately. With regard to the sources whence they are derived, the literary history of these plays is very clear. We have more than one edition of the two old plays from which the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., as they were first published in the Folio of 1623, were adapted by Shakespeare. As to the authorship of these two plays, whether they were the work of one, or more than one author, a controversy has been going on ever since the days of Malone; and will go on most probably till the end of time. The theory that they are merely imperfect copies of the two latter Parts of Henry VI., as we have them in the Folio 1623, is quite untenable. It seems beyond dispute that the Second Part of Henry VI. is an adaptation of a play first printed in quarto (Q. 1)¹ in 1594, and called "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne." London: Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, (and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594.) The Cambridge edd., in their preface (p. vii) to I. Henry VI., say: "The only copy known of this edition is in the Bodleian

Library (Malone, Add. 870), and is probably the same which was once in Malone's possession, and which he collated with the second Quarto printed in 1600."

In his preface to the reprint of *The Contention and The True Tragedy*, edited by him for the Shakespeare Society, and again reprinted by Hazlitt in his *Shakespeare Library* (pt. 2, vols. i. ii.), Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps doubts that the Bodleian copy is the same as the one in Malone's possession. The Cambridge edd. give their reasons at length, reasons which are perfectly satisfactory, for believing that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps was mistaken. At any rate no trace of the existence of any other edition of this play has been found.

The second edition (Q. 2) of the First Part of *The Contention* appeared in quarto, in 1600, with the following title: "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime unto the Crowne." London: Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church in Cornewall. 1600. The Cambridge edd. say (p. ix) "Copies with this title are in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, and in the Bodleian (Malone, 867). An imperfect copy, wanting the last seven leaves, is in the Capell collection. Another impression bearing the same date, 'Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington,' is said to exist, but we have been unable to find it." The only evidence of the existence of this edition is a MS. title, prefixed to a copy of Q. 2 in the Bodleian (Malone 36), which Mr.

¹ Stokes describes it as "A 12mo edition" (p. 6); but it is always described as a small quarto. It was entered on the Register of Stationers' Hall on March 12th, 1593-94.

KING HENRY VI. PART II.

Halliwel Phillips seems to have mistaken for a separate edition. We are indebted to the careful collation by the Cambridge Editors of this copy with that in the Capell collection for the establishment of the fact that it is not a separate edition.

In 1619 a third edition (Q. 3) without date, printed by Isaac Jaggard, and comprising also "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," appeared with the following title: "The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, LANCASTER and YORKE, With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixth. Divided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespear, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P."

In 1595 The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York (quoted as Q. 1), upon which H. Henry VI. is indisputably based, was published in small 8vo, with the following title: "The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwal, 1595."

In 1600 the second edition (Q. 2) was published with the following title: "The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall, 1600." The Cambridge edd. (p. x) say, "Copies of this edition are in the Duke of Devonshire's Library, the Bodleian (Malone, 36), and the British Museum."

The third edition (Q. 3) of The True Tragedy, forming the second part of The Whole Contention, instead of title-page bears the heading, "The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie

of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henrie the Sixt."

The other sources, from which the dramatist, or dramatists, took their material, were Hall's Chronicle, whether from the original or from Holinshead, and the Mirror for Magistrates. There are very few, if any, original incidents or details introduced either by the authors of the two older plays or by Shakespeare.

The most important points of these in dispute are these two: First, had Shakespeare anything to do with The Contention and The True Tragedy, as they have come down to us in their published form? Secondly, did anyone assist Shakespeare in the adaptation of these plays as they appear in the First Folio under the title of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.? As to the first question, it greatly depends upon whether The Contention and True Tragedy have really come down to us in their original form, or whether they had been touched up by Shakespeare's or any other hand, before they were printed. As to this point we have no direct evidence of any kind, and very little indirect. As to the second question, we have nothing to rely upon but internal evidence; and what there is of that points most strongly to Marlowe, if to anyone, as Shakespeare's coadjutor. There are undoubtedly some of the added passages in these plays which strongly resemble Marlowe's style,¹ and which lead us to believe that either he assisted Shakespeare in the adaptation of the old plays, or, if not, that Shakespeare, consciously or unconsciously, imitated the style of the older dramatist.

The theory held by Johnson and Stevens, and adopted by Knight, Chief, Delms, &c., that Shakespeare wrote The Contention and The True Tragedy as well as the revised editions printed in F. 1, may be dismissed as untenable; and so may the singular contention of Mr. Fleay (see Macmillan's Magazine, Nov. 1875) that the whole of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. are by Peele and Marlowe; and that Shakespeare revised these plays, though he did not write them, about 1601 (see Stokes, p. 10). The most generally received

¹ For one instance, see H. Henry VI. note 195.

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opinion is, that Greene, and Marlowe, and, perhaps, Peele, wrote the two older plays, and that Shakespeare altered them into the form in which they have come down to us in F. 1.

By far the best account of the whole of the history of these plays, and of the controversy concerning their authorship, will be found in a most admirable paper by Miss Jane Lee (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1875-6, part 2, pp. 217-249). Miss Lee comes to the conclusion that *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were by Marlowe and Greene, and that possibly Peele had some share in them; that they are *not* imperfect representations of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.; that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the older plays, and that he was probably helped by Marlowe in altering them into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. She gives several resemblances of verbal expression and of thought, in both *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, to the acknowledged works of Marlowe and of Greene; and several allusions from both dramatists, especially from Marlowe's *Edward II.*, which are either repeated or imitated in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*.

As to the external evidence which tells against Shakespeare having had anything to do with the two older plays, it may be noted that Miss Lee insists very strongly on what Mr. Halliwell-Phillips pointed out in his Introduction to the republication of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* (see Hazlitt, pp. 388, 389), namely, that Millington did not put Shakespeare's name to either of these plays, not even in the edition published as late as 1600; that after the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare, except the early edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, and the first edition of *Hamlet* (Q. 1, 1603), were published without his name on the title-page; that it was not till 1619, or three years after Shakespeare's death, that the Two Parts were published together by Pavier, to whom the copyright had been transferred, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page. This gentleman appears to have done a great business in spurious Shakespearean plays, but not during the poet's lifetime. After his death he published Sir John Oldcastle, *The*

Yorkshire Tragedy, and *The Puritan*; stating that they were written by William Shakespeare, though we know that he had nothing on earth to do with any of them. The omission by Meres, writing in 1598, of any mention either of any of the Three Parts of Henry VI. or of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* among the list of Shakespeare's plays, although he gives *Titus Andronicus*, is a strong negative argument against the theory that Shakespeare was part author of the older plays.

Of contemporary allusions to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., the most important is the well-known passage from Greene's *Groats-worth of Wit* bought with a Million of Repentance: "for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Pheavers hide*, supposes he is as well able to blunkest out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrey" (*Shakespeare Allusion Books*, Series iv. No. 1, p. 30).

This passage seems to prove, first, that Greene had a share in the two earlier plays; secondly, that Shakespeare was the person who afterwards adapted them, and perhaps more or less adopted them as his own, in the shape of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

In the Epilogue to Henry V. (lines 9-14) there is a manifest allusion to all Three Parts of Henry VI.:

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds, let this acceptance take.

This passage seems to prove beyond all doubt, that Shakespeare considered all Three Parts of Henry VI. as at least partly his own. Line 11 seems to refer especially to I. Henry VI.; line 12 to II. Henry VI.; while line 13 seems to imply that more than one play was alluded to. Still it is, perhaps, but fair to admit that the reference may be only to the First Part of Henry VI.; and that "*their* sake" might be nothing but a careless use of

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the plural possessive, or might refer to the characters in the play.

The question as to whether Shakespeare had any hand in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, as they have come down to us, is one very difficult to determine. On the one hand, there are many passages in the two older plays — one may almost say whole scenes — which, as far as we can judge from internal evidence, after making every allowance for the crudity of Shakespeare's style when first writing for the stage, we cannot bring ourselves to believe were written by him. On the other hand, there are speeches and scenes of such merit, many of which we find to have undergone little or no alteration in the revised versions, that we feel tempted to claim them for Shakespeare. But what is more important than the mere language of the plays, the characterization, in two important instances — those of Queen Margaret and Richard, Duke of Gloucester — is nearly as complete in the older plays as it is in the revised versions. If we hold that *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* were the works of two or more joint authors, not including Shakespeare, it would be unjust to attribute to these joint authors the demerits of the two older plays, and not to credit them with the merits such as they are. It must, in fairness, be granted that whoever wrote the soliloquy of Gloucester in *The True Tragedy*, to him belongs the credit of the original conception of the Richard who is the hero of *Richard III.* True it is that Shakespeare, in the latter play, may have very much elaborated the character, but all the main features of the intellectual and unscrupulous egotist, who makes love to Lady Anne over the coffin of her late husband, are to be found in the Gloucester who speaks these remarkable lines (*III. Henry VI. v. 6. 81-83*):

And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone

(identically the same as in *The True Tragedy*, p. 102); while the fascinating hypocrisy, if one may use such an expression, of the murderer of the young princes is epitomized in that line (*III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 182*):

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,

nearly word for word the same as in *The True Tragedy* (p. 64):

Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile.

Also with regard to Queen Margaret; however much her speeches may be improved in the revised editions, and however easily we may trace the touches of Shakespeare's poetic fancy in many scenes in which she figures — in that, for instance, between her and Suffolk in the Second Part — still we must admit that the resolute and purposeful woman, who struggles so boldly against every difficulty almost with success, even against the greatest difficulty of all, the paralyzing influence of her too gentle and too conscientious husband, exists in the Margaret of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; and that the development of her character in *Richard III.* is but a development and not a creation. No one can read carefully *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* without perceiving that there are passages where all sense, and rhythm, and metre seem wanting; passages the language of which is of the blindest description. On the other hand, there are also passages evidently written by one who was a master of blank verse, as far as its capacities were then developed; by one who had no little sense of dramatic effect as well as poetic fancy and vigour. It is also clear, when we compare the revised versions as printed in the Folio with the older plays, that the former are something more than a mere correction of transcribers' or printers' errors, an amplification of scenes or of individual speeches: they are, evidently, the result of a careful revision and partial rewriting by one who was at once a poet and a practical dramatist. It is therefore a perfectly fair and reasonable theory to suppose that the two plays were, originally, the work of other authors than Shakespeare; while to him belongs the merit of the additions and the improvements found in the revised edition. But it is scarcely fair or reasonable to say that every passage in the older plays, which is of sufficient merit to have been Shakespeare's, and which we cannot assign to any one of his contemporaries, was therefore written by him; but that for faults in those plays he is in no way responsible. What is

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more just and reasonable, and probably nearer the truth, is that Shakespeare *did* assist the authors of the older plays; but that he was at the time an unknown man, and quite unpractised in his art. He therefore did not carry so much influence with him as did his older and more experienced collaborators, who might fairly expect to receive the far larger share, if not the whole, of the credit attached to the work. But, as Shakespeare advanced in the estimation not only of those connected with the theatres but also of the public, the rumour would get about that he was, at least, part author of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; and perhaps rather more than his due share of the merit of these plays would have been assigned to him. This could not but have irritated Greene and his other conditors; and the well-known passage in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, already quoted, was the result. Afterwards, when Shakespeare had established his position in the theatre, he would very naturally take up again *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*; and, having conceived the idea of writing a play on the subject of Richard III., would revise them with as much care as his inclination or his other occupations allowed.

STAGE HISTORY.

There does not appear to be any record of the performance either of *The Contention* or *The True Tragedy*, in their unadapted shapes. We only know from the title-page of the first edition of *The True Tragedy* that it had been acted by the Earl of Pembroke's servants sundry times before 1595. On none of the title-pages of *The Contention* is any mention made of its having been performed. It will be observed that both Q. 1 and Q. 2 of *The True Tragedy* have on them "*The True Tragedy*," &c., "with the whole contention between the Houses of Lancaster and York," although they only contain the Second Part properly speaking; the third edition of 1619 is also called *The Whole Contention*, and does include both parts. We may therefore infer that the First Part, usually called *The Contention*, was acted as well as *The True Tragedy*, which forms its sequel. It is not very probable that the play

mentioned by Henslowe (see Introduction to *I. Henry VI.*) contained any portion of *The Contention* or of *The True Tragedy*; and there is no mention of the performance of either the Second or Third Parts of *Henry VI.* As to the two plays, after they had been altered by Shakespeare and their titles changed, there is no mention of them in Henslowe, Downes, or Pepys. The only contemporary reference—and that not an over-complimentary one—to the performance of these two plays is to be found in the Prologue to Ben Jonson's *Every Man In His Humour*:

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd need;
Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tying-house bring wounds to scars.

—Works, vol. i. p. 4.

This Prologue will have to be again alluded to with reference to the plays of *Henry V.* and *Winter's Tale*. Gifford says that it was probably written in 1596, but does not appear to have been given to the press till 1616; and he maintains that the references are not to Shakespeare's plays, but to others; and that the reference to *York and Lancaster's long jars* is to the old chronicle plays, that is to say, I suppose, to *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*, and not to Shakespeare's adaptations of those plays. It is quite possible that Gifford may be right. At the same time, if Jonson did refer to Shakespeare's plays, there is nothing very malicious in such a reference. It is quite possible that the two poets might still be very good friends, and yet thoroughly appreciate the very distinct qualities of each other. In fact, as Shakespeare himself, in his own Prologue to *Henry V.* (spoken by the Chorus), ridicules the scantiness of the devices by which battles were represented on the stage, he would, probably, have not regarded it as anything malignant in the older poet, who represented what we might call the ultra

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classical school, if he did venture to chaff his young rival for availing himself of those mechanical devices which, in spite of that inequality, which he himself as a dramatist was too sensible, yet pleased the people. Thus he was as well to rely on this subject of the battle of Tewkesbury, which had been so often alluded to, feeling that on this subject Shakespeare, at the first opportunity which occurs, and the subject may now be dismissed with the remark, that a great deal more has been made of this supposed enmity, both by Malone, who first formalized the indictment against Jonson, and by Clifford, who defended it. A friendly and congenial author with an accurate guess almost fanatical.

The first record of any performance of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. to be found in Genest, is of the version produced by Crowne at Dorset Garden, 1684, which was called "Henry VI. Part II. or The Misery of Civil War," and was a continuation of the play already noticed in the Introduction to I. Henry VI. Although this play was acted during the period included in Downes's historic review of the stage, it is not mentioned by him; probably because it was acted only two or three times. In this play, Betterton played the part of the Earl of Warwick; Mrs. Lee that of Queen Margaret, and Mrs. Betterton that of Lady Grey. Genest gives the following account: "In this play a good deal is taken verbatim, or with slight alteration, from Shakspeare, but much less is borrowed than in the former part. Crowne in the Prologue says—

The Divine Shakspeare did not lay one stone,

Which is as impudent a lie as ever was broached. Steevens observes, that surely Shakspeare's works could have been but little read at a period when Crowne could venture such an assertion.

"Act 1st.—Jack Cade opens the play with the scenes in Shakspeare's 2d. part not very materially altered. Young Clifford kills him instead of Iden—but not on the stage—the Duke of York claims the Crown—he is supported by Warwick, and opposed by Clifford.

"Act 2d. begins with the battle of St. Albans—not materially altered—Edward Plantagenet says—

I fought with more dispatch,
'Cause had the battle lasted, 'twould have spoild
An Assignment that I have to night.

"Warwick sees Lady Grey weeping over her husband's dead body, and falls in love with her—Edward enters pulling in Lady Eleanor Butler—he makes violent love to her, but is obliged to leave her just as she is about to capitulate—the King and the Duke of York make the same agreement about the Crown, as they do in the 1st scene of Shakspeare's 3d. part.

"Act the 3d. begins with the scene at Sandal Castle badly altered—Lady Eleanor Butler enters, to Edward, in a riding dress—Edward protests he will not lose a second opportunity—then follow two scenes by Crown—in one of them—"The scene is drawn, and there appears Houses and Towns burning, Men and Women hang'd upon Trees, and Children on the tops of Pikes."

"Act 4th.—Clifford begins with saying to King Henry

Damn your unlucky planets—

And a little after

Oh! damn all this—come let us to the battle.

After he has received his mortal wound—Edward, Warwick &c. jeer him, (as in Shakspeare) and conclude he must be dead as he does not swear—Crown makes him recover for a moment just to say—"Damnation on you all"—Lady Grey is discovered—Warwick renews his love, and is again rejected—She is married to King Edward, and as soon as the ceremony is over, Lady Eleanor Butler enters, and reproaches the King for deserting her—Warwick takes Edward prisoner.

"Act 5th.—King Henry is restored—Edward makes his escape—then comes the battle at Barnet—Lady Eleanor Butler enters in boy's clothes, and is killed by King Edward, who did not know who she was—he next kills Warwick—Queen Margaret and her Son are brought in prisoners, as in Shakspeare—the scene changes to the Tower—the ghost of Richard the 3d. and a good Spirit appear to Henry the 6th.—Blanche Plantagenet kills him—and King Edward concludes the play"

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(Genest, vol. i. pp. 305, 306). The Second Part is said to have been published in 1680, a year before the First Part; but it is not likely that it was written before. The latter play is full of bits of clapnet, conceived in that spirit of ultra loyalty which distinguished Crowne, and which the eminent virtues of the Merry Monarch were so calculated to excite. The next production of these plays, or of any version of them, was at Drury Lane Theatre, 1723; when a version by Theophilus Cibber was introduced on July 5th, the title of which was, "An Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster in the reign of King Henry 6th—altered from Shakspeare—containing the marriages of King Edward the 4th and Young Prince Edward with Lady Grey and Lady Anne—the distresses of Queen Margaret—the deposing of King Henry 6th—the battles fought at St. Albans, Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, and Tewkesbury—the deaths of Lord Clifford of Cumberland and his Son, the Duke of York, his son young Rutland, the great Earl of Warwick, and young Prince Edward and many other true historical passages (B.M.)" (Genest, vol. iii. p. 110). Theophilus Cibber was a young man, who does not appear to have ventured on the numerous freaks of originality in which Crowne indulged. The principal additions seem to consist of love scenes between Prince Edward and Lady Anne, the second daughter of Warwick, and a few tedious speeches by the adapter himself. He availed himself to a considerable extent of Crowne's version. Genest says, "T. Cibber's alteration is a very bad one; he has, however, retained considerably more of the original than Crowne had done" (vol. iii. p. 112). The name of Savage appears in the cast as the representative of the Duke of York; and it appears that this was Richard Savage, the poet, who was the friend of Theophilus Cibber, and, possibly, may have assisted him in conducting this version of Shakspeare's plays. According to Johnson, Savage was a very bad actor; but, as the Duke of York is killed in act ii., it is quite possible he may have been interested with that character. Young Cibber himself played Edward Prince of Wales; and

young Wilks played young Clifford. This version was only represented once.

It appears to have been a long time before any attempt was made to revive these two plays in any shape whatever. In 1818 Edmund Keen appeared at Drury Lane Theatre as Richard Duke of York, in a play with that title. This version was by Mr. Merivale, the grandfather of Mr. Herman Merivale, the dramatist, and seems to have obtained greater success on the stage than any previous adaptation of Shakspeare's Henry VI. The first act is chiefly taken from I. Henry VI. The rest of the play is mainly taken from II. Henry VI., with two or three scenes from III. Henry VI. in the last act, which ends with the death of the Duke of York. Of course it was necessary to amplify the principal character to make it worth the while of the great tragedian to undertake it; and this has been done, very tastefully and ingeniously, by the insertion of some well chosen passages from other Elizabethan dramatists, principally from Chapman; no other play of Shakspeare's being put under contrilution. In the preface to the published edition of this play Mr. Merivale, in very temperate language, joins issue with some of his critics whose conflicting opinions were certainly difficult to reconcile; one of these ingenious gentlemen, finding fault with the compiler for modernizing Shakspeare, selected as "his favourite passage in the original" the short scene between York and Rutland, introduced with great propriety, from a dramatic point of view, before the murder of Rutland; that being one of the very few passages written by Mr. Merivale himself! It would appear from this that the knowledge of Shakspeare, possessed by the critics of that day, was neither as wide nor as deep as it is now. Barry Cornwall, in his *Life of Edmund Keen* says (vol. ii. p. 178): "Keen produced some striking effects in the part of Richard, and always spoke of it in terms of high exultation." The cast of "Richard Duke of York" included, among other well-known names Wallack as Young Clifford; T. P. Cooke as Buckingham; Munden as Jack Cade; and Mrs. Glover as Margaret

¹ The work was published by Moxon in 1835.

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of Anjou. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Herman Merivale for the loan of his copy of this play, which contains numerous MS. alterations and additions in the handwriting of his grandfather; the title-page is dated 1817, and the preface refers to various features in the representation of the play and to the criticisms thereon. Mr. Herman Merivale informs me, in a letter, that the play was first represented in 1816, so that the date 1818 given in the *Life of Keam* above referred to, must, if correct, refer to a revival of the play, not to its first production. The only other occasion on which any version of *Henry VI.* has been represented, as far as I can discover, was at the Surrey Theatre in 1863, when, under the management of Mr. Anderson, a version of *I. Henry VI.* was presented, called *The Wars of the Roses*, and was played some thirty or forty nights. Mr. Anderson himself doubled the part of the Duke of York and Jack Cade. In the letter, in which he kindly gives me this information, he adds that "unfortunately the MS. with all books and papers were destroyed when the theatre was burnt down in the year 1864."

Whether any manager will think it worth his while to revive any one of the above-mentioned versions of these plays, or to give a representation of any one of the *Three Parts of Henry VI.* as Shakespeare revised them, is very doubtful. The number of characters introduced, the violent changes of scene, the confused mass of incidents, and the necessary division of interest among the characters, all tend to make the effective representation of these plays on the stage very difficult.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

In speaking of these two plays it is evident, from what has been said above as to their authorship, that one cannot treat them, any more than *I. Henry VI.*, as being Shakespeare's own work. I cannot pretend to follow those who venture to portion out the lines of these plays between their different authors. For the purposes of criticism it is quite sufficient to accept the additional passages in *F. I.* as being virtually the work of Shakespeare, whether Marlowe assisted him or not in the re-

vision. For what he chose to leave of the old plays in the revised editions of them he is responsible, as far as his taste as a poet and his judgment as a dramatist are concerned. Most critics do not hesitate to prefer these two plays, *II. Henry VI.* and *III. Henry VI.*, to *I. Henry VI.*; and there is no doubt that they contain many more passages of merit both from a poetical and dramatic point of view; but the nature of their subject prevents them being as sympathetic as *I. Henry VI.* Indeed, had the same amount of talent and of pains been bestowed upon the latter, it would have more than held its own with the *Parts* founded upon *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy*. But we may take it that not only was the original play, from which Shakespeare worked in the case of *I. Henry VI.*, of inferior merit to those from which he adapted the two other *Parts*, but also that he bestowed less care upon the *First Part* than on the *Second* and *Third*; and, probably, that he had not, at the time he prepared the former for the stage, made much progress in his art. Otherwise, the play, which tells the story of Talbot's glorious victories and heroic death, of Joan of Arc's noble enthusiasm for her country, and of her cruel end, would have taken a much firmer hold upon our sympathies than these two somewhat monotonous records of grasping ambition, mean treachery, and bloodthirsty cruelty. For, after all, when we come, fresh from a careful reading of them, to look back upon these two plays, with what characters, crowded as they are with many and various individualities, can we sympathize? Scarcely with the ambitious and disingenuous York; or with Warwick, brave though he be, yet never setting his heart upon anything else but his own selfish ends, charging his allegiance with as little scruple as he changes his armour, whenever it suits his purpose; hardly with the meles, wrangling over their royal nephew; or with Edward IV., young, brave, and handsome as he is, but sensual, and only less cruel because more indolent than his scheming, vulpine brother Richard. We can care little for Clarence, who has just enough audacity to be a traitor, without the courage to be loyal; nor do our hearts go out even to Margaret, loyal

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and nobly tenacious of purpose though she be; for the fiendish cruelty with which she triumphs over her enemy, York, almost justifies the abuse which is heaped upon her. Henry alone stands out, among the crowd of grasping, intriguing, and cruel men-slayers which surround him, gentle, merciful, thinking of others rather than of himself, shrinking with horror from severity even to those who had deserved it; with a heart that bleeds for his country's misfortunes, that is not only wrung with grief at the death of some friend of noble birth, but overflows with pity at the sorrows of the poorest of his unhappy subjects. Yet Henry lacks those qualities which rarely, if ever, coexist with such a character; he has neither resolution nor vigour to cope with the crowd of unscrupulous foes around him. Timid by nature, and morbidly averse to everything that wears the slightest appearance of cruelty, he yields when he should resist, entreats when he should command, and laments the crimes that he ought to punish. Among the minor characters, Humphrey of Gloucester stands out, perhaps, as the most prominent; we are intended to admire him, but the finger-post which points to his supposed good qualities is rather too obtrusive; and we feel that, in all the eloquent speeches he makes on behalf of his king, he says one word for his sovereign and three for himself. Nor can we quite get over his conduct to his duchess; having raised her from something worse than an insignificant position to that of his wife, we feel that he might be a little more indulgent to her ambition, which is not altogether selfish; and that, in the hour of her humiliation, he might sympathize with her more and preach to her less. Indeed, his conduct, after her performance of her painful and degrading penance, almost prepares us for his own fate as an act of poetic justice. Figures that, for the moment, attract our sympathy and touch our hearts, like those of the young Rutland, or of Edward Prince of Wales, or of Lady Grey, flit across the crowded scene, and are gone almost before we have time to admire them. It was inevitable, perhaps, from the nature of the subject, that the interest should be dissipated among so many characters, that neither play seems to have any

hero at all. Margaret might be made the heroine; but the attempts, clever as they are, that have been made to invest one of the male characters with paramount interest, have almost inevitably failed.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but there is nothing more pathetic in these two plays—except, perhaps, the beautiful episode of the father and son, III. Henry VI. ii. 5.

More than the absence of one character, whom we should certainly have expected to have seen taking a prominent part in the stirring incidents of those times. I mean Katharine, the young and happy bride of Henry V., so soon left a widow, with nothing but her infant child to comfort her. One remembers the bright scene of her courtship by Henry (Henry V. act v. scene 2); one reads of the enthusiasm and delight with which she was welcomed by the people of England as the beautiful young bride of their genuinely beloved king; one pictures the exultant pride with which, directly she was well enough to travel, she hastened to France to show her husband their infant child, and the joyous days of festivity passed there; then comes the sudden death of King Henry in the pride of life, and the fair promise of happiness is blighted for ever. For the first two years Katharine seems to have held her proper place as mother of the young king; but when the child was only three years old the mother was deposed, and Dame Alice Boteller was appointed as governess of the infant monarch. The history of the young queen-dowager's disgrace is shrouded in mystery; probably her attachment to Owen Tudor, whom she subsequently married, was thus early discovered. But from an historical as well as from a dramatic point of view her complete effacement is to be much regretted. The whole face of English history might have been changed, if Katharine could have taken and held the position which, of right, belonged to her. She had the enormous advantage of her dead husband's name to conjure by, and what an advantage it was we learn from the speech of Clifford to Jack Cade's followers. Only give to this queen-mother half the energy and decision of character which Margaret had, and

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

what might she not have achieved for her son's cause? Margaret did much; but it must be remembered that she always laboured under the great and insuperable disadvantage of being connected, in the public mind, with the disgraceful cession of English territory to France. Katharine had come as a foreigner indeed, but also as a beautiful messenger of peace to England, and a guarantee of her husband's succession to the fair land of France. If, indeed, her *mésalliance* was the sole reason for her being entirely excluded from taking any part in the care and education of her own child, what more striking anomaly can there be, than this relentless enforcement of the decrees of conventional etiquette, in a society which held human life in less respect than was ever the case in any civilized community; in an age when ferocious cruelty was the rule rather than the exception? But Katharine had her revenge; if, unwilling to mix herself with the intrigues of her proud and unscrupulous brothers-in-law, she sought refuge from the turmoil of the life around her in a simple marriage of affection, she became the direct ancestress of one of the most powerful race of monarchs that ever sat on the English throne.

But to return to our main subject: the merit, literary and dramatic, of these plays is no doubt considerable; and, allowing for the inherent difficulty of dealing with events so varied and characters so numerous, it must be confessed that the authors have exhibited

great variety and power. As acted dramas, the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. could never very much impress a modern audience. But, if we can only get over the horrid atmosphere of bloodshed which pervades these plays, they are capable of affording great pleasure to the reader. There is much study of character in them; and there are detached scenes which are very dramatic. As for the humorous portion, that which treats of Jack Cade's rebellion, many of the critics seem inclined to think that the existence of these scenes in the older plays points to Shakespeare having had a hand in their composition. For my part, except in that very characteristic contempt for the morality of King Mob, which Shakespeare never loses the opportunity of accentuating, I confess that I cannot see anything in the Jack Cade scenes that might not have been written by almost any one of Shakespeare's contemporaries. Let any reader take up either of the Parts of Henry IV., or Henry V., and he will see how distinctly superior Shakespeare's humour is when it is his own; or, if it be fairer to compare the humour, such as it is, of these plays with one of Shakespeare's undoubtedly early works, the Comedy of Errors, or Two Gentlemen of Verona, will suffice. If Shakespeare's claim to have been part author of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* rests chiefly on the humours of Jack Cade and his company of rebels, we may feel ourselves at perfect liberty to believe that he had no share in them whatever.



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First Petil. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by.—(Act I. 3. 1, 2)

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A room of state in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter on one side KING HENRY, HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BECKINGHAM, and others following.

Suf. As from your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator¹ to your excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your grace, [So, in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Aleuçon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,]

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd: And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10 In sight of England and her lordly peers,

Deliver up my title in the queen 12 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent; The happiest gift that ever marriage gave, The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul, If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,

By day, by night, waking and in my dreams, In courtly company or at my beads, With you, mine alder-liest² sovereign,

¹ *Procurator*, substitute, proxy

² *Alder-liest*, dearest of all (Anglo-Saxon)

Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace
in speech,
[Her words yelad¹ with wisdom's majesty,]
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping
joys;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content,
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [Kneeling]. Long live Queen Margaret,
England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]
Suff. My lord protector, so it please your
grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French king
Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [reads] "*Imprimis*, It is agreed between
the French king Charles, and William de la Pole,
Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of
England, that the said Henry shall espouse the
Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reigner King of
Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, [and crown her
Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensu-
ing.] *Item*, that the duchy of Anjou and the county
of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king
her father"

[*Lets the paper fall.*]

King. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the
heart 51
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no
further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [who has picked up the paper, reads]

"*Item*, It is further agreed between them, that the
duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and
delivered over to the king her father; and she sent
over of the King of England's own proper cost and
charges, without having any dowry." 62

King. They please us well.—Lord mar-
quess, kneel thou down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of
York,

We here discharge your grace from being re-
gent

Of the parts of France, till term of eighteen
months

Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
[Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;] 70
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his
grief,—

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars!

[Did he so often lodge in open field, 80
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?]

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got!

Have you yourselves, [Somerset, Bucking-
ham,

Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious War-
wick,]

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
[Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house 90

Early and late, debating to and fro?²
How France and Frenchmen might be kept

in awe?

And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?]

And shall these labours and these honours
die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?

O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,

[Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown, 101

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,]
Undoing all, as³ all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate
discourse,

¹ Yelad—clad.

² Debating to and fro, i.e. discussing the question in
all its bearings.

³ As—as if.

of eighteen

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This peroration with such circumstance?¹ 105
For² France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it
still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should;

Suffolk the new made duke that rules the
roast, 109

Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large
style³

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died
for all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
[But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant
son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no
tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did con-
quer: 120

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!]

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very
heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their
wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own, 130
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starv'd
in France,

Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too
hot:

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your
mind;

¹ Circumstance, circumstantial details.

² For = as for.

³ Large style, i.e. long list of titles.

'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike, 140
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.

[Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—]
Lordings⁴ farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

[Consider, lords, he is the next of blood, 151
And heir apparent to the English crown:

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be pleas'd at it.]
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing⁵ words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circum-
spect.

What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloster,"

[Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
voice, 160

"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With "God preserve the good Duke Hum-
phrey!"]

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,⁶
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our
sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise⁷ Duke Humphrey from
his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook
delay; 170

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

⁴ Lordings = lords.

⁵ Smoothing, flattering.

⁶ Flattering gloss = "specious appearance given him by
flattery."

⁷ Hoise, overthrow; literally, heave.

Back. Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

Sal. Pride¹ went before, ambition² follows
him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

[I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Off have I seen the haughty cardinal —

More like a soldier than a man of the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all —

Swear like a ruffian, and demean³ himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,⁴

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey; —

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline;

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the
people: —]

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the
land,

And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside.*] And so says York, for he hath
greatest cause,

Sal. Then let's away, and look unto the
main.⁵

[*War.* Unto the main! O father, Maine is
lost;

That Maine which by main force Warwick did
win,

And would have kept so long as breath did last!

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant
Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.]

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the
French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle⁶ point now they are gone;

Suffolk concluded on⁷ the articles,

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair
daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?

[*'Tis thine⁸ they give away, and not their own.*]

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,

Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;

While as⁹ the silly¹⁰ owner of the goods

Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless
hands

And shakes his head and trembling stands
aloof,

While all is shar'd and all is borne away,

Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own;

So York must sit, and fret, and bite his
tongue,

While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.]

Metinks the realms of England, France, and
Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

As did the fatal brand Althaea burn'd

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.¹¹

[Anjou and Maine both given unto the
French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his
own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,

And make a show of love to proud Duke
Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:

⁶ *Tickle*, ticklish.

⁷ *Concluded on*, finally arranged, settled.

⁸ *'Tis thine*; he is addressing himself here.

⁹ *While as* — while.

¹⁰ *Silly*, poor; used as a term of pity, not of contempt.

¹¹ *The prince's heart of Calydon*, i.e. the heart of the
prince of Calydon.

¹ *Pride*, i.e. the cardinal. See line 201, below.

² *Ambition*, i.e. Buckingham and Somerset. See line
202, below.

³ *Demean*, behave.

⁴ *Housekeeping*, hospitality.

⁵ *The main*, the chief point (i.e. the safety of the realm).

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Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 215
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour¹ fits not for a
crown.]

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state; 220
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought
queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at
jars;²

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd;

And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce,³ I'll make him yield the
crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down. [Exit.

SCENE II. *London. A room in the Duke of
Gloucester's house.*

Enter GLOSTER and his wife ELEANOR.

Duch. [Why droops my lord, like over-
ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?] 1
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his
brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
[Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious
gold:—

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.]

¹ Humour, disposition.

² Fall'n at jars, fallen into a quarrel.

³ Force perforce = by very force.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love
thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world! 21



Duch. Why droops my lord?—(Act I. 2. 1.)

My troublous dream this night doth make me
sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-
badge in court,

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, 'twas by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand

Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of
Somerset,

And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God
knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argu-
ment¹

That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

[But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet
duke;

Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;

There Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to
me,

And as my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
right:

Presumptuous dame, ill-murtur'd² Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering³ treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so
choleric

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.⁴

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.]

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness'
pleasure

You do prepare to ride into Saint Alban's,
Where as⁵ the king and queen do mean to
hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell,—thou'lt ride with
us, I'm sure!

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow pre-
sently. [*Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,

While Gloster bears this base and humble
mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless
necks,

Being but a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.⁶
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear
not, man,

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am
but grace.⁷

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as
yet confer'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show
your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions.⁸
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the
questions:

When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,
man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the
duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. [But, how now, Sir John
Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum;]
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast;—
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal

¹ Argument—a sign in proof.

² Ill-murtur'd, ill-eduicated.

⁴ Check'd, rebuked.

³ Hammering, forging.

⁵ Where as, where.

⁶ Pageant, here a trisyllable.

⁷ But grace, i.e. but a duchess.

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 r coast:—
 final

And from the great and new-made Duke of
 Suffolk; 95

[Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
 They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring hu-
 mour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
 And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say "A crafty knave does need no
 broker;" 100

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 Humme, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.]
 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
 Humme's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
 And her attainure¹ will be Humphrey's fall;
 Sort² how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.

SCENE III. London. A hall in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the
 Announcer's man, being one.

First Petit. My masters, let's stand close:
 my lord protector will come this way by and
 by, and then we may deliver our supplications
 in the quill.³

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for
 he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.

First Petit. Here a' comes, methinks, and
 the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke
 of Suffolk, and not my lord protector. 10

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing
 with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I
 took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. For my Lord Protector! Are your
 supplications to his lordship? Let me see
 them:—what is thine?

[First Petit. Mine is, an't please your grace,
 against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's
 man, for keeping my house, and lands, and
 wife and all, from me. 21

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong,
 indeed. What's yours? What's here? [Reveals]

"Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the
 commons of Melford." How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor peti-
 tioner of⁴ our whole township.]

Peter. [Giving his petition] Against my
 master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the
 Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of
 York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was! no, forsooth;
 my master said that he was, and that the king
 was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Serrant.] Take
 this fellow in, and send for his master with
 a pursnivant⁵ presently.⁶ We'll hear more of
 your matter before the king.

[Exit Serrant with Peter.

Queen. And as for you, that love to be pro-
 tected 40

Under the wings of our protector's grace,
 Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications.
 Away, base cullions!⁷—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the
 guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

[Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?]

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance? 50

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

[I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
 Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship,⁸ and proportion;⁹

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads;

His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ; 60

His lady is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

⁴ Of=for.

⁵ Pursnivant, an officer of state who executes warrants.

⁶ Presently, immediately.

⁷ Cullions, wretches; a term of contempt.

⁸ Courtship, courtliness. ⁹ Proportion, shape, form.

Would choose him pope, and carry him to
Rome, 65

And set the triple crown upon his head:

That were a state fit for his holiness.]

Saf. Madam, be patient:¹ as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Besides the haught protector, have
we Beaufort 71

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buck-
ingham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of
these

But can do more in England than the king.

Saf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils;
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half
so much

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife,
She sweeps it through the court with troops
of ladies, 80

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's
wife;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen;
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty;
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

[Contemptuous base-born callat² as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions 't'other
day,

The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daugh-
ter.] 90

Saf. Madam, myself have lin'd³ a bush for
her,

And plac'd a quire of such cutting birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in dis-
grace.

As for the Duke of York, this late complaint

Will make but little for his benefit. 101

So, one by one, we'll weel them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a trumpet. Enter KING HENRY, YORK,
and SOMERSET, conversing with him; DUKE
and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAU-
FORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WAR-
WICK.*

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not
which;

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me,

York. If York have ill demean'd⁴ himself
in France,

Then let him be deny'd⁵ the regentship.

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

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea
or no, 110

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters
speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the
field.

Back. All in this presence are thy betters,
Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason,
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.

Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have
it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough him-
self

To give his censure:⁶ these are no women's
matters. 120

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your
grace

To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Saf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insol-
ence.

Since thou wert king,—as who is king but
thou!—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

¹ Patient, here a trisyllable.

² Callat, strumpet.

³ Lin'd, smeared with bird-lime.

⁴ Demean'd, behaved.

⁵ Denay'd, denied.

⁶ Censure, opinion.

tit. 161
all at last,
happy helm.

ENRY, YORK,
him; DUKE
MINAL BEAU-
Y, and WAR-

s, I care not

o me.

nd¹ himself

gentship.

of the place,

to him.

worthy, yea

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f the realm;

my place.

e thine inso-

is king but

on to wrack;

and the seas;

g'd, denied.

And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Cor. The commons hast thou rack'd,¹ the
clergy's bags 131

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy
wife's attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury.²

Back. Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in
France—

If they were known, as the suspect³ is great—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy
head.

[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*

[*To the Duchess*] Give me my fan; what,
mignon! can ye not? 111

[*She gives the Duchess a bow on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-
woman:

[*Could I come near your beauty with my
nails,*

I'd set my ten commandments⁴ in your face.]

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against
her will.

Duch. Against her will! good king, look
to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a
baby;

[*Though in this place most master⁵ wear⁶ no
breeches,*

She shal' not strike Dame Eleanor mure-
veng'd. 150

[*Exit.*

Back. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after⁷ Humphrey, how he pro-
ceeds:

She's tickled⁸ now; her fury needs no
spurs,

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit.*

¹ Rack'd, oppressed with exactions.

² Treasury, treasure.

³ Suspect, suspicion.

⁴ My ten commandments, my ten fingers, a cant phrase.

⁵ Most master, one who is most master, i.e. the queen.

⁶ Wear, 3rd person singular, subjunctive mood.

⁷ Listen after, gain information about.

⁸ Tickled, irritated.

Re-enter Gloucester.

[*Glo.* Now, let my choler sing over-
blown

With walking once about the quadrangle

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul, 160

As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand;

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest⁹ man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me
leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

That York is most unmeet¹⁰ of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am un-
meet:

First, for¹¹ I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the place, 170

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge,¹² money, or furniture,¹³

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:

Last time I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact¹⁴

Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold

my peace?]

*Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in HORNER,
the Armourer, and his man PETER.*

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of trea-
son: 180

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a
traitor?

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

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the
man

That doth accense his master of high treason:

His words were these,—Richard Duke of
York

⁹ Meetest, i.e. the fittest.

¹⁰ Unmeet, unfit.

¹¹ For, because.

¹² Discharge; the meaning is doubtful. See note 80.

¹³ Furniture, equipment.

¹⁴ Fact, deed.

Was rightful heir unto the English crown, is
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hot. An't shall please your majesty, I
never said nor thought any such matter: God is
my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones,¹ my lords, he did
speak them to me in the garret one night, as
we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghull villain and mechanical,²

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's
speech.

I do beseech your royal majesty,

Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hot. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I
spoke the words. My accuser is my 'prentice,
and when I did correct him for his fault the
other day, he did vow upon his knees he
would be even with me: I have good witness
of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do



Spic. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done. — (Act I. 4. 31.)

not cast away an honest man for a villain's
accusation.

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

Glo. This doom,³ my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion: 210
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's
doom.³

[*The King bears assent to Gloucester's judgment, and then turns to Somerset.*]

¹ By these ten bones, i.e. by these ten fingers; an old form of oath.

² Mechanical, mechanic.

³ Doom, judgment.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hot. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. [*To Gloucester*] Alas, my lord, I cannot
fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite
of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have
mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight
a blow: O Lord, my heart! 221

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

Away with them to prison; and the
day
Of combat shall be the last of the next
month.—

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish, Exit.*]

thy traitor's

law, 199

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my prentice,
his fault the
is knees he
good witness
majesty, do



royal ma-

willingly.

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Lonly, have
able to fight

221

, or else be

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of the next

nt away.

ish, *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The DUKE OF GLOSTER'S garden; part of the house, with balcony, at back.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided; will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit; but it shall be convenient,¹ Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS above, HUME following.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear,²—the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent³ of the night, 19

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs⁴ howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up⁵ their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

¹ Convenient, fit, proper.

² Gear, business.

³ Silent = silence.

⁴ Band-dogs, mastiffs; literally, dogs chained up.

⁵ Break up, break open.

Spir. *Adsum.*⁶

M. Jourd. Asmeth?⁷

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from
hence. 30

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That⁸ I had
said and done!

Boling. [*Reading out of a paper.*] "First of
the king: what shall of him become!"

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall
depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

Spir. Let him slum castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand. 40

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burn-
ing lake!

False fiend, avoid!⁹

[*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK, the DUKE OF BUCK-
INGHAM, WILLIAM STAFFORD, and others,
with their Guard and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and
their trash.

[*To M. Jourdain.*] Beldam, I think we watch'd
you at an inch.¹⁰

[*To Duchess.*] What, madam, are you there? the
king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd¹¹ for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's
king. 50

Injurious!¹² Unke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. [*Examining the written papers.*] True,
madam, none at all: what call you this?

[*Holding up a paper.*

⁶ *Adsum*, "I am here."

⁷ *Asmeth*, the name of an evil spirit.

⁸ That = would that.

⁹ Avoid, begone.

¹⁰ At an inch, in the nick of time.

¹¹ Guerdon'd, rewarded. ¹² Injurious, insulting.

York. Away with them! let them be clapp'd
up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with
us.

[To Stafford] Stafford, take her to thee.

[Exeunt above, William Stafford with
Duchess and Anne, guarded.]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away!—

[Exeunt guard with Joughin, Southwell, &c.
[To Buckingham, who is still examining the
written papers] Lord Buckingham, me-
thinks, you watch'd her well;

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon! 50
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

[Buckingham brings him the papers.]

What have we here! [Reads.]

"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just

"*Am b., Evadla, Romanos cinere posse.*"¹

Well, to the rest;

"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk!"

By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lord;

These oracles are hardly² attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint
Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can
carry them:

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York, 80

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Saint Alban's.

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOS-
TER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Ful-
cours halloing.*

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the
brook,³

I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
[Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.⁴]

King. But what a point, my lord, your fal-
con made,

And what a pitch⁵ she flew above the rest!—
[To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of⁶ climbing high.]

¹ "I say that you, descendant of Jævus, the Romans
can conquer."

² Hardily, audaciously.

³ Flying at the brook, i. e. hawking at wild fowl.

⁴ Had not gone out, "would not have taken flight at
the game."

⁵ Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars before attack-
ing his prey.

⁶ Fain of, i. e. fond of.

Suff. No marvel, an it like⁷ your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower⁸ so
well; 10

They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's
pitch.⁹

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

[Cor. I thought as much; he would be above
the clouds.]

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you
by that?¹⁰

Were it not good your grace could fly to hea-
ven!

King. The treasury of everlasting joy.]

Cor. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on¹⁰ a crown, the treasure of thy
heart; 20

⁷ An it like, if it please.

⁸ By that, about that.

⁹ Tower, fly high.

¹⁰ Beat on, are intent upon.

[Pernicious¹ protector, dangerous peer,
That smoothist² it so with king and common-
weal!]

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood
grown peremptory?

*Tantum animis caelestibus ira?*³

Churchmen so hot! good uncle, hide such ma-
lice;

With so much holiness can you not do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-
comes

So good a quarrel and so had a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine
insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester



Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day —(Act ii. 1. 1, 2.)

King. Prithee, peace,
Good queen, and whet not on these furious
peers;

[For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I
make,

Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. [Aside to *Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would
it were come to that!

Car. [Aside to *Glo.*] Marry, when thou
dar'st.

Glo. [Aside to *Car.*] Make up no factious
numbers⁴ for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [Aside to *Glo.*] Ay, where thou dar'st
not peep; an if⁵ thou dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so sud-
denly,

We had had more sport.—[Aside to *Glo.*] Come
with thy two-hand sword.

¹ *Pernicious*, pronounced as a quadri-syllable.

² *Smooth'st*, flatterest.

³ "Can there be such passions in heavenly minds?"
(Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 15).

⁴ *Make up no factious numbers*, i.e. "do not get to-
gether a band of factions retainers."

⁵ *An if*—but if.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside to Glo.*] Are ye advis'd!¹—the east side of the grove!

Glo. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—⁵⁰

[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

Or all my fence² shall fail.

Car. [*Aside to Glo.*] *Medice, teipsum*³—

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,⁴ lords.]

How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony!
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

[*Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying, "A miracle!"*]

Glo. What means this noise!

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim! ⁶⁰

Town. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king; tell him what miracle.

Town. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren; and SIMPEX, borne between two persons in a chair, his Wife and a crowd following.

Car. See where the townsmen, on procession,

Come to present your highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, ⁷⁰

Although by sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

¹ *Are ye advis'd?* i.e. do you understand?

² *Fence*, skill in fencing.

³ *Medice, teipsum*, "Physician, cure thyself" (St. Luke, iv. 23).

⁴ *Stomachs*, angry tempers

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance, ⁷⁴

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship. ⁸⁰

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee;

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, ⁹⁰
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpeox, come,—

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree,

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that⁵ in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear. ¹⁰⁰

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

⁵ *But that*, i.e. only that (tree).

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.— 104

Let me see thine eyes: wink! now: now open them:

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak o'?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood. 110

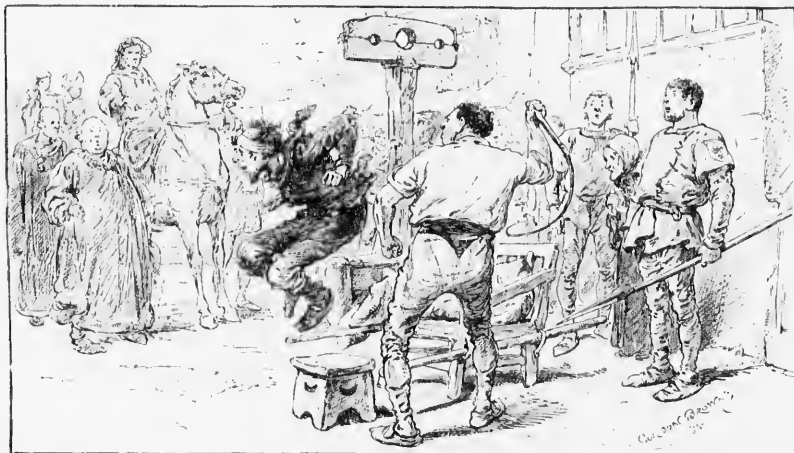
Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.

King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Saf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.



"A Miracle!"—Act ii. 1. 133.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

[*Pointing to Suffolk.*

Simp. I know not. 120

Glo. Nor his? [*Pointing to the Cardinal.*

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simproox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of

colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not bealdes in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently. 130

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.² [*A stool is brought by one of the Attendants.*]
Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself

¹ Wink, shut them.

² By and by, immediately.

from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away. 114

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone!

'You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant with a Boodle who carries a whip.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly. 151

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and the people follow and cry, "A miracle!"

King. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

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

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. 160

[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Saf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;

You made, my lord, in a day whole towns to fly.]

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort¹ of naughty² persons, lowdly³ bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout, 170
Have practis'd¹ dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from underground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

[Aside to Glo.] This news, I think, hath turn'd
your weapon's edge; 180

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart;

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture³ of thy nest,

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal, 190

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is, but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company,

And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,

That hath dishonoured Gloster's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us

here: 200

To-morrow toward London back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause

prevails. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

¹ Sort, company.

² Naughty, worthless.

³ Lowdly, wickedly.

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against your

injurers:
the fact;
under ground,
and death,
c-council;
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equal scales,
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risk. *Exeunt.*

are, deilement.

[SCENE II. *London. The Duke of York's garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it told at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,



War. Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And, in this private plot, be we the first

That shall salute our rightful overking
With honour of his birthright to the crown.—(Act ii. 2. 50-62.)

Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom 13
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of
Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his
father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd
as king; 20
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt, 22
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence
she came,

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the Duke of York hath told
the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and
not by right; 30

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without
an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence,—
from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a
daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
March:

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;

Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
broke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.

But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was
son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son 51

Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain
than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of
Gaunt,

The fourth son; while York claims it from the
third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock,—

Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;

And, in this private plot,¹ be we the first 60

That shall salute our rightful sovereign

With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-
land's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice² and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days:

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the
flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Hum-
phrey:

'Tis that they seek, and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break off; we know your mind
at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of,
Warwick 78

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of War-
wick

The greatest man in England but the king.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. A hall of justice.

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SALIS-
BURY, and Attendants; the DUCHESS OF
GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTH-
WELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under
guard.*

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:

Receive the sentence of the law, for sins

Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.

You four, from hence to prison back again;

From thence into the place of execution:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows.—

You, madam, for³ you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10

Shall, after three days' open penance done,

Live in your country here, in banishment,

With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

¹ Private plot, i.e. sequestered spot.

² Advice, careful consideration.

³ For, because.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome
were my death. 14

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath
judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns,—
[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners,*
guarded.]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the
ground!—

Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20
Sorrow would¹ solace, and mine age would¹
ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster;
ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey,—no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be² protected like a child.— 25
God and King Henry govern England's helm!—
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my
staff:

As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and
gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Mar-
garet queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce him-
self, 40
That bears so shrewd³ a maim; two pulls at
once,—

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour rought,⁴ there let it stand
Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine⁵ and hangs
his sprays;

¹ Would—would have, desires.

² Should be to be, i. e. should need to be.

³ Shrewd, bad.

⁴ Rought, taken away.

⁵ This refers to Gloster's fall.

Thus Eleanor's prides dies in her⁶ youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.⁷—Please it your
majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely
therefore 52

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O God's name, see the lists and all
things fit:

Here let them end it; God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,⁸

Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter on one side, HORNER, the Armourer,
bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened
to it, and a drum before him; he is accom-
panied by his Neighbours, who drink with him,
till he becomes drunk: enter on the other side
PETER, his man, with a similar staff, and a
drum before him; he is accompanied by Pre-
ntices drinking to him.*

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I
drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not,
neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a
cup of charnecco.⁹

Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double
beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge
you all; and a fig for Peter!

First Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee:
and be not afraid. 69

Sec. Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not
thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for
me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my
last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an
if I die, I give thee my apron:—and, Will,
thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom,
take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless

⁶ Her=its; refers to pride.

⁷ Let him go, i. e. "let him pass from your thoughts,"
"think no more of him."

⁸ Worse bested, in a worse plight.

⁹ Charnecco, a kind of sweet wine, made at a village near
Lisbon.

me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. [*Speaking thickly, as if drunk*] Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death,¹ I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.² Sound, trumpets, alarm to the combatants!

[*Alarum.* They fight, and Peter strikes down Horner.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.³

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence! O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!

King. [*To Attendants*] Go, take ye hence that traitor from our sight;

For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd
wrongfully.

[*To Peter*] Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Sounds a flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A street.

Enter GLOSTER and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. This sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds
Bare winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. 'Tis almost ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Unearth¹ may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook²

The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!

See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban³ thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame,⁴ with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet⁵ groans.

¹ Take my death, i.e. take it on my death.

² To double, i.e. to speak thick, as a drunken man.

³ In thy master's way, i.e. that hindered him from fighting.

⁴ Unearth, hardly, with difficulty.

⁵ Abrook, endure.

⁶ Ban, curse.
⁷ Mail'd up in shame, alluding to the white sheet of penance which she wore.

⁸ Deep-fet, i.e. deep-fetted.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet, 34
And when I start, the envious people laugh
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful
yoke?

Tro' st thou that e'er I'll look upon the
wo ld,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my
day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. 41
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's
wife,

And he a prince and ruler of the land;

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was

As² he stood by, whils. I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock³

To every idle rascal follower.

But he thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death



Peter. O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!—(Act II. 3. 101, 102.)

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—
And York and impious Beaufort, that false
priest,

Have all lin'd¹ bushes to betray thy wings,
And, thy thou how thou caust, they'll tangle
thee;

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek preventioⁿ of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all
awry;

I must offend before I be attained:

And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their
power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,⁵

So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this re-
proach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away

But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

I pray thee, sort⁶ thy heart to patience;⁷

These few days' wonder will be quickly
worn.

¹ *Trow'st*, thinkst.

² *As* = that.

³ *Pointing-stock*, an object to be pointed at.

⁴ *Lin'd*, smeared with bird-lime.

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⁵ *Scathe*, injury.

⁶ *Sort*, adapt, conform.

⁷ *Patience*, to be pronounced as a trisyllable.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff, let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now to take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat¹ her not the worse in that I pray you use her well; the world may laugh again:² And I may live to do you kindness, if you do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. *[Exeunt Gloster and Servingmen.]*

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is death;

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid, Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, a d better than I fare,

Although thou hast been conduct³ of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*

Sennet. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, the Parliament, and others.

King. I muse¹ my Lord of Gloster is not come:

'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man, Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

¹ *Entreat, treat.*

² *The world may laugh again, i.e. "Fortune may smile again on me."*

³ *Conduct, conductor.*

⁴ *I muse, I wonder.*

Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time since⁵ he was mild and affable,

And, if we did but glance a far-off look, Immediately he was upon his knee,

That⁶ all the court admir'd him for submission:

⁵ *Since, when.*

⁶ *That—so that.*

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, 13
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disclaiming duty that to us belongs.
[Small eurs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.]
First note, that he is near you in descent, 21
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth,¹ then, it is no policy,
Respecting² what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30
[Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the
garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.]
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect³ these dangers in the duke.
If it be foul,⁴ call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe,⁵ and say I wrong'd the
duke.
My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove⁶ my allegation, if you can; 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this
duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by repnting of⁷ his high descent,—
As next the king he was successive heir,—
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's
fall.

¹ *Me seemeth*, i.e. "it seems to me."

² *Respecting*, considering.

³ *Collect*, gather together by observation.

⁴ *Foul*, foolish.

⁵ *Subscribe*, yield the point.

⁶ *Reprove*, disprove.

⁷ *Repnting of*, boasting of.

[Smooth runs the water where the brook is
deep;

And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the
lamb.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.] 57

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

Fork. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to⁸ faults
unknown,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once;⁹—the care you
have of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our
foot,

Is worthy praise; but,—shall I speak my con-
science?—

Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent 69
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given¹⁰
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than
this fond alliance!¹¹

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What
news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those terri-
tories

Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

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

⁸ *To*, in comparison with.

⁹ *At once*, once for all.

¹⁰ *Well given*, well disposed.

¹¹ *Affiance*, confidence.

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had
 hope of France
 As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
 [Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud
 And caterpillars eat my leaves away;] 90
 But I will remedy this gear¹ ere long,
 Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
 Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
 Saf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come
 too soon,
 Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see
 me blush
 Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100
 [The purest spring is not so free from mud
 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:]
 Who can accuse me! wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
 bribes of France,
 And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
 By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
 Glo. Is it but thought so? what² are they
 that think it!

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
 Nor ever had one penny bribe from France;
 So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
 Ay, night by night, in studying good for
 England! 111

[That doth³ that e'er I wrested from the king,
 Or any great⁴ I hoarded to my use,
 Be brought against me at my trial-day!]
 No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
 Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 Have I dispurs'd⁵ to the garrisons,
 And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so
 much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me
 God! 120

York. In your protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
 That⁶ England was defam'd by tyranny. 121

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I
 was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
 For I should melt at an offender's tears,
 And lowly words were ransom for their fault,
 Unless it were a bloody murderer,
 Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passen-
 gers,

I never gave them condign punishment: 130
 [Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
 Above the felon⁷ or what⁸ trespass else.]

Saf. My lord, these faults are easy,⁹ quickly
 answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 I do arrest you in his highness' name;
 And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special
 hope 131

That you will clear yourself from all suspect;¹⁰
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dan-
 gerous:

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
 And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
 [Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exil'd your highness' land.]
 I know their complot¹¹ is to have my life,
 And if my death might make this island
 happy

And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness: 150
 But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
 malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 Sharp Buckingham unbathens with his tongue
 The envious bad that lies upon his heart;
 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

¹ Gear, matter.

² What, who.

³ Doth, a very small coin; properly, the twelfth part of
 a penny.

⁴ Great, a small coin of the value of fourpence.

⁵ Dispurs'd, disbursed, paid away.

⁶ That, so that.

⁷ The felon, i.e. the felon's (sin).

⁸ What, whatever.

⁹ Easy, slight, trivial. Some take it as an adverb =
 easily.

¹⁰ Suspect, suspicion.

¹¹ Complot, concerted plan.

By false accusation¹ doth level at my life:— 130

[Turning to the Queen] And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up

My liefe² to liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—

Myself had note³ of your conventicles⁴
And all to make away my guiltless life.

[I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The ancient proverb will be well effected,⁵—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.] 131

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
[If those that care to keep your royal person

From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace,

Saf. Hath he not twit⁶ our sovereign lady here

With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,⁷

As if she had suborned some to swear 130
False allegations to overthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Back. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah! thus King Henry *flies* away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 130

[Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are quarling⁸ who shall gnaw thee first.]

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exeunt Attendants with Gloucester, guarded.]

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best, 135

Do or undo, as if myself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
[My body round engirt with misery, 200

For what's more miserable than discontent?] Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.
[What lowering⁹ star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man

wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him

hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;

Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So might *be* his vowed enemies.] 220

Hisfort. *As* I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say, "Who's¹⁰ a traitor, Gloucester he is none."

[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.]

Queen. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams;

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; [and Gloucester's show

Beguiles him as the morriful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough,¹¹ doth sting a

child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.] 230

¹ Accuse, a sensation.

² Liefe, dearest.

³ Note, information.

⁴ Conventicles, secret meetings

⁵ Effected, practically proved.

⁶ Twit, twitted.

⁷ Clerkly couch'd, put in good (or scholarly) language.

⁸ Quarling, growling, snarling

⁹ Lowering, gloomy-looking.

¹⁰ Who's, whoever is.

¹¹ Slough, skin.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I —
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good —
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him. 234

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour¹ for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Saf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,

The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
death.

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

Saf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

York. [*Aside*] 'Tis York that hath more
reason for his death.—



Queen. Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.—(Act III. 1. 228-230.)

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of
Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your
souls,—

[Were't not all one, an empty² eagle set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's pro-
tector? 250

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure
of death.] 251

Saf. [Madam, 'tis true; and were't not
madness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,³
Because his purpose is not executed.

¹ Colour, pretext.

² Empty, famished.

³ Posted over, slurred over.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his claps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege,
And do not stand on quilllets¹ how to slay
him:] 261

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates² him first that first intends
deceit.

[*Queen.* Thrice noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely
spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.]

Cor. [But I would have him dead, my Lord
of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:]

Say you consent, and censure well³ the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,—
I tender so⁴ the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have
spoken it, 280
It skills⁵ not greatly who impugns our doom.⁶

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
again,⁷

To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen into the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
[Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.]

Cor. A breach that craves a quick ex-
pedient⁸ stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

¹ *Quilllets*, petty niceties of law.

² *Mates*, disables, renders powerless.

³ *Censure well*—approve.

⁴ *Tender so*, have such regard for.

⁵ *Skills*, matters.

⁶ *Impugns our doom*, opposes our decision.

⁷ *Amat*, at utmost speed.

⁸ *Expedient*, expeditions.

York. That Somerset be sent as regent
thither: 290

'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet⁹ policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

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

[I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost. 299
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.¹⁰]

Queen. [Nay, then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—]

No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be
still:—

[Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent
there,

Might happily¹¹ have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then,
a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest
shame!]

Cor. My Lord of York, try what your for-
tune is, 309

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

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

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: provide me soldiers,
lords, 319

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Hum-
phrey.

Cor. No more of him; for I will deal with
him

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

⁹ *Far-fet*, far-fetched.

¹⁰ *i.e.*, "Men whose flesh is kept so free from wounds
are seldom conquerors."

¹¹ *Happily*—perchance.

[And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that
event.]

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Saf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts, 331

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; [it is not worth th' enjoying:

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comesthought
on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.]

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politely done, 331

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them
me:

[I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.]

Whiles I in Ireland nurse a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or
hell; 350

[And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.]

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

[Under the title of John Mortimer. 350

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,

And fought² so long, till that his thighs with
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;³

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen

Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,⁴

Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,

Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And, undiscover'd, come to me again,

And given me notice of their villainies.] 370

This devil here shall be my substitute;

For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,

How they affect the house and chain of York.

Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,

I know no pain they can inflict upon him

Will make him say I mov'd him to those
arms.

Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,

Why, then from Ireland come I with my
strength,⁵ 380

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;

For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room of
state; folding doors at back, with Gloucester's
bed-chamber beyond.*

Enter certain murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let
him know

We have dispatch'd the duke, as he com-
manded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have
we done!

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Saf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this
thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Saf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you
to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

[The king and all the peers are here at
hand;— 10

¹ *Flour*, violent gust of wind ² *Fought*—he fought

³ *Porpentine*, porcupine.

⁴ *Morisco*, morris-dancer.

⁵ *Strength*, armed force.

[Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things¹
well, 11

According as I gave directions?

First Mar. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exit Murderers.*

*Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMER-
SET, Lords, and others.*

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence
straight;

Say we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[*Exit.*

King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray
you all,

Proceed no straiter² 'gainst our uncle Gloster
Than from true evidence of good esteem 21
He be approv'd³ in practice⁴ culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should pre-
vail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!⁵

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

King. I thank thee, love; these words con-
tent me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why trem-
blest thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suf-
folk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is
dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend! 30

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream
to-night

The duke was dumb and could not speak a
word. [*The King swoons.*

Queen. How fares my lord?—Help, lords!
the king is dead.

[*Som.* Rear⁶ up his body; wring him by
the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope
thine eyes!]

¹ *Is all things* = is everything.

² *Straiter*, more strictly.

³ *Approv'd*, proved.

⁴ *Practice*, plotting.

⁵ *That faultless, &c.*, i.e. "that may condemn a noble-
man who is faultless."

⁶ *Rear*, raise.

Suf. He doth revive again:—madam, be
patient.

King. O heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
comfort!

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk com-
fort me?

Came he right now? to sing a raven's note, 40

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

[Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.] 50

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;

Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

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

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk
thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:

[And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life. 61

I would be blind with weeping, sick with
groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking
sighs,

And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends;

It may be judg'd I made the duke away;

So shall my name with skander's tongue be
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy! 70

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!]

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

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than
he is.

⁷ *Right now*, just now.

⁸ *Be woe for me*, i.e. "be grieved for me."

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 [I am no loathsome leper;—look on me. 75
 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?



Queen. When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm.—(Act III. 2. 102, 103)

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.]
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.

[Erect his statua and worship it, 80
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.]
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward¹ wind from England's

bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime!
 [What boded this but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say:—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
 And he that loos'd them² forth their brazen
 caves:
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed
 shore, 90

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd
 on shore,
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkind-
 ness:

The splitting rocks³ cover'd in the sinkingsands
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish⁴ Margaret.] 100
 As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 And threw it towards thy land: the sea re-
 ceiv'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
 [And even with this I lost fair England's⁵
 view, 110
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
 To sit and witch me, as Aescanius did
 When he to madding⁶ Dido would unfold
 His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy!

¹ Awkward, adverse. ² He that loos'd them, i.e. Æolus.

³ Splitting rocks, i.e. rocks that are used to split the sides of vessels. ⁴ Perish, used actively = kill.

⁵ Madding, i.e. growing mad with love.

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false
like him?]

Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! 120
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.
The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitrously is
murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is
too true; 130

But how he died God knows, not Henry:¹
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,



War. Come hither, gracious sovereign — (Act iii. 2. 139-1)

And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay,
Salisbury, 131

With the rude multitude till I return.

[Warwick goes through folding-doors
into the bed-chamber. Salisbury retires
to the Commons at the door.]

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay
my thoughts,—

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life!

If my suspect² be false, forgive me, God;

¹Henry pronounced as a trisyllable. ²Suspect, suspicious.

For judgment only doth belong to thee. 140

[Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?]

[The folding-doors are thrown open, and
the dead body of Gloucester is discovered,
lying on the bed; Warwick and others
standing by it.]

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
150

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state
upon him

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his
vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face,
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,¹
161 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and blood-
less,

[Being² all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er
returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.]
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
170 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tug'd for life, and was by strength sub-
du'd;

[Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is stick-
ing:

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.³]
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probal¹!

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should the
duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
181

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke
Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

¹ *Timely-parted ghost*, i.e. the corpse of one who has
died a natural death.

² *Being*, i.e. (the blood) being

³ *Lodg'd*, i.e. beaten down.

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
185

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these no-
blemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless⁴ death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleed-
ing fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaugh-
ter?
190

[Who finds the partridge in the puttock's⁵
nest,

But may imagine how the bird is dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.]

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—
Where's your knife?

[Is Beaufort term'd a kite?—Where are his
talons?]

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping
men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with
ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson
badge.—
200

Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwick-
shire,

That I am faulty in⁶ Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Excellent Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false
Suffolk dare him?

[*Queen.* He dares not calm his continual⁷
spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller;⁷
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand
times.

War. Madam, be still,—with reverence may
I say it;

For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demean-
our!
210

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern tutor'd churl, and noble stock

⁴ *Timeless* = intemely.

⁵ *Puttock's*, kite's.

⁶ *Faulty in*, i.e. guiltily concerned in.

⁷ *Controller*, i.e. one who interferes with, or dictates to
others.

Was graft¹ with crab-tree slip; whose fruit
thou art. 211

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee,

And I should rob the deathsmen² of his fee,
Quitting³ thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me
mild, 219

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed
thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away e'en now, or I will drag thee
hence;

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with
thee, 220

And do some service to Duke Humphrey's
ghost. [*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

King. What stronger breastplate than a
heart untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*]

Queen. What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful
weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we
here?

Suf. The trait'rous Warwick, with the men
of Bury, 210

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sol. [*To the Commons at the door.*] Sirs, stand
apart; the king shall know your mind.

[*He comes forward.*]
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your
palace,

And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey
died;

They say, in him they fear your highness'
death;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty,— 250
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

[*They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your
rest,*

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait⁴ edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked
tongue,

That slyly glided towards your majesty, 260
It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm⁵ might make the sleep
eternal;

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will
or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.]

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the
king, my Lord of Salisbury! 270

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint⁶ an orator you are;
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort⁷ of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the
king, or we'll break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from
me,

¹ Graft, past participle of to graft; = grafted.

² Deathsmen, executioners.

³ Quitting, freeing.

⁴ Strait, strict.

⁵ Worm = serpent.

⁶ Quaint, clever, fine.

⁷ A sort, a pack, a gang; used contemptuously.

I thank them for their tender loving care; 20
And had I not been cited¹ so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means;
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in² this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle

Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle

Suffolk!

290

No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—

[To Suffolk] If, after three days' space, thou
here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go
with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.]

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with
you!

300

Heart's discontent and sour³ affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you: the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your
steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations.
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted
wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should
I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's
groan,

310

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst,⁴ as harsh and horrible to hear,
[Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate.]
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:

¹ Cited, urged.

² Breathe infection in, i.e. breathe his infectious breath
into.

³ Sour, bitter.

⁴ Curst, sharp.

[My tongue should stumble in mine earnest
words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now my burthen'd heart would
break,

320

Should I not curse them. Poison be their
drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!

[Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch as smart⁵ as lizards' stings!]

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort⁶
full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou tor-
ment'st thyself;

[And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst
glass,

330

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.]

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
leave!

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
[Where biting cold would never let grass
grow,]

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give
me thy hand,

330

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

[Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.⁸]

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
[Kisses his hand.

That thou mightst think upon these⁹ by the
seal,¹⁰

Through whom¹¹ a thousand sighs are breath'd
for thee!

⁵ Smart, painful.

⁶ Consort, band of musicians—concert.

⁷ Leave—leave off.

⁸ Monuments, mementoes, records.

⁹ These, i.e. these lips.

¹⁰ The seal, i.e. the kiss she impresses on his hand.

¹¹ Through whom, i.e. through which lips.

II. Scene 2.

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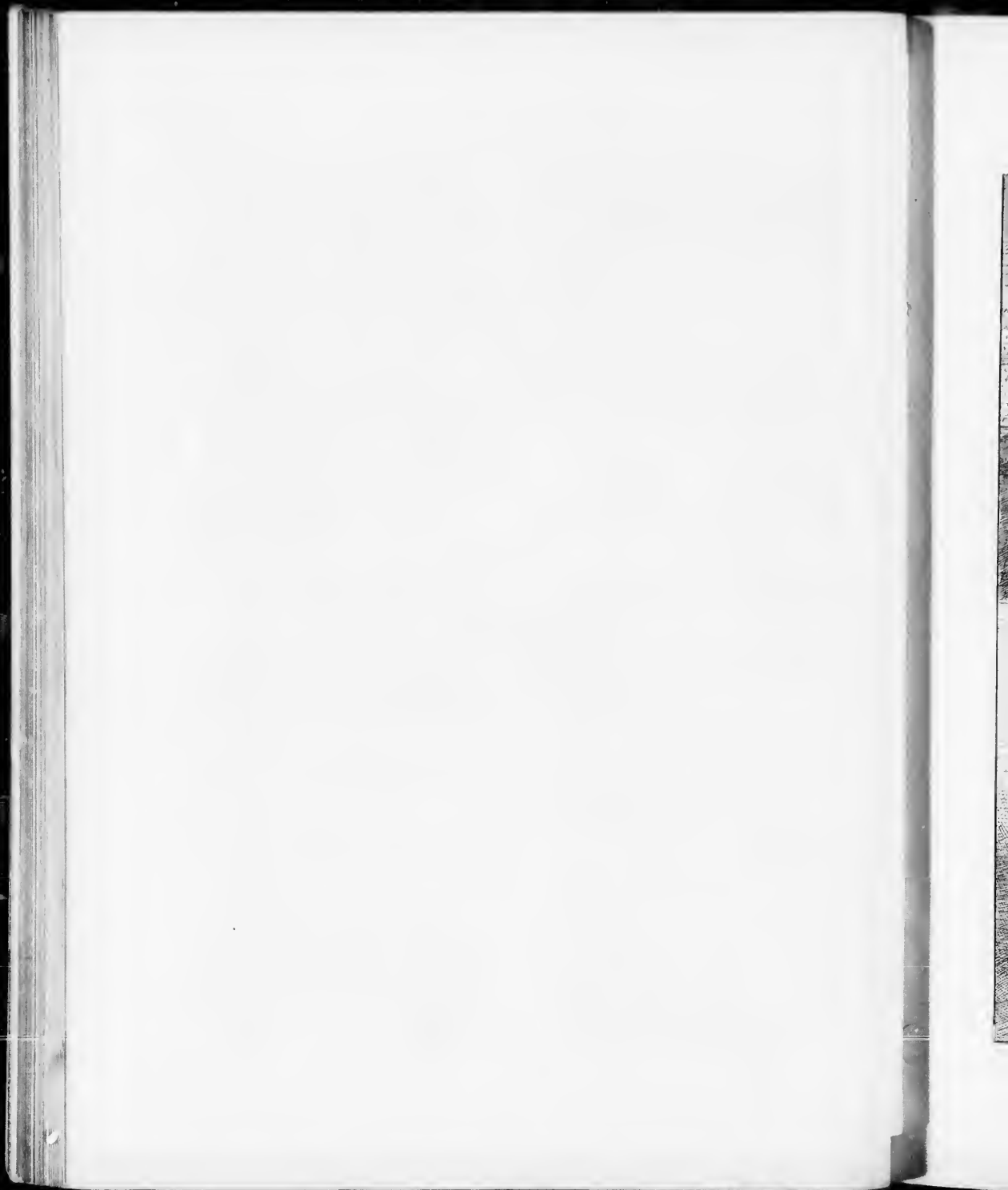
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HENRY VI. PART II.
Act III. Scene 1. The Queen's Chamber.

Queen. O, let me celebrate these images, for now
 That I may draw it forth, and make it so.

[So, get t
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¹ *From*

² *Thence*

³ *An ho*
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[So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself: 350
And banished I am, if but from¹ thee.]
Go; speak not to me; even now he gone.
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Leather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;²
A wilderness is populous enough, 360
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

[For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.]
I am no more; live thou to joy³ thy life;
Myself to joy⁴ in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes⁵ this so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
[For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air, 371

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime he calls the king
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.]

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king. [Exit Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these! 380

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,⁶

¹ From, i.e. away from.

² Thence, i.e. away from that land. ³ To joy = to enjoy.

⁴ An hour's poor loss, i.e. a loss which will only be felt for a short time.

Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure!
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee, 385
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Thine for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows!—

Now get thee hence; the king, thou know'st, is coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 390

[Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from⁷ thy sight, I should be raging-mad

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd⁸ in sweet Elysium.]
To die by thee were but to die in jest; 395
From⁹ thee to die were torture more than death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from thee;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris⁹ that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart along with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woefullest casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth. 400
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen.

This way for me.

[Exeunt severally.]

[SCENE III. A bedchamber.

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL in bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

⁵ Where, whereas.

⁶ From = away from.

⁷ Liv'd, i.e. would live.

⁸ An Iris, i.e. a messenger.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee Eng-
land's treasure, ²

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

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

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks
to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed! where should he die!

Can I make men live, whether they will
or no! ¹⁰

O, torture me no more! I will confess.—

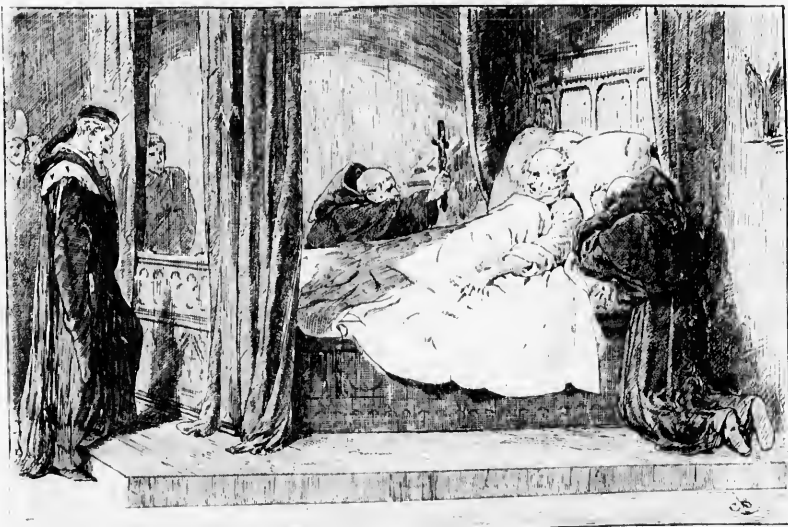
Alive again! then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands up-
right,

Like lime-twigs¹ set to catch my winged
soul.—



Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure, . . .
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.—Act III. 3. 2. 1²

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!—
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

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

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peace-
ably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
sure be!—

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's
bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

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

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous
life. ³⁰

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Lime-twigs, twigs covered with bird lime.

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fess.—
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's good plea-
on heaven's
of thy hope.
God, forgive
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ve are sinners
curtain close;
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Kent. The sea-shore near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SCUFOLK disguised, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful¹ day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

[And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades²

That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,

Clip³ dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.]
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace⁴ anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot⁵ of this;—

The other. [*pointing to Suffolk*] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[*First Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Most. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;—

20
The lives of those we have lost in fight, shall they
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

¹ Remorseful, pitiful.

² The jades, i.e. the dragons of Night's chariot.

³ Clip, embrace.

⁴ Pinnace, a small two-masted ship.

⁵ Boot, booty.

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.]

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[*To Suffolk*] And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Saf. Look on my George;⁶ I am a gentleman;

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter⁷ Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Saf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth
And told me that by water I should die;

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;

Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Saf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags?

Saf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;

Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Saf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,

⁶ My George, i.e. my badge of the Garter.
Walter, pronounced *Water*.

The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded¹ groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my
stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth² mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my
head?

How oft hast thou waited at my cups,
Fell from my trencher, kneel'd down at the
board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
[Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive³ pride; 60
How in our voiding lobby⁴ hast thou stood,



Suf. Poole!
Cap. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks—(Act iv. 1. 70-72.)

And duly waited for my coming forth? 62
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm⁵ thy riotous
tongue.
[*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the für-
lorn⁶ swain?

¹ *Jaded*, i. e. no better than a *jade*; a term of contempt.
² *Foot-cloth*, a long cloth, thrown over the saddle and
nearly covering the animal; only used by persons of rank,
or wealth. ³ *Abortive*, moonstruck.
⁴ *Voiding lobby*, nule-room, or outer hall, through which
the visitors went out.

⁵ *Charm*, silence (as by magic). ⁶ *Fürborn*, wretched.

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

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

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-
boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.⁷

Suf. Poole!⁷

⁷ *Poole*; so *Pole* was at that time written and pro-
nounced.

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Cap. Ay, kennel,¹ puddle, sink; whose filth
and dirt 71
Troubles the silver spring where England
drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing² the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep
the ground;
And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Hum-
phrey's death

Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:

[And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy³ a mighty lord 80
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla,⁴ overgorg'd
With goblets of thy mother's⁵ bleeding heart.]

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disclaim to call us lord, and Picardy 88

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

[The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
vain,—

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York,—thrust from the
crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king⁶
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful
colours

Advance⁷ our half-fac'd sun,⁸ striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invictis nobilibus*.⁹]

The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary 101
Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder

¹ Kennel, gutter.

² For swallowing, i.e. for fear of its swallowing.

³ Affy, betroth.

⁴ Sylla, i.e. Sulla, the dictator, and rival of Marius.

⁵ Thy mother's, i.e. thy country's.

⁶ Guiltless king, i.e. Richard II.

⁷ Advance, raise on high.

⁸ Alluding to the device of Edward III.

⁹ In spite of the clouds.

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!

[Small things make base men proud: this
villain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than *Burgulus* the strong Illyrian pirate.]

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives:

It is impossible that I should die 110

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

[Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:

I go of message from the queen to France;

I charge thee waft me safely cross the Chan-
nel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to
thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*,¹⁰ it is thee
I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before
I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him,
speak him fair. 120

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and
rough,

Us'd to command, untought to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to
any,

Save to the God of heaven and to my king;

[And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to this vulgar groom.

Exempt from fear is true nobility:

More can I bear than you dare execute.] 130

Cap. Hail¹¹ him away, and let him talk no
more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
can,

That this my death may never be forgot!

[Great men oft die by vile bezonians:¹²

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully;¹³ Brutus' bastard hand

Stab'd Julius Caesar: savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by
pirates.]

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

¹⁰ "Chill fear seizes my limbs"

¹¹ Hail, drag

¹² Bezonians, beggars.

¹³ Tully, i.e. Cicero.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S decapitated body and head.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]
First Gent. O barbarons and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king;
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the head and body.*]

SCENE II. *Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

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

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

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. [Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up. 10]

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as,¹ let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates. 20

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.—

Bevis. He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the Butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the weaver,— 30

Bevis. Argo,² their thread of life is spun.

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

Drum. *Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade³ of herrings.

Cade. [For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of patting down kings and princes.—] Command silence.

Dick. Silence! 40

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. 49

[*Smith.* [*Aside*] But now of late, not able⁴ to travel with her furred pack,¹ she washes bucks⁵ here at home.]

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.⁶

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much. 60

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that: for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together.

[*Cade.* I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.⁷

¹ Argo, a vulgar form of ergo—therefore.

² Cade—cask.

³ Furred pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of skin with the hair outward.

⁴ Bucks, dirty linen.

⁵ Cade, the village lock-up.

⁶ Of proof, i.e. well-worn, with a play on the other meaning of this phrase, applied to armour of proof.

¹ As much to say as, a vulgar form of "as much as to say."

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt if the hand for stealing of sheep.]

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass; and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

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

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

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that



Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!—(Act iv. 2. 92-94.)

parchment, being scribbled o'er, should make a man? [Some say the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.] How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. Has a hawk in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations,¹ and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper² man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They used to write it on the top of letters: 't will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

¹ Make obligations, i.e. draw up bonds.

² Proper, handsome, well made.

All. He hath confessed: away with him!
he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him
with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Where I am, thou particular fellow. 119

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford
and his brother are hard by, with the king's
forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee
down. He shall be encounter'd with a man
as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'!

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a
knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up Sir John
Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and WILLIAM
STAFFORD, with drum and forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of
Kent, 120
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons
down;

[*Home to your cottages: forsake this groom:—
The king is merited: if you revolt.*]

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd
to blood,

If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I
pass not;²

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer; 110
And thou thyself a sheerman;³ art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

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

Staf. Ay, sir.

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

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say,
'tis true:

The elder of them, being put to nurse, 150
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall
be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my fa-
ther's house, and the bricks are alive at this
day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudges'
words,

That speaks he knows not what? 160

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye
gone.

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

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it
myself.]

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for
his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose
time boys went to span-counter⁴ for French
crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll
be protector over him. 168

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the
Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of
Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is Eng-
land main'd,⁵ and fain to go with a staff, but
that my puissance holds it up. [Fellow kings,
I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the
commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and
more than that, he can speak French; and
therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the French-
men are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but
this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an
enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his
head.]

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not
prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

¹ *Revolt*, used in its literal sense, "turn back."

² *Pass not*, do not care.

³ *Sheerman*, cutter of cloth; one who uses the tailor's
shears.

⁴ *Span-counter*, a game played by boys. (See note 256.)

⁵ *Main'd*, a provincialism for *tuned*.

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(See note 256.)

Staff. Herald, away; and throughout every town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons,
follow me. 192

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;¹
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our
parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march
toward us. 199

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

[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE III. Another part of Blackheath.*]

Alarums. *The two parties enter and fight, and
both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ash-
ford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and
oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou
hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; there-
fore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall
be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have
a license to kill for a hundred lacking one a
week.

Dick. I desire no more. 10

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st
no less. This monument of the victory will
I bear [*putting on part of Sir Humphrey's
armour*]; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at
my horse heels till I do come to London,
where we will have the mayor's sword borne
before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good,
break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*] 20

¹ Clouted shoon, hobnailed shoes.

SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY reading a supplication;
the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and LORD SAY
with him: at some distance, QUEEN MAR-
GARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.*

[*Queen.* [*Speaking to herself*]] Oft have I heard
that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing
breast:

But where's the body that I should embrace?]

Back. What answer makes your grace to
the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls 10
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

[*Queen.* [*As before*]] Ah, barbarous villains!
hath this lovely face

Ruf'd, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?]

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to
have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall
have his. 20

King. [*Turning to Queen*] How now, madam!
Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for
me.

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

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why com'st
thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my
lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence's house,
And calls your grace usurper openly, 30
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: 33
Sir Humphrey Stafford¹ and his brother's
death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their
death.

King. O graceless men! they know not
what they do.

Back. My gracious lord, retire to Killing-
worth;²

Until a power³ be rais'd to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now
alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade, the traitor,
hateth thee;

Therefore away with us to Killingworth.



Back. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?—(Act iv. 4. 8.)

Say. So might your grace's person be in
danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London
bridge:

The citizens fly and forsake their houses: 50
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

¹ *Sir Humphrey Stafford*, the possessive 's is understood

² *Killingworth*, the old name of Kenilworth.

³ *Power*, armed force.

Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court. 51

Back. Then finger not, my lord; away, take
horse.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will
succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-
ceas'd.

King. [*To Lord Say*] Farewell, my lord; trust
not the Kentish rebels.

Back. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence.
And therefore am I bold and resolute. 60

[*Exeunt.*]

to Killing-

39

em down.

Suffolk now

on appears'd!

the traitor,

growth.



jointly swear

court.

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our hope, will

Suffolk is de-

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60

[Exeunt.

[SCENE V. London. The Tower.

Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls, Then enter certain Citizens below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First, Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them; the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself;

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower,

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gough;

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so, farewell, for I must hence again.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. London. Chancery Street.

Enter JACK CADE and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

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

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.

[They kill him.

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

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

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them; but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. London. Smithfield.

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE and his followers; on the other, Citizens and the King's forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. The Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain. Then enter JACK CADE, with his company.

Cade. So, sirs:—now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

[*Dick.* I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [Aside] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [Aside] Say, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. [Aside] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.]

21

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; [he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens,¹ and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.]

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. [Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say;² thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimeen,³ the dauphin of France?] Be it known unto thee by these presence,⁴ even the presence of Lord

¹ Fifteens, i.e. fifteenths.

² Say, a kind of satin.

³ Basimeen, the corrupted form of a vulgar term of abuse applied to Frenchmen.

⁴ By these presence, i.e. by these presents; the mistake is intended.

Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no virtuous man endure to hear. [Thou hast corrupted justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live.] Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

[*Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis *bona terra, mala gens*!

Cade. Away with him, away with him! [he speaks Latin.]

Say. Hear me but speak, and hear me where you will.

[Kent, in the Commentaries Cesar writ, Is term'd the civilst place of all this isle; Sweet² is the country, beauteous, full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy; 70
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. Justice with favour have I always done: Prayers³ and tears have mov'd me, gifts⁴ never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands, But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because my book⁵ prefer'd me to the king: And seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, 79

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me: [This tongue hath parley'd into foreign kings For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Cade. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen candle,⁶ then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.]

Cade. [Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no.] Take him away, and behead him. 102

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour, — speak:

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

[These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding⁷

This banish'd from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts,

O, let me live!]

Cade. [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life.

Away with him! he has a familiar⁸ under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go,

¹ "A good land, a bad people."

² Sweet, wholesome

³ Prayers, to be pronounced as a dissyllable.

⁴ Favour, lenity.

⁵ Book, learning.

⁶ Candle, a comforting drink

⁷ Guiltless blood-shedding, i. e.

⁸ Familiar, i. e. familiar spirit.

take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done. 120

Say. Ah, countrymen! if you will make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; [there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it; men shall hold of me *in capite*;



Cade. For with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets and at every corner have them kiss. (Act IV. 7. 142-144.)

and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave! 136

Rebels with the hounds of Lord SAY, and Sir JAMES CROMER.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns.

¹ *Take up, &c.* i.e. get things on credit. There is a play on the word *bills* (bathursts), and *bills* (promissory notes).

in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. —Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. Southwark.

Alarm and retreat. Enter CADE and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*A parley sounds: then a retreat.*]
What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them? Ill!

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, with Forces.

Back. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee;

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Cliff. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,

And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say "God save his majesty!"

Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,

Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? [Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out! these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!]

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

Cliff. Is Cade the son of Henry? the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of

France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.

Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

[Metlink already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villain!*¹ unto all they meet.]
Better ten thousand base-born Cades misery
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. [Aside] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales² them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me; my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils in hell, have through the very midst of you! [and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me mistake me to my heels.] [Exit.

Back. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;

And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[Exit *some* of them.]

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exit.

SCENE IX. *Kenilworth Castle.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the castle.

King. Was ever king that joy'd³ an earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle

¹ *Villain*, a corruption of Italian *Viglianco* = rascal
Hales, draws.

² Joy'd, enjoyed.

¹ Given out—given over ² Henry, here a trisyllable.

But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never¹ subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* old CLIFFORD.

Back. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S followers, with halters about their necks.

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

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives.

And show'd how well you love your prince and country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;

And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of savage gallowglass² and stout kerns³
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
York distress'd;

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with⁴ a
pirate;

But now is Cade driven back, his men dis-
pers'd;

¹ Was never—there never was.

² Gallowglasses, heavy-armed Irish soldiers.

³ Kerns, light-armed soldiers.

⁴ With=by.

And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet
him,

And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the
Tower;—

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

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

King. [To Buckingham] In any case, be not
too rough in terms;

For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard
language.

Back. I will,⁵ my lord; and doubt not so to
deal

As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched
reign. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE X. *Kent. Eden's garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
These five days have I hid me in these woods,
and durst not peep out, for all the country is
laid⁶ for me; but now am I so hungry, that if
I might have a lease of my life for a thousand
years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a
brick wall have I climb'd into this garden, to
see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet⁷ another
while, which is not amiss to cool a man's sto-
mach this hot weather. And I think this
word "sallet" was born to do me good: for
many a time, but for a sallet,⁸ my brain-pan
had been cleft with a brown bill;⁹ and many
a time, when I have been dry and bravely
marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart
pot to drink in; and now the word "sallet"
must serve me to feed on;

⁵ I will, i.e. "I will not be too rough."

⁶ Laid, i.e. set with traps.

⁷ Sallet, salad.

⁸ But for a sallet, a play on the word *sallet*, which also
means a kind of helmet.

⁹ Brown bill, a kind of halberd.

Enter IDEN with five Sergeants, who remain at back.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?



Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man. — (Act iv. 10, 77-79.)

This small inheritance my father left me —
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy,
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,¹
Or gather wealth, I care not, with what
envy:

¹ Waning, i. e. loss.

Sufficeth that I have,² maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray,³ for entering his fee-simple⁴ without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion,⁵ whatso'er thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?

Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and heard thee too. [*Sergeants come forward.*] Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, Esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

[*He signs to the five Sergeants to retire; they return to back of stage.*]

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks;
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this trancheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;

And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
But as for words, — whose greatness answers words,⁶

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

² Sufficeth that I have, &c., i. e. "it is enough that what I have, &c."

³ Stray, vagrant.

⁴ Fee-simple, i. e. land held in fee simple.

⁵ Companion, fellow; used contemptuously.

⁶ Whose greatness, &c., i. e. "which of us two in deeds best answers to his words."

my state,
from my gate.
e soil come to
ering his fee-
lain, thou wilt
crowns of the
him; but I'll
h, and swallow
re thou and I

on,⁵ whatso'er
33
should I betray

my garden,
oh my grounds,
me the owner,
ese saucy terms?
best blood that
thee too. [*Ser-*
me well: I have
yet, come thou
o not leave you
ray God I may
41

said, while Bage-

e of Kent,
amish'd man.
Servants to retire;
back of stage.
eyes to mine,
with thy looks:
rt far the lesser;
my fist, 51
h this truncheon;
he strength thou

in the air,
in the earth.
greatness answers

what speech for-

it is enough that what
tray, vagrant,
simple,
optionally
ch of us two in deeds

Cade. By my valour, the most complete
champion that ever I heard!—Steel, if thou
turn the edge, or cut not out the hurly-hon'd
clown in chimes of beef ere thou sleep in thy
sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou
mayst be turn'd to hobsnails. [*They fight. Cade*
falls.] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath
slain me; let ten thousand devils come against
me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost,
and I'd defy them all. Withier, garden; and
be henceforth a burying-place to all that do
dwell in this house, because the unconquered
soul of Cade is fled. 70

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that mon-
strous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
No'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze¹ the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy
victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost
her best man, and exhort all the world to be
cowards; for I, that never feared any, am
vanquished by famine, not by valour. 81

[*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven
be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that
bare thee;

And as I thrust thy body with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the
heels

Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. 90

[*Exeunt Iden and Servants with*
Cade's body.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and* *Blackheath.*

The King's camp on one side. On the other
enter YORK, attended with drums and colours;
his forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to
claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head;
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and
bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.
[*Ah! sancta majestas!*² who would not buy
thee dear?

Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but
gold.

I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it;³
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 10
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of
France.]

¹ *Emblaze*, emblazon, display

² *Sancto majestas!* holy majesty!

³ *U, e* my hand

⁴ *Have I* = as I have.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

[*Aside*] Whom have we here? Buckingham,
to disturb me!

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dis-
semble.

Back. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee
well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept
thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Back. A messenger from Henry, our dread
liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am, 15
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarcely can I speak, my choler
is so great:

[*O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,*
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.]
I am far better born than is the king,

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
 But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30
 Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
 O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army
 hither

Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Back. That is too much presumption on thy
 part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40
 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Back. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my
 powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 You shall have pay and every thing you wish.
 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, 50
 As pledges of my fealty¹ and love;
 I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Back. York, I commend this kind submission;

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no
 harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

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

King. Then what intends these forces thou
 dost bring? 60

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from
 hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
 Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition

May pass into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head.

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade!—Great God, how
 just art Thou!—

O, let me view his visage, being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding
 trouble.— 70

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew
 him?

Iden. I was, an't like² your majesty.

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

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Back. So please it you, my lord, 't were not
 amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down [*He kneels*]. Iden,
 rise up a knight. 75

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
 And will that thou henceforth attend on
 us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises*].

Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes
 with the queen;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not
 hide his head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned
 thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? — 80

False king! why hast thou broken faith with
 me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a
 traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's³ staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

¹ Fealty, pronounced as a trisyllable

² An't like, if you please.

³ Palmer's, pilgrim's.

[*Pointing to the crown*] That gold must
round engirt these brows of mine, 99
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act¹ controlling laws.]
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Son. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,
York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me
ask of these, [*pointing to his Attendants*]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: 111

[*Exit Attendant.*]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,²
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
ment.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again,

To say if that the bastard boys of York
shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys! 121
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll
make it good.

*Enter, on one side, EDWARD and RICHARD
PLANTAGENET, with Forces; on the other old
CLIFFORD and his Son, with Forces also.*

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny
their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord
the King! [*Kneels to King Henry.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news
with thee?

Say, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford; kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mis-
take: 129

But thou mistak'st me much to think I do;—

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humour 132

Makes him oppose himself against his king.



Edw. To, I present your grace a traitor's head.—(Act v. 1. 66.)

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factions pate of his.

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

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will
serve.

¹ To act to put in action.

² Ward, prison.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall. 119

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so: I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.— Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,¹ That with the very shaking of their chains They may astonish these fell-hurking curs: Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death. 148

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur Run back and bite, because he was withheld; Who, being suffer'd with² the bear's fell paw, Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do, If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested³ lump.

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves. 160

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! [What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—] O, where is faith! O, where is loyalty!

If it be banish'd from the frosty head, 167

Where shall it find a harbour in⁴ the earth?

[Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war, And stain thine honourable age with blood?] Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it!

¹ *Bears*; the Bear and Ragged Staff were the cognizance of the house of Neville.

² *Being suffer'd with*, i.e. being allowed to engage with.

³ *Indigested*, shapeless.

⁴ *In*, on.

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me That bows unto the grave with mickle⁵ age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself The title of this most renowned duke; And in my conscience do repute his grace The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

King. Cast thou dispense with⁶ heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin; But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

[Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To reave⁷ the orphan of his patrimony, To wring the widow from her custom'd right; And have no other reason for this wrong 189 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?]

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.⁸

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

[*Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best⁹ go to bed and dream again.

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm Than any thou canst conjure up to-day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,¹⁰ 200 Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff, This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, As on a mountain top the cedar shows That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm, Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,

⁵ *Mickle*, great.

⁶ *Dispense with*, obtain dispensation from.

⁷ *To reave*, i.e. to bereave.

⁸ *Sophister*, i.e. sophistical arguer.

⁹ *You are best*, it would be best for you.

¹⁰ *Burgonet*, a kind of helmet.

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 to-day;
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ge, old Nevil's
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 f any storm,
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 rend thy bear,

ation from.

er
 st for you.

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Cliff. And so to arms, to arms, victorions
 father, 211

To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in
 spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Cliff. Foul stigmatic,¹ that's more than
 thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in
 hell.] *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II. *Saint Albans.*

Abrams; occurrences. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick
 calls;

[And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, —]
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
 [Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumber-
 land,]

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
 steel, 9

But match to match I have encounter'd him
 And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
 Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one, or both of us, the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some
 other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown
 thou fight'st,—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
 It grieves my soul to leave thee massail'd.

[Exit.]
Cliff. What seest thou in me, York? why
 dost thou pause?

¹ *Stigmatic*, one on whom nature has set the stigma, or
 mark of deformity.

York. With thy brave bearing should I be
 in love, 20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Cliff. Nor should thy prowess want praise
 and esteem,

But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy
 sword,

As I in justice and true right express it.

Cliff. My soul and body on the action² both!

York. A dreadful lay!³—address thee⁴ in-
 stantly. *[They fight, and Clifford falls.]*

Cliff. *La fin couronne les vaux.*⁵ *[Dies.]*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
 thou art still. 20

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[Exit.]

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Y. Cliff. Shame and confusion! all is on the
 rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war, thou son of
 hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part⁶
 Hot coals of vengeance! [Let no soldier fly:
 He that is truly dedicate⁷ to war
 Hath no self-love; nor he that loves him-
 self

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.—]

[Seeing his dead father.]

O, let the vile world end,

And the premised⁸ flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together! 42

[Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities⁹ and petty sounds

To cease!¹⁰—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised¹¹ age,
 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days,

thus

To die in ruffian battle?] Even at this sight

² *Action*, combat.

³ *Lay*, wager.

⁴ *Address thee*, prepare thee

⁵ "The end crowns the work."

⁶ *Part*, party.

⁷ *Dedicate*=dedicated.

⁸ *Premised*, sent before their time.

⁹ *Particularities*, opposed to *general* in line above.

¹⁰ *To cease*, i. e. to cease to cease. ¹¹ *Advised*, sedate.

My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is
mine,
It shall be stony. [York not our old men
spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,



Y. *Clif.* York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes.—(Act v. 2. 51, 52.)

And beauty that the tyrant oft reckins
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.]
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
[Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus¹ did:]
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
[Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.]
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

[*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET
fighting; SOMERSET is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alchouse¹ paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.²
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.]
[*Exit.*

*Alarums; excursions. Enter KING HENRY,
QUEEN MARGARET, and others retreating.*

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for
shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens! good
Margaret, stay.

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

[Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.]
[*Alarum afar off.*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the
bottom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,—
As well we may, if not through³ your neglect,—
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd
And where this breach now in our fortunes
made

May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mis-
chief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; [incurable discontent
Reigns in the hearts of all our present part.⁴
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:]
Away, my lord, away! [*Eccunt.*

² Alluding to the prophecy of the spirit. (See i. 4. 38.)

³ If not through, i.e. unless prevented by.

⁴ Part—party.

¹ Absyrtus, the brother of Medea. (See note 309.)

SCENE III. *Fields near St. Alban's.*

Alarums. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion! This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act: 10
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
[And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.]
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou
fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you,
Richard;

God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day

You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we
have: 1

'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature: 2

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after
them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we
can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious
day:

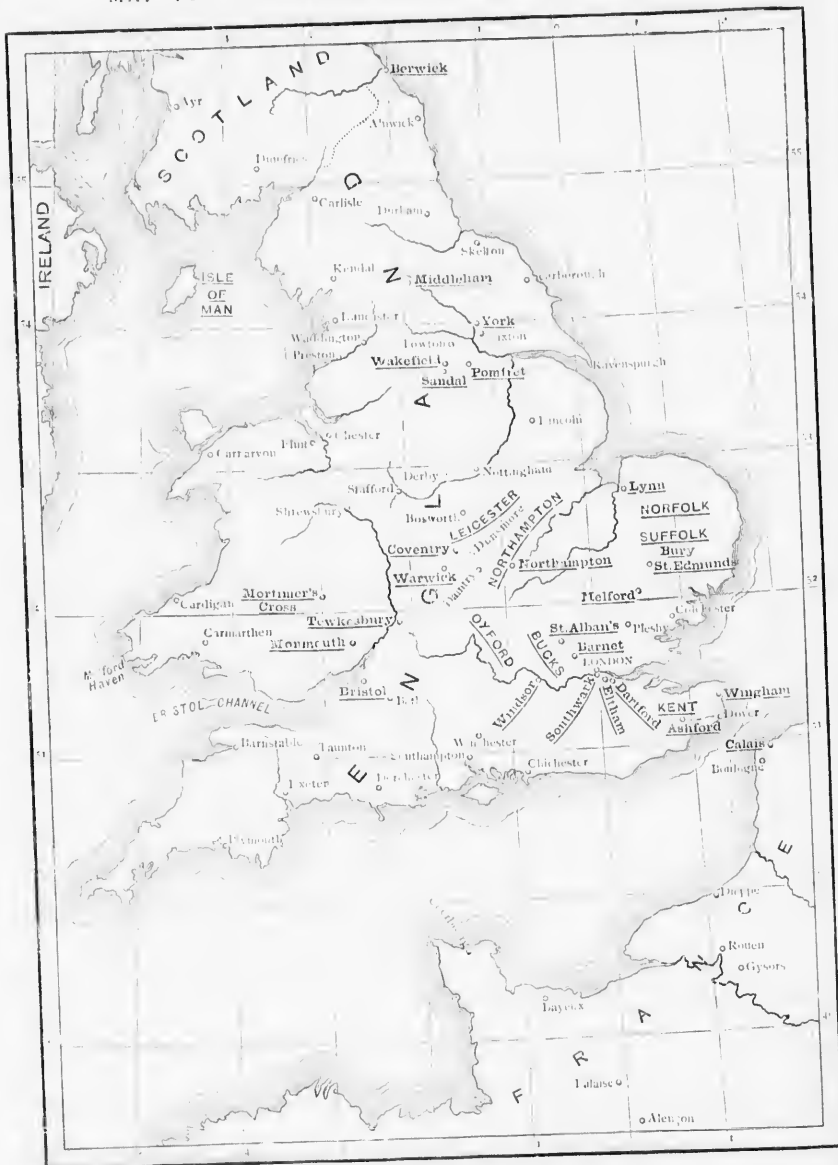
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York 20
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets,—and to London
all:

And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

1 i.e. "We have not secured that which we now possess."
2 i.e. "Being enemies so able to recover from defeat."

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING HENRY VI. PART II.



NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. KING HENRY THE SIXTH. See note 1, I. Henry VI.
2. HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, his uncle. See note 3, I. Henry VI.
3. CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the king. See note 5, I. Henry VI.
4. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. See note 7, I. Henry VI. As the children of York figure in this play, it may be well to record the fact that Richard Plantagenet married Cicely Neville, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by his second marriage with Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and widow of Sir Robert Ferrers. By this marriage he obtained the support of the powerful Neville family and their many connections. How many these were may be guessed from the fact that Cicely was the eighteenth of a family of twenty-two, of whom the first nine were by the earl's first wife, Margaret, the daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford. The duke had, altogether, by his wife Cicely, eight sons and four daughters. Four sons died young. Of the other four two are mentioned below, Edward and Richard. The other two were Edmund, Earl of Rutland, and George, Duke of Clarence, of whom memoirs will be given in the next play. Of the four daughters the eldest, Anne, married first, Henry Holland, second and last Duke of Exeter, who figures in the next play; the second, Elizabeth, married John de la Pole, the son of the Duke of Suffolk; the third, Margaret, became the third wife of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; and the fourth died young.
5. EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET. The historic period of this play extends from April, 1445, to May, 1455. At the latter date Edward was only thirteen years old, having been born in 1422; while Richard was barely three years old, having been born in October, 1452. The account of these two characters will be more appropriately given in the notes of the next play.
6. EDMUND BEAUFORT, DUKE OF SOMERSET, succeeded his brother, John Beaufort, in 1444. See I. Henry VI. note 6. Collins says (vol. I. p. 223) he was "Earl of Mortain in Normandy, and created Marquis of Dorset on June 21st, 1443. In 24th Henry VI. (*i.e.* 1446) he was Regent of Normandy; and in 26th Henry VI. (*i.e.* 1448) created Duke of Somerset." According to Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 208) it would seem that the Duke of York was originally appointed Regent of France after the decease of the Duke of Bedford, for a period of five years, and that his appointment was to be renewed for another period of five years; but the Duke of Somerset obtained the office, and replaced the Duke of York in 1446. Somerset's appointment, said to be owing mainly to the

Influence of Suffolk, very much increased the enmity which existed between him and the Duke of York. (See I. Henry VI. note 198.) Both Collins and French say that he was created Duke of Somerset in 1448, the 26th year of Henry VI.'s reign. By a curious mistake both Hall and Holinshed talk of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, in the year 1440; while Holinshed under the year 1438 (vol. iii. p. 192) says: "After this, Henrie earle of Mortaigne, sonne to Edmund duke of Summerset, arrived at Chier burgh with foure hundred archers, and three hundred speares, and passed through Normandie, till he came into the countie of Maine." Under the years 1439, 1440, Holinshed gives an account of the military exploits of the Duke of Somerset, whom he calls (vol. iii. p. 193) "Edmund duke of Summerset," and speaks of him as accompanying the Duke of York, then Regent of France; but here he only copies Hall (p. 194) "he himself (*i.e.* York) accompanied with Edmund duke of Somerset, set forward into the Duchie of Anjou." We must therefore suppose that both Hall and Holinshed have made a mistake. What is certain is that this Edmund was the Duke of Somerset on whom devolved the command of the English armies in France after 1445; he seems to have been extremely unfortunate. Lingard (vol. iv. p. 87), speaking of his position in Normandy, in 1449, says: "The Duke of Somerset, surrounded with disaffection and treason, unable to face the enemy in the field, and forbidden to hope for assistance from England, was compelled to shut himself up in the capital, and to behold from the walls of the castle the fall of the fortresses around him." Opposed to him was the celebrated Dauphin, the Bastard of Orleans, the most able general on the French side. Some attempt to render him assistance seems to have been made, on the part of the home government, in 1450; but the small body of men, sent to his assistance under Sir Thomas Kyriel, were defeated April 18, 1450; and by August in that year, the whole of Normandy was reconquered by the French, and in another twelve months all the English possessions in France, except Calais, had submitted to Charles. In October, 1450, the Duke of Somerset returned from France; and, although his ill fortune could not be attributed to any want of valour or good faith on his part, he was looked upon as a traitor, and, together with Suffolk, became the object of popular detestation. In 1452, at the instance of the Duke of York, Somerset was ordered into custody on a charge of treason. This charge he retorted on his accuser; York, in his turn, was arrested, and, had the advice of the Duke of Somerset been followed, would then and there have been executed as a traitor, and the Wars of the Roses would, probably, never have taken place. In November, 1453, York having been recalled into the cabinet, Somerset was committed to the Tower. In the following year the government of Calais was taken away from him and given to his rival. Shortly

afterwards, the king having been restored to health, Somerset was liberated, the king putting an end to all disputes between the two rivals on that point by himself assuming the government of Calais. In that year the flames of civil war that had so long been smouldering burst forth; and in the very first battle, that of St. Albans, Somerset was slain. He married Eleanor, second daughter and co-heir of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He had four sons and four daughters. Of these sons the eldest, Henry, succeeded his father as third duke. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Hexham, 1464, and there beheaded by the Yorkists the day after the battle. He was succeeded by Edmund, the fourth and last duke, who figures among the Dramatis Personæ in the next play. Two younger brothers, John and Thomas, died without issue, and with them terminated the male issue of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK. This is the Earl of Suffolk of the last play. (See note 10.) He was created Marquis of Suffolk in 1444, as a return for his supposed good services in arranging the marriage between the king and Margaret of Anjou, and Duke of Suffolk in 1448. He married Alice, widow of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. (See I. Henry VI. note 9.) She was the Earl of Salisbury's second wife, and was granddaughter of Chaucer, the poet. She had by the duke two sons, of whom the elder, John de Pole, was restored to the title of Duke of Suffolk in the third year of Edward IV. He married Elizabeth, sister of Edward IV., and daughter of the Duke of York of this play. Their son John, Earl of Lincoln, was declared heir to the crown by Richard III., his uncle, in default of issue to his own son, the Prince of Wales. This Lincoln, in 1487, contumaciously the imposture of Lambert Simnel, who pretended to be Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick. He was killed, with many other leaders of the insurgents, at the battle of Stoke, on June 16th, 1487.

8. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. This was Humphrey Stafford, the only son of the Stafford mentioned in III. Henry VI. I. 1. 7-9:

Lord Clifford and *Exeunt* Lord, all abreast,
Charg'd our men *Exeunt* their feet, and breaking in
Were by the sword of our own soldiers slain.

His mother was Anne Plantagenet, eldest daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., who was banished at Calais in the reign of Richard II. He was made Duke of Buckingham, 1444, just after the king's marriage with Margaret of Anjou was decided upon, being one of those upon whom the king, at that time, conferred special honours, as Hall says (p. 204): "both for the honour of his realm, and to assure to himself more special frendes." He married Anne Neville, third daughter of Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland. One of his daughters, Catherine, married John Talbot, the third Earl of Shrewsbury, and grandson of the great Lord Talbot. Of his three sons the eldest, Humphrey, was killed at the battle of St. Albans, 1455. He married Margaret Beaufort, daughter of Edmund, Duke of Somerset. (See above, note 6.) By her he left a son, Henry, who succeeded his grandfather as third duke,

and is the *Buckingham* of Richard III. His second son, John Stafford, was created Earl of Wiltshire by Edward IV. (French says in 1470) and is alluded to in III. Henry VI. I. 14, 15:

And, further, *Exeunt* the *Lord of Wiltshire* and *Lord*
When *Exeunt* the *Lord of Wiltshire* and *Lord*.

According to Enguerrand, the Earl of Wiltshire fought on the side of the Lancastrians at the battle of Tewton in 1401, was taken prisoner while attempting to escape with the Earl of Devon, and was beheaded. There must have been two persons with this title, for Holmshed mentions "the Earle of Wiltshire, sonne to the Duke of Buckingham" as being among the noblemen who accompanied King Edward on April 14th, 1370, when he entered Exeter in pursuit of Warwick and Mortimer. The Duke of Buckingham of this play, however, was a loyal adherent of the house of Lancaster. He was supposed to have been concerned with Suffolk in the conspiracy against Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in 1466 (see Holmshed, vol. III. p. 210), and was one of the noblemen specially denounced by Jack Cade in 1460. He was killed at the battle of Northampton, July 10th, 1460. In III. Henry VI. he is wrongly represented as having been killed at the battle of St. Albans, where Edward says (I. 1. 10-13):

Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously.
I clef his heaver with a downy helme.
That this is true, father, Richard I. 1. 10-13.

9. LORD CLIFFORD. This is Thomas, eighth Lord de Clifford, son of John de Clifford, and Elizabeth Percy, the daughter of Hotspur, by his wife Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March. (See I. Henry VI. note 13.) Lord de Clifford was therefore directly descended from Edward III. through his maternal grandmother. He was sheriff of Westmoreland 1422, and appears to have sat in parliament from the nineteenth to the thirty-first years of Henry VI. He was the only son. After his father's decease, his mother married Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. Lord Clifford was a most ardent Lancastrian. He was killed at the battle of St. Albans, May 22d, 1455, when only forty years old. He married Joan, daughter of Lord Daer of Gilsland, by whom he had four sons and five daughters. The eldest son, John de Clifford, is the Young Clifford of this and the Lord Clifford of the following play.

10. EARL OF SALISBURY was Richard Neville, the father of the King-maker. (See I. Henry VI. note 8, second paragraph.) At first attached to Henry VI. he was afterwards induced by family ties to join the party of the Duke of York, who had married his sister. (See above, note 4.) He held the chief command in the army of the Yorkists at the first battle of St. Albans, 1455. After that an earnest attempt was made to reconcile the two factions, an attempt which promised at first to be successful. Two years passed without any sign of renewed hostilities between them, and in 1457, according to Fabyan (p. 631): "the queene suspectinge the cyle of London, and denyd it to be more favourable vnto the duke of Yorkys partye than hyrs, enuyd the king to renome from London vnto Conentre, and there helde hym a longe season. In whiche tyme the duke of Yorke was sent for

rather by a ruse de guerre, with Alice the wife of Salisbury, the Duke of Warwick, who, by a copy of the queen, was sent to him at Calais. Howbeit by non-observance, they were slain, and some other lords and knights went into the Scottish, and the Duke of Warwick, with a goodly company, sayd into Wales. The very next year an almay took place between one of the servants of the king and a servant of the Earl of Warwick, and the boldness of the peace which the gentle Henry had patched up between the two factions was soon made manifest. Warwick having been threatened by some of the king's counsellors, professed to be in fear of his life, and took refuge at Calais. Seeing that Warwick had escaped, the queen with a party resolved to attack the Earl of Salisbury, and Lord Audley, with ten thousand men, was sent to arrest him and bring him prisoner to London (see Fabian, p. 631). Salisbury, though at the head of a much smaller force, attacked Lord Audley at Bloisheath in Staffordshire. The battle was very fiercely contested. Salisbury's forces did not number more than half of that of his opponent; but he gained a complete victory and Lord Audley was slain. The number of killed amounted to 2000 in this battle. It may be said to have been the renewal, if not the commencement of the civil war. After the battle of St. Albans the Duke of York made a quasi-submission to the king in the parliament held at Coventry in 1400. Salisbury was attainted of high treason as well as the other lords who had joined the Duke of York, and in the same year the battle of Northampton was fought, in which Salisbury took an important part, and the king's forces were defeated; but fortune changed in the next year; for, at the battle of Wakefield, the Duke of York was killed, Salisbury and others being taken prisoners, were beheaded at Tyburn by order of the queen. By his wife Alice he had six sons and six daughters. Of the daughters, Eleanor and Catherine married respectively Lord Stanley and Lord Hastings, who both appear among the Dramatis Personae of R. and H.; while Margaret became the wife of the Earl of Oxford who figures in the next play. Of the sons the eldest, Richard, is the celebrated king-maker. The second, Sir Thomas Neville, was killed at Wakefield. The third, John Neville, is the Marquis of Montague in H. Henry VI.; and the fourth, George Neville, was made Archbishop of York. The two remaining sons died young. The brother, whose death is alluded to, H. Henry VI. ii. 3-15, was a bastard. (See note 152 on that play.)

II. EARL OF WARWICK. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, known as the King-maker, really makes his first appearance in this play. (See I. Henry VI. note 8.) He seems not to have come into any prominence until the battle of St. Albans, 1455. From that day he became one of the leaders, if not absolutely the chief leader, of the Yorkist party. Towards the end of the same year the Duke of York having been appointed protector of the realm during the illness of the king, the Earl of Salisbury was made chancellor, and his son Warwick governor of Calais. In 1455 the custody of the sea was taken from the Duke of Exeter, and given to Warwick for a term of five years. On May 20th of that same year he attacked a fleet of twenty-eight sail with a very inferior force. Fabian

(p. 633) says that they were Spanish ships, but they appear really to have been a fleet belonging to the citizens of Calais; and complaint having been made against Warwick of this wanton attack upon them, he was summoned to attend at Westminster, on which occasion the affray, mentioned above in note 10, took place. Before taking his departure for Calais he appears to have arranged with his father and with the Duke of York a plan of the future campaign, and on his return to France he immediately got to work to enlist under him the veterans who had served in France and Guennee. In September of next year he met the Duke of York and his father at Ludlow. The greater part of these veterans seem to have been under the command of Sir Andrew Trollop, who on finding that the purpose of the Yorkists was treasonable, deserted to the king with all his followers. This alarmed the Yorkists, and they broke up their force. Warwick returning to Calais. In November of the same year a parliament was held at Coventry, in which an attainder was passed against the Duke of York and all his party, including the Earl of Warwick, who was now superseded both in the government of the fleet and in the government of Calais; in that of the former by the Duke of Exeter, and in that of the latter by the Duke of Somerset; but most of the ships as well as the town of Calais remained faithful to Warwick. His popularity was such that he was recognized by the Duke of York himself as the chief hope of his party. On July 10, 1460, the battle of Tewkesbury took place, in which the Yorkists under Warwick were victorious, and King Henry was taken prisoner. At the end of the same year, on December 30th, the battle of Wakefield was fought, in which York was killed and his army totally defeated by the Lancastrians under Queen Margaret. Warwick took no part in this battle; but on February 17th of the same year he was defeated at St. Albans by the Queen's army, and King Henry, who was under the Earl's charge, was restored to his wife and son. In spite of this victory, York's eldest son, Edward, succeeded in uniting his forces with those of Warwick. He entered London on March 1st, and was proclaimed king, under the title of Edward IV., on March 20th. In the following year, 1461, the battle of Towton was fought. The Lancastrians were completely defeated; and the popularity of Edward IV. was such that Warwick ceased to occupy that paramount position among the Yorkists which he had hitherto enjoyed. Whether his real reason for deserting the Yorkists and joining the Lancastrians was that given by the old chroniclers, and alluded to in H. Henry VI. iii. 3-188, may be doubted. Perhaps the insult offered by the king to one of his female relatives was a mere excuse, snatched at by one who, having been so long accustomed to play the first rôle, now found himself cast for an inferior part. Be this as it may, either personal pique or disappointed ambition induced the great earl, in 1470, to declare himself in favour of Henry VI. By the end of this year Henry was again King of England, and Warwick had again resumed his offices as Chamberlain of England and Captain of Calais. In March of the following year Edward, having been formally deposed, landed with a few hundred men at Ravenspurge. At first there seemed little chance of his regaining the crown he had lost, but Clarence, who



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had already been faithless to the memory of his father and to the cause of his brother, once more played the traitor, and deserted his father-in-law, Warwick, at the most critical moment. Late on Easter eve, 1471, the fatal battle of Barnet was fought; and in the midst of a slaughter, which has perhaps been exaggerated by some of the chroniclers, though it was undoubtedly very great, the king-maker fell. His body was found in a somewhat remote spot, stripped of its armour; it was afterwards exposed, with all indignity, for three days on the pavement of St. Paul's, and then buried in the abbey of Bilsam. Thus died the great earl, the last, it may be said, of those powerful nobles who were subjects only in name, who, by their personal qualities, immense possessions, and well organized bands of followers, virtually held the fate of England in their own hands. By his wife he had no sons, only two daughters, the elder of whom, Isabel, was married to the Duke of Clarence; the second, Lady Anne, married Prince Edward, the son of Henry VI., and is the "Lady Anne" of Richard III.

12. LORD SCALES. Thomas Scales, seventh Lord Scales, son of Robert Lord Scales and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of William Lord Bardolf. He succeeded his brother Richard, 1418. French says (p. 162): "He was much engaged in the wars of Henry V. in France;" but I find no mention of him at all in Holinshed till the very last year of Henry V.'s reign; when he was sent by the Earl of Suffolk with other commanders against Sir Oliver Maunle whom they defeated "at a place called Le parke leues que, in English, The bishop's parke" (vol. iii. p. 139). The next year he assisted at the siege of Port Meulan. He was sent with Sir John Fastolfe in the next year to conquer "the countries of Anlow and Maine" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 143). In 1427 Lord Scales distinguished himself by remarkable courage in an engagement fought near St. Michael's Mount during the siege of Pontorson. After this he seems to have been associated in the command with Talbot, and was taken prisoner with him at the battle of Patay. During the insurrection of Jack Cade, Lord Scales was placed in command of the Tower of London. He was made a Knight of the Garter by Henry VI., and faithfully adhered to the Lancastrian party. During the civil war, in 1459, he went with the Earl of Wiltshire to Newbury, and took part in the cruel inquisition there, by which all who favoured the party of the Duke of York were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and the inhabitants of the town plundered of all their property. This was one of the acts on the part of the Lancastrians which earned them the hatred of the people. In the very next year Lord Scales met with his death. After the battle of Northampton, the Tower of London was surrendered to Edward, Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.), and, as Holinshed narrates (vol. iii. p. 261): "the lord Scales suspecting the sequel of the delivrie thereof, tooke a wherrie priuillie, intending to have fled to the queene; but he was espied by diuerse watermen belonging to the earle of Warwike (which waited for forth coming on the Thames) and suddenly taken, was shortly shame with manie darts and daggers, and his bodie left naked and all bloude at the gate of the chynke, and after was buried in the church adjoining."

He married Emma, eldest daughter of Sir John Walsborough. By her he had one son, who died before his father; and an only daughter, Elizabeth, who, becoming his heiress, married, first, Sir Henry Bonreiller, and, secondly, Sir Anthony Woodville, the Lord Rivers of Richard III., who became Lord Scales in right of his wife.

13. LORD SAY. This is Sir James Fienes (or Fienes), second son of Sir William Fienes, who was the only son of Sir William Fienes and Jean de Say, his wife, third sister and co-heir to William de Say. The elder brother, Sir Roger de Fienes, obtained from Henry V., in 1418, the lordship of De la Court, and part of the bailiwick of Caux in Normandy. In 1419 he was made Captain of Arques, and in 1447 he was summoned to parliament as Lord Say and Sele in right of his mother Jean mentioned above. In the same parliament he was made a baron of Great Britain by the same title of Say and Sele; and in February of the same year he was made Constable of Dover and Warden of the Cinque Ports; in August he was made Constable of the Tower of London, during the minority of the son of the Duke of Exeter; and on October 30, 1449, he was made Lord Treasurer. He was one of the most unpopular ministers, and was included in the impeachment by the House of Commons in the following year, 1450, with the Duke of Suffolk and others. The rebellion of the Kentish men breaking out, the king committed Lord Say to the Tower, in order to appease the popular clamour. When the rebels entered London they took him by force out of the Tower; and, in spite of his claiming the privilege to be tried by his peers, brought him before the Lord Mayor and other justices; then, after what could scarcely be called a trial, he was dragged off to the Standard in Cheapside, where the rebels beheaded him; and, after stripping his body naked, caused it to be dragged at a horse's tail into Southwark, and there hanged and quartered. His execution occurred on July 4, 1451. He left one son, Sir William Fienes, who was killed at the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, fighting on the side of King Edward.

14. SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD AND WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother. These brothers were sons of Sir Humphrey Stafford, who died in 1428. French says (p. 165): "They were the sons of Sir Humphrey Stafford, of Grafton (ob. 7 Henry VI.), by his wife Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bardett, of Thamecote. The elder of the brothers, Sir Humphrey, was sheriff of the county of Gloucester, 2 and 9 Henry VI." According to Fuller, "he was, by King Henry VI., made governor of Calais" (Worthies, vol. ii. p. 253). Hall gives the following account of his death; the king having gone against Jack Cade and the Kentish rebels who were encamped on Blackheath, Cade, "entending to bryng the kyng farther, within the compass of his net, brake vpy his campe, and retyred backwarde to the towne of Senenocke in Kent, and there expectyng his pray, encamped him selfe, and made his abode. The Queene, which bare the rule, beyng of his retrayte well aduertised, sent syr Humfrey Stafford knyght, and William his brother with many other gentlemen, to follow the chace of the Kentishmen, thynkyng that they had fledde, but yerely, they were descenyed: for at the fyrst skymish,

both the Staffordes were slayne, and all their compaignie shamefully discomfited." . . . Further on he says: "When the Kentish capitayn, or ye conetous Cade, had thus obtayned victory, and slayne the two valeant Staffordes, he appareled hym selfe in their rich armure, and so with pompe and glory returned agayn toward London" (p. 229). Sir Humphrey married Eleanor, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Knight of Blatherwick. Their son, Sir Humphrey Stafford of Grafton, fought on the side of Richard III. at Bosworth, and was amongst those who fled from the battle-field and took sanctuary in St. John's Church at Gloucester, with his brother Thomas Stafford and Lord Lovel. He appears to have gone afterwards to the sanctuary at Colchester, to have left there in 1486, the first year of Henry VII.'s reign, and to have joined Lord Lovel in his rebellion. After the defeat of that nobleman by the Duke of Bedford, Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother Thomas fled to Colham, a village about two miles from Abingdon. That sanctuary being pronounced not a sufficient defence against traitors, he was taken thence, brought to the Tower, and executed at Tyburn, his brother Thomas being pardoned. From this family of Stafford the great Duke of Wellington was descended by his mother's side.

15. SIR JOHN STANLEY was the third son of Sir Thomas Stanley, first Lord Stanley, and of his wife Joan, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Goushill, her mother being Elizabeth daughter and heir of Richard Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundell, and descended from Edward I. Lord Stanley had four sons, of whom the eldest, Thomas Stanley, is the Lord Stanley in Richard III., afterwards first Earl of Derby. The second, Sir William Stanley, is a character in the next play. Sir John Stanley is generally known as Sir John Stanley of Weever, having married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Weever of Weever, in the county of Chester. From him is descended the present Lord Stanley of Alderley, and the late Dean of Westminster. Little mention of him is made in history. Hall tells us (p. 292) that the Duchess of Gloucester, after her conviction for sorcery and treason, was "condemned to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the keying of sir Ihon Staley, knyght."

16. VAUX. He was the son of Sir William Vaux of Harrowden, and Matilda, daughter of Sir Walter Lucy. He was a faithful adherent of Henry VI., and was killed at the battle of Tewkesbury, 1471. His son Nicholas, who is a character in Henry VIII., was restored to his estates by Henry VII., and was created first Lord Vaux by Henry VIII.

17. MATTHEW GOUGH, who is only a *persona mutui* in this play, was a member of a Welsh family, one of whose descendants in 1796 became Lord Calthorpe. The name of Gough or Goffe occurs frequently in the Chronicles; he having distinguished himself on several occasions in the war with France. He was one of those who escaped after the very disastrous battle of Tewkesbury on April 18, 1471. He was killed on London Bridge by the rebels under Cade. Hall, in recording his death, speaks of him (p. 222) as "a man of great wit, much experience in feates of chivalrie, the which in continual warres, had valeantly

serued the kyng and his father, in the partes beynd the sea (as before ye have hearde)."

18. ALEXANDER IDEN. In his History of Kent, under Ripley, Hasted says: "The Idens were a family of great antiquity and good estate about Iden, in the county of Sussex, and Rolvenden in this county, and in them it continued down to Alexander Iden, who resided here in the 25th year of K. Henry VI., the latter half of which year he was sheriff of this county, being appointed to that office on the death of William Crowmer, Esq., who had been put to death by the rebel Cade and his followers." Under Hothfield the same writer says: "Jack Cade, deserted by his followers, concealed himself in the woods near this place, belonging to Ripley Manor, in Westwell, soon after which he was discovered by Alexander Iden, esq., Sheriff of this county, as some say, in a field belonging to that manor in Westwell parish, but by others in a field of this parish, still named from that circumstance Jack Cade's field." Hollashead says it was at Hothfield in Sussex. Iden was subsequently appointed Governor of Rochester Castle, and was again Sheriff of Kent in 1456, 1457. He married the widow of his predecessor, the daughter of the Lord Say mentioned above (note 13).

19. HUME, SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE. Of these characters there is no more to say than to quote Hall (p. 292): "At the same season, wer arrested as ayders and counsailors to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, prieste and chanon of sainte Stephens in Westmynstre, Ihon Ihun priest, Roger Bolynghroke, a conyng necromancer, and Margerie lorddayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to whose charge it was laid, yt thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe, representing the kyng,e, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entending thereby in conclusion to waiste, and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym death, for the which treison, they wer adinced to dye, & so Margery lordayne was brent in smithfelde, & Roger Bolynghroke was drawen and quartered at tborne, taking vpo his death, that there shoulde never no such thyng by theim ymagined, Ihon Ihun had his pardon, & Southwell died in the Toure before execution: the duke of Gloucester, toke all these thynges paciently, and said litle."

Bolingbroke was one of the Duke of Gloucester's chaplains. He was a man of great learning, and is spoken of by William Wyrester, a contemporary writer, in the following words (*Annales Rerum Anglicanarum*, sub anno 1440): "*Clericus famosissimus unus illorum in toto mundo in astronomia et arte nigromantie;*" meaning that he was one of the most famous in the world of those famous in astronomy and the necromantic art. The Duke of Gloucester was a great patron of learned men.

20. THOMAS HORNER. This incident of the armorer and his servant is thus narrated by Hall (p. 295): "This yere, an Armerars seruamt of London, apcelled his master of treason, whiche offered to be tried by battail. At the date assigned, the frendes of the master, brought hym Mahmesey and *Aqua vite*, to comforte hym with all, but it was the cause of his and their discomfort: for he poured in so much that when he came into the place in

Smithfield, where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him; and so he beyng a tall and a hardye personage overladed with hote drynkes, was vanquished of his seruante, beyng but a cowarde and a wretche, whose body was drawn to Tiborne, and there hanged and beheaded." According to Douce (p. 317): "The real names of these combatants were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boleyn and Robert Horne; and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's chronicle that records the duel, might have suggested the name of *Horne* to Shakespeare. Stow is the only historian who has preserved the servant's name which was David." Stow's account is as follows (edn. 1592): "John David appeached his master William Catour an Armorer dwelling in S. Dunstons Parish in Fleetestreet, of treason, and a day being assigned them to fight in Smithfield, the master being welbedoned, was so cherished by his friends, and pilled so with wine, that being therewith overcome, was also unluckely slaine by his servant" (Chronicles, p. 649).

21. JACK CADE. Hall says (p. 226): "A certayn yongma of a goodly stature, and pregnant wit, was entised to take upon him the name of Ihon Mortymer, all though his name were Ihon Cade, and not for a small policie, thinking that by that surname, the lyne and lynage of the assistente house of the erle of Marche, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent, and favorable." Carte, in his History of England (1750), gives the following account of Cade, taking the facts as to his early life mainly from Rymer: "John Cade, a native of Ireland, who having lived some time with Sir Thomas Digre in Sussex, and killed a woman with a child, had, after taking sanctuary, been forced to abjure the realm, and had been since in the French service. The man did not want sense, and hoped to enrich himself by disturbances; he was bold, insinuating, artful, and cunning: and finding upon his return from France, that the country people, being uneasy under the present government, had naturally turned their thoughts to the right heir of the crown (which was generally known to belong to the house of Mortimer) and placed in him their hopes of redress, he assumed the name of John Mortimer, pretending (perhaps to be a son of Sir John Mortimer, who had been put to death about twenty-five years before) at least to be a near relation of Richard, duke of York, whose name and popularity might serve to increase the number of his followers." He is said to have been by employment a clothier or dyer.

22. MARGARET. Queen to King Henry. See I. Henry VI. note 27.

23. ELEANOR COBHAM. She was the third daughter of Sir Reginald Cobham, eldest son of the Reginald second Lord Cobham who is mentioned in Richard II. ii. 1. 579 "Rainold Lord Cobham" as one of the adherents of Bolingbroke who embarked with the latter from Brittany in his descent upon England. She married the Good Duke Humphrey, 1428, after the pope had pronounced

his marriage with Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault, illegal; she having been at the time of that marriage the lawful wife of the Duke of Brabant. According to Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 145): "when the duke of Gloucester understood the sentence pronounced against him by the pope, he began to wax wearie of his wife the said ladie Jaquet, by whome he neuer had proffitt, but losse, and tooke in a second marriage Eleanor Cobham, daughter of the lord Cobham of Sterberow, which before (as the fame went) was his sovereigne paramour, to Les slander and dishonour." It must be confessed that, for a person who was supposed to have merited the title of Good, Duke Humphrey's notions of morality were rather lax. The duchess was indicted in 1441, and was imprisoned first in the castles of Chester and Kenilworth and finally removed to Peck Castle in the Isle of Man under the custody of Sir John Stanley (see above, note 15). She died there in 1454, having endured a very rigorous confinement. By her marriage with the Duke of Gloucester she had no children.

24. MARGARET JOURDAIN. It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. x. p. 505, that in the tenth year of King Henry the Sixth, Margery Jourdainyn, John Virley, clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the ninth of May 1442, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the Lord Chancellor: The same day it was ordered by the lords of council that whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour they should be set at liberty, and in like manner that Jourdainyn should be discharged on her husband's finding security. The above is the substance of the Latin original.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

25. Line 1: *As FROM your high imperial majesty.*—*Fl. by.* We have follow'd Dyce in adopting Mr. Lettson's emendation. In The Contention the line stands:

As by your high imperiall Maiesties command.

When the superfluous two syllables *command* were struck out, as Mr. Lettson points out, "the corrector seems to have forgotten to alter the preposition."

26. Line 3: *procurator.*—The author evidently took this expression from Hall (p. 265): "Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as *procurator* to Kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie, in the . . . of saint Martyns."

27. Lines 7,
*The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve . . . rows, and TWENTY reverent bishops.*
F. 1, following Q₁, has in line 7 "*Bretagne and Alençon.*" F. 2 omits the *and*. Q₁ L, Q₂ read *then the* instead of *twenty*, an evident misprint which was corrected in Q₃. The passage was evidently taken from the account by Hall of the espousal, of which we have quoted part in the last note: "At whiche marriage were present, the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng hymself, whiche was uncle to the husblande, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There wer also,

the dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Almon, and of Britany. vii. Barons. xx. Bishops, beside knights and gentlemen" (p. 205). This obvious misprint may be a guide to one in attempting to amend other corrupt passages.

28. Line 28: *alder-liestest*.—Shakespeare never uses the word *liest* in the sense of "dear," "beloved," except in another passage in this play, iii. 1. 164: "My *liestest* liege." He frequently uses it in the phrase "I had as *liest*"—"I should like as much," "I had as soon." The old genitive plural *alder* is never used by Shakespeare in any other of his plays. It is common in Chaucer generally in composition, in such words as *alder-first*, *alder-last*; and this very word *alder-liestest* Chaucer uses in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 240: "Mine *alder-liestest* lord." The more correct form of this genitive is *alder*. It is worth noting that in the beautiful letter of the Duke of Suffolk to his son written on the day of his leaving England (See Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 121), he calls the king "oure *alder* (of us all) most high and dreadde sovereygne Lord." *Alder-liestest* is really—the German *aller-liestest*. Chapman uses this word, very appropriately, in his grim tragedy, Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, where he makes Hedevisch call Prince Edward "mein *aller-liestest* husband." (Act iv.) Works, vol. iii. p. 263.

29. Lines 32-34.—Hall (p. 205) thus describes Margaret: "This woman excelled all other, aswell in beaultie and favor, as in wit and pollicie, and was of stomack and corage, more like of a man, then a woman."

30. Line 33: *yelad*.—It is remarkable that Shakespeare does not use the prefix *y*, except in this passage and "two passages in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 242: "It is *yeliped* thy park," and v. 2. 602, of same play, "Judas I am, *yeliped* Maccabians." It is used in the first place by Armado, and in the second by Holofemes. It would seem as if Shakespeare looked upon the use of this prefix as a mark of affectation. It is a curious circumstance, and worth noting as a proof that his work on this play belongs to his early period, that both these words, *yelad* and *alder-liestest*, are not to be found in The Contention, but were added in the parts rewritten by Shakespeare.

31. Line 40: *Here are the articles of contracted peace*.—These articles are not given in full by any of the old chroniclers; but Hall gives the substance of them (p. 204): "that the Duchie of Anjou, and the countie of Mayne, should be released and delivred, to the kyng her father, demanding for her marriage, neither peny nor farthyng;" and further on he says that certain ambassadors were sent to England by the French king, who, "after instruments on both parties, sealed and delivred, (not vnderwarded) returned into their countrey."

32. Lines 50, 51: Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, &c.—When the Cardinal reads the paper below (lines 57, 58) he reads: "Item, it is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine, &c. This is an obvious discrepancy, owing to the carelessness in petty details which is very characteristic of Shakespeare. It is useless to attempt to defend it upon any dramatic grounds as Clarke does. In the Old Play what Gloucester and the Cardinal both read is word

for word the same. The simple explanation is that Shakespeare corrected the Old Play from the Chronicles; in the passage, quoted above, Hall calls it the *countie* of Maine, and so, just before, he speaks of it under the same name, and again below, never calling it the *duchy*, for it was not a *duchy*. Fabian (p. 618) speaks of "ye duchy of Anjou, and ye erledome of Mayne;" so that, so far from Shakespeare's object being, as Clarke says (vol. ii. p. 356), "to heighten the effect, according to his own characteristic style, by making Gloucester utter the substance of the item while giving its form with verbal inaccuracy," Gloucester is the more accurate of the two. Shakespeare simply forgot to make the correction the second time in the item as read by the Cardinal.

33. Line 63: *They please us well*.—Lord marquess, I kneel thee down.—The whole of this speech in The Contention as far as line 70 is in prose. It is a pity it was not left so. The next line 64 is only made a verse by the insertion of the word *the*, which coming after *thee* is very cacophonous. Were it not that *marquess* is invariably accented by Shakespeare on the first syllable, I should propose to read "*my lord marquess* kneel down." Pope would read "kneel you;" Collier, "kneel thee." The objection to the former is that, as Henry is speaking as a king to a subject, he would more probably use the second person singular, as he does in the rest of the sentence. The objection to Collier's reading is that *thee* occurs in both the next lines. It is not a matter of much importance; but it is just as well to make this line complete, as it is evidently an oversight of Shakespeare's not to have done so: the word we have supplied seems to us, for the reasons given above, preferable to other emendations.

34. Lines 71, 72:

*We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my privately queen.*

However unpopular the marriage of Henry with Margaret of Anjou may have been with a great many of the lords about the king, she had no reason to complain of the coolness of her reception. Fabian, whom Holinshed copies, gives the following account of her conveyance from Southwick to Blackheath (p. 617): "And from thence she was honourably conveyed by the lordes and estates of this lande, which mette with her in sondry places, with great retynewe of men in sondry lynes, with their sleyns browleryd, and some betyn with goldsmithes workes in moste costly manner; and specially of the duke of Gloucester, mette with her with v.C. men in one lynerey." Hall makes no mention of this circumstance.

35. Lines 75-103.—As a specimen of the way in which Shakespeare has improved the language of the Old Play we give the speech of Gloucester as it is in The Contention: 1

*Hum. Brane Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his griefe,
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,
And waste his subjects for to conquire France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time
To keep in awe that stout vnruly Realme?*

1. As the references to the Contention are very numerous, we only give the page, the edition referred to being the Reprint in Hazlett's Shakespeare Library, pt. ii. vol. i.

And have not I and mine uncle Bedford here,
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And is all our labours then spent in vain,
For Suffolk he, the new made Duke that rules the roost,
Hath given away for our King Henries Queene,
The Duchies of Anjou and Mayne unto her father.
Ah Lords, behold this marriage cancelling our states,
Reversing Monuments of conquered France,
Undoing all, as some levell here bene done.—p. 416.

CG. Lines 83: *And did my brother Bedford tell his wife?*—
Shakespeare uses this verb, in the transitive sense, in two
other passages; namely, in *Midsummer's Night's Dream*,
v. 1. 74:

And now have *told*'d their unbelov'd memories,
and in *Hamlet*, i. 1. 71, 72:

Why this same strict and most observant wish
So mightily *told* the subject of the land.

It may be noted that the same somewhat unusual use of
the word does not occur in the corresponding speech in
The Contention.

37. Lines 93, 94:

*And WAS his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foet*

FF. have *both*; the emendation is Rowe's. Grant White
reads *had*, which seems very little if at all preferable to
the reading in FF.

38. Line 102: *Defacing monuments of conquered France*.

None of the commentators seem to have explained what
these "monuments of conquered France" were. It cer-
tainly seems to be a very obscure expression. It cannot
refer to any *monuments* erected to celebrate victories on
the part of the English. Probably the meaning is that
the cities and fortresses, which were given up by the
treaty of marriage with Margaret of Anjou, were, so long
as they remained occupied by the English, *monuments* of
their conquest.

39. Line 105: *This peroration with such circumstance*.

The explanation of this sentence given by Johnson, viz.,
"This speech crowded with so many instances of exag-
geration," seems to be rather far-fetched. Surely the
meaning given to *circumstance* in our foot-note, namely
"circumstantial details," fully meets the requirements
of the sense. The Cardinal means to say that Gloucester's
speech is a mixture of passion and deliberation; and that
the *peroration*, which is generally a rhetorical flourish, is
in this case full of detail.

40. Line 109: *Suffolk, the new-made duke that RULES
THE ROAST*.—The origin of this phrase is more or less
obscure. The fact is that the phrase has become so
familiar to us, and the sense of it is so clear, that we do
not trouble ourselves much about the origin of it. Whether
it was originally used of the person who sat at the head
of the dinner table, and therefore might be called the
ruler or director of the feast; or whether it is a corruption
of "rule the roost," as plausibly suggested by Richardson,
—the phrase having been originally applied to a cock
who "rules the roost" in the sense of being the master
of the hens which *roost* with him;—or whether we are to
look elsewhere for the origin, is uncertain. In support
of the second explanation Richardson quotes from Jewell's

Defence of the Apologie, p. 36: "Geate you nowe vp into
your pulpites like bragginge cokes on the *roast*, flappe
your whinges, and crow out alone." Clarke quotes from
Fox's *Actes*, Edward 11.: "The old queene, Sir Roger
Mortimer, and the Bishop of Ely, in such sorte *ruled the
roost*." In all the FF. the word is spelt *roost*. There is
another word which possibly may guide us to the origin
of this phrase, and that is the word *rust* (sometimes
written *rust*, *rust*, from the Icelandic *rust*), explained to
mean "the turbulent part of a rannel or firth occasioned
by the meeting of rapid tides" (*Imperial Dict. sub Rust*).
Another conjecture is that *roast* or *rust* may be a corrup-
tion or misapplication of the word *rust*, in the sense of a
rubble.

41. Lines 111, 112:

*'Tinto the poor king Reignier, whose LARGE STYLE
Agrees not with the LEANNESS of HIS PURSE.*

This expression was evidently suggested by the following
sentence in Hall (p. 205): "For kyng Reynier her father,
for al his *long stile*, had to *shout u purse*, to sende his
doughter honorably, to the kyng her spouse."

42. Lines 119-122.—This passage evidently shows that
Shakespeare had confused Richard Neville, Earl of
Warwick, with Richard Beauchamp, the King-maker
(see 1 Henry VI. note 8.) The latter Earl of Warwick
had nothing to do with the conquest of Anjou and Maine;
at the time of the marriage of Henry and Margaret, 1445,
he was only in his seventeenth year. It may be observed
that in *The Contention* the language of Warwick is more
vague. He never uses the personal pronoun *I*; the expres-
sion being: "Warwick, &c." Some editors have proposed
to substitute in the text of this play *swords* for *wounds*
(line 121). Certainly the antithesis between *swords* and
wounds is better than that between *wounds* and *wounds*; and
the verbal jingle, which is intentional, is more complete.

43. Line 133: *That Suffolk should demand a whole
FIFTEENTH*.—Here the author follows the *Chronicles*; but
in 1 Henry VI. v. 5. 93, Suffolk is authorized by the king
to gather up a *tenth* for his expenses.

44. Line 144: *bickering*.—This word originally means
skirmishing, in which sense it is not uncommon in the
early English writers.

45. Line 160: *hoise*.—This form of the verb to *hoist*
occurs in three other passages in Shakespeare, in *Tempest*,
i. 2. 148; *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 207; *Richard III.* iv. 4. 529.

46. Line 178: *Thou or I, Somerset, wilt be protector*.—
FF. read "Or thou or I." We have followed Capell's
emendation in omitting the first *or*.

47. Line 194: *And, BROTHER York*.—In *The Contention*
Salisbury calls York *cousin*. He was really his brother-
in-law (see above, notes 4 and 10).

48. Line 208: *Then let's away, and look unto THE
MAIN*.—The following passage from *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 54-57:

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's discomper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the *main*;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage;

is generally quoted as a similar instance of the expression
the main; but an examination of the text shows us that

the *rain* there is an elliptical expression — *the main source*, while here it seems to be used in the abstract = "the chief point, the safety of the realm" (see foot-note). In the next speech Warwick says (line 212): "*Main chance*, rather, you meant." But for this explanation given by Warwick one might think that *main* here meant "the crown," a sense in which Shakespeare frequently uses the word. Compare John II. 1. 26:

Even till that England, held in with the main;

the meaning being "let us look to the command of the sea," a most important point, to the possession of which the Yorkists, in a great degree, owed their subsequent success. At a later period, after the battle of St. Albans, the king took "the custody of the sea" from the Duke of Exeter, and gave it "to the Earl of Warwick for a term of five years" (Lingard, vol. iv. p. 110).

49. Lines 200-213.—This silly jingle is taken almost verbatim from *The Contention*, with the exception of line 212, which is inserted. It is not a bit worse than some of the passages we have pointed out in *Richard II.*, e.g. II. 1. 72-73.

50. Line 216: *on a TICKLE point*.—Shakespeare uses this word as an adjective only in one other passage, in *Measure for Measure*, I. 2. 176-178: "thy head stands so *tickle* on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off." There it seems to mean "unsteady," "insecure." Spenser uses it in the same sense.

In Kyd's *Jeronimo* or *The Spanish Tragedy* (act. iii.) we have exactly the same expression as in the text:

Now stands our fortune on a *tickle point*.

—Dobson, vol. v. p. 82.

Compare also Chapman's *Widow's Tears*, ii. 1: "I have set her hart upon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a Diall" (*Dramatic Works*, vol. iii. p. 29).

51. Line 221: '*T is THINE, they give away, and not their own*.'—York is addressing himself. Grant White changed *thine* to *mine*, but quite unnecessarily. Compare lines 218-219 below, where the speaker again addresses himself. We find instances in Shakespeare of a similar license in soliloquy, where the speaker is supposed to address some other person. Compare *Richard II.* v. 5. 55, and I. *Henry IV.* ii. 3. 32.

52. Lines 231, 235:

*As did the fatal brand Althaea burn'd
Into the prince's heart of Calydon.*

The allusion is to the story of Meleager, or rather to the later and post-Homeric form of that story. He was the son of Oeneus, king of Calydon, and Althaea. When he was seven days old, the fates declared he would die as soon as the piece of wood, which was burning on the hearth, should be consumed. His mother extinguished the firebrand, and concealed it in a chest. Meleager, having slain the wild boar of Calydon, presented the hide to Althaea. The two brothers of Althaea took it from her, whereupon Meleager in a rage killed them. Althaea, frantic with grief at the death of her brothers, took the firebrand from the place where she had so long kept it, and burned it till it was all consumed; whereupon, as the fates had predicted, Meleager died, and his mother,

in remorse, killed herself. The story has been beautifully treated by Mr. Swinburne in his well-known tragedy of *Atalanta in Calydon*. Shakespeare also refers to this story in I. *Henry IV.* II. 2. 53-58, where the page is made to blunder as to the real tradition, and to confuse it with that relating to Hecuba.

53. Lines 237, 238:

*Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.*

The meaning is that York hoped to be king of France as well as of England, as Henry V. had been, and his son before the possessions and conquests of the English had been lost.

54. Line 247: *Whose church-like HUMOUR fits not for a crown*.—Fl. have *humours*. We have adopted Rowe's alteration. Some editors alter *fits* to *fit*; but the singular *humour*—"disposition," "temperament," seems more appropriate here than the plural *humours*, which generally means "trickeries," "mad pranks."

55. Line 250: *Whose BOOKISH rule; i.e. the rule of one more acquainted with books than with men.*

ACT I. SCENE 2.

56. Line 22: *My troublous DREAM this night doth make me sad*.—Fl. have *dreams*; corrected by Capell.

57. Line 38: *And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd*.—E. 1, F. 2 have *see*, F. 3, F. 4 *see*. Q₁ read *are*, which Hamner rightly adopted in the text.

58. Line 42: *ill-nurtur'd*. Compare *Venus* and *Adonis*, 134:

Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice.

There it seems to mean "rude" or "churlish;" but here the sense is probably that given in our foot-note, "ill-educated."

59. Line 47: *hammering*.—For a similar use of this word see *Two Gent.* of Verona, note 28.

60. Line 50: *I go. —Come, Nell,—thou'lt ride with us, I'm sure?*—We have followed Dyce in adding *I'm sure?* from Q₁.

61. Line 66: *Being but a woman, I will not be slack*.—Fl. read "*And, being a woman*." I have ventured to make the alteration in the text in order to avoid the repetition of *And*, as the previous line also commences with *And*. In Q₁ Q₂ there is no parallel to this line, but in Q₃ the line reads,

And being but a woman, I'll not be lende.

The number of weak *ands* in this play is very remarkable, and is very unlike Shakespeare's style.

62. Lines 88, 89:

But, how now, Sir John Hume?

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mine.

See above, note 19.

63. Line 100: *They say "A CRAFTY KNAVE DOES NEED NO BROKER."*—This proverb occurs in Ray in the form "Two cunning knaves *need no broker*" (see *Bosch's Dictionary*

of Proverbs, p. 548). The proverb is quoted, in the same form as in the text, in *A Merry Knack to Know a Knave*:

some will say,
A crafty knave needs no broker,
But here is a *crafty knave* and a *broker too*,
—Dobbsley, vol. vi. p. 509.

64. Line 107: *Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all*.—Mr. M. Muli suggests that we should read "*from all*," a very plausible suggestion, as Hume undoubtedly means to say that he shall have gold *from* all the parties concerned, Suffolk, the Cardinal, and the Duchess.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

65. Line 4: *in the quill*.—There has been much dispute as to the exact meaning of this phrase. The explanation we have given in the foot-note, viz. *in a body*, seems, on the whole, the most probable, and the most satisfactory as regards the context. Hammer printed *in quill*, and explained it as meaning "no more than our written or penned supplications." Tollet suggests that it meant "with great exactness and observance of form," or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is *in the quill*, i.e. in the reigning mode of taste" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii pp. 181, 185). This explanation is adopted by Nares. Steevens says: "Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no more than our *written* or *penned* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk* for a drawing executed by the use of chalk." And in a later note he compares the expression *in print* as analogous. Hawkins would derive it from the French *en quille*, "which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place" (ut supra, p. 185). One of the meanings of *quille* is explained by Cotgrave: "The keele of a ship; also, a keyle; a big peg, or pin of wood, used at Ninepins, or Keyles, &c." Singer says, "It appears to me to be nothing more than an intention to mark the vulgar pronunciation of 'in the coil,' i.e. in the bustle. This word is spelt in the old dictionaries *quill*, and was no doubt often pronounced by ignorant persons *quile*, or *quill*" (vol. vi. p. 137). Swynfen Jervis reads *in the quile*, which Halliwell in his Dict. of Archæic and Provincial Words explains: "A pile . . . a heap of anything;" and in his large folio edition of Shakespeare says: "*In the quill*," that is, all together. The First Pet. tells his companions to keep together, so that when the lord protector comes, their supplications may all be delivered at once." Hunter says (vol. ii. p. 66): "'*quill*' means here the narrow passage through which the protector was to pass," and quotes Silvester's translation of Du Bartas:

And th' endless, thin ayre, which by secret *quills*
Hath lost itself within the window-lattices.

Joyce objects to this that Silvester is simply translating the French word *tuyaux*, which is explained by Cotgrave: "A pipe, *quill*, cane, reed, candle;" but there is no doubt the word *quill* was used in English as meaning a narrow pipe or passage. We find in Chapman's *Widow's Tears* (ii. 1) the following: "who by unknown *quills* or conduits under ground, draws his Pedigree from Lyncæus his

great Toe, to the Viceroyes little finger" (Dramatic Works, vol. iii. p. 38). If we look at the context, I think we shall have no difficulty in deciding that Halliwell's explanation is the right one; and that it was from the last-mentioned meaning of the word that the phrase had its origin. The petitioners were naturally nervous, and each was anxious to be the first in presenting his petition; by standing close together they would gain courage, and no one of the party would have any special advantage over the others. In Almsworth's Latin Dict. 1761, *in the quill* is explained to mean "acting in concert" (*ex comperto agunt*). It is possible that there might be some reference to the practice of folding up a document inside a *quill* or reed for security. The only instance of the use of this phrase which I have been able to find seems to confirm the meaning given by Mr. Halliwell and in our footnote. It occurs in the Devonshire Damsel's Frolic, one of the "Songs and Sonnets" in the collection called "Choyce Drollery, &c." (1656), where, speaking of some girls swimming close together, the author says:

Thus those females were all *in a quill*
And following on their passions still.

This passage goes to decide the question.

66. Line 7: First Pet. *Here I come, &c.* This speech is assigned by F. 1, F. 2 to Peter; F. 2 has *one Peter*; and F. 4 has *First Pet.* It is evident that this speech must be given by the same speaker as that of lines 13, 14. We have adopted, therefore, the correction of F. 4.

67. Line 15: *For my Lord Protector*.—F. 1 have *to*; a manifest error, which is not improved by the stage-direction, *Reading*. It is quite clear that the queen could not read even the superscription before she had seen the petitions. She is evidently echoing the words of the speaker. In The Contention the passage stands as follows:—

Queen. Now good-fellows, whom would you speak withall?
2. Pet. If it please your Maiesie, with my Lord Protectors grace.
Queen. Are your suites to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Look on them my Lord of Suffolk. —P. 426.

68. Line 23: *That my MASTER was*.—F. 1 have *mistress*, a mistake which probably arose from the word being indicated in the MS. only by the initial letter *M*. There does not seem to be any meaning in the speaker making a pointless blunder like this. He understands, or pretends to understand, the queen to ask if the Duke of York said that *his master* was rightful heir to the crown. In The Contention Peter makes a probable and rather amusing blunder, of which Shakespeare does not seem to have approved:

Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said,
that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne, and that the
King was an usurper.
Queen. An vsurper thou wouldst say.
Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.
Queen. Dirst thou say the King was an vsurper?
Peter. No forsooth, I sould my maister sould so. —Pp. 426, 427.

It is to be observed throughout this scene that none of the Petitioners seem in any way to recognize Margaret as queen. The First Petitioner (line 15 above) addresses his answer to the queen's demand not to her, but to the Duke of Suffolk; and in this speech Peter does not give

her any title, want of reverence, the author's intention, the people.

69. Line 15: This expression "style and title" would have virtue of its own to the dignified modes in f

70. Line 15: v. 2. 103, 104. W. J. L. Born. Shakespeare of "form." It seems a Patient Girl. With G.

71. Line 15: brought. necessary for brought in line 15. 28.

72. Line 15: It shows the court was n

73. Line 15: no historic distance too in England

74. Line 15: So King Jo p. 132.

This, be it Contention.

75. Line 9: Compare

and Lucrece

Shakespeare's bird caught speech (Ham

76. Line 98: is Rowe's.

77. Line 15: As for the Will and This is evident, and his n Vol.

her any title at all. We can hardly suppose that this want of respect for Queen Margaret is to be taken as merely the result of ignorance. It was probably the author's intention to show how unpopular she was with the people.

69. Line 51: *Am I a queen in TITLE and in STYLE?*—This expression certainly seems to be tautological; but "style and title" is a common phrase in official documents. *Title* would mean here her right to be called *queen*, in virtue of her marriage with the king; and *style* the right to the dignity of *queen*, in official documents and ceremonies in foreign courts, as well as in that of England.

70. Line 57: *proportion*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, v. 2. 165, 167:

Woe mayst thou know her by thy own *proportion*,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.

Shakespeare rarely uses this word absolutely in the sense of "form," "shape," but generally with some epithet. It seems more or less to imply *shapeliness*. Compare Patient Grisild, l. 1:

Which of us three you hold the properest man?
Gris. I have no skill to judge *proportion*.

—Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 12.

71. Line 71: *Besides the HAUGHTY protector*.—F. 1 has *haughtie*. The reading in the text is that of F. 2, and is necessary for the sake of the metre. Shakespeare uses *haught* in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 169; and in Richard III. ii. 3. 25.

72. Line 73: GRUMBING York.—Note the epithet here. It shows that York's discontent at his treatment by the court was no longer concealed.

73. Lines 78-80. This speech of the queen's could have no historical foundation; for the Duchess of Gloucester's disgrace took place three years before Margaret's arrival in England in 1411.

74. Line 83: *She hears a duke's revenues on her back*.—See King John, note 72. Compare Marlowe's Edward II. p. 193:

He wears a *lord's revenue on his back*.

This, he it noted, is one of the added lines, not in The Contention.

75. Line 91: *Madam, myself have IAN's a bush for her*.—Compare III. Henry VI. v. 6. 13:

The bird that hath been *timed* in a bush;

and Lucresse, 88;

Birds never *tim'd* no secret bushes fear

Shakespeare employs, most beautifully, the image of a bird caught with bird-line in the king's remorseful speech (Hamlet, iii. 3. 68, 69):

O *tim'd* soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd.

76. Line 93: *to THEIR lays*.—*FF. read the*; the correction is Rowe's.

77. Lines 100, 101:

*As, for the Duke of York,—this LATE COMPLAINT
Will wake but little for his benefit.*

This evidently refers to the *complaint* just made by Peter of Westminster.

VOL. II.

78. Line 105: SOMERSET or YORK.—All that Hall says on the appointment of the Duke of Somerset as regent is (p. 269): "For whiche consideration (*i.e.* the defence of Normandy) money was granted, men wer appointed and a great army gathered together and the duke of Somerset, was appointed Regent of Normandy, and the Duke of Yorke therof discharged." But Holinshed adds (vol. III, pp. 268, 269): "I have scene in a register booke belonging sometime to the abbey of saint Albons that the duke of Yorke was established regent of France, after the deceasse of the duke of Bedford, to continue in that office for the tennue of thre yeaeres; which being expired, he returned home, and was idollie received of the king with thanks for his good service, as he had full well deserved in time of that his gouernement; and further, that now when a new regent was to be chosen and sent ouer, to abide vpon safeguard of the countries beyond the seas as yet subiect to the English dominion, the said duke of Yorke was eftsoones (as a man most meet to supplie that roome) appointed to go ouer againe, as regent of France with all his former allowaunces.

"But the duke of Somerset still maligning the duke of Yorkes aduancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent ouer to be regent, as before yee haue heard: he likewise now wrought so, that the king renoued his grant made to the duke of Yorke for enioying of that office the terme of other thre yeaeres, and with helpe of William marquess of Suffolk obtained that grant for himselfe. Which malicious dealing the duke of Yorke might so enill beare, that in the end the hate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others, though in diuers times and seasons, as in places hereafter (his occasion serueth) it shall more euidentlie appere."

79. Lines 121-130.—The attack of the queen and her party on Gloucester is evidently founded on the following passage in Hall (pp. 268, 269): "This woman (*i.e.* Queen Margaret) perceyning that her husbande did not frankly rule as he would, but did all thyng by thadvice and counsaill of Hinfrey duke of Gloucester, and that he passed not manie on the anethoritie and gouernance of the realme, determined with her self, to take vpon her the rule and regiment, bothe of the kyng and his kyng dome, and to deprive and eniet out of al rule and anethoritie, the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realme: least men should saie & report, yt she had neither wit nor stomacke, whiche would permit A suffice her husband, buyng of perfect age & mis estate, like a yong scholer or innocent pupille to be gouerned by the disposition of another man. This manly woman, this coragie pience, caused not to prosecute forthwith, her inuenta imagination and preposed purpose, but practised daily the furtheraunce of the same. And although this inuencio came first of her awne high mind, and ambitious corage yet it was furthered and set forward by suche, as of long tyme had borne mallice to the duke, for declaryng their vnturth as yon before haue heard. Whiche venomous serpentes, and malicious Tygers, perswaded, incensed and exhorted the queene, to like

well upon the expenses and revenues of the realm, and thereof to call an account; affirming plainly that she should evidently perceive, that the Duke of Gloucester, had not so much advanced & preferred the common wealth and publique utility, as his awne private things and peculier estate."

80 Lines 135-137. — Compare Hall (p. 269): "Diverse articles, both heynous and odious, were laid to his charge in open counsaill, and in especiall one, that he had caused men adjoined to dye, to be put to other execution, then the law of the land had ordered or assigned."

81 Lines 142, 143. — Queen Margaret here seems to have anticipated Good Queen Bess in her mode of dealing with her courtiers. The ladies in waiting of the virgin queen had often the honour of revealing a box on the ears from their royal mistress.

82 Line 145: *ten commandments*. — Compare John Heywood's Interlude The Four P.P. (1549 (9)):

Thy wife's *ten commandments* may sear thy five wits.
— Dodsley, vol. i. p. 49.

In using this kind of expression for her ten fingers, or as some more precisely explain it "her ten nails," the duchess seems to be justifying her husband's epithet "ill-nurtured." (See above, l. 2. 42.)

83 Line 152: *listen after*. This expression is only used in one other passage in Shakespeare, in H. Henry IV. l. 1. 20. Compare Chapman's Widow's Tears, il. 1: "Yes, and talke of you againe in the fairest manner, *listens after* your speede."

84 Line 153: *her FURY needs no spurs*. If have, *furie*. We have followed Dyce, who was the first to suggest the obvious emendation *ferre*; which would be spelt in the MS., from which the transcriber copied, *furie*, and would therefore be very easily mistaken by the printer for *furie*.

85 Line 154: *She'll gallop FAST enough to her destruction*. F. 1, F. 2 have *farre*; F. 3, F. 4 *far*. We have adopted Pope's emendation.

86 Line 172: *Without DISCHARGE, money, or furniture*. The meaning of the word *discharge* here is very doubtful. If it means payment, then *money* seems merely tautological. The word, whether used as a verb or adjective, in Shakespeare seems, generally, to have the meaning of *discharging* either a duty or liability. Some take it to mean "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command." It may mean "official orders to sail," or possibly it may be an elliptical expression "the means to discharge my office," or "the means to embark my troops." If we take it to mean payment, then the distinction between *discharge* and *money* is, that *discharge* means "the payment of arrears," and *money*, "the funds necessary to pay the soldiers during the campaign."

87 Lines 208-214. — This speech of Gloucester appears to be the result of an attempt on the part of Shakespeare to condense two of Gloucester's speeches into one, and to give to his part in this scene greater prominence. In

the old play, after the speech of the armorer (in this play Horner), the king continues:

King. Uncle Gloucester, what do you thinke of this?
Ham. The law my Lord is this by cause, it rests suspitious,

That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each other right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month.
With I than stand y, and stand halloes combatting
In Sunythill l, before your Royall Maiestie.

— *1st Humphrey*

Arm. And I will fight the Combat willingly

Peter. Alasse my Lord, I can not abide to fight.

Ans. You must either fight sura or else be hanged;

Go take them hence againe to prison. — Pp. 431, 432.

Then comes the episode of the queen letting drop her glove; and after her exit Gloucester enters. The king addresses him:

Uncle Gloucester, what answer makes you grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinke you grace is meetest far to send.

Ham. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolve,
For that these words the Armorer should speake,

Both breed suspicion on the part of Yorke,

Let Somerset be Regent over the French.

Till trials make, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

King. Then let it so my Lord of Somerset.

We make your grace Regent over the French,

And to defend our rights against foraine foes,

And so shal good unto the Realme of France.

Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,

The time of Truce I thinke is full & sparie.

Som. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,

And take my leave to poste with speed to France.

— Pp. 433, 434.

While expanding the speech of Peter, the adapter seeks to throw these two speeches of Gloucester into one; and there are the two separate appeals of the king to him in one, line 207:

Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Gloucester's answer embraces both the question as to giving the regency to Somerset or York, and also the question as to the dispute between the Armorer (Horner) and his servant; but, in Shakespeare's text, the king has asked Gloucester nothing about the question of the regency at all; and Somerset is made (line 215) to thank the king for the decision as to the regency given by Gloucester. Theobald, therefore, inserted between lines 214, 215 two lines from the king's speech in The Contention:

Then let it so my Lord of Somerset.

We make your grace Regent over the French.

— P. 413.

Many editors adopt this insertion of Theobald's; but, as it is clear that the alterations and cuts were made somewhat carelessly, we have inserted a stage-direction which sufficiently explains the sense of the passage, and accounts for Somerset addressing the king and not Gloucester. Horner, it will be noted (line 216), as well as Peter the servant, addresses Gloucester, not the king. In The Contention Somerset exits after thanking the king; but in this play the scene concludes with the king (line 225) saying to Somerset: "Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away," which shows that he had accepted Gloucester's decision.

88 Lines 180-181: *And* *Off* *the* *stage*

In Q. 1. C. 1. 1.

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88 Lines 223, 224:

*Away with them to prison; and the day
of combat shall be the last of the next month.*

in Q_1, Q_2 the corresponding lines are:

That a day of combat be appointed

Who it shall be on the *thirtieth* of this month.

-1° 43.

hallows in his motto on the last line in *The Contention* (Shakespeare Society's Reprint) says that this would be the 30th April (p. 432). In *The Contention*, when Gloucester reads the terms of the agreement, the first clause reads "and crown her Queene of England, eve the 30. of the next month" (p. 41); in this play (scene 1, lines 35, 36 above) "and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing"; hence Halliwell deduces that "the first three scenes" of this play "are supposed to take place in March." In *The Contention* they are supposed to take place in April.

ACT I. SCENE I.

89. line 6: *exercisus*.—On this word Mason has the following interesting note: "The word *exercisus*, and its derivatives, are used by Shakespeare in an uncommon sense. In all other writers it means to lay spirits, but in these plays it invariably means to raise them. So, in Julius Cæsar, Ligarinus says:

I need, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My numbed spirit."

—Var. f.d. vol. xviii p. 196.

This ingenious note of Mr. Mason has been very generally adopted by the commentators, without any exception being taken to it. Unfortunately for Mr. Mason's hasty generalization, Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, when treating more especially of the mode of *conjuring* or raising spirits, invariably uses *exorcist* as synonymous with the *conjurer* or raiser of spirits (see book xv. chaps. 2, 4, 6). Still it is undoubtedly true that to *exorcise* was frequently used in the sense in which we now generally understand it, namely, to make an evil spirit quit the person or place into which it has entered. It may be noted that in the Roman Catholic Church the formula for consecrating holy water begins with the words: "*Exorcismus* te creaturam."

⁹⁰ Line 19: *Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night* — In *The Contention* this line is:

Darke Night, dread Night, the *silence* of the Night.

All the Eff. concur in reading *silent* and not *silence*; the alteration would seem to be deliberate from the *substantive* to the *adjective*. Shakespeare uses *the vast* with regard to night in the same abstract way. See *Tempest*, 1. 2. 326-328.

orchids

Shall, for that *rest of night* that they may work,

All exercise on thee.

And in Hamlet, according to the preferable reading of Q 1, 1607 (Ef. *waste*), i. 2, 198.

In the dead *vast* and middle of the night,

91 Line 21: *bandogs* Steevens in his note quotes a communication from a correspondent in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, 1759, signing himself "D. T.:" "Shakespeare's

ban-dog (say 'ney) is simply a *collie dog*, or *unsatiff*, which was formerly called a *band-dog*, *put synecogen, ban-dog*. In support of this opinion he quotes Calus de l'ambus Latinamente: 'Hoc genus canis, etiam cetermarum, à cetera vellicamento, qua ad famas interum distinctur, ne horki, et tamen latratu terrent, appellatur—Rusticos, shepherdi's dogs, mastives, et bandogs, nominavimus.' (Var. Ed. vol. xviii p. 198).

92 Line 25: *Conjura te, etc.*—It does not appear what form of conjugation was intended to be used here—Scott gives many forms in his 15th book, chaps. viii–xiv. In Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* (act. iv. l. 1) a form of conjugation is given which, or something very like it, may have been the one intended to be used here:—"Adiuro te per stygia iuscutibilla arena, per lipos irremediabiles infractus aëris: veul, per noctis & tenebrarum abissi profundissima; per labenta sidera; per lipos motu horarum furiosos, hentes; aduim silentium: Appare in forma spiritali, luceate splendida & amabili!" (*Dramatic Works*, vol. II. p. 70).

93 Blue 27: *Azmath* I cannot find any mention of this spirit in Scot's long list of the various devils great and small. In *The Contention* the name is *Asakabon*, which also is not to be found in Scot. Perhaps *Azmath* was another form of *Asmodeus* or *Asmodai*.

94 Line 31: *That I had said and done*!—Spirits were believed, when raised by conjurations, to remain above ground very much against their own inclination, and to answer questions very reluctantly. It was for this reason that such elaborate exorcisms and forms of conjuration were necessary. See line 41 below. Compare also Macbeth, iv, i, 72, where one of the apparitions says, "Dismiss me, enough."

95 Line 332: Boling. [Reading out of a paper] J.-Malone points out that here is another instance of the inconsistency into which Shakespeare not infrequently falls through partly following the original play or story which he is adapting, and partly deviating from it. Above (line 14), *Bolingbroke* says "Julius *Southwell*, read you;" and now *Bolingbroke* is himself reading. In *The Contention* *Southwell* does not appear in this scene, and it is *Bolingbroke*, or as he is called there *Hulithbroke*, who reads the questions.

96. Lines 44-58. Here again the somewhat hasty attempts at alteration and, in this case, expansion of the original have resulted in a good deal of confusion. It has apparently not been noticed by commentators that part of the speech given to Buckingham (lines 53-55) should belong to York. The scene stands thus in *The Contention*:

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK, and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
and others.*

York. Come sirs, lide hands on then., and bind them sore,
This time was well wat'it. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting Treasons thus with Conjurors,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

[Exit Flinor alone.

Ruc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

To sirs, see them fast lockt in prison, [Exit with them.]

King. My Lord, I pray you let me go first visit the King.
Antony. Alonzo, to tell the news.
York. Content. Away then, about it straight.
King. I will my Lord.
York. Where within the city?

Enter Duke.

Duke. My Lord,
York. Suffolk go with the Ladies
of Salisbury and Warwick, I'll sup with me to night.

King. I will my Lord.

It will be seen that York certainly takes the lead, and gives all the orders in the original, but in Buckingham's speech in the present play (lines 52-55), he is made to take almost a commanding tone than York. Therefore we have ventured to assign the greater part of his speech to York, and we have introduced among the characters who enter, one of the Staffords, whose presence would seem to be clearly indicated by line 56:

Stafford, take her to thee.

This is given in all the editions to Buckingham, but surely he would hardly address himself by his own surname. We have given this speech to York, who is careful to address Buckingham by his title (line 58):

Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

we are justified, therefore, in concluding that he would not address him simply by his family name. Again, it is clear that Buckingham does not go away with the duchess, but remains on the scene; he plays the same part in this scene as he does in that of *The Contention*; he occupies himself with the examination of the papers while York is giving his orders; and he requests permission, as he does in lines 80, 81 of this play:

*Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward,*

to be allowed to carry the news of the arrest to the king. Though all the commentators, as far as we can find, pass over altogether this distinct mention of Stafford, we cannot but think we are justified in introducing him among the *Dramatis Personae* of this scene. It will be noted that in *The Contention* we have:

*Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of
Buckingham, and others.*

We know that Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother William were afterwards despatched against the rebels under Jack Cade. It is probable, therefore, that they were both about the court, and that one of them might have accompanied the Dukes of York and Buckingham upon this occasion. We have supposed that it is William Stafford, and not Sir Humphrey, who was present on this occasion, because we should have expected the latter to have been addressed as *Sir Humphrey*, and not as *Stafford*. The scene, as it is usually printed, is scarcely intelligible; but by aid of the slight alteration we have made, and of the stage-directions we have added, we venture to think that the obscurity has been removed.

97. Lines 73-82.—It seems as if in this part of the scene Shakespeare had hardly made up his mind whether to write in verse or prose. Line 78, for instance, can hardly be called verse, nor line 82.

98. Line 1: *old Joan had not gone out*. Johnson explains this, on the authority of a gentleman well acquainted with falconry: "that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii, p. 263). Percy explains it: "The wind was so high it was ten to one old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii, p. 263). No commentator seems to have succeeded in discovering any authority on falconry that could decide which explanation is the right one.

99. Line 20: *beat on it earnest*. This expression is not taken from falconry as Johnson supposed. A hawk is said to *beat*, or *bate*, when he flutters violently with his wings. But, as Stevens points out, *to beat on* is the same as "to hammer on," "to keep on with." Aug at the same idea." Compare above (l. 2-17), where Gloucester says to his wife:

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery?

The very same phrase occurs in more than one old play; e.g. in *The Maid's Metamorphosis* (attributed to Lilly):

Wah hie whose restless thoughts do beat on thee.

—Totten's Old Plays, vol. 1, p. 171.

and is used by Shakespeare in *The Tempest*, v. 1. 216, 247:

*Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business.*

Compare Hamlet, iii. 1-182. These passages are quite sufficient to prove that Johnson was wrong in his conjecture, and that Pope's emendation *beat* is utterly needless.

100. Line 26: *With so much holiness can you not do it?*
—FF. read: *With such holiness can you do it?*

Many attempts have been made to amend this line. Those who adhere to the reading of the old copies generally explain the line as bearing an ironical sense, i.e. "With such holiness (as you possess) can you do it, i.e. 'hide your malice?'" The emendation that we have ventured to make is based on the supposition that the transcriber's eye caught *such* in the line above, and wrote it in mistake for *so much*; and that he accidentally omitted *not*. Certainly the line, as given in FF., is very unmetrical and obscure. Our emendation seems to restore the rhythm, and to do away with the obscurity.

101. Lines 32, 33:

*Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.
King. Prithee, peace.
Good queen, and what not on these furious peers.*

These lines are arranged in F. 1 thus:

*Queen. And thy Ambition, Gloucester.
King. Prithee, peace good Queen,
And what not on these furious Peers.*

The last line, it will be observed, is defective in two syllables, which F. 2 supplied by the addition of *too too* before *furious*. But by simply omitting the *I* before *prithce*, and ending the first line with *peace*, we get two complete lines. This is the same arrangement as Malone's with the exception that he does not omit the word *I*.

102. Lines 47, 48.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] *Are ye advis'd?—the first note of the grace!*

Glo. [Aside to Car.] *Cardinal, I run with you.*

FF arrange these lines thus, giving the whole speech to Gloucester.

Car. True Vicar, are ye advis'd?

The First note of the Grace!

Cardinal, I run with you.

We have followed Theobald's arrangement, which is manifestly the right one; as he points out, the cardinal's impetuosity becomes more pronounced by his repenting the place of the assiguation; whereas, if the whole speech is given to Gloucester, it is very tame.

103. Line 55: *The winds your high; so do your stomachs, herts.*—Malone objects to this line on the ground that the dispute between the cardinal and Gloucester is intended to pass *aside*; but that Shakespeare adopted this line, with slight alteration, from the Old Play, where the dispute would seem not to be concealed from Henry. This remark is decidedly hypercritical. It is evident that the cardinal at least, if not Gloucester, is intended to be labouring under great excitement; and, from line 53 *above*, it is clear that the king already noticed that the dispute was going on between them. It would not be necessary for him to *hear* what they said, but simply to note their hostile gestures. In the Old Play *asides* are never marked.

101. Line 62: *Come to the king; tell him what misdeeds.*—FF have "*and tell him.*" We have preferred to omit *and* rather than follow Seymour in omitting *him*.

105. Lines 68-160.—This incident of the pretended miracle at St. Albans is given neither by Hollinshed nor Hall. Grafton thus narrates it as: "written and set forth by Sir Thomas Moore knight, in a booke of his, entitled, a Dialogue concerning heresies and matters of religion, and in the xliij. chapter of the same booke, in this wise following. In the time of King Henry the sixt (sayeth he) as he rode in Progresse, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certayne begger with hys wyfe, and there was walking about the towne begging foure or sixe dayes before the kinges coming thither, saying that he was borne blinde and never sawe in all his life, and was warned in his dreame, that he should come out of Berwick, where he sayd that he had ever dwelled, to seeke Saint Albou, and that he had bene at his Shrine, and was not holpen, and therefore he would go seeke him at some other place; For he had heard some saye since he came, that Saint Albons body should be at Colyn, and in deede such a contention hath there bene. But of trouth as I am certainly informed (sayth Sir Thomas Moore) he lyeth here at Saint Albones, saying some reliques of him, which they there shewe shryned. But to tell you sooth, when the King was come, and the towne full of people, suddenly this blind man at Saint Albones shryne had his sight, the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen, so that nothing was talked of in all the towne, but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke Humphry of Gloucester, a man no lesse wise, then also well learned, having great loy to seee suche a miracle,

called the poore man vnto him, and first shewing him selfe tokens of Gods glorie, so shewed in the getting of his sight, and exhorting him to mekenesse, and to ascribing of any part of his worship to himselfe nor to be proud of the peoples praise, which would call him a good and a godly man thereby, at the last he looked well upon his eien, and asked whether he could ever see any thing at all in all his life before. And when as well his wife as himselfe answered fastly, no, then he looked advisedly vpon his eyen againe, and sayde, I beleene you very well, for me thinketh that ye can not see well yet. Yes sir, quoth he, I thanke God, and his holy Martir, I can see now as well as any man: Yea can, quod the Duke: what colour is my Gowne? Then moone the begger tolde him. What colour quod he is this mans Gowne? he tolde him also without anye shynynge or stumbling, and tolde the names of all the colours that coule be shewed him. And when the Duke sawe that, he bade him walke Fayntre, and made him to be set openly in the stocks. For though he could haue bene sodainely by miracle the difference betwene dyvers colours, yet could he not by sight, so sodainely tell the names of all these colours, except he had knowne them before, no more then he could name all the men whome he should sodainely see, thus farre mynster Moore" (vol. II. pp. 507, 508, edn. 1568). In his notes on "The Contention" (pp. 411, 412), Halliwell gives the extract from Sir Thomas More's Works, and then gives the extract from Grafton: but in the latter all reference to the source whence the story was taken is omitted. He adds at the end "So much for the plague-bolus of the sixteenth century." I suppose he must have taken his extract from some edition of Grafton in which no mention of his authority was made, as we have transcribed our extract above from the original work.

106. Lines 68, 69:

SEE WHERE the townsmen, on procession,
Come to present your highness with the man.

FF. read

Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

If this passage is to be in prose, the reading of FF. needs no emendation; but if it is meant to be in verse, line 69 is simply intolerable. Various attempts have been made to complete the metre in that line. Capell reads, *Come to present*, which we have partly adopted, but have substituted *See where for Here come*. This is just such an emendation as one might make in an acting edition of the play, with the object of giving a little more time for the procession to enter. The cardinal has naturally gone up to Gloucester after the king's remountance in lines 55-68, and he first catches sight of the procession on its way to the king.

107. Line 71: *Although by sight his sin be multiplied.*—FF. read "Although by his sight." We have omitted the first *his*, an omission which was proposed by Lloyd. Pope reads *though* instead of *although*. But the *his* which is necessary before *sin* is not necessary before *sight*, which means here the sense of seeing.

108. Line 85: *Let never day nor night UNHALLOWED pass.*—The final *ed* is not elided in F. 1. Probably it was

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI. PART II.

ACT II. Scene 2.

ACT II. Scene 1.

retain—1 purposely, thus giving a greater impressiveness to the line.

109. Line 91: "SIMPLEX, come." Ff. print by mistake *Symon*. The correction is Pope's, and is justified by line 124 below.

110. Lines 125-133. This passage is printed as prose in Qq and in Ff. is divided into a kind of metre. We have thought it better to keep it in prose, as it cannot be made into rhythmical verse without some alteration and addition to the text. Any one acquainted with the original editions of plays in the 16th and 17th centuries must often have come across passages which are partly in prose and partly in blank verse, as if the author intended to have made them into verse, but had not taken the trouble to make the verses perfect. When Shakespeare was revising and partly rewriting *The Contention*, he intended probably to put this passage into verse, but did not make the necessary alteration of the language. In fact, it is evident that the work he did on this play was done, for the most part, very carelessly, and that he never took the trouble to revise it. As this speech stands, it makes very good prose; while, even with such alterations as Hammer introduced, it makes very indifferent verse. We think it better to retain the prose form rather than, as Hammer, and those who have followed him, have done, sacrifice some of the more idiomatic expressions for the sake of the rhythm.

111. Line 137: *things called whips*.—Halliwell in his notes to *The Contention* (p. 115) quotes from Robert Armin's *Sest of Nimble*, 1608: "There are, as Hamlet saies, *things call'd whips* in store." Hamlet speaks of "the *whips* and scorns of time;" but the phrase *things called whips* does not occur in Hamlet; and unless Armin was referring to a version or edition of Hamlet unknown, he probably had this passage in his mind.

112. Line 164: *You made, my lord, in a day* WHOLE TOWNS TO FLY. Ff. have

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly;

which Capell alters to

You, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly

The alteration we have made renders the line more rhythmical than the reading of Ff., and does not involve the omission of any word. The allusion, of course, is to Suffolk's giving up Anjou and Maine when he signed the marriage treaty between Henry and Margaret.

113. Line 181: *'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour*.—See above lines 42, 47, 48

114. Lines 186, 187:

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

The latter is a very awkward line; perhaps the two lines should be arranged thus:

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

Confusion, of course, being pronounced as a quadrisyllable. The juxtaposition of *on* with the last syllable of *confusion* is very inelegant; keeping the lines as arranged in the text we might omit *own* in line 187.

115. Lines 194, 195:

NOBLE SHE IS, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, &c.

These lines are not in *The Contention*. They are Shakespeare's own; and he must have intended Duke Humphrey either to have been ignorant of, or to have conveniently forgotten, his wife's antecedents. It is to be feared that with *honour and virtue* the Lady Eleanor Cobham had, for a long time, enjoyed only a bowing acquaintance.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

116.—This scene, with its dreary genealogical discussion, is utterly unworthy of Shakespeare. It is not necessary to the play, and does not advance the action in any way whatever. The attempt to put York's tedious account of his descent into verse is a mistake. It would have been better if Shakespeare had kept the greater part of it in prose. In *The Contention* the whole scene is in prose. The speeches of York remind one of the clever parody on Crabbe in the *Rejected Addresses*.

117. Lines 4, 5:

In creating your opinion of my title,
WHICH IS INFALLIBLE, to England's crown.

This sentence is a very clever touch, introduced by Shakespeare. The phrase *infallible* refers to *title*; but it might refer to *opinion*. If York's title were *infallible*, why did he ask their opinion about it at all? But that *opinion* he would, no doubt, admit to be *infallible*, if it agreed with his own.

118. Line 6: *My lord, I long to hear it* TOLD AT FULL.—Ff. read:

My lord, I long to hear it at full.

Dyce queries if *hear* is to be considered a dissyllable. Pope prints "*thus* at full." Capell "*at the full*." For the emendation in the text we are responsible.

119. Lines 10-17.—Shakespeare has corrected two important mistakes in *The Contention*, the author of which makes Edmund of Langley the second son, and gives as the fifth son Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; but he has followed Holinshed in making William of Windsor the seventh son instead of the sixth. See Richard II. note 51.

120. Line 26: *where, as ALL you know*.—The speaker is addressing only Salisbury and Warwick. Qq. have "you both." Compare II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 35, where King Henry addresses only Warwick and Surrey says:

Why, then, good morrow to you *all*, my lords.

121. Line 27: *Was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously*. Ff. have:

Harmless Richard was murder'd *disloyally*.

The transposition was suggested by Dyce, and we have adopted his suggestion. The line is quite insufferable as it stands in Ff.

122. Line 28: *Father, the Duke of York hath told the truth*.—Ff. read:

Father, the duke hath told the truth.

To complete the line Hammer reads "the *very* truth." Capell "*surely* told the truth." No one appears to have

suggested the emendation we have printed. It seems the simplest, and there is every reason for not omitting the duke's title here.

123. Lines 39-42. As to the mistake about Edmund Mortimer see I. Henry VI. note 13. As Malone points out, it was his son-in-law Lord Grey of Ruthyn, whom, according to Hall, Owen Glendower kept in captivity till he died.

124. Line 53: *What plain PROCEEDING is more plain than this!*—This is the reading of F, 2, F, 3, F, 4; F, 1 has *proceedings*, an evident mistake.

125. Line 55: *WHILE York claims it from the third.*—Ff omit *while*, which was added by Dyce. Capell inserted *but*.

126. Line 77: *My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.* Ff have: "My lord, break we off," &c. We have followed Capell in omitting the first *we*.

127. Lines 78, 79.—These two lines are substituted for a speech of ten lines in *The Contention* (p. 450), the only one throughout this scene, which is written in blank verse in the Old Play, with the exception of the first two, and they only occupy six lines. Shakespeare's object in reducing this speech of Warwick's to two lines, and expanding the previous one of York's, seems to have been to give to the latter character greater dramatic prominence.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

128. The trial of the Duchess of Gloucester and her accomplices really took place in the year 1441, or more than three years before King Henry was married. It appears, from the account of the affair given in Lingard, that Bolingbroke was first accused of necromancy, and "exhibited with the instruments of magic to the admiring populace on a platform before St. Paul's, 'arrayed in marvellous attire,' bearing in his right hand a sword, and in his left a sceptre, and sitting in a chair, on the four corners of which were fixed four swords, and on the points of the swords four images of copper. The second night afterwards Dame Eleanor secretly withdrew into the sanctuary of Westminster, a step which naturally excited suspicion. She was confronted with Bolingbroke, who declared that it was at her instigation that he had first applied to the study of magic. From the inquiry which followed, it appeared that Eleanor was a firm believer in the mysteries of the art; that, to secure the affection of the duke, she had employed love potions furnished by Marjory Jourdain, the celebrated witch of Eye; and that, to learn what would be her subsequent lot (her husband was presumptive heir to the throne), she had charged Bolingbroke to discover the duration of the king's life" (vol. iv. p. 75). Jourdain or Jourdain had been previously convicted of sorcery (see above, note 24), and was, therefore, burnt as "a relapsed witch." She and the duchess were arraigned before the ecclesiastical court; and Southwell and Bolingbroke were indicted for treason. The former died in the Tower before his trial; and Bolingbroke was convicted and executed (see Lingard, *ut supra*, p. 76).

129. Lines 3, 4:

Receive the sentence of the law, for SIN'S

Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.

F, 1, F, 2 have *sinne*; F, 3, F, 4 *sin*; the correction is Theobald's. The reference to *God's book* is to Exodus xvii. 18: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and to Leviticus xx. 6: "the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards . . . I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people."

130. Lines 12, 13. See above, note 23.

131. Line 20: *Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go.*—Ff have "*I beseech*;" we have followed Hammer in omitting the unnecessary syllable *I*.

132. Line 30: *God and King Henry govern England's helm!*—Ff have *realms*, which is obviously a mistake, as we have *realms* ending the next line. *Helm* is Johnson's very admirable correction. Compare above, l. 3. 103:

And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

133. Line 43: *This staff of honour RAUGHT.* *Raught* is generally used by Shakespeare as the imperfect or past participle of *to reach*; and some commentators explain the word here as "attained." But the sense we have given it in the foot-note, viz. "taken away" is much more suited to the context. Ritson says that it is equivalent to "raft" or "reft," the preterite of "to leave." Be that as it may, there is little doubt that the word has here the same sense that it has in the passage quoted by him from Peck's Arraignment of Paris: Prologue, line 7:

Raught from the golden tree of Proserpine.

134. Line 46: *Thus Eleanor's pride dies in HER YOUNGEST days.*—This line has given rise to a great deal of discussion. Several emendations have been proposed for the word *youngest*. If we suppose *hee* to bear the sense given it in the foot-note, and to refer to *pride* (l. 48), there is no difficulty. Certainly Eleanor herself could not be said to be in her *youngest* days; but her pride, or ambition, might be said to be so. The object of her connection with the witch and with Bolingbroke was to attain the great aim of her ambition by securing the succession to the crown for her husband. The position of queen-consort would have been a far higher one than she occupied as wife of the Protector, especially as there was no queen-dowager at court; Katherine, the widow of Henry V., as it may be remembered, having formed a mésalliance with Owen Tudor.

135. Lines 56-108.—For an historic account of this combat see above, note 20. By the law of duels persons of an inferior rank to knights fought with a staff, to one end of which was fixed a bag stuffed with sand. Compare *Andrius* (P. III. c. ii. l. 80):

Engag'd with money-bags as ball!

As men with sand-bags did of old.

136. Line 63: *charneo.*—This wine is frequently mentioned by the writers of Shakespeare's period; e.g. in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, ii. 3: "Where no old *charneo* is, nor no anchovies" (Works, vol. i. p. 190):

137. Lines 73-74: *I think I have taken my last draught in this world.*—Stevens points out that Gay has imitated this passage in his *What D'ye Call It*, where Peasgood says:

Stay, let me pledge—'t is my last earthly liquor.

Gay has also, perhaps unconsciously, imitated the rest of this speech in the same piece:

Pro. (Distributing his things among his friends,
Take you my 'bacco-box—my neck, hold you;

To our kind vicar send this bottle-screw,

But wear these breeches, Tonic they're quite brand-new,

—The What D'ye Call It. A Tragic-Comic-Pastoral.

138. Line 90: *I will take my death.*—See King John, note 39.

139. Line 93. Some editors here insert from *The Contention*: "as Benys of South-hampton fell upon Askapart." Shakespeare alludes to the story of Bevis of Southampton in Henry VIII. i. 1. 38. Whether he omitted the reference to this popular legend purposely, or whether it was a subsequent omission of the actors, we cannot tell. But were we once to commence restoring to the text passages omitted by Shakespeare from the Old Play, when they are not absolutely necessary to the sense, we should scarcely know where to stop.

140. Line 93: *the good wine in thy master's rag.*—This is usually explained as we have explained it in the footnote; but may it not mean the good wine that had been put in his way, i.e. that had been offered him? Hall says in his account of this episode, "his neighbours came to him and gave him wine and strong drink."

141. Line 103: *Go, take ye hence that traitor from our sight.*—Ff. have:

Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

a very halting line, which has been amended by Hammer, who reads: "Go, and take hence," and by Capell: "Go take away." The insertion of the word *ye* seems to us preferable to either of these emendations.

142. Line 104.—However ridiculous the prescribed weapons in this combat may appear to us, it is evident they were capable of dealing fatal blows. All the chroniclers agree that the armourer was killed by his servant; and that fact appears to be confirmed by the discovery of the original exchequer record of expenses relating to this combat. One of the items charged for is for officers "watching of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte after yt ye letaill was doon" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 226). Stevens deduces from this that the armourer "was not killed in the combat, but only worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged." But it was his dead body that was hanged; it being then the custom with persons convicted of murder or of treason to hang and decapitate their dead bodies as a mark of disgrace. It is perfectly clear that the item we have quoted refers to the charge for watching the dead body before it was removed to Tyburn to be decapitated. It was always presumed, in the trial by combat, that the one who was defeated or killed was guilty. The last case in which

appeal of battle was claimed was in 1818. Abraham Thornton, accused of the violation and murder of Mary Ashford, claimed his right to trial by wager of battle, which the court was obliged to allow, as the law, by an oversight, had been allowed to remain on the statute-book; but the brother of the murdered girl refused the challenge, and the accused escaped. The law was struck off the statute-book by the 39 George III. (1819).

ACT II. SCENE 4.

143. Line 3: *BARE winter.*—Ff. read *barren*; the emendation is Capell's.

144. Line 5: *Sir, what's o'clock?*

Serv. "Tis ALMOST TEN, my lord.
Ff. read: "Ten, my lord." The *Contention* has "Almost ten my Lord." The reading in our text is that of Lettson, founded on the reading of Q4.

145. Line 8: *Uneth.*—The word is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare. It is common in old writers, being used by Chaucer and Spenser; and in Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 5, "I shall uneth hold them" (Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 117).

146. Line 12: *With curious looks, STILL laughing at thy shame.*—F. 1 omits *still*, added in F. 2.

147. Lines 19-25. This speech in *The Contention* occupies exactly the same number of lines, and it may be worth while for the reader to compare it with the speech in the text as revised by Shakespeare:

Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah clowder, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddle people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent up studie rue thy shame,
And ban thine enemies. *Alonzo and thine.* p. 457.

The alterations are comparatively slight, but the gain in rhythm and dramatic force is very considerable.

148. Line 27.—This speech of the duchess has been very much amplified by Shakespeare. Lines 38-41 have no parallel in the original. In the Old Play the speech ends with line 47. Shakespeare has adapted the next speech of the duchess, and tacked it on to this one; while he has expanded Gloucester's speech from four lines to twelve. In fact, a study of this scene and of the corresponding one in *The Contention*, line by line, will give a very good idea of the way in which Shakespeare dealt with the language of the plays that he adapted.

149. Line 45: *his FÖRLORN duchess.*—See 1. Henry VI. note 57.

150. Line 46: *painting stock.*—This word seems to have been coined by Shakespeare as a substitute for *laughing-stock* in the original. There is no *hypocrite* in Ff. or in Q4.

151. Lines 69-71.—Printed as verse in Ff.; but surely by mistake.

152. Line 79: *Must you, Sir John, protect my lady HERE?*—Some editors, following Heath, alter *here* to

14. quote from vol. x. of A Collection of the most esteemed Farces and Entertainments performed on the British Stage. Phila. at Edinburgh in 1758.

hence. Walker proposes *there*. But surely there is no need for alteration, nor is it necessary to suppose that the meaning is "from this point." *Here* is simply used, as it often is, as an expletive.

153 Lines 81, 82:

*Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well.*

14 The Contention on this passage runs:

"I Sir John, use her neerer the worse,
to entreat you use her well.

Neither of which lines has any pretension to rhythm.

154. Line 192: *It is my office; madam, pardon me.*—
Ff. have: *It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.*

We have omitted the unnecessary *and*. As has been before remarked, this play is remarkable for the number of weak *ands*.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

155—None of the chroniclers throw any light upon the circumstances which ensued between the petition of the Commons asking the king to approve the conduct of Suffolk, and the sudden arrest of the Duke of Gloucester. All that we know is that the latter had "publicly testified his approbation of the king's marriage" (Lingard, vol. iv. p. 80). The chroniclers do not mention anything unusual with regard to the parliament summoned at Bury. Lingard's account is as follows: "It may be that Gloucester, harassed by the accusations of his enemies, had formed a plan to make himself master of the royal person; or that Suffolk, to screen himself from the resentment of the duke, infused into the mind of Henry suspicious of the loyalty of his uncle. However it were, Henry summoned a parliament to meet, not as usual at Westminster, but at Bury St. Edmund's. The precautions which were taken excited surprise, and gave birth to numerous conjectures. The knights of the shire received orders to come in arms; the men of Suffolk were arrayed; numerous guards were placed round the king's residence; and patrols during the night watched all the roads leading to the town. The Duke of Gloucester left his castle of Devises, and was present at the opening of parliament; the next day he was arrested in his lodgings on a charge of high treason, by the lord Beaumont, constable of England" (vol. iv. pp. 80, 81).

156 Line 8: *How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself!*—Ff. read:

*How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself
We have followed Steevens in omitting the second how.*

157 Line 22: *And should you fall, he is the next will mount.* Dyce says in note 74 on this play: "he is the next will mount" was, by an oversight, printed in my former edition 'he as the next,' &c., an error which the Cambridge Editors have copied." The Globe has the same mistake. Ff. undoubtedly read *is*, not *as*.

158 Line 51: *the BEDLAM brain-stek duchess.*—See King John, note 85.

159 Lines 58–61.—With regard to the first charge made by the cardinal against Gloucester, see above, note 80. The second charge of misappropriating money is not mentioned by Hall or Holinshed; but Lingard says in a foot-note (vol. iv. p. 80): "We are told that he was accused in the council of illegal executions, and of having unjustly enriched himself at the expense of the crown;" but he does not give his authority for this statement.

160 Lines 69–73.—As we are undoubtedly intended, in this play, to sympathize with the character of King Henry, Shakespeare was quite right, from a dramatic point of view, to emphasize the king's belief in the innocence of Gloucester; but we learn from Whethamstede, abbot of St. Albans, who was a strong partisan of Gloucester, that nothing could persuade the king that his uncle was innocent. (See Lingard, vol. iv. foot-note 3, p. 80.)

161 Lines 87, 88.—York here repeats himself almost word for word. Compare i. 1. 237, 238.

162 Line 98: *Well, Suffolk's DUKE, thou shalt not see me blush.*—F. 1 has:

Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: "Well, Suffolk, yet thou," &c. *Suffolk's duke* is from the Qq. We agree with Malone in preferring this emendation to any of the others. There probably was intended to be something contemptuous in the tone in which Gloucester alludes to Suffolk's new-begged honour of duke.

163 Line 129: *Oh foul FELLOUSIOUS thief that fleeced poor PASSENGERS.*—We have here, apparently, a line that is very unusual in any of Shakespeare's earlier plays, i.e. a trisyllable ending a line. In the Contention we have *felonious*, the older form of *felonious*:

*A northerer or foule felonious theefe,
That robs and murder's silly passengers.*

This line, however, can be made an Alexandrine by accenting *passengers* on the last syllable.

164 Line 133: *My lord, these faults are EASY, quickly answer'd.*—We have preferred taking this word as an adjective, and not as an adverb. The adverb *easily* occurs in the next line but one below. It may be that the sense here is elliptical; the meaning of the sentence being "these faults are easy to commit." But that it is used in the adjective sense seems to be indicated by the fact that it is followed by a comma in F. 1. If we take it as an adverb it seems almost pleonastic.

165 Line 140: *That you will clear yourself from all suspect.*—Ff. read *suspense*; the correction is Capell's. Malone prefers *suspects*; but surely the plural is unnecessary. *Suspect* is used frequently for suspicion in Shakespeare. It is used in that sense twice in this play, in i. 3. 139 and iii. 2. 139.

166 Line 151: *But mine is made the prologue to their play.*—Lettsom would read with Qq.,

But I am made, &c.,

on the ground that in the next line *more* "must refer to persons not to deaths;" but the punctuation of F. 1, which has a colon at the end of the line, seems to indicate that *mine* (= "my death") is the right reading.

167. Line 196: *Myself had* NOTE of your CONVENTICLES. —Ff. read *notice*. I had marked in the margin *note* as an emendation, before I saw in the Cambridge edn. that it was an anonymous conjecture. There can be little doubt that *note* is the right reading. As the line stands in Ff. it is insufferable; unless we read *conventicles* with the accent on the penultimate. For *note* used as "information" compare Henry V. ii. 2. 6; Henry VIII. i. 2. 48; Titus Andronicus, ii. 3. 86.

168. Line 179: *clerkly*. This adverb occurs only twice in Shakespeare; in this passage, and in the Two Gent. ii. 1. 215, where it seems to refer more to penmanship than to scholarship. Here it seems to mean "in scholarlike language," as opposed to coarse, abusive language. It is curious how the word *clerk*, which nowadays is chiefly identified with the notion of a person in an inferior position, was in Shakespeare's time a type of all that was scholarly and educated; a sense of the word which was of course, a relic of the times when education was almost limited to the clergy.

169. Line 203: *The MAP of honour*. Compare Richard II. note 281, where *map*, however, seems used in a different sense.

170. Line 211: *And BINDS the wretch, and beats it when it STRAYS*. Theobald would read *strides*, adopting the conjecture of Thirlby. He asks how can it *stray* when it is *bound*? (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 241). Johnson thought that there was a confusion of ideas here and that "the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path" (*l'op. cit.*, p. 242). *Beating* seems to imply that the animal was *carried*; but below, line 213, we have:

Even so remorseless have they *borne* him hence;
i.e. Gloucester; and certainly Gloucester was not carried.

171. Line 222: *Say, "Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none."*

Ff. place a note of exclamation after *traitor*. The punctuation adopted in the text is preferable to that of Ff.; the sense being that given in the foot-note.

172. Line 223: *FAIR lords*. Ff. read *FREE lords*; the Cambridge editors suggest *My lords*. The reading adopted in the text is that of Collier's MS. Corrector, which Dyce follows, giving several instances of the phrase "*Fair lords*," e.g. III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 95; iv. 8. 23.

173. Line 229: *doth STING a child*.—This shows that Shakespeare, like many persons nowadays who ought to know better, believed that the common snake, *Natrix borinquata*, was venomous. Compare Richard II. note 203.

174. Line 248: *Were't not all one, an empty eagle set.*—Ff. read:

Were't not all one an empty eagle were set.
We have omitted *were*, which is not necessary to the sense, and spoils the metre.

175. Lines 257-260. The meaning here is, at first sight, rather obscure; but what Suffolk evidently intends to say is, that as the fox is condemned to death when caught, as being a destructive animal to flocks, though he may not be caught red-handed, so Duke Humphrey ought to be put to death, as being an enemy to the king.

176. Line 265: *Which MATES him first that first intends deceit*.—Commentators differ as to whether this word here = *checkmates*, or whether it has the same sense as in the Comedy of Errors, note 82, and means "bewildered." The truth seems to be that the word, though perhaps it is an anglicized form of the French *mater*, is originally derived, in common with that word, from the old French *mat* (Italian *matto*); and that both these latter words were derived from *mat*, originally of Arabic origin, as used in the Persian phrase, *Shah mat*, the king is dead, which became corrupted into *checkmate* as used at chess; and was afterwards used as a verb to *checkmate*, abbreviated simply to *mate*, i.e. to betray, to confound. The Latin word *mutus*, from which some would derive the word *mate*, is not used in any author before Petronius Arbiter (died A.D. 67); and it seems to be used by him as = drunk, tipsy.

177. Line 280: *And I: and now we three have SPOKEN it*. Ff. have *spoke*; the correction is Hammer's.

178. Line 301: *Men's flesh preserv'd so whole no widow win*.—Hammer alters *do* to *doth*, but unnecessarily, the construction being not unusual in our early writers. *Men's flesh* = the flesh of men, and *men* becomes the implied subject. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 139, where a similar construction is noticed (v. 1. 344, 345):

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

179. Line 348: *Whiles I in Ireland STUSE a mighty band*. Ff. read *nourish*; Collier's MS. substituted *morch*, which seems to me a silly emendation. Walker would read *nourish* as a monosyllable; but surely it is preferable to substitute, as we have ventured to do, the word *nurse*, of which *nourish* is but another form. See I. Henry VI. note 34, i. 1. 50:

Our isle he made a *nourish* of salt tears.

180. Line 352: *Until the golden circuit on my head*.—Compare Macbeth, i. 5. 29, where the *golden round* is used with the same meaning as in our text.

181. Lines 365, 366:

eaper upright like a wild Marisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.

Perhaps the *wild Marisco* here glanced at may have been Will Kemp, who calls himself in his Nine Daies Wonder "head-Master of Morrice-danceers, high Head-borough of heighs, and onely trickier of your Trill-hilles, and best bel-shangles betwene Sion and mount surrey" (see Ashbee's Reprint A. 3). The cut on the title-page of that tract shows how the bells were worn by morris-dancers.

182. Line 378: *Will make him say I mo'd him to those ARMS*.—We might suspect here that *arms* was a misprint for *arms*; but compare below, iv. 9. 29; v. 1. 18, 29. All these passages conclusively prove that *arms* is used here for "armed bands."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

183. Lines 11-13: Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. Tis, my good lord.

We have followed here the reading of F. 1; F. 2, F. 3 have *are*; F. 4 *and are*. As the Cambridge editors observe (note viii.), the answer of the first murderer seems to imply that the reading of F. 1 is right. *All things here* = everything; and the use of a singular verb is quite as justifiable in this passage, as in many others where it occurs after a plural noun. Rowe would substitute *Tes* for *Tis*.

184. Line 26: *I thank thee*, LOVE.—Ff. have "I thank thee, *Nell*," for which Capell substituted *Meg*. It is evident that the author was thinking of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, and wrote *Nell* by mistake; as below, in lines 79, 100, 120, he has written *Eleanor* instead of *Margaret*, a mistake not at all unlikely to occur to a playwright much more careful as to minor points than Shakespeare was. The Cambridge editors religiously retain *Nell* and *Eleanor* in the three passages referred to above; but surely this is carrying respect for the original edition a little too far. One might as well retain a letter which was printed topsy-turvy. Shakespeare cannot have deliberately intended Margaret to forget her own name, or the king to forget his wife's name. Capell's emendation seems open to the objection that Henry never calls *Margaret* by the familiar term *Meg*; and one's sense of fitness rebels against that energetic, dourhearted lady being called *Meg* under any circumstances; we have accordingly substituted *love*, the form of address used by the king to *Margaret* below, iv. 4. 23.

185. Lines 52, 53:

come, BASILISK,

And KILL the innocent gazer with thy SIGHT.

The following account of this fabulous monster is from Holland's *Pliny* (vol. ii. book 29, pp. 356, 357):

"To come now unto the Basilisk, whom all other serpents doe flie from and are afraid of: albeit he killeth them with his very breath and smell that passeth from him; yea, and (by report) if he do but set his eye on a man, it is enough to take away his life." Shakespeare alludes to this superstition in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2. 47, and again in *Henry V.* v. 2. 17.

186. Line 63: BLOOD-DRINKING *sighs*.—Compare III. *Henry VI.* iv. 4. 22: "blood-sucking sighs;" also just above, iii. 2. 61: "blood-consuming sighs." Compare also *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 39: "Dry sorrow drinks our blood." It was an old idea that sorrow dried up the blood, and caused death.

187. Line 73: *Be woe for me*; i.e. "be grieved for me." Compare the common expression *Woe is me*, i.e. *Woe is mine*, in the previous line. In *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 2, we have the expression *Woe is my heart* = "grieved is my heart."

188. Line 76: *What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?* Compare *Psalm* lvi. 4, 5, "they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely." The explanation of the process by which the adder stops her ears is given by Gower in his *De Confessione Amantis*, bk. i. fol. v. (quoted by Stevens):

Anone as he perceiveth that,
He leyth downe his one eare all plat
Unto the ground, and hald it fast:

And eke that other eare als faste
He stoppeth with his taile so sure
That he the wordes, lasse nor more,
Of his enchauntement ne hereih.

He is speaking of the device employed by the serpent, which bears a carbuncle in its head, to frustrate the would-be despoiler of the jewel. This is evidently the same tradition as that alluded to by the psalmist.

189. Line 80: *Erect his STATUA and worship it*.—This form is generally adopted by editors in those passages in which *statue* is a trisyllable; but it does not appear that this spelling of the word occurs in Ff. or in any of the Qq. of Shakespeare. The only other author who seems to use *statua* is Lord Bacon, who has it more than once in his 45th essay, as also in other places, e.g.: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuæ* of Cyrus," &c. (*Advancement of Learning*). Nares suggests that as *statue* was very often used for a picture, the form *statua* came to be used to distinguish it as a *statue* properly so called from a picture.

190. Line 83: *And twice by AWKWARD wind from England's bank*.—Pope reads *adverse winds*; but *awkward* seems to have been used in connection with winds in the sense of *adverse*. Compare Marlowe's *Edward II.*:

With *awkward* winds and with sore tempests driven.

—Works, p. 211.

191. Line 88: *What did I then, but CURSE the GENTLE gusts*.—Hammer altered *cur'd* to *curse*, which destroys the characteristic idiom. *Gentle* was changed by Singer to *ungentle*, an instance of singular poetic blindness. It is evident that Margaret uses the epithet *gentle* here, as she uses *well foreboding* in line 85 above. Her meaning is that the wind and gusts, which appeared to be cruel in keeping her from England, were really kind in their endeavour to prevent her coming to the arms of a husband, who was to prove so unkind as Henry now appears to her. Compare below, line 94:

The *pretty-sailing* sea refus'd to drown me.

The whole passage, which is not in the Contention, is quite in Shakespeare's style. It is a pretty piece of feminine exaggeration.

192. Line 101: *As far as I could ken THE chalky cliffs*.—F. 1 has *thy*. We have followed F. 2 in its sensible correction of an obvious error. It is curious that the editors, who obstinately adhere to the reading of F. 1, cannot see that "thy chalky cliffs" would quite destroy the force of "thy shore" in the following line.

193. Line 116: *To sit and WATCH me, as Aescanias did*.—Ff. have "watch me." We have adopted Theobald's admirable emendation, which is completely justified by line 119 below: "Am I not *watch'd* like her?" In fact *watch* has no meaning here. As Theobald has pointed out, Shakespeare has got into a sad mess here with regard to his Virgil. It was Cupid, in the shape of Ascanius, that sat in Dido's lap, and bewitched her, inspiring in her a passion for Æneas; and it was Æneas who narrated to Dido all the incidents of burning Troy.

194. Line 141: *his PALY lips*.—Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 1. 100, and *Henry V.* chorus, iv. 8, the only

other passages in which Shakespeare uses this form of *pale*.

195. Lines 142, 143:

and to RAIN

'Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.

Ff. have *drain*; the emendation is Capell's.

196. Line 152: *And seeing him, I see my life in death.*

Ff. read *For*. Some editors, following Johnson, would alter *life in death* to *death in life*, as if the meaning were that he lived to see his own death, that is to say, the death of all his hopes and happiness with that of Gloucester, who was his most faithful and loyal adviser. But the text, as it stands, makes sufficiently good sense; and, as Malone points out, the expression is quite in Shakespeare's manner. He compares Macbeth, ii. 2. 38: "the death of each day's life." The meaning is clear: "I see my life in death," that is, "in a state of death;" Henry being sensible that with Gloucester died all his hopes of defeating the attempts against his crown and life.

197. Lines 160-178. This speech is one of the most powerful in this play. It is interesting to compare it with the corresponding speech in The Contention (pp. 472, 473):

Off have I seen a *timely parted* ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is settled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liv'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murderd.

Anyone who reads carefully these two speeches must admit that, whosoever was the hand that transformed The Contention into the present play, it must have been the hand of one who was a far greater poet than anyone concerned in the authorship of the older drama. When we come to examine the relationship between the first Quarto of Hamlet, 1603, and the later one, 1604, we shall find that the speech of Warwick's in the older play bears much the same resemblance to the more developed speech in II. Henry VI. as some of Hamlet's soliloquies, in the Quarto 1603, bear to the more amplified version of 1604. In both cases we have, in the older form, the main ideas in a rough and unrhymed shape; in both cases the same question arises, Was the earlier form of the play correctly transcribed from the author's MS., or was it a copy based on the various "parts" of the actors, or imperfectly taken down in shorthand by some one in the audience?

198. Line 161: *timely-parted ghost*.—Compare Comedy of Errors, I. 1. 133:

And happy were I in my *timely* death,

where *timely* is used as an adjective—early; and, as an adverb, in many other passages, e.g. in Macbeth, ii. 3. 51: "He did command me to call *timely* on him."

But taking the epithet *timely-parted* in connection with "*timeless* death," in line 187 below, we must agree with those who give the word the meaning assigned to it in our foot-note. Halliwell, in his note on the corresponding passage in The Contention (p. 472), quotes from the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

Off have I heard a *timely married* girl
That newly left to call her mother man;

and says these two lines "appear almost a parody" of the speech in the text; but *timely* certainly seems to have there the sense of early.

Ghost is here used=corpse, the body from which the spirit has departed, not the spirit after it has departed from the body. For a similar use of the word we may compare Hamlet, I. 4. 85: "I'll make a *ghost* of him that lets me;" though in that case there may be a double idea of the spirit which has left the dead body, and the dead body which is left by the spirit. *Ghost* is undoubtedly used in The Contention as=corpse, where young Clifford, finding his father's dead body, says (p. 518):

Sweete father, to thy murdrifd ghost I sweare.

199. Line 176: *Like to the summer's corn by tempest body'd*.—Halliwell gives this word as used "of grass or corn beaten down by wind and rain," in the West of England dialect. Rolfe says that the word is still in common use in New England.

200. Line 187: *timeless*.—Compare Richard II. note 33'.

201. Line 205: *Nor cease to be an arrant out controller*.—Surely the sense that Schmidt gives to this word, "censurer, detractor," is a strained one. He compares Titus Andronicus, ii. 3. 69:

Sauy controller of our private steps.

But, even in that passage, it seems unnecessary to look for the real meaning further than the natural development of the original sense of the word, which was "one whose duty it was to keep a check on accounts," from the French *contrôler*. Such an office implies the exercise of command, the power of restraint, and, by implication, of censure.

202. Line 207: *Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say so*.—Ff. have *say*, omitting *it*: we follow Capell in adopting the reading of the Q4 in the corresponding line.

203. Line 244: *Unless FALSE Suffolk straight be done to death*.—Ff. read *Lord*; we follow Malone in adopting *false* from Q4. *Lord* seems to have been caught by the transcriber from the line above.

204. Line 255: *That they will guard you, WHETHER you will or no*.—Ff. have *where*, the old form of *whether*.

205. Line 278: *An answer from the king, or we'll break in*.—Ff. have "*we will all*." The *all* seems quite redundant, and was probably caught from the line below. We have adopted the emendation which Dyce suggested, but did not adopt.

206. Line 308: *Hast thou not spirit to curse thine ENEMIES?*—Ff. have *enemy*; we have followed Capell in preferring the reading of Q4.

207. Line 310: *Would curses KILL, as doth the MANDRAKE'S GROAN*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 3. 47:

And shrieks like *mandrakes* torn out of the earth.

The curious superstitions, that gathered round this plant, appear to rest on no other foundation than that the forked root bears some rude resemblance to the body of a man or woman. *Mandrake* roots were often sold to supersti-

tions people, being sometimes replaced by "those of the white lilyony (*bergaia divia*) cut to the shape of men and women, and dried in a hot sand bath" (Prior's Popular Names of British Plants, p. 143). In Italy these roots of *mandrake* were supposed to remove barrenness, a belief which dated from the very earliest times. See Genesis xxx. 11-16. The passage in the text alludes particularly to the silly belief that, if any man pulled up a *mandrake* by the root, the plant shrieked, and the man subsequently died. "Dr. Danbenny has published in his Roman Husbandry a most curious drawing from the Vienna MS. of Dioscorides in the fifth century, 'representing the Goddess of Discovery presenting to Dioscorides the root of this *Mandrake*' (of thoroughly human shape) 'which she had just pulled up, while the unfortunate dog which had been employed for that purpose is depicted in the agonies of death'" (Ellacombe, p. 118). There are two sorts of *mandrake*: *Mandragora vernalis*, which has a very insignificant flower and bears an apple-like fruit; and *Mandragora autumnalis* or *microcarpa*, which has flowers of a pale-blue colour resembling the *Anemone Pulsatilla*. Originally a native of the south of Europe on the borders of the Mediterranean, the *mandragora* was introduced into Europe at a very early period. It is mentioned as early as the tenth century.

208. Line 325: *Their softest touch as smart as LIZARD'S STINGS*.—It is not wonderful that this perfectly harmless animal should be accused of being poisonous in Shakespeare's time, as even now many people, who ought to know better, look upon lizards and newts with almost the same horror as on scorpions or vipers. There is no excuse for taking away the character of this pretty and gentle little creature. The notion that it is poisonous arose probably from the forked tongue which it darts out so rapidly, while pursuing the insects which form its food. It may be noted that the only really venomous lizard is excessively rare; there has, I believe, been only one specimen ever brought to this country, and that is now in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. But the lizard also appears to have been credited in times past with good qualities, to which it could lay as little claim as to the evil quality of being venomous. In Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr* we have:

The Lizard is a kind of loving creature,
Especially to man he is a friend:
His property is given him by nature,
I can dangerous hearts please. Man he doth defend:
For being sleepy he all sense forsaketh,
The Lizard bites him till the man awaketh.
—New Shakespeare, Reprint, p. 114.

209. Line 333: *O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand*.—This is an instance of an extra syllable being put at the beginning of a line; perhaps the *O* should stand alone in a separate line.

210. Line 359: *'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence*.—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have *hence*, which some editors follow; the correction seems unnecessary.

211. Line 366: *Myself to joy in nought but that thou liest*.—Ff. read "no joy;" the correction is one of those very few happy ones made, originally, by Collier's MS. *No* certainly seems to be a mistake for *to*; the transcriber's

eye having caught the *no* in the line above. To the double negative there is no objection; but the sentence, as an antithesis to the sentence in the line above, "*to joy thy life*," seems to require the infinitive.

212. Lines 368, 369: *Beaufort's death followed Gloucester's within six weeks; that is to say the latter died on February 25th, 1447, and the former on April 11th of the same year. Suffolk's banishment did not take place till three years later, namely in 1450.*

213. Line 381: *But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss?* Different interpretations have been given to this phrase; but the one we have adopted in the foot-note seems the most sensible. There has been no previous intimation of Beaufort's illness, so that the queen can be hardly held to mean, as some commentators would explain the phrase, that the cardinal had died an hour or so before his time.

214. Line 408: *And take my heart along with thee. Along is not in Ff; added by Hammer. Steevens compares Hamlet, iii. 3. 4:*

And he to England shall along with thee.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

215. Lines 2-4.—All the details given by Shakespeare as to the cardinal's death are probably founded on the account in Hall (pp. 210, 211): "His concubine insatiable, and hope of long life, made him botlie to forget God, his Prince and hym selfe, in his latter daies: for doctor Thon Baker his pryvie counsellor, and his chappellayn, wrote, that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes. 'Why should I dye hang so muche ryches, if the whole Realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothing? when my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe vp the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought my selfe able to equale with kynges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoopes to have worne a tryple Crowne. But I se now the worlde faileth me, and so I am deceyned: praying you all to pray for me.' It is doubtful whether there is really any historical foundation for this scene. Lingham thus speaks of his death (p. 83): "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction, which we owe to the imagination of Shakespeare: for, an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations; no less a sum than four thousand pounds was set aside for the relief of the indigent prisoners in the capital; and the hospital of St. Cross, in the vicinity of Winchester, still exists a durable monument of his munificence."

216. Line 10: *Can I make men live, whether they will or no?*—Here again the Folio has the contracted form *where*.

217. Line 22: *That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul*.—Capell conjectured *his wretched* to avoid the repetition of *this wretch*, which occurs in line 20 above.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Is all too wanton and too full of yards.

But it does not appear from what source the author of The Contention obtained this tradition. The Paston

letter, quoted below (note 217), alludes to quite a different prophecy.

221 Line 18: *Jose sometime went disguised, and why not I?* This line is omitted in F.; but is absolutely necessary to the sense. Following most of the editors, we have restored it from Q₁.

225 Line 50: *Obscure and lowly stain, King Henry's blood*—In F. this line, by mistake, is made part of the preceding speech, and *lowly* is misprinted *lowsy*. Pope was the first to make the correction, and he took *lowly* from Q₁, where the speech runs thus:

Base Jades groom, King Henry's blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster
Cannot be shed by such a lowly swain.

226 Line 52: *Jaded groom*—Shakespeare uses this word in two other passages, in Henry VIII, iii. 2. 280: "*jaded* by a piece of senility," and in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 1. 33, 34:

The ne'er yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have *jaded* out of the field.

Q₁ have *jady*, a reading which some editors prefer. *Jaded* never seems to be used by Shakespeare in the modern sense of "tired." The sense we have given in the foot note is that generally given to the word in this passage, though it may mean "treated like a jade."

227 Line 54: *Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth* *unle*. Compare Richard III. iii. 4. 86:

Three times today my *foot-cloth* horse did stumble;
and Middleton's A Mad World My Masters, iii. 2: "newly alighted from his *foot-cloth*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 392), in a note on which passage allusion is made to the mistaken idea that a horse was sometimes denominated a *foot-cloth*, the expression being equal to our "alighted from his saddle." To have a *foot-cloth* for your horse was considered a sign of rank. We have in Middleton's Phoenix, v. 1:

Think all thy seed young lords, and by this act
Make a *foot-cloth* posterity. —Works, vol. i. p. 396.

le, "make your posterity of sufficient consequence to have *foot-cloths* for their horses."

228. Line 61: *How in our VOIDDING LOBBY hast thou stood*. I have not been able to find any other instance of the use of this phrase. We have in Rowe's Jane Shore:

Some poor remain, the *voidding* of thy table.

There coiding evidently means "what is thrown away," the "refuse." Fabian uses *ruiled* in the sense of "quitted" in the following passage: "In this, xlii. yere of kynge Henry, vpon Trynyte sodaye, . . . while the bysshop of London was at hyge masse in seynt Paulys Church of London, fell sodaynye suche thyckenesse & derkenesse of cloudys, and therewith suche stenche, & tpeest of thundur and lyghtnyng, that the people there assemblyd, *coylde* the church" (p. 327).

229. Lines 70, 71:

Cap. YES, POOLE.

Suf.

POOLE!

Cap. Ay, k'unct, puddle, sink; whose fifth and dirt.

The two speeches of the Captain and Suffolk we have, in common with nearly all modern editors, supplied from Q₁. In F. the passage stands thus:

Ilea. Conney him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne,
Ilea. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,
I kennel, puddle, snake, whose bill and dirib, &c.

The arrangement in the text is that suggested by Mr. P. Z. Round, who says: "The two lines may have been written as one long line, the speakers being denoted merely by the initials S. and L., which the printers mistakenly expanded into the words *Sir* and *Lord*, for which the letters sometimes stand. The word *Yes* in The Contention perhaps slipped out of the Folio text accidentally." But, as line 69 is still deficient, I would suggest that the passage might be arranged thus, making one complete line:

Cap. Yes, Poole!
Suf. Poole? Poole! Sir—
Cap. Aye, Lord Poole!

Of course when the Captain uses the first insulting expression Suffolk is indignant at his familiarity, and repeats *Poole* with angry astonishment. The Captain continues his next speech in a more insulting tone still, with an emphasis on the *Poole* to bring out the double significance it bears. It seems to me that, for stage purposes, this arrangement would be by far the most effective.

230. Line 71: *kennel*.—Shakespeare only uses this word in the sense of "gutter" in one other passage, in Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 98:

Go, lop me over every *kennel* home.

231. Line 74: *For scallowing the treasure of the rent*.

The sense that we have given *For* in our foot-note is the one generally accepted. Compare Two Gent. of Verona, i. 2. 136:

Yet here they shall not lie, *for* catching cold.

Also Pericles, i. 1. 39, 40:—
advise thee to deist
For going on death's net.

232. Lines 76, *et seq.*: *And than that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death, &c.*—Malone quotes from The Mirror of Magistrates, 1575:

And led me back again to Dover road,
Where unto me recounting all my faults,—
As mothering of duke Humphrey in his bed,
And how I had brought all the realm to nought,
Causing the king unlawfully to wele,
There was no grace but I must lose my head."

—Var. 1. d. vol. xviii. p. 287.

It seems pretty clear that the passage quoted suggested to Shakespeare this speech of the Captain, which is much longer and more elaborate than the corresponding one in The Contention.

233. Lines 77, 78:

*Against the senseless WINDS shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall miss at thee again.*

Compare Rom. and Jul. i. 1. 118, 119:

and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

234. Lines 84, 85:

*And, like ambitious Sylla, overgor'd
With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.*

The reference is, of course, to the rival of Marius, Sulla, the great prototype of those bloodthirsty tyrants, the memory of whose wholesale murders during the French revolution still make one shudder. Sulla was the first to introduce the proscription. In B.C. 82, after his decisive victory before the Colline Gate of Rome, and the surrender of Præneste on the death of the son of his rival, the younger Marius, Sulla drew up a list of all those persons against whom he had any grudge or enmity; they were declared outlaws, and might be killed by any one, even by slaves, with impunity. Many thousands of persons perished under this infamous edict. It is to this that the somewhat bombastic phrase in the text refers. *Sulla* was one of the few great criminals of history who escaped a violent death. He died, four years after this orgy of murder, in his villa at Puteoli. We have followed the spelling of *Fl.* though there is no justification for writing *Sylla* instead of *Sulla*.

It is remarkable that *gubnets* occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, except in this passage, and again below, v. 2. 78.

235. Line 85: *mother's bleeding heart*. *Fl.* read *mother-bleeding*; the correction is Rowe's.

236. Lines 98, 99:

*Advance our HALF-FAC'D SUN, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ Invictus nobilis*

Malone quotes Camden's Remaines: "Edward III bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 288).

237. Line 107: *pinance*. This word, which seems to have meant a small vessel propelled by oars and sails, does not seem to be used very properly here; for the ship, of which the captain who took Suffolk prisoner was in command, was a ship of war. Stevens quotes a passage from Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 118, in which a *pinance* of 250 tons burden is mentioned; but it generally seems to have been used of a much smaller vessel. *Pinacee* is derived from the Latin *pinus*. Compare French *pinace*, Italian *pinaccio*. The word was formerly written *spynace*, or *spynner*. See quotation from Paston Letters (vol. i. p. 120), given below in note 247.

238. Line 108: *Than Burgulus the strong Myrian pirate*. In *The Contention* the corresponding passage is (pp. 485, 486):

*Threatens more plagues than mightie Abradas,
The grete Macedonian Pyrate.*

It is curious that Greene in *Pendelope's Web*, 1601, mentions *Abradas* "the great Macedonian pirat" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 289). This is worth noticing, as it may perhaps confirm the theory of those who maintain that Greene had a hand in *The Contention*. *Burgulus* is mentioned by Cicero in his *De Officiis*. Dr. Farmer quotes two translations in which Shakespeare might possibly have got the name. It seems that the proper form of the name is *Bargylus* or *Bargyllis* (Greek Βαργύλλης). *Bargylus* was originally a collier, then he became a leader of a band of freebooters, and afterwards king of Myria. In this last capacity he seems to have carried on constant war against Macedonia, and then to have been defeated and killed in

battle by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great. (See Dyce, note, vol. v. p. 213.)

239. Line 117: *Gelidus timor occupat artus*.—F. 1 has: "PENE gelidus timor occupat artus." Theobald proposed to read: "PENE gelidus timor occupat artus." Malone: "PENE gelidus timor occupat artus." F. 2 reads *Pene*. This quotation has not been traced to its source, though there is a very similar passage in Virgil's *Æneid*, vii. 146. "stetit *terram occupat artus*;" and again we have in *Æneid*, xi. 424, the same expression without *subitus*. Verplanck suggests that it may be a quotation from Manilius (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 57).

240. Line 128: *Than stand unweared in this vulgar gown*. *Fl.* have *the*; we have adopted Walker's conjecture.

241. Line 129: *Except from fear is true nobility*. This line stands in F. 1 thus:

'Tis nobility, is except from fear

We have adopted Lloyd's conjecture as to the arrangement of the words; the comma after *nobility* in F. 1 seems to show that the two portions of the sentence had been accidentally transposed.

242. Line 132: *Come, soldiers, show what courage ye can*. This line is given to the Captain (Lieutenant) in *Fl.* It evidently belongs to Suffolk, to whom Hammer first assigned it.

243. Line 134: *bezoniens*. This word is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage, viz. II. Henry IV. v. 3. 119.

244. Lines 135, 136:

*A Roman sword and handitt shure
Murder'd sweet Tully.*

Plutarch gives a very detailed account of Cicero's death. According to him "Herennius, a centurion, and Popilius Lena, Tribune of the Soldiers" were sent to kill him (p. 729).

245. Line 136: *Brutus' BASTARD hand*. Brutus could not be called a *bastard*, for his mother Servilia was married to Marcus Junius Brutus, and by him became the mother of Caesar's murderer. Her husband was put to death by order of Pompey, after which she became the favourite mistress of Julius Caesar, and Brutus was said, absurdly enough, by some to have been the result of this connection. But Caesar was only fifteen years older than Brutus, and it seems clear that Servilia did not become his mistress till some time after the birth of her son. She was married, a second time, to Junius Silanus, consul B.C. 62.

246. Lines 137, 138:

savage islanders

Pompey the Great.

This curious piece of mistaken history about Pompey is Shakespeare's own invention. The manner of Pompey's death is related at great length in Plutarch (p. 527). As we know that Shakespeare was acquainted with North's Plutarch, and made great use of it in some of his plays, it seems strange he should have made such a misstatement as to Pompey's death. When Ptolemy and his

comellors resolved to kill Pompey, who had come to take refuge at his court, the task of carrying out their resolve was committed to Achilles, an Egyptian, who took with him Septimius, who had been under Pompey's command at a former time. Achilles induced Pompey to leave the galley in which he was with his wife, Cornelia, and come into his boat, as the water was not deep enough for the galley to land. Pompey had with him one of his 'eves called Philip, whose hand he had taken to help him to land, when Septimius came first behind him and turn'd him through with his sword. Next unto him also, Achillas and Achilles drew out their swords in like manner, Pompey then did no more but took up his gown with his hands and hid his face, and vainly abid the wounds they gave him, only fighting a little. Thus being nine and fifty years old, he ended his life the next day after the day of his birth" (North's Plutarch, pp. 555, 556). This took place at Pelusium, which stood on the east side of the easternmost mouth of the Nile in the midst of two masses, so that it might be almost said to be on an island, and in that sense, by a considerable figure, the murderers of Pompey might be called "islanders."

247. Line 138. The best account we have of Suffolk's death is in the Paston Letters, viz. that from William Paston to John Paston, 5th May, 1550: "As on Monday nexte after May day there came tydnges to London, that on Thursday before the Duke of Suffolk came unto the costes of Kent full here Power with his ij. shipes and a htel spynner: the qwerche spynner he sente with certeyn letters to certeyn of his trustid men unto Calys ward, to knowe howe he shuld be receyvyd; and with hym mette a shippe callid Nicolas of the Towre, with other shippis waiting on hym, and by hem that were in the spynner, the maister of the Nicolas hadde knowledg of the dukes cominge. And whanne he espyed the dukes shippis, he sent forth his bote to wete what they were, and the duke hym selfe spakke to hem, and seyde, he was be the Lyons commendement sent to Calys ward, &c.

"And they seyde he most speke with here maister. And so he, with ij. or iij. of his men, wente forth with hem yn here bote to the Nicolas; and whanne he come, the maister badde hym, 'Welcom, Traitor,' as men sey; and tother the maister desyryd to wete yf the shepemen wolde hoble with the duke, and they sent word they wold not yn now wyse; and soo he was yn the Nicolas tyl Saturday next folwyng.

"Soom sey he wrotte moche thenke [thing] to be delivered to the kyng, but that is not verily knowe. He hadde hes confessor with hym, &c.

"And some sey he was arreyned yn the sheppe on here manner upon the appechementes and fonde gylty, &c.

"Also he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne he knew it, he remembred Stacy that seide, if he myght escape the danger of the Towre, he should be safe; and thanne his herte faylyd hym, for he thoughte he was desceyvyd, and yn the syght of all his men he was drawyn ougth of the grette shippe yn to the hote; and there was an eye, and a stoke, and ouer of the lewdeste of the shippe hadde hym ley down his hedde, and he should be fair ferd with, and dye on a swerd; and toke a rusty swerd, and smote of his hedde withyn halfe a dosen strokes, and

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toke away his gown of russet, and his dobelette of velvet mayled, and leyde his body on the sands of Dover; and some sey his hedde was sette out a pole by it, and hes men sette on the londe be grette circumstance and preyre. And the shreve of Kent doth weche the body, and sent his under shreve to the juges to wete what to do, and also to the kenge whanne shalbe doo" (vol. 1. p. 121).

248. Line 145: *His body will I bear unto the king*—It is clear that the head and body of Suffolk were both supposed to be brought on the stage. In scene 4 we find the queen mourning over Suffolk's head as she asks, lines 5, 6,

Here may his head lie on my thralling breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

249. Line 18: *as much to say as*. Compare Twelfth Night, 1. 5. 62, 63: "that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain."

250. Line 30: *And Smith the weaver*. So Ft. In The Contention the speeches here allotted to Smith have the prefix *Will*, who is described as "Will that came weaving to our Nan last Sunday" (pp. 487, 488). It looks very much as if Smith were the actor's name, which had crept into the Folio from the margin of the play-house copy. Malone expresses the same opinion (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 295).

251. Line 35: *a cade of herrings*.—In Hugdale's Monasticon Angliannum (vol. 1. pars. 1. p. 81) (1655) is given "the charthe loungeing to the office of the Celleresse of the monasterye of Barking," in which under the head of "Providence for Advent and Lenten" we find "also sche (i.e. the celleress) must purvy for two *cades* of herrings that be rede for the covent in Advent; and for vii. *cades* of red heryng for the covent in Lenten; and also for three *herell* of white heringe for the covent in Lenten." From this it would appear that *cade* was not the same as a barrel. Indeed we find from a memorandum (quoted by Malone) "that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundred, six score to the hundred" (*Ut supra*, p. 83). Steevens says: "Nash speaks of having weighed one of Richard Harvey's books against a *cade* of herrings, and ludicrously says, 'That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *cades*, and from him they have their name.' Praise of the Red Herring, 1399" (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 295). *Cade*, however, is undoubtedly derived from *cadus*, a cask.

252. Line 37: *For our enemies shall fall before us*. This is the reading of F. 4. F. 1, F. 2 have *fall*; F. 3, *fall*. Probably the correction of F. 4 is right in this case; a *puu* would seem to be intended on the name of *Cade* and *cado* (Latin), to fall; though the joke, such as it is, implies more learning than Jack Cade was likely to possess.

253. Line 72: *three haup'd pot*.—The common drinking mugs were constructed in Shakespente's time mostly like barrels, of wooden staves bound together by hoops; the quart pot had three of these hoops; one third part being supposed to be each drinker's portion. See Dekker's Gull's Hornbook, "The Englishman's healths, his hoops, cans,

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country near Sevenoaks, and the king returned to London, upon which, as Hall relates (p. 229): "The Queen, which bore the rule, being of his trayte well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford knight, and William his brother with many other gentlemen, to follow the chase of the Kentishmen, thinkinge that they had helde, but verely, they were deceyved; for at the fyrst skyrnsh, both the Staffordes were shayne, and all their company shamefully discomfited."

When the Kentish captain, or ye cometen Cade, had thus obteyned victory, and slayne the two valiant Staffordes, he appareled hym self in their rich armour, and with pompe and glory returned agayn toward London, in which trayte dinner hile and vacatione persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other partes to a great number. This account is copied almost verbatim by Holinshed (vol. iii. p. 229).

260 Lines 6-8: *the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred backing our a week.*

The last lines are added by Malone from Q₁. They are absolutely necessary to the sense; the meaning being, as explained by Malone in his note, that, as in the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent, some of the trade who had interest at court obtained a royal license to kill a limited number of beasts a week. At first sight it might appear that this regulation had for its object the keeping up of the fast observed by the Roman Catholic Church in Lent; but care was taken to assure the public that there was no religious intention in the regulation. Harrison in his Description of England (bk. ii. p. 14) says: "but it is lawfull for curie men to feed upon what soever he is able to purchase, except it be upon those daies whereout eating of flesh is especiallie forbidden by the lawes of the realme, which order is taken onelie to the end our numbers of cattell may be the better increased, and that abundance of fish which the sea yeeldeth, more generallie received. Beside this, there is great consideration had in making of this law for the preservation of the naule, and maintenance of convenient numbers of sea faring men, both which would otherwise greaitle decaye, if some meanes were not found whereby they might be increased" (New. Shak. Soc. Reprint).

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

261 Lines 5, 6:

*Here may his head lie on my threshing breast
But where's the body that I should embrace!*

See above note 224.

262 Lines 9-13. The king did send an embassy to the rebels, though he did not carry out the intention here expressed of parleying with them. See Hall (pp. 229, 231). "Thus this glorious Capitayne, compassed about, and environed with a multitude of evil rinde and rusticall persones, came agayn to the playn of Blackheath, and there stryde encamped him selfe: to whome were sent by the kynge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, to comon with him of his greues and requestes. These lordes found him sober in communication, wyse in disputing, arrogant in hart, and styfe in his opinion, and by no means possible, to be perswaded to

dissolve his armye, except the kynge in person woulde come to him, and assent to all thynges, which he shoulde requyre. These lordes, perceyving the wyful pertinacy, and manifest continuance of this rebellious Jandyn, departed to the kynge, declaring to hym, his temerarious and rash wordes, and presumptuous requestes."

263. Lines 21, 22:

*How now, madman!
Is ayeuting still and mourning Sir John's death?*

Related in FF. thus:

*How now Madman?
Still lamenting and mourning Sir John's death?*

The editors who follow FF have not apparently perceived that line 22 is not a verse at all. We have followed the arrangement of Pope.

264 Line 34: *Sir Humphrey STAFFORD and his brother's death.* For an omission of the possessive inflection compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 4, 30.

Until her husband and my lord's return

265 Line 37: *false enterpillars.* Compare Richard II. note 186.

266 Line 39: *My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth.* See Hall, p. 221: "The kynge somewhat herryng, and more marking the salynges of this outrageous losel, and havinge dayly reporte of the concourse and access of people, which continually resorted to him, doubtinge as much his families servantes, as his vnknowe subiectes (which spared nought to speake, that the capitaynes cause, was profitable for the commonwealth) departed in all haste to the castle of Kylyngworthe in Warwyckeshyre, leavynge only behynd him ye lord Seales, to kepe the Towre of London."

267 Line 43: *Lord Say, JACK CADE, THE TRAITOR, hateth thee.*—F reads:

I say, the traitors hateth thee.

F, 2, F 3, F, t

I say, the traitors hate thee.

Capell reads: "the traitor *rebel* hateth thee." For the emendation in the text I am responsible.

268. Line 49: *Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge.*—Events are made to proceed more rapidly than they actually did, owing to dramatic necessities. It was not till after the king's escape to Kenilworth that Cade and the rebels entered London, going first into Southwark, the battle on London Bridge took place later.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

269.—This and the following scene are probably founded on the following passage in Hall (pp. 224, 225): "The wise Mayre, and sage magistrates of the cite of London, perceyving themselves, neither to be sure of goodes nor of lyfe well warranted, determynd with feare to repel and expulse this mischeivous head, and his vnglacious company. And because the lord Seales was ordeyned Kesper of ye Towre of London, with Matthew Gough, the often named capitayne in Normandy, (as men have harde before) they purposed to make them pryse both of their entent and enterprise. The lord Seales provided the hys ayde, with shoting of ordinance, and Matthew Gough was by hym

appointed, to assist the Mayre and the Londoners; because he was both of manhood, and experience greatly renowned and noysed. So ye Captaynes of the cite appointed, toke upon them in the night to kepe the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentishmen, either to passe or approche. The rebelles, which neuer soundly slepte, for feare of solain chaunces, hearyng the byrde to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where betwene bothe partes was a ferce and cruell encounter. Mathew Gough, more experte in martiall fentes, then the other chenetaynes of the cite, perceiving the Kentishmen better to stande to their tacyng, then his imagination expected, advised his copany no further to proceede, toward Southwarke, till the day appered: to the intent, that the citizens hearing where the place of the iopardye rested, might occure their enemies, and releue their frendes and companions. But this counsaill came to small effect: for the multitude of ye rebelles drave the citizens from the stouppes at the bridge foote, to the drawe bridge, and began to set fyre in diners houses. Alas what sorrow it was to beholde that miserable chaunce: for some desyringe to eschew the fyre, left on his enemies weapon, and so died: fearfull women with chyl-dren in their armes, amased and appalled, leapt into the rye: other doubtinge how to save them self betwene fyre, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocant and smoldered. Yet the capitayns nothing regarding these chaunces, fought on the draw bridge all the night valecantly, but in conclusion, the rebelles gate the draw bridge, and drowned many, and slew Alon Sutton alderman, and Robert Heyesande a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough" (pp. 221, 222).

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

270 Line 2: *London stone*.—Hall tells us: "But after that he entered into Londõ, and cut the ropes of the draw bridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying: now is Mortymer lorde of this cite, and rode in every strete lyke a lordly Capytayn" (p. 221). It must be remembered that London Bridge then consisted, as it were, of a street of houses, which, as well as the bridge itself, were constructed of wood and therefore very inflammable. In the middle was a space occupied by the drawbridge. London Stone still exists, or rather a fragment of it, built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church, opposite Cannon Street Railway Station. Rolfe says (p. 172): "It is supposed by Camden to have been a Roman *milliarium*—the centre from which all the great Roman roads radiated over England, corresponding to the Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It came to be looked upon as a kind of palladium in the metropolis, and Cade evidently so regards it here."

271. Lines 3-7.—In the Var. Ed. vol. xviii p. 310 will be found an interesting note upon this *condit* which it is not necessary to quote. It may be noted that in some old-fashioned Inns, and among the lower middle class, *claret* and sherry are still spoken of as "*claret wine*" and "*sherry white wine*." Some of our readers may remember a celebrated print of a similar fountain to the one alluded to here, in Brussels. There seems to be no doubt

that many of the cruel murders, euphemistically called executions, committed by Jack Cade, were prompted by his anger against those persons who refused to acknowledge his claim to the title of Lord Mortimer.

ACT IV. SCENE 7.

272 The Palace of The Savoy, the residence of the Duke of Lancaster, was destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler in the reign of Richard II. It would seem that it was not really rebuilt till the time of Henry VII.

Shakespeare has shown us in other places, in *Coriolanus* for instance, the very little respect he had for *moder-law*. He evidently did not believe in the proposition as to *populi* being *ex deo*. In this scene he gives free range to his satire, especially in the long speech of Cade just below. Nothing could be more true to nature than the hatred of all learning and culture displayed by these socialists of the fifteenth century.

273. Lines 7, 8: *Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth*. This seems to be taken from Holinshed's account of Wat Tyler's insurrection (vol. ii. p. 749): "It was reported in deed that he should saie with great pride the day before these things chanced, putting his hands to his lips, that within foure daies all the *lawes of England should come forth of his mouth*."

274 Lines 48, 49: *because they could not read, thou hast taught them*; i.e. "because they could not claim the benefit of clergy," a privilege which exempted at first *only* the clergy from criminal process before a civil judge; but "the benefit of clergy" was afterwards extended to everyone who could read; and it was enacted that there should be a prerogative allowed to the clergy, that if any man who could read were to be condemned to death, the bishop of the diocese might, if he would, claim him as a clerk, and dispose of him in some places of the clergy as he might deem meet. The ordinary gave the prisoner at the bar a Latin book, in a black Gothic character, from which to read a verse or two; and if the ordinary said, "*Legit ut Clericus*" ("He reads like a clerk"), the offender was only burnt in the hand; otherwise he suffered death, 3 Edw. I. (1274)." (See Haydn's Dict. of Dates, sub "Clergy.") The privilege was modified by acts of parliament in 1489, 1512, 1706, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Ann respectively. The benefit of clergy was wholly repealed in 1827, in the reign of George IV.

275 Line 52. See above, note 227.

276. Lines 65, 66:

*Read, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is tecu'd the first place of all this isle.*

The passage in which Cæsar says this is in book v. of the *Commentaries*: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Catiuor* incolunt;" thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentish-folke." Malone quotes from Euphues, 1580: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the *civilest*." (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 310).

277. Line 67: *Sweet is the country, BEAUTEOUS, full of riches*.—FF. read:

Sweet is the country bronce full of riches,

which seems to be nonsense. It is evident that some epithet is demanded in the text, for which *because* is a misprint. We have, in common with many editors, adopted Hamner's admirable conjecture. *Beauteous* is a favourite epithet of Shakespeare's as applied both to persons and things.

278. Lines 74, 75:

*When have I aught created at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?*

FF. have "*Kent to maintain*." Kent seems to have crept into the text by mistake. Even the Cambridge edd. adopt Johnson's conjecture, "*But to maintain*," which certainly seems the most probable emendation.

279. Lines 95, 96: *Ye shall have a hempen candle, then, and the help of hatchet*.—So F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have "*the help of a hatchet*;" but the phrase is not very intelligible. Farmer was the first to suggest the emendation *pap with a hatchet*, which was a recognized cant phrase of the time, as we know from Lily's Mother Tongue, i. 2: "they give us *pap with a spoon* before we can speake, and when wee speake for that wee love, *pap with a hatchet*" (Works, vol. II. p. 83). Indeed, that author used it as the title for a pamphlet written by him in 1581: "*Pap with a Hatchet*," otherwise, "A sound box on the ear for the Idiot Martin to hold his peace." This pamphlet, however, is generally attributed to Nash. Park explains the phrase as being a proverbial one for "doing a kind thing in an unkind manner." Farmer's emendation is very ingenious, and fits in with the spirit of the passage; Cade brutally answers Lord Saye's complaint that he is a sick man by telling him that he ought to be treated with a rope for *candle*, that is, that he should be hanged; and with the "*help of hatchet*," that is, that he should be decapitated. The word *candle* naturally suggests the word *pap*; and while this is one of those emendations which are extremely plausible, because it is what we should expect the author to have written, it is therefore one that we must be cautious to adopt too readily, if the reading of the original edition makes any sense at all. "*The help of hatchet*" may be a parody on the phrase "*by God's help*." An emendation, not noticed by the Cambridge edd., was suggested by an anonymous writer in the Collier Controversy in a pamphlet entitled "*Collier, Coderidge, and Shakespeare*." The writer proposes to read (p. 150) "*the heat of a hatchet*;" *heat* being very generally spelt *hele*, and therefore easily to be mistaken for *help*.

280. Lines 115-119. Hall's account of the murder of Lord Say, and his companions, is as follows: "And vpon the thirde daye of Julij, he caused syr James Fynes lord Say, and Threasorer of Englande, to be brought to the Gyde halle of London, and there to be arrayned; whiche beyng before the kynges iustices put to awnswere, desired to be tryed by his peeres, for the longer delay of his life. The capitayne perceyning his dilatorie ple, by force toke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a bighe poole, which was opely borne before hym through the stretes. And this cruell tyrant not content with the murder of

the lorde Say, went to Myle end, and there apprehended syr James Cromer, then shirene of Kent, and some in law to the sayd lord Say, and hym without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be headed, and his head to be fixed on a poole, and with these two heddies, this bloody butcher entered into the citie agayn, and in despayte caused them in euery strete, kysse together, to the great detestacion of all the beholders" (p. 221). It was William Cromer, Sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death; but the dramatist, as will be seen, only copies the mistake of the chroniclers.

281. Lines 128-130.—The custom here alluded to was called *Meercheta antieciua*. Several writers, including Sir David Dalrymple, Blackstone, and Whittaker, deny that it was ever practised. Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country is based upon this traditional privilege.

282. Line 130: *men shall hold of me IN CAPITE*.—This joke, as has been remarked, is too learned a one for Jack Cade to have made.

283. Line 132: *as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell*.—It would appear that several ancient grants exist, written in rhyme, in which lands are said to be held on this tenure. Blakeway in a note in the Var. Ed. on this passage (vol. xviii. p. 231) quotes from the Yearbook of 10 Henry VII. fol. 14, a. pl. 6: "En asen case son graunt est, 'As free as tongue can speke or heart can think';"—which are almost Cade's words.

ACT IV. SCENE 8.

284. Lines 1, 2: *Up Fish Street? down Saint Magnus Church*.—Both these places are on the opposite side of the river to Southwark, where the scene is supposed to take place. The name of *Fish Street* is preserved in *Fish Street Hill*, on which the Monument stands. There is a church of *Saint Magnus* in Lower Thames Street. Perhaps these directions were intended to be given to bands of the rebels who were to cross the bridge.

285. Lines 9, 10:

*And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.*

This *free pardon*, according to Hall, was brought by the Archbishop of Canterbury, then chancellor of England, and the Bishop of Winchester: "The archbishop of Canterbury, beyng then chancelor of Englande, and for his suerty lyenge in the Towre of London, called to him the bishop of Winchester, whiche also for feare, lurked at Halywell. These two prelates seying the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beyng backe, to be mitigate and diminished, passed the ryner of Thamse from the Towre, into Southwarke, bringing with them vnder the kynges great seale, a general pardon vnto all the offenders: whiche they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lorde how glad the poore people were of this Pardone (ye more then of the great Jubile of Rome) and how thei accepted thesame, in so muche that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their capitain, retired thesame night, euery man to his awne home, as men amased, and strikē with feare" (p. 222).

286. Line 11.—Clarke has an interesting note here comparing Lord Say's defence and the speech of Clifford, much to the disadvantage of the latter. Lord Say's speeches in his own defence seem to have been entirely Shakespeare's invention except four lines; while Clifford's is compressed from two other speeches in the Old Play; the touch about Henry V. being Shakespeare's own. No doubt Lord Say's defence is a very noble one, and to a reasonable mind very convincing. By the side of it Lord Clifford's may seem mere claptrap; but the latter knew his audience the best. You may appeal to the sentiment or self-interest of a mob; but never to its reason. In the recognition of this fact lies the demagogue's power.

287. Line 13: *Or let a REBEL lead you to your deaths.*—Ff. read *rabble*; the emendation is from the Collier MS., first adopted by Singer.

288. Line 25: *that you should leave me at the White Hart*.—Walker suggests that a play upon words is here intended, between *White Hart* and *white heart*. This idea is confirmed by the fact that in F. 1 it is printed *White-heart*, and F. 2, F. 3 *white-heart*; while only in F. 4 it is *White-hart*.

289. Line 48: *Crying Villain!* *unto all they meet.*—Ff. have *Villiano*, for which Theobald absurdly proposed *Villageois*. *Villano* is a common term of reproach not infrequently found in the writers of Shakespeare's time. Compare Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, v. 3: "Now out, base *villano*!" (Works, vol. II. p. 181). It occurs also in Dekker, in *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet* "the faint hearted *villanoes* sounded at least thrice" (vol. I. p. 187). Florio gives "*Villano*, a rascal, a lewd rogue, a scurvy scoundrel."

290. Line 53: *Heavy hath MONEY, you are strong and mighty.*—Warinton, quite unnecessarily, proposed to read *meagry*; but as Johnson pointed out, they had the strength and the king the money; or one might say that they (the people) had the muscle, and the king the sinews of war.

291. Lines 65-67: *only my followers' base and ignominious TREASONS, MAKES me betake me to my heels.*—So Ff. Some editors altered *treasons* to *treason*, because of the singular verb following, *makes*. The alteration is unnecessary.

ACT IV. SCENE 9.

292. Line 1: *But I was made a king, at nine months old.* This is historically true; but in the last play the dramatist does not pay much regard to this historic fact. See I. Henry VI. iii. 4. 17, 18:

When I was young, as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said,—

A child who remembers what was said when he was less than nine months old is certainly a phenomenon.

293. Line 26: *Of SAVAGE gallornglasses and stout kerns.*—Ff. have simply:

Of gallornglasses and stout kerns,

a word having evidently dropped out. Hammer printed *desperate*, Capell *noble*. We adopt Byce's emendation

savage. Grey says (vol. II. p. 29): "The *Gallornglasses* and *Kerns*, according to Stanlinhurst, were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish; the former very bold and strong men, but very inhuman; the latter were fond of keeping their swords clean, and free from blemishes of which he produces one remarkable instance. 'It is said that one of their body (i. e. *kerns*) returning from battle having received more than four dangerous wounds inspected his sword, and, when he saw that it was in no part hacked or bent, returned the greatest thanks to the deity because those wounds had been inflicted on his body and not on his sword.' The *Gallornglasses* were armed, according to Stanlinhurst, "in a long broad ax in his hand, was the call of his leg, with a long broad ax in his hand, was *pedes gravis armaturæ* (and was instead of the footman that now wears the corselet), before the corselet was used or almost invented" (*ut supra*, pp. 29, 30). The real derivation of the word is the Irish *galloglach*, a servant, a heavy-armed soldier, from *gall*, foreign, and *glach*, a youth. Spenser in his *View of the State of Ireland*, vol. VI. p. 1577, says: "That the *Gallornglasses*, from their name, were antient English; for *gallogla* signifies an English servant or yeoman." This mistake seems to have arisen from the fact that the Irish copied the armament of these troops from that of the early English military settlers. The *kerns* were the light-armed troops. See Richard II. note 127. *Gallornglasses* and *kerns* are mentioned again in Shakespeare in *Macbeth* I. 2. 13, 14:

from the western isles
Of *kerns* and *gallornglasses* is supplied.

294. Line 30: *The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.*—Ff. have "a traitor." We have omitted the *a* as unnecessary.

295. Line 33: *Is straightway CALM'D, and boarded with a pirate.*—F. 1 has *calme*, F. 2 *claiud*, F. 3 *claiud*. The reading in the text is that of F. 4. Walker conjectured *chas'd*.

296. Line 36: *I pray thee, Buckingham, go THOU and meet him.*—Ff. omit *thou*, which was first supplied by Byce. The line as it stands in Ff. is very unrhymical.

297. Lines 39, 40:

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Till his army be dissolv'd from him.

Henry VI., though he is represented as having many amiable qualities, seems to have been equally ready with Charles I. to desert any of his friends when they were in trouble.

ACT IV. SCENE 10.

298. Line 1: *Fie on ambition!*—F. 1 reads *ambitions* corrected in F. 2. Hall's account of the capture is as follows (p. 222): "For after a Proclamation made, that whosoever could apprehend the said Jac Cade, should have for his pain, a M markes, many sought for hym, but few espyd hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent found hym in a garden, and there in his defence, manfully slew the entife Cade, & brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on Londō bridge." Holinshed says that this garden was in Sussex at Hothfield (vol. III. p. 227).

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299 Enter Iden with five Servants, who remain at back. In Ff Iden is made to enter alone; but afterwards, line 42, Cade distinctly mentions the presence of five men. The Cambridge edd. seem to think that, because Iden has a soliloquy when he first enters, Shakespeare intended him to come on alone, only that he forgot to strike out the reference to the five persons which is found in Qq. But the stage direction that we have introduced gets rid of the apparent discrepancy.

300 Line 22: *I seek not to war great by others'* WAXING. Ff read *warning*; the correction is Rowe's. Grey proposes *winning*, a conjecture which is not noticed by the Cambridge edd. The antithesis between *waxing* and *warning* points to Rowe's emendation as being the right one. *Warning* makes no sense whatever.

301 Line 31: *eat even like an ostrich*.—The source, whence this popular belief about the ostrich is derived, is not apparent. The passage is taken *verbatim* from the *Contention*. According to a note of Halliwell on the passage in the Old Play, Sir Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross "fought a paper battle some two centuries ago" on the subject of this digestive feat of *ostriches*. I can speak from personal experience of the marvellous appetite and digestion of an emu. I once gave one of these birds some large pebbles, some pennies, and part of a leather purse, all of which he consumed with perfect satisfaction. I then tried him with a pocket-handkerchief, which was of rather a large size. This he had some difficulty in disposing of. He ultimately swallowed it completely, and his health was not at all affected by the meal. Fluy says, speaking of the ostrich (bk. x. ch. 1, p. 270): "A wonder this is in their nature, that whatsoever they eat (and eat devours they bee of all things, without difference and choise) they concoct and digest it."

302 Line 23: *Why, rude COMPANION, what's'er thou be*. See Mids. Night's Dream, note 7. Compare Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 138: "*Companion*, hence!" also Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 61.

303 Line 46: *That Alexander Iden, Esquire of Kent*.—Ff have "*an* Esquire." We omit the *an*, describing Iden in the same way that Hall does. See above, note 298.

304 Line 56: *BUT as for words*.—whose greatness answers words. Ff omit *But*; we follow Dyce's reading.

305 Line 62: *I beseech God on my knees*.—Ff have *Jove*. Malone restored the reading *God* from Qq. Some commentators think that *Jove* was substituted in consequence of the statute 3 James I. chap. ii., which forbade the use of the name of *God* upon the stage. But, undoubtedly, *Jove* is sometimes used in other passages for the name of the Christian deity where its use can scarcely be so explained.

306 Line 66: *the TEN meals I have lost*.—As Cade had been without food five days (see above, line 41), this shows that only two meals a day were supposed to be, at that time, the proper allowance.

307 Line 81: *And as I thrust thy body with my sword*.—Ff have "*thrust in*;" following Dyce we have omitted the *in* as unnecessary.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

308 The dramatist now passes over a considerable interval of time. In July, 1450, Jack Cade was taken and killed. The battle of St. Albans was fought May 22nd, 1455. Immediately after the suppression of Cade's rebellion York came over from Ireland to England with 4000 men. He forced his way into Henry's presence, and behaved with great insolence. Having made the king promise to summon a parliament, he retired to his castle at Fotheringhay. Immediately after this Somerset returned from France; but, with the disgrace of the loss of Normandy attaching to him, he could do but very little for the king's cause. The enmity between York and Somerset kept the country in a constant state of agitation. In 1451 York raised another army on the pretext of defeating the proceedings of Somerset. He marched to London, but found the gates shut against him. Thence he proceeded to Dartford in Kent, in the hope of being joined by the Kentish men. Henry followed him with his army, but no collision took place. The result of the negotiations that ensued was that Somerset was committed to prison, while York disbanded his army and submitted to Henry. The two rivals then met in the presence of the king, and abused one another roundly. Immediately after this interview York was arrested. Henry refused to follow Somerset's advice, which was that he should be put on his trial and executed. York again swore fealty to the king, and a peace was patched up between the rival parties, mainly brought about by the news that the Earl of March was advancing with an army to liberate his father. Immediately after this two important events happened: one, the fatal battle in which Talbot was defeated and slain, and Guienne lost to the English; the other the birth of a son to the king and queen. This last event would seem to have put a stop to York's hopes of the succession. But at this very time the health of the king, both mental and bodily, was such that a protectorate had to be appointed; and York was chosen by a committee of peers for the office; but the king's rights were preserved inviolate. By the end of the year 1454 Henry had recovered his health and reason. At the beginning of the next year, 1455, he put an end to the protectorate, and liberated the Duke of Somerset from the Tower. He did his best to reconcile the two dukes, and induce them to submit their claims to arbitration; but York, who had determined to provoke a civil war, collected together his forces, and on May 22nd, the battle of St. Albans was fought.

309. Line 5: *sancta majestas!*—So Ff. Qq. have *sancta maiesta*, which may have been intended for Italian. *Santa maestà*, which Capell printed, would certainly suit the metre much better; but, if it were intended to be so, we should expect to find some greater blunder in the spelling. There is scarcely any instance, throughout Shakespeare's plays, of two Italian words together being spelt correctly, either in Ff or Qq.

310. Line 10: *A sceptre shall I have, HAVE I a soul!*—i.e. "as I have a soul." Compare Henry VIII. iv. 1. 44: *See, as I have a soul*, she is an angel.

311 Line 13: *I must dissemble*.—It is curious to find in

Shakespeare the original of this phrase, repeated *ad nauseam* in all melodramas of the last fifty years, and forming one of the stock jokes of burlesques. How many a time have we seen the villain, or mock villain, as the case may be, wrapping his cloak round him while he muttered, "I must dissemble!" Little did we think that he was unwittingly quoting Shakespeare. Marlowe used it before Shakespeare, in the Jew of Malta, act iv.: "*But I must dissemble*" (Works, p. 169).

312 Lines 26, 27:

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

See Love's Labour's Lost, note 106. Grey (vol. ii. p. 31) quotes from Cleveland's Works, 1577, p. 76:

"Stout Ajax, with his angered collied brain,
Killing a sheep, thought Agamemnon slain."

313 Line 65: *May pass into the presence of a king.*—Walker conjectured *press*, which looks very much like the right reading, in spite of the unpleasant jingle between *press* and *presence*.

314 Line 72: *I was, an I like your majesty.*—Perhaps we should read, in order to complete the line,
I was that man, an I like your majesty

315 Line 74: *Alexander Idon, that's my name.*—Again I would suggest, to complete the line:

Alexander Idon, that's my name, my tiege.

I see that in the Cambridge edn. the same conjecture was made by Keightley.

316 Line 78: *Idon, kneel down* [11c kneels]. IDON, rise up a knight.—Ff. have

Idon, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight.

We have followed Dyce in inserting the second *Idon*.

317 Line 100: *Wouldst have me KNEEL? first let me ask of THESE*, [pointing to his Attendants].—Tyrwhitt thought that by *these* York meant his *knives*. Other commentators explain it that he meant his *sous*. Our stage-direction supplies what seems the most probable explanation. In saying these words he is intended to point to those of his followers whom he had brought with him, who had already been taught to look upon him as a claimant to the crown.

318 Line 131: *To BEDLAM with him! is the man grown mad!*—See King John, note 85, also foot-note; but it is quite clear that the use of *Bedlam* or *Bethlehem* hospital for the insane dates from an earlier period than Henry VIII.: "Next unto the parish church of S. Buttolph," says Stow, "is a fayre inne for receipt of travellers: then an Hospital of S. Mary of Bethelam, founded by Simon Fitz Mary one of the Sheriffs of London, in the yeare 1246. he founded it to have bene a Priorie of Canons with brethren and sisters, and king Edward the thirde granted a protection, which I have seene for the brethren, *Milicie beator Marie de Bethleam*, within the cite of London, the 14 yeare of his raigne. It was an hospitall for distracted people." Survey of London, 1598, p. 127.

319 Lines 139, 140:

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

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

The dramatist takes considerable liberty with history in making the sons of York old enough to bear arms at this time. Edward, Earl of March, was born April 20th, 1442, so that he was just thirteen years old. Richard was born October 2nd, 1452, so that he was not three years old. The exact date of the battle of St. Albans was May 22nd, 1455.

320. Line 146: *FELL-FERRING curs.*—It is very doubtful if this is the right reading. Several emendations have been proposed, such as *fell-barking*, *fell-burching*, and, by the Folger MS., the very obvious and commonplace suggestion *fell-barking*. The word is hyphenated in Ff.; but after all, though a peculiar epithet, it may be the right one; for it describes aptly enough that kind of ferocious cur which lies in wait for the unsuspecting passenger, and, rushing out from its hiding place, flies at him before he has time to defend himself.

321. Lines 151-155.—This speech was added by Shakespeare, and has no parallel in The Contention. It foreshadows very clearly the character of Richard as it was afterwards so powerfully developed in Richard III.

322. Line 153: *Who, being SUFFER'D with the bear's fell pain.*—We have given in the foot-note what seems the preferable interpretation of this elliptical phrase. Some take it to mean "in a state of suffering or pain." We have a similar instance of the elliptical use of *suffer* in this play, iii. 2. 262:

Let being *suffer'd* in that harmful slumber,

i.e. "being allowed to remain;" and before in iii. 1. 32:

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden.

323 Lines 164, 165:

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the RUFFIAN,
And seek for SORROW with thy SPECTACLES?

Ruffian appears here to have the sense in which it is generally used in Shakespeare, namely, that of "a brutal, boisterous fellow." Otherwise we might have suspected that it had the same sense as the Italian *ruffiano*, "a pimp," "a pander," a sense in which it is, not unfrequently, used in old writers; the meaning being that Salisbury had, in his old age, played the part of the tempter to his son.

Sorrow probably means here more "cause for repentance or remorse" than the ordinary sense of grief.

Shakespeare refers to *spectacles* in three other passages, of which the most notable is in As You Like It, ii. 7. 150:

With *spectacles* on nose and pouch on side.

Spectacles were, in Shakespeare's time, probably only made with convex glasses, and intended for old sight, not for short of sight.

324. Line 170: *And stain thine honourable age with BLOOD.*—Ff. have "with shame." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture, which prevents the clashing of *shame* with "For shame!" below, line 173.

325 Line 196: *You were best go to bed and dream again.*—Ff. have "You were best to go." We have omitted the *to before go*, as spoiling the line, being unnecessary. Rowe made the same omission.

326. Line 200: *And that I'll write upon thy BURGNET.*—Planché in his Cyclopædia of Costume (pp. 64, 65) says:

"Burgonet" or at least probably its name consisted in a net to the so as to receive the helmet left without of the lance.

327 Line 200: *And that I'll write upon thy BURGNET.*—Ff. have "with shame." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture, which prevents the clashing of *shame* with "For shame!" below, line 173.

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Shakespeare's object in making it gives a reason for the death of another person or adapted to the situation.

331. Line 200: *And that I'll write upon thy BURGNET.*—Ff. have "with shame." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture, which prevents the clashing of *shame* with "For shame!" below, line 173.

332 Lines 200-201: *And that I'll write upon thy BURGNET.*—Ff. have "with shame." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture, which prevents the clashing of *shame* with "For shame!" below, line 173.

333 Line 200: *And that I'll write upon thy BURGNET.*—Ff. have "with shame." We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's conjecture, which prevents the clashing of *shame* with "For shame!" below, line 173.

Burgonet, Burginot. A species of close helmet invented, or at least first worn by the Burgundians (whence probably its name) in the fifteenth century. Its peculiarity consisted in the adaptation of the lower rim of the helmet to the upper one of the gorget, by hollowing it out so as to receive the head of the latter, by which contrivance the head could be freely turned to the right or the left without exposing the throat of the wearer to the point of the lance or the sword."

327. Line 201: *Might I but know thee by thy* HOUSEHOLD badge — F. 1 have housed; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 houses. Malone was the first to restore the reading *household* from Qq.

328. Line 203: *The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff.* This well-known badge of the Neville family came to the Earl of Warwick from the Beauchamps through his marriage with the heiress of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. See I. Henry VI. note 8. The crest of the Nevilles was a dim bull's head, which is still borne by the Earls of Abergavenny; the supporters of their arms being two bulls, argent, armed, collared, and chained. See French, p. 192.

329. Line 211: *And so to arms, to arms, victorious father* — We have inserted the second *to arms* in order to complete the line, which in Ff. stands
And so to arms, victorious father.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

330. Line 28 — Lord Clifford was not killed by York. The mode of his death is represented in accordance with history in the next play, III. Henry VI. i. 1. 7-9:

*Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.*

Shakespeare had, as Dr. Percy pointed out, a dramatic object in making *Clifford* fall by the hand of York, because it gives a reason for the vengeance which *young Clifford* took on York and his young son, Rutland. The fact that Shakespeare should have allowed the lines, referring to the death of *Clifford* quoted above, to stand, is merely another proof of the carelessness with which he revised or adapted these plays.

331. Line 45: *To cease!* — *Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,* — We have here another instance of a dramatic pause caused by the omission of a syllable, to other instances of which we have drawn attention. (See Richard II. note 170.) No one with any ear or dramatic feeling would wish to supply the lacking syllable here. The emotion of the actor does that naturally.

332. Lines 51-60. — These lines, which are nearly all Shakespeare's own, prepare us for the horrible cruelty of *young Clifford* in the next play. We now strike the keynote of that bloodthirsty passion for vengeance on personal grounds, which made the Wars of the Roses so horribly distinguishable by acts of atrocious cruelty.

333. Line 59: *As wilt Medea young Absyrtus did.* — *Absyrtus* or *Apsyrtus* was the son of Aetes, King of Colchis, and the brother of Medea. Ovid in his *Tristia*

(lib. iii. c. lxx. ix.) narrates the horrible story, how Medea during her flight from Colchis with Jason, when off the coast of Messia, seeing that her father's ships threatened to overtake the fugitives, inhumanly killed her young brother, and scattered his mangled limbs about, in order that the horrid sight might stay her father in his pursuit. The place, where this supposed barbarity was committed, was Tenedos, on the shores of the Euxine (Black Sea); the very town where Ovid wore out the miserable years of his exile.

334. Lines 67-69:

*For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famours in his death.*

The incident is thus narrated by Hall (p. 233): "For there died under the signe of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warried to eschew all Castles, and beside hym, lay Henry the second erle of Northumberland, Hūfrey erle of Stafford, some of the duke of Buckingham, thion lorde Clifford, and viij. M. men and more."

335. Line 87: *Reigns in the hearts of all our present* PART — Ff. read *parts*; we have followed Dyce in printing *part* = party; compare line 35 above:

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*

336. Line 90: *Away, my lord, away!* The king did not fly; but was conducted by the Duke of York to London with every demonstration of reverence and honour. Hall's account of the battle of St. Albans is as follows (p. 232): "The kyng beyng credibly informed, of the greute army commyng toward hym, assembled an host intending to mete with the duke in the North parte, because he had to many frendes about the citie of London, and for that cause, with greute spede and small lūcke, he beyng accompanied, with the Dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, theries of Stafford, Northumberlande, and Wiltshire, with the lorde Clifford, and diuerse other barōs, departed out of Westminster, the xx. daie of May, toward the towne of S. Albons: of whose doynge, the duke of Yorke being advertised, by his espials, with all his power costed the countreys, and came to the same towne, the third daie next ensuyng. The kyng hearyng of their approchyng, sent to hym messengers, straightly charging and commaunding hym, as an obedient subject, to kepe the peace, and not as an enemy to his naturall countrey, to murder and slay his awne countremen and propre nacio. While kyng Henry more desirous of peacethen of warre, was sendyng furthe his orators, at the one ende of the towne; the erle of Warwicke with the Marchemen, entered at the other gnte of the towne, and fiercely set on the kynges forward, and thern shortly discomfited. Then came the duke of Somerset, and all the other lordes with the kynges power, whiche fought a sore and a cruell battail, in the whiche, many a tall man lost his life: but the duke of Yorke sent emer freshe men, to succor the wery, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by whiche onely pollicie, the kynges armie was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftaines of the field almost slain and brought to confusion."

ACT V. SCENE 3.

337 Line 1: Old *Salisbury*, who can report of him?—*ff.* have "*Of Salisbury*." The emendation is from Collier's MS. corrector, adopted by Dyce. In the corresponding speech in *The Contention* York asks (p. 519):

But did you see old *Salisbury*, since we
With bloodie wounds did buckle with the foe?

338 Lines 3, 4:

*Aged enthusiastic and all brash of time,
And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,*

So *ff.* Warburton's conjecture *bruse* for *brash* is adopted by some editors, and Mr. Collier's MS. corrector made the same alteration, but compare *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 3. 33, 34:

I let grow thy snaws till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the *brashes* of the war;

in which passage Mr. Collier's MS. again substituted *bruses*. *Brash* certainly seems in that passage, and here, to give the notion of "a rough encounter," and, perhaps, in the passage in our text there is also the idea of the detrition and the wearing effect caused by time; through this meaning we probably get the more modern expression "*brush* with the enemy," i.e., "*sharp encounter* with the enemy." For *brave* in line 4 there are many emendations; Johnson suggested *blow* in the sense of *blissoming*; and the Cambridge edd. give an anonymous conjecture *glow*, which is very plausible, as is also Collier's

correction *blown*. In support of the last conjecture Mr. W. N. Lettson quotes from *Much Ado*, v. 1. 76:

His May of youth and *blown* of lusthood:

and in support of *bruse* he quotes from the same play, same scene, line 65:

And with grey hairs and *bruse* of many days

Certainly these passages lend considerable support to Collier's emendations; but this seems to us another case in which one is not justified in altering the text simply because the expression is not one we should have expected. There is more to be said for changing *brave* than *brash*; for where *brow* is used figuratively by Shakespeare, in *King John*, v. 1. 49, 50:

outface the *brow*

Of bragging horror;

and in the same play, v. 6. 17: "here walk I in the black *brow* of night;" and again, where it is used as generally "aspect," "*appearance*" in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 4:

To be contrasted on one *brow* of woe.

It always has the sense, more or less, of frowning. The only passage that at all confirms the use of *brave* in the sense required by the text, is in *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 23:

Though all things foul would wear the *braves* of grace.

339 Line 20: *Now, by my FAITH*. *ff.* read *hand*. Malone supposed this to have been one of the alterations made in *F.1* to avoid the penalty of the statute, before referred to, of 3rd James I. cap. 21. His emendation *faith* has been very generally adopted.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

NOTE. The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

NOTE. The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in *F. 1*.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abrook..... ii. 4. 10	Bickerings.... i. 1. 144	Chair-days.... v. 2. 48	*Dear-bought... i. 1. 252
Acuse (sub.)... iii. 1. 160	*Bitter-searching iii. 2. 311	Chirping..... iii. 2. 42	Deathful..... iii. 2. 401
Aidance!..... iii. 2. 165	Blood-bespotted v. 1. 117	Choicely..... iii. 1. 313	Deep-fet..... ii. 4. 33
*Alder liefest.. i. 1. 28	Blood-consuming iii. 2. 61	Christian-like (adv.)..... iii. 2. 58	Defamed..... iii. 1. 123
Ashy?..... iii. 2. 62	Bloodshedding iv. 7. 108	Church-like.... i. 1. 247	Denayed (verb) i. 3. 107
Attainure.... i. 2. 106	Blunt-witted... iii. 2. 210	Church-like.... i. 1. 247	Despoiled..... ii. 3. 10
	Brain-pan..... iv. 10. 13	Claret..... iv. 6. 4	Discomit (sub.) v. 2. 86
	Breastplate.... iii. 2. 232	Commentaries. iv. 7. 65	Dispursed.... iii. 1. 117
Balance (verb). v. 1. 9	Bricklayer..... (iv. 2. 43)	Confusion..... v. 3. 3	*Door-nail.... iv. 10. 43
Banditto..... iv. 1. 135	Bricks..... (iv. 2. 153)	Conventicles.. iii. 1. 156	Duchy?..... i. 1. 50
Beehives..... iv. 1. 109	Bucks?..... iv. 2. 51	Corrosive (sub.) iii. 2. 103	
Beggar-woman iv. 2. 151	*Barly-boned... iv. 10. 60	*Court-hand... iv. 2. 101	Emblaze..... iv. 10. 76
Belioof?..... iv. 7. 83	*Burying place. iv. 10. 68	Cradle-babe... iii. 2. 392	Emmanuel.... iv. 2. 106
Besom..... iv. 7. 34		Crimeless..... ii. 4. 63	Enchased..... i. 2. 8
Bested..... ii. 3. 56		Culpable..... iii. 2. 22	Enchancing... iv. 1. 96
	Cade..... iv. 2. 35		
	Cage (a lock-up) iv. 2. 56		
	Cathedral..... i. 2. 37		

¹ Venus and Ad. 333.

² Venus and Ad. 76; Lucerne, 1378, 1612.

³ Lover's Compl. 145.

* i.e. dirty linen.

Damsons..... ii. 1. 102

*Dark-seated... iii. 2. 328

*Deadly-handed v. 2. 3

⁵ The plural occurs twice in the same scene, lines 28, 119.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY VI—PART II.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Engirt ⁶ i. 1 290	Line-twigs iii. 3 16	Quill ⁹ i. 3 4	Straiter (adv.) iii. 3 20
Exordized v. 3 31	*Long-hant iv. 1 68	*Raging-mind ¹⁰ iii. 2 394	*Stumbling-blocks l. 2 64
Exorcisms i. 4 5	*Long-imprisoned v. 1 88	Rampant v. 1 203	Subversion iii. 1 208
False-heart (adj.) v. 1 143	*Lord-protectorship ii. 1 30	Rendily ¹¹ v. 2 83	Tainture ii. 1 188
Far-fet iii. 1 293	Mail-bred iii. 1 354	Redomel iv. 9 47	Tally ¹² (sub.) iv. 7 39
Fell-lurking v. 1 146	Market-day iv. 2 62	Regentship i. 3 107	Ten-stained iv. 4 16
Felonious iii. 1 129	Merchant-like iv. 1 41	Repronchfully ii. 4 97	Tender-feeding ii. 4 9
Fifteenth ⁷ i. 1 133	Nap (of cloth) iv. 2 8	Ringleader ii. 1 170	*Three-hoopel iv. 2 72
First-conceived ii. 2 44	Office-badge i. 2 25	Roust (sub.) i. 1 109	Timely-parted iii. 2 161
Flagging iv. 1 5	Ostrich iv. 10 31	Sallet ¹³ (head-piece) iv. 10 12	Township i. 3 27
Fraudful iii. 1 81	Over-gorged iv. 1 84	Say, a kind of satin iv. 7 27	Trap (verb) iii. 1 340
Garret i. 3 104	Over-joy (sub.) i. 1 31	Se ge iv. 7 27	Tun-moiled iv. 10 18
Ghastly (adv.) iii. 2 170	Over-ripened i. 2 1	Shag-haired ¹⁴ iii. 1 367	Two-hand (adj.) ii. 1 46
Goblets iv. 1 85	Paper-mill iv. 7 41	Shallow-rooted iii. 1 31	Unassailed v. 2 18
Governance i. 3 50	Perish (trans.) iii. 2 100	Sharp-quilled iii. 1 363	Unblooded iii. 2 193
Hamper (verb) i. 3 143	Peroration i. 1 105	Shearman iv. 2 141	Uncreable iii. 1 286
Hatchet iv. 7 06	Plasterer iv. 2 140	Silent (sub.) i. 4 10	*Under-ground } v. 2 86
Heart-offending iii. 2 60	Pointing-stock ii. 4 46	Silken-coated iv. 2 136	(sub.) ii. 1 174
Hess (sub.) iii. 2 323	Promised v. 2 41	Sophister v. 1 191	Uneath iii. 4 8
Ill-nurtured ⁸ i. 2 42	Pretty-vaulting iii. 2 94	Span-comiter iv. 2 103	Unhelpful iii. 1 218
Laper iii. 2 75	Procurator i. 1 3	Stendfast gazing iv. 10 48	Vmuts (sub.) iii. 1 50
	Propounded i. 2 81	Stendier iv. 7 101	
	Protectorship (iii. 1 60)		*Well-proportioned iii. 2 175
	(iii. 1 121)		Yelad ¹⁵ i. 1 33
	Pulls (sub.) ii. 3 41		
	Quadrangle i. 3 156		

⁶ Venus and Ad. 330.
⁷ The plural form occurs as *effores*, iv. 7. 24.
⁸ Venus and Ad. 134.

⁹ Used in a peculiar sense. See note 35.
¹⁰ Venus and Ad. 1151.
¹¹ Lucerne, 1152.
¹² See the foot-note in text.
¹³ Some modern editors read *shag-haired* instead of *shag-cared*, Macbeth, iv. 2. 83.

¹⁴ Som. cxvii. 10.
¹⁵ The modern form *clad* occurs five times in Shakespeare.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

- Note.
 61 i. 2 66: *Being but a woman, I will not be slack.*
 96 i. 1 52-55:
 Back [Examining the written papers] *True, madam, none at all: what call you this?*
 [Holding up a paper.
 York. *Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close, And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.*
 [To Stafford] *Stafford, take her to thee.*
 [Exeunt above, William Stafford with Duchess and Anne, guarded.
 100 ii. 1 26: *With so much holiness can you not do it?*
 101 ii. 1 32, 33:
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.
King. Prithee, peace.
Good queen, and what not on these furious peers.
 101 ii. 1 62: *Come to the king; tell him what miracle.*
 103 ii. 1 65, 69:
SEE WHERE the townsmen, on procession, Come to present your highness with the man.
 107 ii. 1 71: *Although by sight his sin be multiplied.*
So Lloyd.
 112 ii. 1 164: *You made, my lord, in a day whole towns to fly.*

- Note
 118 ii. 2 6: *My lord, I long to hear it TOLD at full.*
 122 ii. 2 28: *Father, the Duke of York hath told the tenth.*
 141 ii. 3 103: *Go, take YE hence that traitor from our sight.*
 154 ii. 4 102: *It is my office; madam, pardon me.*
 167 iii. 1 166: *Myself had NOTE of your countreilles.*
So anonymous conjecture in Cambridge edn.
 171 iii. 1 222: *Say, "Who's a traitor, Gloucester he is none."*
 174 iii. 1 218: *Were't not all one, an empty eagle set.*
 179 iii. 1 348: *Whiles I in Ireland CURSE a mighty hand.*
 184 iii. 2 26: *I thank thee, LOVE.*
 221 iv. 1 21, 22:
The lives of those we have lost in fight, SHALL THEY Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!
 229 iv. 1 70, 71:
Cap. YES, Poole.
Suf. POOLE!
Cap. Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt.
 267 iv. 4 43: *Lord Say, JACK CADE, THE TRAITOR, haleth thee.*
 294 iv. 9 30: *The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.*
 329 v. 1 211: *And so to arms, TO ARMS, victorious father.*

EMENDATIONS ON KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

111. ll. 1. 186, 187:

O God!

*What mischiefs work the wicked ones, thereby
Heaping on their own heads confusion!*

209. ill. 2. 339:

O,

Let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand.

108

Note

229. iv. 1. 69, 70:

Cap. *Yes, Poole!*

Suf. *Poole! Poole! Sir—*

Cap. *Aye, Lord Poole!*

314. v. 1. 72: *I was THAT MAN, an't like your majesty.*

315. v. 1. 74: *Alexander Iden, that's my name, MY
LIEGE. So Keightley.*

and Poole?
majesty.
name, MY

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

NOTES* BY

F. A. MARSHALL AND P. Z. ROUND.

* The Introduction to Parts II. and III. combined, precedes Part II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
 EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.
 LEWIS XL, King of France.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET.
 DUKE OF EXETER.
 EARL OF OXFORD.
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
 LORD CLIFFORD.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
 EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards
 King Edward IV.
 EDMUND, Earl of Rutland.
 GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence.
 RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.
 MARQUESS DE MONTAGUE.
 EARL OF WARWICK.
 EARL OF PEMBROKE.
 LORD HASTINGS.

} his sons.

LORD STAFFORD.
 SIR JOHN MORTIMER, }
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } uncles to the Duke of York.
 HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
 LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE
 Tutor to Rutland.
 Mayor of York.
 Lieutenant of the Tower.
 A Nobleman.
 Two Keepers.
 A Huntsman.
 A Lancastrian Soldier who has killed his father.
 A Yorkist Soldier who has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

BOXA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE—During part of the third act in France; during the rest of the play in England.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play comprises nineteen days.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval
 Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2-4.—Interval
 Day 3: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval
 Day 4: Act II. Scenes 2-6.—Interval
 Day 5: Act III. Scene 1.—Interval
 Day 6: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval
 Day 7: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval
 Day 8: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
 Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval.
 Day 10: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval

Day 11: Act IV. Scene 5.—Interval
 Day 12: Act IV. Scene 6.—Interval
 Day 13: Act IV. Scene 7.—Interval
 Day 14: Act IV. Scene 8.—Interval
 Day 15: Act V. Scene 1.—Interval
 Day 16: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval
 Day 17: Act V. Scenes 4, 5.—Interval
 Day 18: Act V. Scene 6.
 Day 19: Act V. Scene 7.

The historic period here dramatized commences on the day of the battle of St. Albans, 23rd May, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI's body was exposed in St. Paul's, 22nd May, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475.

SCENE I.

Alarum.
the Dr.
Norfo
others,

War, 4
hands
York, W

the ne
He shily st
Whereat th
Whose wa

creat,
Cheer'd up
Lord Cliffe
Charg'd on

ing in.
Were by th
[Edw,

Buckin
Is either s



Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. — Act I. 1. 16.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-house.*

Alarum. Yorkist soldiers break in. Then enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He shily stole away, and left his men;
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook re-
treat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, break-
ing in,

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

[*Enter* Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10
Is either slain, or wounded dangerous;

I cleft his beaver² with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. [To York, showing his] And, brother,
here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

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

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons,—

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Som-
erset?

York. Such hap have all the line of John of
Gannt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's
head,] 20

War. [And so do I.] Victorious Prince of
York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful³ king,

¹ Battle, body of troops.

² Beaver, helmet.

³ Fearful, timid.

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs!

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and
I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

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

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me,
my lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him
no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*Soldiers withdraw.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her
parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words or blows here let us win our right.

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

War. The bloody parliament shall this be
call'd.

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, in
And lawful Henry be depos'd, whose cov-
arance

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be
resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves
him best.

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who
dares:—

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English
crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne;
York seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD,
NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXE-
TER, and others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy
rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false
peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;

And thine, Lord Clifford: you have both vow'd
revenge.

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his
friends.

Norfolk. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on
me!

Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn
in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's
pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of West-
moreland.

Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, for such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

York. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be
it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their
beck?

Ecc. But when the duke is slain, they'll
quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from
Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[*Advancing towards York.*]

Thou factious Duke of York, descend my
throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I am thine.

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

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earl-
dom was.

[*Ecc.* Thy father was a traitor to the
crown.

War. Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry!]

Cliff. Whom should he follow but his natural
king?

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

¹ *Henry*, pronounced as it is tri-syllable.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne? 81

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

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

West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster.

[And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the field. 90

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

York. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Cliff. Erge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

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

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

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

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March;

I am the son of Henry² the Fifth,

Whomade the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith² thou hast lost it all. 110

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I; When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now; yet, methinks, you lose,— 113

Tear the crown, father, from the usurper's head.

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

Mont. [To York.] Good brother, us thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand envilling thus.

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

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. 120

[*War.* Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen.] Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great

sorrow,—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion³ against his king.

K. Hen. [Aside] I know not what to say; my title's weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;

For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry² the Fourth,

Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown? 15

¹ Will you, is it your wish that.

² Henry, pronounced as a trisyllable. ³ Sith, since.

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⁴ But, only. ⁵ Rebellion, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

⁶ To his crown, i.e. to his royal prerogative.

Eve. No; for he could not so resign his crown
 But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Eve. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Eve. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
 Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power,
 Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud.
 Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 140
 May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
 What utter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
 Or I will fill the house with armed men,
 And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
 Write up his title with usurping blood.
 [*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers show themselves.*]
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me
 but one word: 150
 Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince
 your son!

War. What good is this to England and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I. 181
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
 In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
 And die in bands,² for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
 Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!
 [*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.*]
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Eve. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield. 190
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
 Whom I immaturally shall disinherit.
 But be it as it may: [*To York*] I here entail
 The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
 Conditionally that here thou take an oath
 To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
 To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
 And neither by treason, nor hostility,
 To seek to put me down, and reign thyself. 200
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Descending from the throne.*]
War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Eve. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes. [*Sequit. The Lords come forward.*]
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

¹ Fearful, i.e. cowardly.² Bands, bonds, i.e. prison.

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

Norfol. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Ede. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray¹ her anger:

I'll steal away. [*Going.*]

K. Hen. So, Exeter, will I. [*Going.*]

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

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.



K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?—(Act I. 1. 229.)

Q. Mar. Who can be patient² in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son.
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 230
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

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

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me,
sweet son;

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforce'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be fore'd?

I shame³ to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And giv'n unto the house of York such head,⁴
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
T' entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm; 236
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

¹ *Reveal*, discover, show. ² *Patient*, here a trisyllable.

³ *Shame*, feel ashamed. ⁴ *Head*, i.e. freedom of action

These soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes
Before I would have granted to¹ that act.
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited. 250
The northern lords that have forsworn thy
colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be,—to thy foul dis-
grace.

And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me
speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already;
get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay
with me!

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from
the field. 261

I'll see your grace; till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not
linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

[*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and
to her son.

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on² the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my
heart. 270

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

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

SCENE II. *Sandal. A room in the Duke
of York's castle.*

Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE.

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

Ede. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and for-
cible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at
a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Ede. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace
and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy! not till King Henry³ be
dead. 10

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

Ede. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it
now;

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to
breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly
reign.

Ede. But for a kingdom any oath may be
broken:

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be
forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

[*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll
hear me speak. 20

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not
took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority o'er him that swears:

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 't was he that made you to de-
pose,⁴

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

Within whose circuit is Elysium, 30

And all that poets fain of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

¹ Granted to=assented to.

² Tire on, i.e. prey on, tear with the beak.

³ Henry, here a trisyllable.

⁴ Depose, i.e. swear.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—³⁵

[*To Montague*] Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—

You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham,⁴⁰

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty¹ and comteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more?²

But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?]

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news?—Why com'st thou in such post?³

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle: ⁵⁰
She is hard by, with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold,⁴ my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?

[*Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:—*

My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy⁵ strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not;⁶⁰

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit.*]

Enter SIR JOHN MORTIMER and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

¹ Witty, sharp-witted

² Resteth more, remains beside.

³ Bold, fortress

⁵ Post, haste

⁵ Policy, art

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

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Elder. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,⁷⁰

And issue forth, and bid⁶ them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

[*Many a battle have I won in France*

Whereas the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?]

[*Alarum. Eecunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

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

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is't fear¹⁰

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. [*So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch*

That trembles under his devouring paws;

And so he walks, insulting⁷ o'er his prey,

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—]

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

⁶ Bid, offer.

⁷ Insulting, triumphing.

And not with such a cruel threatening look,
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. 20
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my
father's blood



Clif. Had I thy friends here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.—(Act I. 3. 25, 26.)

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
should enter.

Rat. Then let my father's blood open it
again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope¹ with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives,
and thine,

Were not revenge sufficient² for me;
[No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my
heart.]

The sight of any of the house of York 30
Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore— [Lifting his hand.

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

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rat. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou
slay me!

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rat. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40
Lest in revenge thereof, —sith³ God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[Stabs him.

Rat. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tunc.*⁴

[Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood, 51
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off
both. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Another part of the plains near
Sandul Castle.

Alarum. Enter RICHARD, Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the
field;⁵

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like sheep before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starv'd wolves.
My sons,—God knows what hath bechanced
them:

² Sufficient, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

³ Sith, since.

⁴ "The gods grant, that may be the sum of thy glory."

⁵ Got the field, won the day.

¹ Cope, i.e. match thyself.

But this I know, they have demen'd themselves

Like men born to renown by life or death.

[Three times did Richard make a lane¹ to me,

And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him,
And when the hardest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"

Edward, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"

With this, we charg'd again: but, ont, alas!

We bodg'd² again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide, 20

And spend her strength with over-matching waves.] [A short alarm within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;

And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:

[And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:]

The studs are number'd that make up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the PRINCE OF WALES, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:

I am your butt, and I abide³ your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

[Now Phœthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.⁴]

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all;

[And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.]

¹ Make a lane, cut his way
Abide, await.

² Bodg'd, failed.
⁴ Prick, i.e. hour.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear!

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40

[So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons; So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives, Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.]

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,

[And in thy thought o'er-run my former time; And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,] And late thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[Drawing.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes 51

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—

Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much

To prick⁵ thy finger, though to wound his heart:

[What valour were it, when a cur doth grin, For one to thrust his hand between his teeth, When he might spurn him with his foot away!] 60

It is war's prize⁶ to take all vantages;

And ten to one is no impeachment⁷ of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.⁸

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[York is overpowered.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true⁹ men yield, with robbers so o'er-matched.

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

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

⁵ To prick, i.e. as to prick.

⁶ Prize, prerogative.

⁷ Impeach=impeachment.

⁸ Gin, trap.

⁹ True, honest.

Come, make him stand upon this molehill
here,
That rought¹ at mountains with outstretched
arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's
king?

[Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preaching of your high de-
scent?]

Where are your mess of sons² to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dickie your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rut-
land?

[Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the
blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, so



Q. Mar. Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy.—(Act I. 4. 79-81.)

Made issue from the bosom of the boy; 81
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.]
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York
[Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and
dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine
entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?]

¹ *Rought*, reached.

² *Mess of sons*, i.e. four sons
120

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be
mad; 90
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou wouldst be fed, I see, to make me
sport:

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to
him:—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*

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

[Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair.
And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king—
Till our King Henry had shook hands with
death.]

And will you pale¹ your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his
head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him
dead.²

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons
he makes. 110

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than
wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's
tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!³

[But that thy face is, vizard-like,⁴ unchanging,
Made impudent⁵ with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee
blush.

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom de-
riv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
not shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type⁶ of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud
queen,

Unless the adage must be verified,—

That beggars mounted run their horse to
death.]

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at: 131

¹ Pale, encreise.

² Do him dead, put him to death.

³ Captivates, makes captive.

⁴ Vizard-like, like a mask.

⁵ Impudent, i. e. shameless.

⁶ Type, badge, i. e. the crown.

'Tis government⁷ that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable;

[Thou art as opposite to every good 131

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.⁸

O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!

How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?]

Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;

Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-
less.

Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy
wish:

Wouldst thou have me weep? why, now thou hast
thy will:

[For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.]

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false
Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move
me so 150

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have
stain'd with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,

O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:

[This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

[*Giving back the handkerchief.*

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"]

There, take the crown, and, with the crown,
my curse; [Taking off the paper crown.

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—

[Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the
world:—

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!]

⁷ Government, self-control.

⁸ Septentrion, north.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all
my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly¹ sorrow gripes his soul.
Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe,² my Lord
Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*]
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious
God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek
out thee. [*Dies.*]
Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on
York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. 1-0
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

[SCENE I. A plain near Mortimer's Cross.

*A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their
Forces.*

Educ. I wonder how our princely father
scap'd,
Or whether he be scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pur-
suit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the
news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the
news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have
heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd³
Where our right valiant father is become.⁴ 10
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford
forth.

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;⁵
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies⁶ my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is pride enough to be his son.— 20
See how the morning opes her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love!

Educ. Dazzle mine eyes,⁷ or do I see three
suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a per-
fect sun;

Not separated with the racking⁸ clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one
sun.

in this the heaven figures some event.

Educ. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet
never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,⁹
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to-
gether;

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your
leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

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

¹ Inly, inward.

² Weeping-ripe, ready to weep.

³ Resolv'd, satisfied.

⁴ Is become, i.e. "has got to."

⁵ Neat, cattle.

⁶ So fled his enemies, i.e. so his enemies fled from.

⁷ Dazzle mine eyes, i.e. are mine eyes dazzled?

⁸ Racking, drifting.

⁹ Meeds, merits.

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

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

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

Mess. Environed he was with many foes; 50
And stood against them as the hope of Troy

Against the Greeks that would have enter'd
Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,



Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!—(Act II. 1. 45-47.)

Whocrown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he
wept, 60
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
slain;

And after many scorn, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Educ. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to
lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry; 71
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd
thee!

Now my son's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this
my body

² Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's
moisture

Scarcely serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart;

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden;

For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires¹ all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would
quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for
me! —

Richard. I hear thy name; I'll venge thy
death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.

Educ. His name that valiant duke hath left
with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun;
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
say;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE,
with Forces.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare?²
what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should
recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliver-
ance

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the
wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Educ. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plau-
tagenet,

Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemp-
tion,

Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news
in tears:

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith³ then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest
gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his de-
part.⁴

I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Must'rd my soldiers, gathered flocks of
friends,

And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the
queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along;

For by my scouts I was advertised⁵

That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late decree in parliament

Touching King Henry's oath and your succe-
sion.

Short tale to make, — we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely
fought;

But whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated
spleen;⁶

Or whether 't was report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives, "Blood and
death,"

I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and
went;

Our soldiers! — like the night-owls' lazy flight,
Or like an idle thrasher with a flail —
Fell gently down, as if they struck their
friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards;

But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we, in them, no hope to win the day;

So that we fled; the king unto the queen;

Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my-
self,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with
you;

³ Sith, since.

⁵ Advertised, informed

⁴ Depart, decease.

⁶ Spleen, i.e. vehemence.

¹ Fires, pronounced as a dissyllable.

² Fare, cheer.

For in the marches¹ here we heard you were,
Making another head² to fight again. 111

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to
England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with
his power;

And for³ your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful⁴ war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant
Warwick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.⁵ 110

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
thou hear;

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of
mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame
me not:

'Tis love I hear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
And wrap our bodies in black mourning-
gowns,

Numbring our Ave-Maries with our heads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

Attend me, lords. 'The proud insult' g queen,
With Clifford and the haught⁶ Northumber- 169

land,

And of their feather many more⁷ proud birds,

Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession.

His oath enrolled in the parliament;

¹ The marches, the Welsh borders.

² Making another head, gathering another force.

³ For, as for.

⁴ Needful, i.e. costly.

⁵ Heard his scandal of retire, heard him reproached
with having retreated.

⁶ Haught, haughty.

⁷ More, more.

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong;
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of
March, 179

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march again;
And once again bestride our flaming steeds,
And once again cry, "Charge!" upon our foes!"
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great War-
wick speak;

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,

That cries, "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.⁸

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will
I lean;

And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the
hour!— 190

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven for-
feud!⁹

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke
of York;

The next degree¹⁰ is England's royal throne;

For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along;

And he that throws not up his cap for joy,

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Monta-
gue,—

Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown, 199

But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—

I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

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

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word
by me

The queen is coming with a puissant¹¹ host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

⁸ Stay, stand his ground.

¹⁰ Degree, step.

⁹ Forfeud, avert.

¹¹ Puissant, mighty.

War, Why, then it sorts,¹ brave warriors:
let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Before the gates of York.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHMERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your town;
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that
fear their wreck:—

To see this sight, it irks² my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my
fault,

Nor wittingly³ have I infring'd my vow.

Cliff. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside. 10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

[Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils⁴ her young before her face.

Who escapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their
brood.]

Ambitious York did level⁵ at thy crown, 19

Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows;

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

[Unreasonable⁶ creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their
eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them, even with those
wings

Which sometime they have us'd in fearful⁷
flight, 30

¹ Sorts, suits, is well.

² Irks, vexes.

³ Wittingly, designedly.

⁴ Smiles, despoils her of.

⁵ Level, aim.

⁶ Unreasonable, irrational, brute.

⁷ Fearful, timorous.

Make war with him that climb'd unto their
nest, 31

Offering their own lives in their young's de-
fence!

For shame, my liege, make them your prece-
dent!]

Were it not pity that this goodly boy

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child,

"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got

My careless father fondly⁸ gave away?"

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the
boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth 32

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with
him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the
orator,

Inferring⁹ arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear

That things ill got had ever bad success?¹⁰

[And happy always was it for that son

Whose father for his hardihood went to hell?]

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;

And would my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate 33

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did
know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our
foes are nigh,

And this soft courage¹¹ makes your followers
faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

Unsheathe your sword, and dub him pre-
sently.¹²

Edward, kneel down. 34

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;

And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in
right,

Prince. My gracious father, by your kindly
leave,

I'll draw it as apparent¹³ to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

⁸ Fondly, foolishly.

⁹ Inferring, advising.

¹⁰ Success, issue, luck.

¹¹ Soft courage, mild disposition.

¹² Presently, at once.

¹³ Apparent, i.e. well apparent.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward¹
prince. 60

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of
York;

And in the towns, as they do march along, 70
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him;
Demand your battle,² for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart
the field:

The queen hath³ e⁴tsm⁵ess when you are absent.

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

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; there-
fore I'll stay.

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

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble
lords.

And hearten those that fight in your defence;
Pushe the your sword, good father; cry,
"Saint George!" 80

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Sol-
diers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel
for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?³

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insult-
ing boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms

Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his
knee;

I was adopted heir to his crown;

Since when, his crown's broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the
crown. 90

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:

What should succeed the father but the son?

¹ Toward, forward, apt.

² Demand, in your battle, marshal your troops.

³ As the mortal fortune of the field, await the deadly

issue of battle.

Rich. Are you there, hither?—O, I cannot
speak! 105

Clif. Ay, crook back, here I stand to an-
swer thee.

Or any he¹ the proudest of thy sort.²

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,
was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satis-
fied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to
the fight. 110

Mar. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou
yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd War-
wick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

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

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you
fled.

Mar. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove
me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst
make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee rever-
ently.³

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart. 115

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a
child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous
coward,

thou didst kill our tender brother Rut-
land;

But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords,

and hear me speak.

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

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my
tongue;

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this
meeting here

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

¹ He, thou.

² Sort, set, faction.

³ I hold thee reverently, i.e. I have respect for you
(though not for these others).

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword;
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd¹
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Educ. [Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that he right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,²
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt.
Whose father bears the title of a king, —
As if a channel³ should be call'd the sea, —
Sham'st thou not,⁴ knowing whence thou art extraught,⁵
To let thy tongue detect⁶ thy base-born heart?
Educ. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet⁷ know herself, —
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,

¹ Resolv'd, convinced.² Stigmatic, one marked (by deformity).³ Channel, gutter.⁴ Sham'st thou not = art thou not ashamed.⁵ Whence thou art extraught, of what parentage thou art.⁶ Detect, betray.⁷ Callet, strumpet.

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wad'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd⁸ this tumult but thy pride!
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd⁹ our claim until another age.
Gen. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave¹⁰ till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Educ. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,]
Since thou deniest¹¹ the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Educ. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [Exeunt.

[SCENE III. A field of battle between Tonneton and Sacketon.

Marching: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent¹² with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
[Seats himself.
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

⁸ Broach'd, i.e. let loose.⁹ Slipp'd, let pass.¹¹ Deniest, forbiddes.¹⁰ Leave, cease, rest.¹² Forspent, worn out.

Educ.
gen.
For this
clon
War.
hap

Gen.
spain
Our rain
What co
Educ.
with
And we

Rich.
chav
Thy brow
drum
Broach'd
lanc
And, in
Like to a
"Warwic
deat
So, under
That sta
bloo
The nobl
War.
our l
I'll kill u
Why stan
Wailing c
And bok
Were play
Here on n
I'll never
Till eithe
mine,
Or fortune
Educ.
thine

"Nap,

Vol.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Ede. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. [*Rising*] How now, my lord! what hap!¹ what hope of good!

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us: 10
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Ede. Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;

And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

Breach'd² with the steely point of Clifford's lance;

And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"

So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,

Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;

And look upon,³ as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?

Here on my knee I vow to God above, 30

I'll never pause again, never stand still,

Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Ede. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thee;

¹ Hap, fortune

² Breach'd, shed.

³ Look upon, look on

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,

Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands⁴

That to my foes this body must be prey.

Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may open,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—

[*Rising*] Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,

Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms;

I, that did never weep, now melt with woe

That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

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

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,

And give them leave to fly that will not stay;⁵

And call them pillars that will stand to us;

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As victors wear at the Olympian games;

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life and victory.—

Forslow⁶ no longer, make we hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD from opposite sides.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone;

Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone;

This is the hand that stabl'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

⁴ If with thy will it stands, if it is according to thy will

⁵ Stay, i.e. stand their ground.

⁶ Forslow, delay.

And here's the heart that triumphs in their
deaths;
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and
brother,

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

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morn-
ing's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing
light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Fore'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Fore'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the
wind;

Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell¹ war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were

so;

For what is in this world but grief and woe?

O God! methinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly,² point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—

How many make the hour³ full complete;

How many hours bring about the day;

How many days will finish up the year;

How many years a mortal man may live.

[When this is known, then to divide the
times,—

So many hours must I tend my flock;

So many hours must I take my rest;

So many hours must I contemplate;

¹ *Fell*, fierce.

² *Quaintly*, cunningly, artfully.

³ *Hour*, pronounced as a disyllable throughout this passage.



Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.—[*Act ii. 4. l.*]

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.*]

So many hours must I sport myself; 34
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will can;¹
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and
 years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.]
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
 lovely! 41

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly² sheep,
 Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 [O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely
 curds,

His cold thin drink³ out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which seemre⁴ and sweetly he enjoys, 50
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His vintds sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious⁵ bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on
 him.]

*Abrams. Enter a Lancastrian Soldier,
 bringing in a dead body.*

L. Sol. Ill blows the wind that profits
 nobody,

This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 Nor he possessed with⁶ some store of crowns;
 O I, that haply⁷ take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth
 me. 60

Who's this!—O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 O heavy⁸ times, begetting such events!
 From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his
 master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereav'd him.

¹ *Ere*, bring forth young.

² *Thin drink*, small beer.

³ *Seemre*, elegant, handsome.

⁴ *Curious*, elegant, handsome.

⁵ *Press'd with*, possessed of.

⁶ *Haply*, by chance.

⁷ *Heavy*, grievous.

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words till they have flow'd their
 fill. 72

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody
 times!

Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide⁹ their enmity.—



L. Sol.

It is mine only son!—(Act ii. 5, 83.)

Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for
 tear;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd
 with grief.

⁸ *Abide*, suffer for

Enter on the other side a Yorkist Soldier, bringing in a dead body.

Y. Sol. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; — so
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers
arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and
heart!

O, pity, God, this miserable age! —
What stratagems,¹ how fell,² how butcherly,
Erroneous, malicious, and unnatural, 90
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
[O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!]

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than
common grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthless
deeds! —

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity! —
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
[The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheek, methinks, present-
eth:³] 100

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

L. Sol. How will my mother for a father's
death

Take on with me,⁴ and ne'er be satisfied!

Y. Sol. How will my wife for slaughter of
my son

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these
woeful chances

Misthink⁵ the king, and not be satisfied!

L. Sol. Was ever son so m'd a father's death?

Y. Sol. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for sub-
jects' woe! 111

Much is your sorrow: mine ten times so much.

L. Sol. I'll bear thee hence, where I may
weep my fill. [Exit with the body.]

Y. Sol. These arms of mine shall be thy
winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, —
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
[My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious⁶ will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.] 120
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that
will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[Exit with the body.]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone⁷
with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums; excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET,
PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards
Berwick post amain:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
hounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Ecc. Away! for vengeance comes along with
them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, — make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good
sweet Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out. — ay, here
it dies,

¹ *Stratagems*, atrocities.

² *Fell*, cruel.

³ *Presenteth*, represents.

⁴ *Take on with me*, i.e. be violently angry with me.

⁵ *Misthink*, i.e. misjudge.

⁶ *So obsequious*, i.e. as great a mourner.

⁷ *Overgone*, overcome.

Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry
light. 2

O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul!

[My love and fear gl'd many friends to thee;

And, now I fall, that tough commixture¹ melts,

Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud²

York.]

The common people swarm like summer flies;

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun? 3

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

[O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent

That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorcht³ the earth!

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd³ as kings
should do,

Or as thy father and his father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of York,

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm

Had left no mourning widows for our deaths;



Cliff. Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest.—(Act II. 6. 28.)

And thou this day hadst kept thy chair⁴ in
peace. 19

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?

And what makes robbers bold but too much
lenity?—]

Boonless are plaints, and cureless are my
wounds;

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;

The foe is merciless, and will not pity;

[For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse⁵ of blood doth make me
faint.—] 27

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the
rest;

I stabb'd your father's bosoms,—split my
breast. [Faints.

*Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and
Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune
bids us pause, 30

¹ Commixture, i.e. alliance, coalition.

² Misproud, wrongly proud.

³ Sway'd, ruled. ⁴ Chair, throne.

⁵ Effuse, i.e. loss.

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
looks.— 31

[Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting¹ gust,
Command an argosy² to stem the waves.]

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with
them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the
grave: 40

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 40

[Clifford groans, and dies.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her
heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's
departing.³

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's
ended,

If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis
Clifford;

Who not contented⁴ that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly
spring.—

I mean our princely father, Duke of York. 50

War. From off the gates of York fetch
down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed
there;

Instead whereof let this supply the room:

Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to
our house,⁵

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
[Now death shall stop his dismal threatening
sound.

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.]

[Soldiers bring the body forward.

[War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks
to thee?— 60

¹ Fretting, ruffling, agitating.

² Argosy, merchantman.

³ Departing, separation.

⁴ Not contented, i.e. did not content himself.

⁵ That fatal screech-owl to our house, i.e. that screech-owl so fatal to our family.

Dark cloudy death overshades his beams of
life, 61

And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O would he did! and so, perhaps, he
doth:

'Tis but his policy⁶ to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager⁷
words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no
grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy
faults. 71

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son
to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity
thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence⁸
you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as
thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the
world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an
oath.—

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours⁹ life,
That I in all despite¹⁰ might rail at him, 80
I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstanch'd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.]

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the
traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father stands,¹¹—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen: 89
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not
dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

⁶ Policy, cunning. ⁷ Eager, biting. ⁸ Fence, defend.

⁹ Hours, pronounced as a dissyllable.

¹⁰ Despite, malice.

¹¹ Stands, i.e. stands in

Yet look to have them buzz. 'T offend thine ears.

91

[First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
'T effect this marriage, so it please my lord.]

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick,
let it be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

100

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as our-
self,

103

Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George
of Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A chase in the north of England.*

Enter two Keepers with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keeper. Under this thick-grown brake¹
we'll shroud ourselves;

For through this land² anon the deer will
come;

[And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.]

Sec. Keeper. I'll stay above the hill, so both
may shoot.

First Keeper. That cannot be; the noise of thy
cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for³ the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befel me on a day
In this self⁴ place where now we mean to
stand.

10

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

*Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a
prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of
pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;

Thy place is till'd, thy sceptre wrang from
thee,

[Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast
anointed;

¹ Brake, thicket.

² For, so that.

³ Land, glade.

⁴ Self, same.

No bending knee will call thee Caesar now.]

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee;

For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keeper. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's
a keeper's fee:

This is the *quondam* king;⁵ let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, spite adver-
sity;

For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keeper. Why linger we? let us lay hands
upon him.

First Keeper. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a
little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to
France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great-commanding War-
wick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's
sister

30

To wife for Edward; if this news be true,

Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Louis a prince soon won with moving
words.

[By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much;

Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,⁶

40

To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.]

⁵ Quondam king, i.e. former king.

⁶ Tainted with remorse, touched with pity

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give;
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd; 15
 He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
 That! she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
 more;
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
 wrong,

Inferreth² arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King Edward's
 place.

O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!]

See, Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st
 of kings and queens? 55



See, Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?—(Act III. i. 55.)

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I
 was born to; 56
 A man at least, for less I should not be;
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?
See, Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou
 wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am—in mind; and
 that's enough. 60
See, Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is
 thy crown?
K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on
 my head;
 Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd con-
 tent, — 64

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

See, Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd
 with content,

Your crown content and you must be con-
 tented

To go along with us; for, as we think,
 You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
 And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance, 70
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

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

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

¹ That, so that.

² *Inferreth*, adduces

K. Hen. [Where did you dwell when I was King of England? 71

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

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No; 80
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?]

Alas, simple! then, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,

[Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;]

Such is the lightness of you common men. 89
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be com-
manded;

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

[*First Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.]

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,¹
If he were seated as King Edward is.]

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name,
and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's
name be obey'd;

And what God will, that let your king per-
form; 100

And what he will, I humbly yield unto.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE,
and LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's
field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant
her suit;

It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make
a pause. 10

Glo. [*Aside to Char.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Char. [*Aside to Glo.*] He knows the game:
how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [*Aside to Char.*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your
suit;

And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
delay;

May't please your highness to resolve me?²
now;

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. 20

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, widow! then I'll warrant
you all your lands,

As if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

[Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a
blow.

Char. [*Aside to Glo.*] I fear her not, unless
she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside to Char.*] God forbid that! for
he'll take vantages.]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou,
widow? tell me.

[*Char.* [*Aside to Glo.*] I think he means to
beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside to Char.*] Nay, whip me, then;
he'll rather give her two.]

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

[*Glo.* [*Aside*] You shall have four, if you'll
be rul'd by him.] 30

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their
father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant
it, then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave:³ I'll try this
widow's wit.

¹ Henry, pronounced as a trisyllable.

² Resolve me, give me an answer.

³ Give us leave, i.e. leave us.

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave, 34
 Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch. [*Retires with Clarence.*]
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Greg. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Greg. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. 10
L. Greg. Therefore I came into your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Greg. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Greg. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Greg. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Greg. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. [*Aside to Char.*] He plies her hard; and much vain wears the marble. 20
 [*Char.* [*Aside to Glo.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.]
L. Greg. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Greg. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Greg. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. [*Aside to Char.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.
K. Edw. But stay thee,—'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Greg. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense, 60
 What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Greg. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
 That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Greg. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Greg. My mind will never grant what I perceive
 Your highness aims at, if I aim¹ aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Greg. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Greg. Why, then mine honesty² shall be my dower;
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Greg. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
 Accords not with the sadness³ of my suit:
 Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;
 No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand. 80
L. Greg. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [*Aside to Char.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Char. [*Aside to Glo.*] He is the bluest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
 Her words do show her wit incomparable;
 All her perfections challenge⁴ sovereignty:
 One way or other, she is for a king;
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
 Say that King Edward take thee for his queen!

¹ Aim, guess.² Sadness, gravity.³ Challenge, demand, claim as due.⁴ Honesty, honour, chastity.

L. Greg. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state¹ I swear
to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Greg. And that is more than I will yield
unto:

I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You civil, widow; I did mean,
my queen.

L. Greg. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons
should call you father. 100

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters
call thee mother.

[Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.]

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [Aside to *Char.*] The ghostly father
now hath done his shrift.

Char. [Aside to *Glo.*] When he was made a
shriver, 't was for shift.

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

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks
sad.² 110

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

Char. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

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

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

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell
you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is
taken,

And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the
Tower:— 120

And go we, brothers, to the man that took
him.

To question of³ his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along:⁴—lords, use her hon-
ourably. [Exeunt all except *Gloster*,

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honour-
ably.—

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and
all,

That from his loins no hopeful branch may
spring.

To cross⁵ me from the golden time I look for!

[And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title barr'd—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Ed-
ward, 130

And all the look'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would
tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,

Saying, he'll hie it dry to have his way;

So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140

And so I chide the means that keeps me
from it;

And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,

Flatt'ring me⁶ with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween's too
much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal
them.]

Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for
Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?

[I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and
looks. 150

O miserable thought! and more unlikely

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!]

¹ *Of, concerning.*

² *Cross, thwart, hinder.*

³ *Go you along, come with us*

⁴ *Me, myself.*

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for¹ I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;



Ed. Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.—(Act III. 2, 194, 195.)

To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
[Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.]
And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to overbear such

As are of better person than myself,
I'll make² my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, I'll account this world but
hell,

Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk
bears,³

Be round impaled³ with a glorious crown.

[And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;

And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
thorns,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way;

Not knowing how to find the open air,

But toiling desperately to find it out—

Torment myself to catch the English crown;

And from that torment I will free myself,¹⁵⁰

Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.]

Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;

And cry "Content" to that which grieves my

heart;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

And frame my face to all occasions.

[I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid
shall;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could;

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;¹⁶⁰

I can add colours to the chameleon;]

Change shapes with Proteus for advantages;

And set the murderous Machiavel to school.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *France. A room of state in the
palace at Tours.*

LEWIS, *King of France, on his throne;* LADY
BOSSA, ADMIRAL BOURBON, and others.
*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD,
and the EARL OF OXFORD.*

K. Lew. [rising]. Fair Queen of England,
worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state

And birth, that thou shouldst stand while

Lewis doth sit.

¹ For, that.

² I'll make, i.e. I'll make it. ³ Impaled, encircled.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;

[Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.] 11

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. What'er it be, be thou still like thyself.

And sit thee by our side [*Sits her by him*]:
yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy damtless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain,¹ Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-ied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward duke of York
Usurps the regal title and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,— 30
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done;²

[Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.]

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.³

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 40

[*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:—]

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his throne.*

Queen Margaret rises.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love, — 51
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;

And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bonn, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*to Bonn*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf, 59

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;

[Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.]

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and Lady Bonn,—
hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest

love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;

For how can tyrants safely govern home, 69
Unless abroad they purchase⁴ great alliance?

¹ Be plain, i.e. speak out freely.

² Done, ended.

³ Break it off, i.e. put an end to it.

⁴ Purchase, acquire.

[To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice, —
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's
son.]

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league
and marriage

Thou draw not on¹ thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth
wrong.

War. Injuries² Margaret!

Pr. Edw. And why not queen?

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

[*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John
of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of
Spain;

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France;
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry³ the Fifth had gotten!
Methinks these peers of France should smile
at that.

But for the rest, — you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
against thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray⁴ thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence⁵ the
right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward
king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injuries⁶
doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,

Was done⁷ to death? and more than so, my
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of
death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this
arm,

This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.]

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

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, ¹¹⁰
While I use⁸ further conference with War-
wick.

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

[*Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.*

K. Leor. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loth

To link with him that were not lawful choser.

War. Thereon I pawn⁹ my credit and mine
honour.

K. Leor. But is he gracious¹⁰ in the people's
eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfor-
tunate.¹¹

K. Leor. Then further, — all dissembling set
aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love ¹²⁰
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems

As may beseech a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant,

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's
sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona quit¹² his pain.

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

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
mine:—

[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this
day,

¹ Draw not on, do not bring about.

² Injurious, i.e. insulting.

³ Henry, here pronounced as a trisyllable.

⁴ Bewray, discover, make known.

⁵ Fence, defend.

⁶ Injurious, wrongful.

⁷ Done, put.

⁸ Use, hold.

⁹ Pawn, stake.

¹⁰ Gracious, i.e. finding favour.

¹¹ Unfortunate, viz. in war.

¹² Quit, requite, recompense.

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
132

Mine ear hath tempted judgment¹ to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness That Bona shall be wife to th' English king.

Pr. Elbe. To Edward, yes; not to the English king. 140

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit:

Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:

But if your title to the crown be weak,—

As may appear by Edward's good success,—

Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd

From giving aid which late I promised. 148

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand

That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam*² queen,

You have a father able to maintain you;

And better 'twere you troubled him than

France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless

Warwick! peace,

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!

I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance³ and thy lord's false love;

For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us

or thee. 162

Enter a Messenger.

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

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

¹ Judgment, discretion.

² Quondam: former.

³ Conveyance, trickery.

[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:— 165

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you: from whom I know not.

[*They read their letters.*]

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.



K. Lew. Then further,—all dissimbling set aside, Tell me for truth the measure of his love Unto our sister Bona.—(Act iii. 3. 119-121.)

Pr. Elbe. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled;

I hope all's for the best. 170

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news?—

and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery¹ and his,

¹ Soothe your forgery, i.e. palliate your deceptive conduct.

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much
before;

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's
honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight
of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Ed-
ward's,

No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?

[Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?]¹⁹⁰

And am I gnerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:

And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor:

[I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.]

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd
my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,²⁰⁰

And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's
friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,²

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matchless more for wanton lust than
honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be
reveng'd

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor
Henry live

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

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

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

K. Lear. And mine with hers and thine and
Margaret's:

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd

You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all
at once.

K. Lear. Then, England's messenger, return
in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers

To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past,—go fear³ thy king
withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a wi-
dower shortly,

I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are
laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done
me wrong;

And therefore I'll mow him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward [*Giving a purse*]: he gone.

[*Exit Messenger.*

K. Lear. But, Warwick,

Thou and Lord Oxford, with five thousand
men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward
battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but⁴ answer me one doubt,—

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant
loyalty,

That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy

To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for
your motion.⁵—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;

¹ Native right, birthright.

² Soldiers, first pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ Fear, frighten. ⁴ But, only. ⁵ Motion, proposition.

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Pr. Elder. Yes, I accept her, for she well
deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my
hand. [*Gives his hand to Warwick.* 250

[*K. Lear.* Why stay we now? These soldiers
shall be levied;—

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France,
[*Exeunt all except Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe;
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stake! but me! 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. A room in the palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and
MONTAGUE.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what
think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know 't is far from hence to
France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here
comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride,

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY
GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD,
and HASTINGS.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like
you our choice, 9

That you stand pensive, as half-malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or th' Earl
of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judg-
ment,

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without
a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Ed-
ward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my
will.

Glo. Ay, and shall have your will, because
our king;

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you
offended too?

Glo. Not I: 20

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mis-
like aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's
queen:—

And you too, Somerset and Montague,

Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that
King Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30

About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick
be appeas'd?

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in
such alliance

¹ *State, dupe.*

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself? ⁴⁰

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

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas Which he hath given for fence¹ impregnable, And with their helps only² defend ourselves; In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

[*Char.* For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant; ⁴⁵

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales Unto the brother of your loving bride;

She better would have fitted me or Clarence; But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Char. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

And leave your brothers to gospeed³ elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife That thou art malecontent⁴? I will provide thee, ⁵⁰

Char. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

To play the broker in mine own behalf;

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king,

And not be tied unto his brother's will.]

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state⁵ to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent; ⁷⁰
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

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

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; ⁸⁰
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

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

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words.

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brief, tell me their words as near
As thou canst guess them. ⁹⁰

[*Pauses.* The Messenger hesitates to answer.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:

"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masks
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.

[But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake." ¹⁰⁰

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;

¹ Fence, defence, protection.

² Only, alone.

³ Speed, fare, seek their fortune.

⁴ Malecontent, discontented.

⁵ State, condition, rank.

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place.¹

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning-weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.]

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:

"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll incrown him ere't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they're so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence; Somerset follows.*]

Glo. [*Aside*] Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter;

Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen; And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare² for war; They are already, or quickly will be, landed;

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

¹ In place, present.

² Prepare, preparation

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve³ my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;

But if you mind⁴ to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.⁵

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

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

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly,⁶ my lords,—are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—

And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd⁷ an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall

be thine.

And now what rests⁸ but, in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

³ Resolve, i. e. satisfy.

⁴ Mind, mean.

⁵ Suspect, suspicion.

⁶ Suddenly, at once.

⁷ Pawn'd, pledged, gaged.

⁸ Rests, remains.

And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure!
[Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomed
With sleight and manhood¹ stole to Rhesus'
tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds;



First Watch. He hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.—(Act iv. 3. 4 & 6.)

So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him. —
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry "Henry!"*]

¹ *Sleight and manhood*, craft and leaviness.

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends God and Saint
George!

SCENE III. *Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, before the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each
man take his stand:

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?

First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a
solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch. To-morrow, then, belike shall
be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what noble-
man is that?

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the
king's chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why com-
mands the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about
him,

While he himself keeps here in the cold
field?

Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, be-
cause more dangerous.

Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship²
and quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate³ he stands,

'Tis to be doubted⁴ he would waken him.

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

Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we
his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD,
SOMERSET, and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see where stand
his guard.

² *Worship*, dignity.

³ *Estate*, i.e. plight.

⁴ *Doubted*, apprehended.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 25

First Watch. Who goes there!

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

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

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

Son. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go;
here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when
we parted last 30

Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

[*Clarence comes forward.*

Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies! 40

K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, what art thou
here too!

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must
down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,²
My mind exceeds the compass³ of her wheel.

War. Then, for⁴ his mind, he Edward Eng-
land's king: [Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And he true king indeed; thou but the shad-
ow. 50

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

¹ Eat, only

² State, royalty

³ Exceeds the compass, is beyond the reach

⁴ For, as to

When I have fought with Pembroke and his
fellows,⁵ 51

I'll follow you, and tell him there what an-
swer

Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must
needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit, led out; Somerset with him.*

Osw. What now remains, my lords, for us
to do, 60

But march to London with our soldiers?⁶

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have
to do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *London. A room in the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sud-
den change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet
to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against
Warwick!

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal
person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpris'd at mawares;

And, as I further have to understand, 70

Is new⁷ committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell⁸ Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of
grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder
life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb; 75

⁵ Fellows, comrades.

⁶ Soldiers, pronounced as a trisyllable.

⁷ New, just, lately. ⁸ Fell, fierce

'Tis this that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear, 21
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English
crown.

Ric. But, madam, where is Warwick, then,
become?

Q. Eli. I am inform'd that he comes to-
wards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head;
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends
must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary, 31
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:



Ric. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?—(Act iv. 4. 1.)

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud,²
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *In the Archbishop of York's park,
near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM
STANLEY, and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir Wil-
liam Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

Into this chiefest thicket of the park. 3
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my
brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended³ with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way, 10
Under the colour⁴ of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and
men,
To set him free from his captivity.

¹ *Is become*, has arrived.

² *Fraud*, stratagem, treachery.

³ *But attended*, attended only.

⁴ *Colour*, pretence, excuse.

he comes to-

Henry's head;
Edward's friends

ence,
broken faith,
betray, 31
Edward's right:



the park. 3
ow our king, my

those hands
liberty;
weak guard,
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ise.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game. 11

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

Your horse stands ready here at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then? 20

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

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Standey, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what's yst thou? wilt thou go along?

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

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

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

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

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

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

[*K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows into joys,
At our enlargement¹ what are thy due fees?

Leon. Subjects may challenge² nothing of their sov'reigns;

But if an humble prayer³ may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

¹ *Enlargement*, liberation

² *Challenge*, lay claim to, demand.

³ *Prayer*, pronounced as a dissyllable.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant! for well-using me!

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

At last, by notes of household harmony,

They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;

He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,

And that the people of this blessed land 21

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,

Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,

For few men rightly temper with the stars;¹
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30

For choosing me when Clarence is in place.²
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch and laurel-crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.]

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government: 40
I make you both protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sov'reign's will?

¹ *Rightly temper with the stars*, act as fits their destiny.

² *In place*, present.

Char. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though both, yet must I be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.

[*And, Clarence, now then it is more than need-ful*

Forthwith that Edward ¹ *presumpt* a traitor,

And all his lands are ² *possess* be ³ *restate*.

Char. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

A. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat—for I command no more
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward.

Be sent for, to return from France with speed;

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Char. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.]

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers [Lays his hand on his head,

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords: for this is he

Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was convey'd¹ by Richard duke of Gloster,

And the Lord Hastings, who attended² him

In secret ambush on the forest-side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;

For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge—

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all except Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help.

And we shall have more wars before't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy

Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond.

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours:

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

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

down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.

Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. Before the gates of York.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,

And says, that once more I shall interchange

My wined state for Henry's regal crown.

Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,

¹ Convey'd, made off with
² Attended, waited for.

And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What, then, remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurge haven before the gates of
York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

[*Hastings kneels to the gates.*]

Glo. The gates made fast! — I like not this; 10

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements¹ must not
now affright us;

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to
summon them. [*Knocks again.*]

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

May. My lords, we were forewarn'd of your
comings,

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be
your king, 20

Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

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

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge² nothing but
my dukedom,

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got
in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body fol-
low.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you
in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then
be open'd. [*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon per-
suad'd! 30

The good old man would fain that all
should follow.

So I were not long of him;³ but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
both him and all his brothers unto reason.

¹ Abodements, no portents.

² Challenge, claim.

³ Long of him, by his means.

*Enter, below, the Mayor and two Aldermen,
from the town.*

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates must
not be shut 35

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the
keys; [*Takes his keys.*]

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

*Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces,
marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

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

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of
storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but
we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom, till God please to send the
rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*March begins.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and
we'll debate 40

By what safe means the crown may be re-
cover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating! in few
words, —

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone.

To keep them back that come to succour you;
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
nice⁶ points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll
make our claim;

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
must rule. 60

⁴ Pre, no till

⁵ Stand you on

⁶ Nice, trifling

⁷ Scrupulous wit, cautious policy.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.⁶²
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit¹ thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 't is my
right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.



Mont. And whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.—(Act iv. 7. 74, 75.)

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd:—⁷⁰
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
{ *Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*trumpets*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace
of God, king of England and France, and lord of
Ireland, &c."⁷³

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays King Ed-
ward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;
thanks unto you all;

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour² here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his ear
Above the border of this horizon,⁸¹
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mate—
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, forward Clarence! how evil it beseems³ thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and
Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers! doubt not of the day;
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. London. A room in the Bishop's
palace.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK,
CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from
Belgia,
With hardy Germans and stout Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march again to
London;

And many giddy people flock to him.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

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

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted
friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

² Harbour, lodge.

³ How evil it beseems, how ill it becomes.

¹ Bruit, fame, report.

th, by the grace
ance, and lord of
73
says King Ed-
gle light.
ce his gowdlet.
Fourth!
Montgomery:

te this kindness.
ur² here in York;
all raise his ear
zon,
and his mat-
no soldier.
it besecms³ thee
thy brother!
both thee and
ot not of the day;
not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*]

om in the Bishop's

CHY, WARWICK,
ER, and OXFORD.

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thou, son Clarence,
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come with thee;
a Buckingham,
stershire, shalt find

y till it becomes

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou com-
mand'st:

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens, —
Like to his island girt-in with the ocean, 20
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him, —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

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

Char. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'
hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-
tunate!

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

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

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-
tagne, 30

And all at once, once more, happy farewell.

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

[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford,
and Montague.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my need¹ hath
got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off² their suits with slow delays; 40

My pity hath been halm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing³ tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth, 41
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than
me!

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within, "A York! A York!"*]

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

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
bear him hence;

And once again proclaim us king of Eng-
land. —

You are the fount that makes small brooks to
flow;

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them
dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb,
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not
speak. [*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our
course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains;
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march again towards Coven-
try. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the gates of Coventry.

*Enter, upon the walls above the gates, WARWICK,
the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and
others.*

War. Where is the post that came from
valiant Oxford? —

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching
hitherward.

War. Where is the post that came from
Montagne? —

[*To Second Messenger*] How far off is our
brother Montagne?

¹ Need, merit.

² Posted off, put off.

³ Water-flowing, i.e. copious, pouring like water.

Second Mess. By this at Daintrey, with a puissant troop.

Enter, before the gates, SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces, 9

And do expect him here some two hours hence. [Drum heard.]

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; [pointing to the south-east] here Southam lies:

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be?—belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. [Enters the city.]

March: flourish. Enter, before the gates, KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet,¹ to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. [To Edward] See how the surly Warwick mauls the wall!

War. O unbid² spite! is sportful³ Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd, That we could hear no news of his repair!⁴ 20

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates.

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy? And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said "the king;"

Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

¹ *Trumpet*, i.e. trumpeter.

² *Unbid*, unasked, i.e. unlooked-for.

³ *Sportful*, wanton.

⁴ *Repair*, approach.

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

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give: 32

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

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

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

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again; And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—

What is the body when the head is off? 41

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!⁵

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace, And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

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

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:

Nay, when I strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

And with the other fling it at thy face, Than bear so low a sail, to⁶ strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend.

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, with Forces, drum, and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[He and his Forces enter the city.]

⁵ *Deck*, pack.

⁶ *To*, as to.

a goodly gift?
A poor earl to

32

a gift.
The kingdom to
mine, if but by
or so great a

his gift again;
ick his subject.
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answer this,—
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thy face,
strike to thee.
unst, have wind

at thy coal-black

arm and new cut

entence with thy

now can change

gram, and colours.

see where Ox-

Lancaster!

press enter the city.

⁶ To, as to.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. Ebor. So other foes may set upon our
backs.

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

[*Re-enter Oxford, on the walls.*]

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy
help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with Forces, drum, and
colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy
this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Ebor. The harder match'd, the greater
victory: 70

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

*Enter SOMERSET, with Forces, drum, and
colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of So-
merset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword
hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with Forces, drum, and
colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence
sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!—

[*Clarence halts; Gloucester goes and
speaks with him.*]

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
call. 80

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

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee;

[*I will not ruin my father's house,*

Who gave his blood to lime the stones to-
gether,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou,
Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt,¹ unnatural,
To bend² the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety 90
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daugh-
ter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,]
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Ebor. Now welcome more, and ten times
more belov'd, 100

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-
like.

War. O passing³ traitor, perjur'd and un-
just!

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

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for de-
fence!

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

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

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*March. Eminent King Edward and his
Comptrol. Warwick and the rest descend
into the city.*]

SCENE II. *A field of battle near Barnet.*

*Alarums and excursions. Enter KING ED-
WARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

K. Ebor. So, lie thou there; die thou, and
die our fear;

¹ Blunt, dull of feeling.

² Bend, i.e. direct

³ Passing, i.e. monstrous

For Warwick was a bug¹ that fear'd² us all.—
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, 3
That Warwick's bones may keep thine com-
pany. [*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend
or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. 10
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge.

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd³ Jove's spread-
ing tree, 11
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful
wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasours of the world;
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
blood,

Were likend⁴ oft to kingly sepulchres; 20



War. Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length! [*Act v. 2. 21-23.*]

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
brow? 22

Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou
as we are,
We might recover all our loss again: 30

The queen from France hath brought a puis-
sant power; 31

Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst
thou fly!

War. Why, then, I would not fly.—Ah,
Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congeal'd
blood,

That ghes my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd
his last; 40

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, "Commend me to my valiant
brother."

¹ Bug, bugbear. ² Fear'd, affrighted.
³ Overpeer'd, rose above.

princely eagle,
g lion slept,
Jove's spread-
11
nter's pow'rful
d with death's
mid-day sun,
f the world:
now fill'd with
nleches; 20



(Act V. 2. 21-26)

brought a puis-
4
ws: ah, couldst
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er, take my hand,
y soul awhile?
her, if thou didst,
s cold congealed
not let me speak.
I am dead.
igne hath breath'd
40
out for Warwick,
e to my valiant

And more he would have said; and more he
spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might¹ not be distinguish'd; but at
last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
"O farewell, Warwick!"
War. Sweet² rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and
save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
heaven. [Dies.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
power!
[Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.]

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph;
with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an up-
ward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clare. A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud,
10
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.
Glos. The queen is valued thirty thousand
strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be fall as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewks-
bury;
We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
Will thither straight, for willingness bids way;³
And, as we march, our strength will be aug-
mented

¹ Might, might

² Sweet, sweetly

³ Bids way, clears a way

In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry, "Courage!" and
away.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE
EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-
board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath
too much;
Whiles, in his moan,¹ the ship splits on the
rock,
10
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
[And Montague our topmast; what of him!
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of
these?]
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
[And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tack-
lings?²]
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from³ the helm to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind
say no,
21
From shelves⁴ and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them
fair.
[And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim, —alas, 'tis but awhile!]

¹ In his moan, wail his lamentation.

² Tacklings, pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ We will not from, i.e. we will not leave

⁴ Shelves, sunken reefs.

Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly
sink;

Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,
Or else you vanish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If ease¹ some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no liquid for mercy with the
brothers

More than with ruthless waves, with sands,
and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.]

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant
spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these
words,

Infuse² his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,³

He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest in our need he might infect another.

And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!

Let him depart before we need his help.

Orf. [Women and children of so high a
courage,

And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual
shame.]

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Both live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Son. And he that will not fight for such a
hope.

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet
Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath
nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at
hand,

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Orf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Son. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your
forwardness.

[*Orf.* Here pitch our battle; hence we will
not budge.]

Flourish and march. Enter, at some distance,
KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and
Forces.

[*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands
the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.]

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your
soy'reign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain.

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice: then, in God's name,
lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies.*

SCENE V. Another part of the same.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and Forces; with QUEEN MAR-
GARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo here a period¹ of tumultuous
broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes Castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, hear them hence; I will not hear them
speak.

Orf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
words.

Son. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my
fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*

¹ *Uso*, i.e. reliance.

² *Infuse*, suffuse.

³ *A fearful man*, i.e. a man full of fear, a coward

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GLOSTER, and

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and gentlemen,

word I speak,
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WARD, CLARENCE,
with QUEEN MAR-
ERSET, prisoners.

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ith patience to my

Somerset, guarded.

ent

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous
world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who
finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward
comes!

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear
him speak. 12

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick! —
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to!



Glo. Spaw'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.—(Act V. 5. 39, 40.)

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambi-
tions York!

Suppose that I am now my father's month;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel
thou.

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to
thee, 20

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer
to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so
resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the
petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lanc-
aster.

Vol. H.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His curish riddles sort not with¹ this place.

Glo. By heaven, but, I'll plague ye for that
word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague
to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive
scowl.

Prince. Nay, take away this scowling crook-
back rather. 30

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm²
your tongue.

¹ Sort not with, suit not
² Charm, cast a spell on.

Char. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.¹
Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:³³
Lascivious Edward, — and thou, perjur'd George, —
 And thou, mis-shapen Dick, — I tell ye all
 I am your better, traitors as ye are; —
 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
Char. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!⁴¹
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
 I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
 Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Char. What? what?⁴⁹
Glo. The Tower, the Tower! [*Exit.*]
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
 Canst thou not speak? — O traitors! murderers! —
 They that stab'd Caesar shed no blood at all,
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
 If this foul deed were by to equal it:
 He was a man; this, in respect,² a child. —
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
 What's worse than murderer, that I may name it!
 No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak: —
 And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.⁶⁰
 Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
 How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
 You have no children, butchers! if you had,
 The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse.
 But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off!⁶¹
 As, deathsmen,³ you have rid⁴ this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
 [*Uncovering her bosom.*] Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:⁷⁰
 What, wilt thou not? — then, Clarence, do it thou.
Char. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Char. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou us'd to forswear thyself:
 'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
 What, wilt thou not? — Where is that devil's butcher,
 Hard-favour'd Richard? — Richard, where art thou? —
 Thou art not here; murder is thy alms-deed;
 Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.⁸¹
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out.*]
 [*K. Edw.* Where's Richard gone?
Char. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
 Now march we hence; discharge the cannonsort
 With pay and thanks, and let's away to London.⁸⁸
 And see our gentle queen how well she fares, —
 By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.]
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *London. A room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

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

¹ Malapert, saucy.

² In respect, by comparison.

³ Deathsmen, i.e. executioners. ⁴ Rid, made away with.

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 14 this sweet
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 ne hence, dis-
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 fence, do it thou.
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 hard, where art
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 er putt'st back.
 charge ye, bear
 81
 and yours, as to
 [Exit, led out.
 d gone!
 post; and, as I
 the Tower.
 a thing comes in
 e the common sort
 t's away to Lan-
 88
 y well she fares,—
 on for me.]
 [Exeunt.
 om in the Tower.
 book in his hand,
 Enter GLOSTER.
 What, at you

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord;—my lord, I
 should say rather;
 'Tis sin to flatter; "good" was little better;
 ["Good Gloster" and "good devil" were alike.
 And both preposterous; therefore, not "good
 lord."] *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must
 confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from
 the wolf;
 So first the harmless sheep doth yield his
 fleece,
 And next his throat into the butcher's knife.—
 What scene of death hath Roscins now to
 act! 10
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty
 mind;
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The fowl that hath been limed¹ in a
 bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every
 bush;
 And I, the lapless male to one sweet bird,
 Have now the fatal object in my eye
 Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught,
 and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of
 Crete,
 That taught his son the office of a fowl!
 And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was
 drown'd. 20
K. Hen. [1. Diodorus; my poor boy, learns;
 Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
 The sun, that sent the wings of my sweet
 boy,
 Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
 Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.]
 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
 My breast can better brook thy dagger's
 point
 Than can my ears that tragic history.
 But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my
 life!
Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, dear art:
 If murdering innocents be executing,
 Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

¹ Limed, i.e. trapped

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first
 thou didst presume, 35
 Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
 And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
 Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,²
 [And many an old man's sigh and many a
 widow's, 39
 And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'
 fate,
 And orphans for their parents' timeless
 death—]
 Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
 The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
 The night-crow³ cried, aboding⁴ luckless time;
 [Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook
 down trees;
 The raven rook'd her⁵ on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pides in dismal discords sung.]
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's
 hope,— 50
 [An indigested and deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.]
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast
 born,
 To signify thou can'st to bite the world;
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou can'st—
Glo. I'll hear no more:—die, prophet, in thy
 speech: [*Stabs him.*
 For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter
 after this. 55
 O God, forgive my sins, and pardon thee!
 [*Dies.*
Glo. What, will th' aspiring blood of Lan-
 caster
 Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
 mounted.
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's
 death!
 O may such purple tears be always shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our
 house!
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,

² Which war, &c. i.e. "who now have no share in the apprehension which my fear (of you) causes."³ Night-crow, raven.⁴ Aboding, presaging.⁵ Rook'd her, perched.

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee
thither. *[Stabs him again.]*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear,
Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say 70
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

*[The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified 76
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the
dog.]*
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body
80,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.



Illustration. See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!—(Act V. 6. 62.)

I have no brother, I am like no brother:—so
And this word "love," which greybeards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the
light:

But I will sort¹ a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad till I be best.— 84
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[Exit with the body.]

SCENE VII. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. KING EDWARD is discovered seated
on his throne; QUEEN ELIZABETH, a Nurse
with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,
HASTINGS, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's
royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foemen, like to antumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride!
[Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold re-
nown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as¹ the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands, —two braver men
Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's
sound;

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick
and Montagne,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they
roar'd.]

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security; —
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's
night;

Went all afoot in summer's scalding² heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in
peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. [Aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your
head were hid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And leave it shall some weight, or break my
back;

Placing to his head Work thou the way,
[Stretching out his hand] and thou shalt
execute,

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my
lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers
both.

Chor. The duty that I owe unto your ma-
jesty

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe,

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit; —

[Aside] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master,

And cried "All hail!" whereas he meant all
harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul de-
lights,

Having my country's peace and brothers'
loves.

Chor. What will your grace have done with
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ran-
som.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her
hence to France; —

And now what rests, but that we spend the
time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour
anxiety!

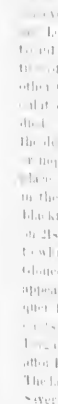
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt,

¹ As, namely

² Scalding, blistering.

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NOTES TO KING HENRY VI. PART III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

1. HENRY VI. In this play the troublous reign and life of this unfortunate king are both brought to conclusion. As to the manner of his death, it will perhaps be more convenient to summarize the evidence on that point here. Hall and Hall, following a report both ascribe to a death by the murderous hand of Gloucester. Hall's words are (p. 204): "Poore Kyng Henry the sixte, a little before the Tower of London, spoyled of his life, and all world's felicity, by Richard duke of Gloucester (as the constant fame is) which, to thentent that King Edward his brother, should be cleere out of all soeet suspicion of solum invasion, murdered thesaid kyng with a dagger." There is no allusion, in this play, to the circumstance which really was the immediate cause of King Henry's being removed out of the way of his rival, namely, the brief insurrection headed by Thomas Neville, commonly called the Bastard of Fauconberg. This bold attempt to liberate Henry from captivity nearly succeeded, doubt it impressed upon the most zealous partisans of Edward, that there was no real security for the House of York as long as Henry was alive. In a note, vol. iv, pp. 191, 192, Langard gives the evidence of two contemporary writers on the subject of Henry's death, one the Croyland man, the other the author of the *Hutcheon MS.* All they were both strong Yorkists; and appear to have been witnesses of many of the events which they record, and therefore, to have had access to trustworthy sources of information. We translate the Latin of the original: "I would spare and give space for repentance to him, however he was, that dared to lay sacrilegious hands on the Lord's anointed. Whence both the agent of the deed, and the sufferer (*patiensque*) may deserve the title of glorious martyr." Continuation, *Troyl.* 556. The other writer merely gives the same account as that circulated by the friends of Edward, namely, that Henry died "of pure displeasure and melancholy." Although the dead body was exposed at St. Paul's, no examination or enquiry as to the cause of death seems to have taken place. Holinshed (vol. iii, p. 324) says that the body died in the presence of the lords both at St. Paul's and Blackfriars. The assassination is said to have taken place on 1st May, 1471. Those few writers who have sought to whitewash that execrable murderer, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, lay too much stress on the fact that it would appear from the public accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of Henry VI. and his dependents in the Tower, that he lived until the 12th June. Foulard says in footnote 1 (vol. iv, p. 129) that they also had no proof that Henry lived till the 12th of June. The latest date of any particular character is that of William Sayer for the maintenance of Henry and ten guards for a

fortnight, beginning the 11th of May, and of course ending the day on which the king is said to have been buried. The mistake arises from this, that Malone has taken the date of the month on which the accounts were allowed, for the day on which the king died. The account of these expenses is to be found in Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xi, p. 512.

As to Henry's personal appearance, his character, Hall (p. 200) says: "Kyng Henry was of stature goodly, of body slender, to which proper on, all other rulers were correspondent: his face beautifull, in the which continually was resident, the countenance of mynde, with which, he was inwardly endued. He did abhorre of his owne nature, all the vices, as well of the body as of the soule, and from his vertue infancy, he was of honest conversation and pure integrity, no knowe of enill, and a keeper of all goodnes: a dispiser of all thynges, which hee woulde to cause, the mynde of mortall meene to shewe fall, or appaie. Beside this, patience was so railed, that hee was, that of all the humours in him committed, which were no small nombre, he neuer asked vengeance, or punishment, but for that, rendered to almighty God, as creator, hartie thanks, thinking that by this trouble, and adversitie, his synnes were to him forgotten and forgiven." In the epigrammatic character of him, given in Baker's *Chronicle* (edn. 1643, p. 90), there are one or two sentences worth quoting. "His greatest imperfection was, that he had in him too much of the Logge, and too little of the Storke; for he would not move, but as he was moved, and had rather be devoured, than he would devoure."

By being innocent as a Dove, he kept his Crown upon his head so long; but if he had been as wise as a Serpent, he might have kept it on longer. There is no doubt that he was wanting in strength of character, but we may say of him that he was too virtuous a man to make a good king.

2. EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, was born at Westminster October 14th 1453. From his mother he seems to have inherited beauty and courage; from his father sweetness of disposition and virtue. At the time of his birth his father, unfortunately, was completely incapacitated by bodily and mental illness. In one of the Paston letters (vol. i, p. 263, No. 105), dated 19th January, 1461, occurs the following account of the first presentation of the infant prince to his unhappy father: "As touching thythynges, please it you to write that at the Princes coming to Wyndesore, the Duke took hym in his armes and presented hym to the Kyng in gudely wise beseeching the Kyng to blisse hym; and the Kyng gave no manner answer. Natheless the Duke abode stille with Prince by the Kyng; and when he coude no manner answer have,



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the Queene come in, and take the Prince in his armes and presented him in like forme as the Duke had done, desiring that he shuld blisse it; but alle their labour was in veyne, for they departed thens without any answer or countenance saying only that ones he loked on the Prince and caste downe his eyen ayen, without any more." One of the first signs of his recovery was the interest he took in his little son. In a later letter (*ut supra*, p. 315 No. 226), we read: "And on the Monday after noon the Queen came to him, and brought my Lord Prynce with her. And then he askid what the Princes name was, and the Queen told him Edward; and than he hild up his hands and thankid God therof. And he seid he never knew til that tyme, nor wist not what was seid to him, nor wist not where he had be whils he hath bescke til now." It would seem that young Edward shared many of the dangers of his unhappy parents. The well-known story of the capture of the queen and her son by robbers, various versions of which exist, is thus narrated by Monstrelet (vol. ii, p. 200): "I must mention here a singular adventure which befel the queen of England. She, in company with the lord de Varennes and her son, having lost their way in a forest of Hainault, were met by some banditti, who robbed them of all they had. It is probable the banditti would have murdered them, had they not quarrelled about the division of the spoil, inasmuch that from words they came to blows: and, while they were fighting, she caught her son in her arms and fled to the thickest part of the forest, where, weary with fatigue, she was forced to stop. At this moment she met another robber, to whom she instantly gave her son, and said: 'Take him, friend, and save the son of a king.' The robber received him willingly, and conducted them in safety toward the seashore, where they arrived at Sluys, and thence the queen and her own son went to Bruges, where they were received most honourably." After the battle of Towton, he accompanied his father and mother to Scotland; whence, after a time, Henry sent the young prince with the queen into France. He was married, or, as some say, only affianced, to the second daughter of Warwick, the King-maker; a most extraordinary marriage, as the elder sister was already the wife of the Duke of Clarence, the son of the greatest enemy of the House of Lancaster. Hall (p. 281) thus refers to the marriage: "After that thei had long comoned, and debated diuerso matters, concerning their suretie and wealth, they determined by meane of the Frenche kyng, to conclude a league and a treatie betwene them: And first to begin with all, for the more sure foundation of the newe amitie, Edward Prince of Wales, wedded Anne second daughter to theie of Warwicke, which Lady came with her mother into France." It is supposed that Warwick, by thus allying himself with both houses, hoped, during his lifetime, to hold the balance of power between them in his own hand. "This unfortunate prince was taken prisoner after the battle of Tewkesbury. Hall's account of his death is as follows (p. 301): "After the felde ended, kyng Edward made a Proclamatio, that who so ener could bring prince Edward to him alive or dead, shoulde haue an annuittie of an c l. [£100] during his lyfe, and the Princes life to be saved. Syr Richard Croftes, a wyse and a valiant knight, nothing mistrusting the

kynges former promyse, brought furth his prisoner prince Edward, beyng a goodly femine and a well feartered yonge gentelman, whome when kyng Edward had well aduised, he demaunded of him, how he durst so presumptuously enter in to his Redne with banner displayed. The prince, beyng bold of stomacke and of a good courage, answered saynge, to reconer my fathers kyngdome and enheritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lyneally disinherited. At which wordes kyng Edward sayd nothyng, but with his had thrust hym from hym (or as some say, stroke him with his gannet) whom incontinent, they that stode about, whiche were George duke of Clarence, Rychard duke of Gloucester, Thomas Marques Dorset, and Willia lord Hastynge, sodainly murdered, and pitiously manquelled. The bitterness of which murder, some of the actors, after in their latter dayes tasted and assayed by the very rod of Justice and punishment of God. Hys body was homely enterrid with y^e other symple corses, in y^e church of the monastery of blacke monkes in Tewkesburye." Whether Edward actually struck the young son of his rival or not, is a matter of little importance. What is indisputable is that the murder was committed in his presence and with his consent; and that it adds one more to the many crimes which stain his character.

3. LEWIS XI., KING OF FRANCE. This celebrated prince was born in 1423. He was the son of Charles VII. (see I. Henry VI. note 22) and Mary of Anjou, sister of René, Duke of Anjou, and therefore first cousin to Queen Margaret of England. When only seventeen years old, Lewis, then Dauphin, took part in the rising known as *la Praguerie*. He revolted against his father again in 1450, and took refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, Philip le Bon, at whose court he remained till the death of the king in 1461, when he came to the throne the same year as Edward IV. On his accession he made all sorts of fine promises, which he fulfilled by exacting the most exorbitant taxes, and by punishing most severely the cities of Rheims, Angers, &c., whose inhabitants had complained of his extortion. He surrounded himself with people of the lowest birth, such as the well-known Olivier le Dain, his barber, and the Provost Tristan. In 1465 some of the discontented nobles under his own brother, Charles Duke of Berry, and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, formed against him a league known as the *Ligue du Bien Publicque*. For nearly twelve years he carried on with varying success an almost continuous war with the Duke of Burgundy: in the course of which, by dint of cunning, hypocrisy, unscrupulous lying, and abominable cruelty, he added considerably to the possessions of France; but left behind him one of the most infamous names in all history. He promised assistance to Henry VI. (to whom he was also first cousin) and to Margaret during the fatal struggle against the House of York; but his only purpose was to obtain some considerable advantage to himself. He very nearly succeeded, by a trick, in recovering Calais. Ultimately he got back the whole of the nominal possessions of René by lending him money to redeem Queen Margaret from captivity after the death of her husband. His character has been drawn by a masterly

hand in *Queen Margaret*. The features of the play of *Queen Margaret* first, when of James I. and, secondly, when of James II. and, thirdly, when of James III. and, fourthly, when of James IV. and, fifthly, when of James V. and, sixthly, when of James VI. and, seventhly, when of James VII. and, eighthly, when of James VIII. and, ninthly, when of James IX. and, tenthly, when of James X. and, eleventhly, when of James XI. and, twelfthly, when of James XII. and, thirteenthly, when of James XIII. and, fourteenthly, when of James XIV. and, fifteenthly, when of James XV. and, sixteenthly, when of James XVI. and, seventeenthly, when of James XVII. and, eighteenthly, when of James XVIII. and, nineteenthly, when of James XIX. and, twentiethly, when of James XX. and, twenty-firstly, when of James XXI. and, twenty-secondly, when of James XXII. and, twenty-thirdly, when of James XXIII. and, twenty-fourthly, when of James XXIV. and, twenty-fifthly, when of James XXV. and, twenty-sixthly, when of James XXVI. and, twenty-seventhly, when of James XXVII. and, twenty-eighthly, when of James XXVIII. and, twenty-ninthly, when of James XXIX. and, thirtiethly, when of James XXX. and, thirty-firstly, when of James XXXI. and, thirty-secondly, when of James XXXII. and, thirty-thirdly, when of James XXXIII. and, thirty-fourthly, when of James XXXIV. and, thirty-fifthly, when of James XXXV. and, thirty-sixthly, when of James XXXVI. and, thirty-seventhly, when of James XXXVII. and, thirty-eighthly, when of James XXXVIII. and, thirty-ninthly, when of James XXXIX. and, fortiethly, when of James XL. and, forty-firstly, when of James XLI. and, forty-secondly, when of James XLII. and, forty-thirdly, when of James XLIII. and, forty-fourthly, when of James XLIV. and, forty-fifthly, when of James XLV. and, forty-sixthly, when of James XLVI. and, forty-seventhly, when of James XLVII. and, forty-eighthly, when of James XLVIII. and, forty-ninthly, when of James XLIX. and, fiftiethly, when of James L. and, fifty-firstly, when of James LI. and, fifty-secondly, when of James LII. and, fifty-thirdly, when of James LIII. and, fifty-fourthly, when of James LIV. and, fifty-fifthly, when of James LV. and, fifty-sixthly, when of James LVI. and, fifty-seventhly, when of James LVII. and, fifty-eighthly, when of James LVIII. and, fifty-ninthly, when of James LIX. and, sixtiethly, when of James LX. and, sixty-firstly, when of James LXI. and, sixty-secondly, when of James LXII. and, sixty-thirdly, when of James LXIII. and, sixty-fourthly, when of James LXIV. and, sixty-fifthly, when of James LXV. and, sixty-sixthly, when of James LXVI. and, sixty-seventhly, when of James LXVII. and, sixty-eighthly, when of James LXVIII. and, sixty-ninthly, when of James LXIX. and, seventiethly, when of James LXX. and, seventy-firstly, when of James LXXI. and, seventy-secondly, when of James LXXII. and, seventy-thirdly, when of James LXXIII. and, seventy-fourthly, when of James LXXIV. and, seventy-fifthly, when of James LXXV. and, seventy-sixthly, when of James LXXVI. and, seventy-seventhly, when of James LXXVII. and, seventy-eighthly, when of James LXXVIII. and, seventy-ninthly, when of James LXXIX. and, eightiethly, when of James LXXX. and, eighty-firstly, when of James LXXXI. and, eighty-secondly, when of James LXXXII. and, eighty-thirdly, when of James LXXXIII. and, eighty-fourthly, when of James LXXXIV. and, eighty-fifthly, when of James LXXXV. and, eighty-sixthly, when of James LXXXVI. and, eighty-seventhly, when of James LXXXVII. and, eighty-eighthly, when of James LXXXVIII. and, eighty-ninthly, when of James LXXXIX. and, ninetiethly, when of James LXXXX. and, ninety-firstly, when of James LXXXXI. and, ninety-secondly, when of James LXXXXII. and, ninety-thirdly, when of James LXXXXIII. and, ninety-fourthly, when of James LXXXXIV. and, ninety-fifthly, when of James LXXXXV. and, ninety-sixthly, when of James LXXXXVI. and, ninety-seventhly, when of James LXXXXVII. and, ninety-eighthly, when of James LXXXXVIII. and, ninety-ninthly, when of James LXXXXIX. and, one hundredthly, when of James LXXXXX.

4. DUKE OF BURGUNDY. This Duke of Burgundy, Philip le Bon, was born in 1429. He was the son of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, and Margaret of Anjou, sister of René, Duke of Anjou, and therefore first cousin to Queen Margaret of England. When only seventeen years old, Lewis, then Dauphin, took part in the rising known as *la Praguerie*. He revolted against his father again in 1450, and took refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, Philip le Bon, at whose court he remained till the death of the king in 1461, when he came to the throne the same year as Edward IV. On his accession he made all sorts of fine promises, which he fulfilled by exacting the most exorbitant taxes, and by punishing most severely the cities of Rheims, Angers, &c., whose inhabitants had complained of his extortion. He surrounded himself with people of the lowest birth, such as the well-known Olivier le Dain, his barber, and the Provost Tristan. In 1465 some of the discontented nobles under his own brother, Charles Duke of Berry, and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, formed against him a league known as the *Ligue du Bien Publicque*. For nearly twelve years he carried on with varying success an almost continuous war with the Duke of Burgundy: in the course of which, by dint of cunning, hypocrisy, unscrupulous lying, and abominable cruelty, he added considerably to the possessions of France; but left behind him one of the most infamous names in all history. He promised assistance to Henry VI. (to whom he was also first cousin) and to Margaret during the fatal struggle against the House of York; but his only purpose was to obtain some considerable advantage to himself. He very nearly succeeded, by a trick, in recovering Calais. Ultimately he got back the whole of the nominal possessions of René by lending him money to redeem Queen Margaret from captivity after the death of her husband. His character has been drawn by a masterly

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6. EARL OF OXFORD. This Earl of Oxford, Richard Neville, was born in 1413. He was the son of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and Anne de Beaumont, daughter of John de Beaumont, Earl of Warwick. He was a powerful and influential figure in the reign of Henry VI. He was a member of the House of Commons and was elected Speaker in 1440. He was a strong supporter of the Lancastrian cause and was a leading figure in the opposition to the Yorkist cause. He was a powerful and influential figure in the reign of Henry VI. He was a member of the House of Commons and was elected Speaker in 1440. He was a strong supporter of the Lancastrian cause and was a leading figure in the opposition to the Yorkist cause. He was a powerful and influential figure in the reign of Henry VI. He was a member of the House of Commons and was elected Speaker in 1440. He was a strong supporter of the Lancastrian cause and was a leading figure in the opposition to the Yorkist cause.

hand in Quentin Durward; while the more detestable features of his character are, perhaps, equally well known to the playgoers of this country from the English version of Casimir Delavigne's play. He was twice married: first, when Dauphin, to the Princess Margaret daughter of James I., King of Scotland, by whom he had no issue; and, secondly, to Charlotte of Savoy. By the latter he had three children: a son, who succeeded him as Charles VII.; and two daughters, Anne, who married Pierre de Bourbon, Lord of Beaujeu, and Jeanne, who married the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Lewis XII. Lewis died in 1483, four months after the death of Edward IV., so that the reigns of these princes were almost coterminous.

4. DUKE OF SOMERSET. This was Edmund Beaufort, fourth and last Duke of Somerset, and son of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, in the last play. (See II. Henry VI. note 6.) He succeeded his brother Henry the third duke. This Duke Edmund held a high command at the battle of Barnet, 1471, and at Tewksbury in the same year. In the latter he was taken prisoner and beheaded by order of Edward IV. See v. 5. 3.

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

This duke, like all his family—except the third duke, Henry, for a very short interval (see below, note 236)—was always faithful to the House of Lancaster; it was a great mistake, therefore, on the part of the dramatist, to introduce him at the court of Edward IV. in act iv. sc. 1.

5. DUKE OF EXETER. Henry Holland, son of John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was created Duke of Exeter, 1445, and held the offices of Constable of the Tower and Lord High Admiral. According to Holinshed, it was in the former capacity, that is, Constable of the Tower, that he played an important part in the arrest and execution of Suffolk. (See I. Henry VI. note 10.) John Holland married Anne Stafford, widow of Edmund Mortimer, last Earl of March (see I. Henry VI. note 13); and of this marriage the subject of the present memoir was born. He always remained faithful to the House of Lancaster, and was severely wounded at the battle of Barnet. He succeeded to the second duke, and married Anne Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV. She obtained a divorce from him, and married Sir Thomas St. Ledger. The next year her unhappy husband, who had been detained in the custody of the king, with a weekly allowance of half a mark (according to Lingard, vol. iv. p. 193), and whom Philip de Comines said he saw suffering the greatest poverty, was found dead in the sea between Dover and Calais (according to Fabian, p. 663); but how he came to his end was not known.

6. EARL OF OXFORD. This was John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, and Hereditary Lord Chamberlain of England. He was descended from Aubrey de Vere, created Earl of Oxford in 1195 by Henry II. The ninth earl was one of Richard II.'s favourites, and was created Duke of Ireland. He succeeded his father, John, the twelfth earl, his elder brother, Aubrey de Vere, having been beheaded in 1461 with his father, as narrated by Hall (p. 258): "In the which Parliament, the Earle of Oxford farr stricken in age and the Lord Aubrey Vere, his sone and heire, whether it wer for mallice of their enemies, or thei wor-

suspected, or had offended the Kyng, they bothe and diuerse of their counsaillors, wer attainted and put to execution, whiche caused John erle of Oxford, ener after to rebel."

The dramatist alludes to these executions in iii. 3. 101-105:

Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?

At the second battle of Barnet, April 15th, 1471, Oxford, in conjunction with the Marquis of Montague, Warwick's brother, commanded the right wing of the Lancastrian army. At first the division of the army, which Oxford commanded, pressed the wing of Edward's army opposed to it so hard, that a great many of the Yorkists fled towards Barnet and London, carrying the news of the defeat of the Yorkists. Stow says in his description of the battle (p. 423), "they fought in a thick mist from 4. of the clocke in ye morning till ten, diuers times ye E. of Warwicks men supposed that they had got the victory of the field, but it happened that the earle of Oxford's men had a star with streamers both before and behinde on their lincies, and King Edwards men had the sun with streames on their lincies; whereupon the earle of Warwicks men, by reason of the mist, not well discerning the badges so like, shot at the Earle of Oxford's men that were on their own part, and then the Earle of Oxford and his men cried treason, and fled with eight hundred men." King Edward says (v. 5. 2):

Away with Oxford to Hamme Castle straight.

But he there anticipates events. Oxford and Somerset fled towards Scotland, but changing their minds "turned into Wales, to Jasper erle of Penbroke" (Hall, p. 297). Stow says (p. 426): "Also sir John Vere Earle of Oxford, that had withdrawn himselfe from Barnet feld, first into Scotland, after into France, then getting much goods on the Sea, landed in the West countrey, and entred Saint Michaels Mount, with 77 men, the last of September, whereon he was by the kings apoyntment, besieged by Bodrigan and other, but with such fauour, that the Earle renicuttalled the Mount." Oxford surrendered ultimately, 1473, to Richard Fox, sene, Sheriff of Cornwall, who was sent to supersede Bodrigan, being in fear of treachery, on the promise of his life being spared. He was sent, not to Guisnes, as Fabian and Stow say, but to the Castle of Ham in Picardy, where he was kept a close prisoner for twelve years. Fabian (p. 663) says: "in all whiche season my lady his wyfe myght neuer be suffred to come vnto hym, nor had any thyng to lync vpon, but as the people of their charites wold gyue to her, or what she myght get with her nedyll or other such conyng as she excercysed." The rest of the memoir of the Earl of Oxford will be found in note 16, Richard III.

7. EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND. Henry Percy, the third earl, was the grandson of Hotspur; he succeeded to the title in 1455, his father Henry having been killed at the first battle of St. Albans. The death of Northumberland in company with Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford is alluded to by York, i. 1. 4-9:

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brooke retreat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abroad;
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

King Henry also alludes to it in the same scene, when, addressing the subject of the present memoir, he says (line 54):

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father.

He was the eldest son by his father's marriage with Eleanor Neville, daughter of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland, by his second wife Joan Beaufort. He was killed at the battle of Towton, March 29th, 1461. He married Eleanor, daughter and coheir of Richard Poyning, by whom he left an only son, Henry Percy, who succeeded him as fourth earl.

8 EARL OF WESTMORELAND. This was the second earl; he succeeded his grandfather, the celebrated Ralph Neville, who figures in I. Henry IV. and II. Henry IV. and Henry V. His father, John, Lord Neville, died 1423, having married Elizabeth Holland, daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, and therefore connected with the Plantagenets through Joan, the mother of Richard II. (see Richard II. note 7.) By her he had three sons: Ralph, the subject of the present memoir; Sir John Neville, killed at Towton; and Thomas. Ralph married Elizabeth Percy, widow of Lord Clifford and daughter of Hotspur, by whom he had only one son, who predeceased his father. He married again Margaret, daughter of Sir Reginald Cobham, but by her had no issue; and on his death, in 1483 he was succeeded, as third earl, by his nephew Ralph Neville, son of the Sir John Neville slain at Towton.

9 LORD CLIFFORD. The young Clifford of II. Henry VI. was the son of Lord Clifford killed at the battle of St. Albans. (See II. Henry VI. note 9.) This Lord Clifford, after the cruel murder of young Rutland at the battle of Wakefield, was known by the title of "Butcher," to which Gloucester alludes, ii. 2. 95:

Are you there, *Butcher*?—O, I cannot speak!

He was slain in the skirmish at Ferrybridge, just before the battle of Towton in 1461. Hall gives the following account of the engagement (p. 233): "The lord Fauconbridge, sir Water Blunt, Robert Horne with the forward, passed the river at Castelford in nyles from Ferrybridge, intending to have entoured and enclosed the lord Clifford and his company, but they beyng therof advertised, departed in great haste toward kyng Henries army, but they mete with some that they loked not for, and were attrappd or they were ware. For the lord Clifford, either for heat or payne, putting of his gorget, suddenly wth an arrowe, (as some say) without an hebd, was stricken into the throte, and incontinent rendered by spirite, and the erle of Westmerlandes brother and all his company almost were there slayn, at a place called Batingdale, not farr frō Towton. This ende had he, which slew the yong erle of Rutland, knelin, on his knees: whose yong some Thomas Clifford was brought up, wth a shepperd, in poore habite, and dissimuled behanior ever in feare, to publish his lignage or degre, till kyng Henry the. vii. obtayned the crowne, and gat the diademe: by whome he was restored to his name and

possessions." Many romantic stories of this son who was known as the Shepherd Lord, were preserved in Cumberland up to very recent times.

10 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. See I. Henry VI. note 7, and II. Henry VI. note 4.

11 EDWARD, EARL OF MARCH, afterwards King Edward IV., was born April 29th, 1412. He derived the earldom of March from his grandmother, Anne Mortimer. (See I. Henry VI. note 13.) He seems to have displayed considerable military talent and great personal courage from a very early age. He was little more than eighteen when, on 10th July, 1460, he helped to defeat the Lancastrians at Northampton. On the 24th December, in the same year, his father was killed at the battle of Wakefield, at which time Edward was raising forces in Wales, so that he could not, as Shakespeare represents him, have been assisting his father in that battle. On 2nd February, in the next year, 1461, he defeated Jasper Tudor at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, after which he rapidly advanced on London. The Lancastrians, under Queen Margaret, having defeated the Earl of Warwick and his forces on the 17th of the same month, failed to follow up their success; and Edward, trusting to his own popularity and to the renown of his father, boldly marched on London; he was received by the citizens with great joy, and on March 4th was proclaimed king at Westminster Hall. On the 29th of the same month he confirmed his title to the throne by his victory at Towton, and his coronation took place at Westminster Abbey on June 23rd in the same year. On May 1st, 1464, he was privately married to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Woodville, Earl Rivers, and Jacqueline, the widow of the Duke of Bedford. (See I. Henry VI. note 2.) She was the widow of Sir John Grey, and a very beautiful woman. Her husband, who died of his wounds after the second battle of St. Albans, was in command of the cavalry on the Lancastrian side. Edward's marriage to this lady gave very great offence, not only to his two brothers, but also to the Earl of Warwick, who would have liked him to have married his own daughter. There is no doubt that Edward would never have married Lady Grey had she consented to listen to his dishonourable proposals; but his passion got the better of his prudence, and his impatience would not allow him even to wait for a public marriage. At first every effort was made to conceal the union. Fabian says (p. 654): "And so this maryage was a season kept secret after, till nedely it muste be discovered & disclosed, by meane of other whiche were offeryd vnto the kynge, as the queene of Scottes and . . . Stories were invented that the king had been attracted by philtres and magic; but, to do Edward justice, he seems to have insisted upon his queen being treated with proper respect; while to all her family he showed the greatest favour, thus increasing his jealousy of those who were before opposed to the marriage. This enmity soon made itself felt in a serious manner. In spite of the opposition of Edward, Warwick, with the assistance of his brother the Archbishop of York, secured the marriage of Clarence, who, in consequence of the queen not having borne any son to Edward, was still heir

apparent to the throne, with Isabel, Warwick's eldest daughter. This was in 1460. At the very time this marriage was being celebrated an insurrection broke out in Yorkshire under Robert Hillyard, commonly called Robin of Redesdale. The rebels were defeated by the then Earl of Northumberland (Lord Montague), Warwick's brother; but he made no further effort to suppress the rebellion. Robin of Redesdale was executed on the field of battle; but other leaders were found, who were closely connected with Warwick's family, and the rebels now declared their object to be the removal from the king's councils of the queen's relations. Accusations of witchcraft were, in the meantime, freely circulated against the king's mother-in-law. The rebels increased every day in number, and Edward became alarmed at the extent of the movement. He sent letters to Clarence and Warwick, bidding them come to him with the usual retinue which they maintained in the time of peace; but they took no notice of the summons. In the meantime the Earl of Pembroke was advancing to Edward's aid with a body of about 10,000 Welshmen, closely followed by the Earl of Devon (Lord Stafford) with a large force of archers. These two leaders, however, quarrelled; and Pembroke, advancing towards Edgecote, was encountered by the rebels under Lord Fitz Hugh, and completely defeated. The queen's father, Earl Rivers, and his son, Sir John Woodville, were both taken in the Forest of Dean, as well as the Earl of Devon; and all three were beheaded. This disastrous defeat, coupled with the desertion of the greater part of his army, plunged Edward into the greatest distress, in which condition he was found by his brother and Warwick at Olney. They treated the king with outward respect, but he was removed to Middleham and made there virtually a prisoner under the custody of the Archbishop of York. At this time, then, there were two kings of England both imprisoned; but Warwick had not yet made up his mind to desert the house of York for the house of Lancaster. An army of Lancastrians having appeared under Sir Humphrey Neville in Scotland, Warwick, after releasing the king from captivity, marched into the north, and defeated them. How Edward obtained his liberty has always been, and will probably always remain, a mystery. An apparent reconciliation now took place between the king's party and that of Warwick; but it was only apparent; for, in the very next year, another insurrection broke out in Lancashire, which was fomented by Clarence and Warwick. The insurgents being defeated, the two great intriguers became alarmed, and they succeeded in making their escape to Dartmouth, from which place, in April, 1470, they sailed for France. The count of Lewis XI. now became the centre of fresh intrigues. Here Clarence, Warwick, and Queen Margaret met. The first acknowledged Henry as his king; and Warwick, having induced Margaret to forget or forgive the past, betrothed his younger daughter, Anne, to her son Prince Edward; and preparations were now made for the expedition with the object of restoring Henry to the throne. But during the course of these negotiations Clarence had become estranged from Warwick; and so, in spite of the indolence which Edward unaccountably displayed at this crisis, passing his time

in gallantries and amusements while his enemies were making their formidable preparations against him, circumstances were working in his favour; and his versatile brother was preparing for another grand coup of treachery. Events now followed with bewildering rapidity. Henry was restored; Edward fled from England. Scarcely, however, had the change been effected, or the Lancastrians had time to celebrate their victory, before Edward had again landed in England. The battles of Barnet and Tewksbury were followed by the murder of Henry, and the final re-establishment of Edward on the throne took place. The latter events of his reign will be more fully recorded in the notes to Richard III.

12 EARL OF RUTLAND. He was the third son of the Duke of York, born May 17th, 1443. He was therefore seventeen years old, and not scarcely twelve, as Hall states, when he was killed on Wakefield Bridge by Lord Clifford, after his father's defeat in that fatal battle. Hall gives the following account of the murder of Rutland (pp. 250, 251): "While this battail was in fighting, a preste called sir Robert Aspill, chappelain and scholr master to the yong erle of Rutland ii. some t to the abone named duke of Yorke, space of y^e age of . xii. yeres, a faire getemā, and a mynydevike person, perceinyng y flight was more suregard, then taryng, bothe for him and his master, secretly comeyed thierle out of y^e felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he coude enter into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparel, demumded what he was. The yong gentelman dismaked, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploryng mercy, and desyryng grace, both with holding up his hādes and making dolorous comynance, for his speche was gone for feare. Some chm sayde his Chappelein, for he is a princes some, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde: by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so wil I do the and all thy kyn, and with that word, stakke the erle to y^e hart with his dagger, and had his Chappeleyn here the erles mother A bro her worde what he had done, and sayde. In this acte the lord Clifford was accounted a tyrant, and no gente'man, for the propertie of the Lyon, which is a furious and vireasonable beaste, is to be cruell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humillite them selves before him." He was buried at Fotheringay by the side of his father.

13 GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE. He was the sixth son of Richard, Duke of York; born October 21st, 1449, at Dublin Castle. Upon the accession of his brother to the throne, 1461, he was created Duke of Clarence, and K.G. He was also appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His union with Isabella Neville, eldest daughter of the King-maker, placed him more entirely under that nobleman's power than any of his brothers. He distributed his treacheries impartially between Yorkists and Lancastrians. His desertion of the cause of the Yorkists, which he had deliberately adopted, his treachery to Henry, from whom he had received honour and rewards, and his cowardly duplicity to his father-in-law were

covered his name with infancy. His memoir will be more properly completed in the notes to Richard III.

14. **RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER**, was the eighth son of the Duke of York. It must be remembered that four of the Duke of York's sons died young, so that George and Richard are generally called the third and fourth sons respectively.

Richard was born at Fotheringhay Castle, October 2nd, 1452; with his brother George he was taken by his widowed mother after the battle of Wakefield to the court of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, where they remained till 1461. Richard distinguished himself, it is true, both at Barnet and Tewkesbury; but he took no part in the battles of Wakefield, Mortimer's Cross, or Towton. He was created Duke of Gloucester, 1461. The rest of his career will be more fully treated of in the notes to the play in which he is the principal character.

15. **DUKE OF NORFOLK**. John Mowbray, fourth Duke of Norfolk, was the son of John Mowbray, the third duke, and great-grandson of the Thomas Mowbray who figures in Richard II. (See note 6 of that play.) He was the last male descendant of his race, and died 1475. He married Elizabeth Talbot, daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, and granddaughter of the great general. By her he had one child, a daughter, Anne Mowbray, who was affianced to the second son of Edward IV., Richard, Duke of York, when a mere infant, January 15th, 1477. The child bride died 1482, the year before her husband was murdered by his uncle. The estates and honours of the Mowbrays descended to John Howard, the son of Sir Robert Howard, and Margaret Mowbray, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk in Richard II. John Howard was created Duke of Norfolk, 1483, and plays an important part under that title in the play of Richard III.

16. **MARQUESS OF MONTAGU** was Sir John Neville, the third son of Richard, Earl of Salisbury. (See II. Henry VI. note 10.) He was brother of the King-maker and of the Archbishop of York. He was created Lord Montagu, 1461. He was also made warden of the East Marches of Scotland. He was also made, for a brief period, Earl of Northumberland, thus acquiring with the title the estates of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland. But upon the restoration of the youthful Henry Percy (see above, note 7) King Edward compensated him for the loss by creating him Marquess of Montagu, 1470. It appears that this deprivation of the valuable estates which had been conferred on him, and being given in return only an empty title, determined John Neville to join his brother in the desertion of Edward's cause. He was killed at the battle of Barnet, 1471. Stow says (p. 423): "The Marquess Montague was firstly agreed with king Edward and had gotten on his livery, but one of his brothers the earle of Warwick's men espying this, fell upon him and killed him." The Marquess of Montagu married Isabella, daughter of Sir Edmund Inghelthorp, and left by him two sons and five daughters. The eldest son, George Neville, was created in 1469, by Edward IV., Duke of Bedford, and was promised in marriage the king's eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth; but he was de-

graded from his rank at his father's attainder, and died 1483. (See French, p. 191.)

17. **EARL OF WARWICK**. See II. Henry VI. note II.

18. **EARL OF PEMBROKE**. It seems that at this time there were two Earls of Pembroke; one being Jasper Tudor, uterine brother of Henry VI., created earl, 1452. He was a zealous Lancastrian; therefore the Earl of Pembroke, in this play, must be William Herbert, son of Sir William Ap. Thomas Herbert, knighted by Henry V., and his wife Gladys, daughter of Sir David Gam (who distinguished himself at the battle of Agincourt), and widow of Sir Roger Vaughan, who was killed at the same battle. *Dary Gam*, esquire, as he is called in Henry V. iv. 8. 109, had married a sister of Owen Glendower. William Herbert was a faithful adherent of the House of York. Immediately on the accession of Edward IV. to the throne the king made him one of his council. He is mentioned as being present at the delivery of the seals to the Bishop of Exeter on his appointment as chancellor on March 10th, 1461. On May 8th of the same year William Herbert was made Chief Justice and Chamberlain of South Wales; and other important offices in the shires of Carmarthen and Cardigan were conferred upon him; and, in September of the same year, all the possessions in South Wales of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, were bestowed on him. On November 4th of the same year he was made a baron, at the same time that the king's brothers were made Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester respectively. In February, 1462, he was granted the castle, town, and lordship of the town of Pembroke. In the same year he was made K.G. King Edward continued to heap favours upon him; and on May 27th, 1468, he was made Earl of Pembroke. In July, 1469, having been sent by the king with 18,000 Welshmen against the rebels in the north, he met Humphrey, Lord Stafford of Southwick, who had been sent with a body of archers to co-operate with him. The two lords with their united forces were quartered in Banbury; but a quarrel having arisen between the two leaders concerning some maid of an inn, Stafford refused to co-operate with Pembroke; the latter, however, attacked the rebels next day at Banesmoor, near Edgecote, about three miles from Banbury. He was entirely defeated, and with his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, was taken prisoner, and executed at Banbury. Of the bravery of the two brothers in battle Hall thus speaks (p. 271): "There of Pembroke behaved himself like a hardy knight, and expert captain, but his brother Sir Richard Herbert so valiantly acquitted himself, that with his Pollicie in his hand (as his enemies did afterward report) he twice by fine force passed through the battail of his adversaries, and without any mortal wound returned." By his wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Walter d'Exmeston, the earl had issue four sons: William, who succeeded him;

1. "The erle of Pembroke and the lord Stafford of Southwick, were lodged at Banbury the daie before the feld, which was saint James daie, and there the erle of Pembroke, putte the Erle Stafford out of an houe, wherein he delighted muche to be, for the love of a damosell that dwelled in the house: contrary to their mutual agreement by them taken, which was, that whosoever obtained first a lodging, should not be devided nor removed." (Hall, p. 2, 4.)

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son Walter, who married Anne, daughter of Henry Stafford, second Duke of Buckingham; and two others, George and Philip. He also had six daughters, of whom the youngest married Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, grandson of the great Earl of Shrewsbury. He also left an illegitimate son, Sir Richard Herbert, of Ewyas, from whom the present Earls of Pembroke are descended.

19 LORD HASTINGS. Sir William Hastings, or properly De Hastings, was the eldest son of Sir Leonard De Hastings, descended from William De Hastings, who was steward to King Henry I. Sir Leonard married Alice, daughter of Thomas, Lord Camoys. Sir William was the first Lord Hastings, and was one of the most faithful adherents both of Richard, Duke of York, and his son Edward IV., who, when he came to the throne, was not unmindful of Sir William's services, and bestowed upon him many manors and important offices. He was raised to the peerage, in 1461, by the title of Baron Hastings of Ashby de la Zouch, and made a Knight of the Garter in 1462; he was subsequently appointed ambassador to Lewis XI. of France. He married Catherine, widow of Lord Bonville and daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury. But though he was by this marriage brother-in-law to Warwick, the King-maker, when that powerful nobleman espoused the cause of Henry VI. in 1470, he remained faithful to the house of York. After the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, in which he took an important part, he was made Captain of Calais; though he appears to have been on very bad terms with the family of the Woodvilles, especially Queen Elizabeth's brothers, yet he was devoted to the young Edward V. His opposition to the ambition of Richard drew upon him the enmity of that usurper; and he was beheaded, without any form of trial, June 18th, 1483, on Tower Hill. He left four sons and one daughter. His eldest son, Edward, became Lord Hungerford in right of his wife; and was even knighted by Richard III., 1483; but when Henry VII. came to the throne he was restored to all his father's estates and honours so that his allegiance to his father's murderer could only have been temporary. William, Lord Hastings, was buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, by the side of the king to whom he had been so devoted.

20 LORD STAFFORD. Sir Humphrey Stafford, generally known as Lord Stafford of Soutlawick, a cousin of the two brothers Stafford killed in Jack Cade's rebellion (see II. Henry VI. note 14), was the son of William Stafford and Catharine, daughter of Sir John Cheddock, knight. Sir Humphrey was created Lord Stafford of Soutlawick, 1464; and in 1469 he was named, but not created, Earl of Devonshire by Edward IV. (see Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 201). His quarrel with the Earl of Pembroke before the battle of Tewkesbury has been already mentioned above (note 18); he escaped after the battle, but before long was captured and brought to Bridgewater, where he was beheaded. Lord Stafford was married to Isabel, daughter of Sir John Barre; but had no issue. He, as well as Pembroke, is a *personae nata* in this play.

21 SIR JOHN MORTIMER AND SIR HUGH MORTIMER. Of these two characters nothing more is known than the

mention of them as having been killed at the battle of Wakefield. They are called "the two bastard uncles of the Duke of York;" but it does not appear who their father was.

22 LORD RIVERS was Sir Antony Woodville, eldest son of Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower in I. Henry VI. (see note 10 of that play). He succeeded to the title in 1469. Before that he had been known as Lord Seades, having married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of the Lord Seades of II. Henry VI. (see note 12 of that play). Through his mother, Jacqueline, widow of the Duke of Bedford (see I. Henry VI. note 2), he was descended from Henry III. of England. He figures as Earl Rivers in Richard III. He was most faithful to his royal brother-in-law, and to his young son, the Prince of Wales, to whom he was appointed governor. His fidelity made him an object of detestation to Richard. At the time of the death of Edward IV. Lord Rivers was with the young Prince of Wales at Ludlow. Immediately his young charge was declared king, under the title of Edward V.,

and Lord Grey conducted their young sovereign on his road to London; and Gloucester having arrived at Northampton, Rivers and Grey lost no time in going there to welcome him in the name of the young king. They were received with every distinction; but the next day, while riding in company with Gloucester and Buckingham to Stony Stratford, where the king was, Richard suddenly accused Rivers and Grey of having tried to excite his nephew's mind against him. They were at once arrested, and were conveyed under strong guard to Pontefract Castle. There Rivers seems to have been kept in custody till nearly the end of June the same year, 1483, when he was put to death; Grey, Hastings, and others having been previously beheaded. Lord Rivers married, first, Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord Seades, as already mentioned; secondly, Mary, daughter and heiress of Henry Fitz-Lewis; but he had no issue by either marriage.

23. SIR WILLIAM STANLEY was the second son of Thomas, first Lord Stanley (see II. Henry VI. note 15). He is generally called Sir William Stanley of Holt, from his chief residence, Holt Castle, in Denbighshire. In 1460, on the attainder of Lord Clifford, Edward IV. gave him the lordship and castle of Skipton, in Yorkshire. The only scene in which he is introduced is scene 4 of act v., where the dramatist has followed Hall in representing him as taking an important part in aiding Edward to escape from Middleham Castle, where the Yorkist king was kept in honourable custody by the orders of Warwick. Hall's account of the matter is as follows: "Kyrng Edward beyng thus in captivitee, spake ever fayre to the Archebischop and to the other keepers, (that whether he corrupted them with money or fayre promyses) he had libertie dymers dayes to go on huntynge, and one day on a playne there met with hym syr William Stanley, syr Thomas of Borough, and dymers other of hys frédres, with such a great bend of men, that neither his keepers woulde, nor once durst move him to retorne to prison agayn" (p. 275). The most probable account of this escape of Edward's, which, as has been already said (see above, note 11), is involved in mystery, is that Warwick found himself unable to obtain the levies which he was raising in

Edward's name as long as he kept the monarch in a kind of secret captivity; and, therefore, Edward's release from honourable confinement was, directly or indirectly, the act of Warwick. Sir William Stanley is mentioned in Richard III. iv. 5. 10, as being among those "of noble fame and worth" who joined Richmond. The assistance which he rendered Richmond at the battle of Bosworth helped very materially to bring about the defeat of Richard. After Henry was crowned king he made Sir William a Knight of the Garter and Lord Chamberlain; but the great services he had rendered the king could not save his life, when he was accused of having at least countenanced the conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck. It does not appear that Stanley did anything more than say that, if Warbeck was really the Duke of York, he would not draw his sword against him. But, unfortunately for him, he was one of the king's wealthiest subjects; and the cupidity of Henry VII. made him covet Stanley's large estates. Sir William was beheaded on Tower Hill, 1495; and all his possessions were confiscated. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Hopton, and had one son, Sir William Stanley. He left one daughter, Joan, married to Sir Richard Breton, of Tatton, in Cheshire.

24. SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY should be Sir Thomas Montgomery, second son of Sir John Montgomery by Elizabeth, his wife, sister of Ralph Boteler, Lord Sudeley. His elder brother, Sir John, was beheaded in the third year of Edward IV. Sir Thomas, like his brother, had been attached to the cause of Henry VI., to whom he had been esquire of the body; but he seems to have deserted the side of the Yorkists, and to have become one of the most favoured counsellors of Edward IV., who appointed him to various offices, including that of Treasurer of Ireland for life. He accompanied Edward to France, and when the king returned from his brief exile in France and landed at Ravenspurg, Sir Thomas was among those who joined him at Nottingham, as Hall narrates (p. 292): "where (at Nottingham) came to him (King Edward) syr William Parre, syr Thomas a Berogh, syr Thomas Montgomerie, and diners other of his assured frendes with their aydes." He Pommes speaks of the confidential position which he occupied with the king, for whom he acted as ambassador to France, 1475. He seems to have been a political Vicar of Bray, for he was knight of the body to Richard III. and found favour also with Henry VII. He died peacefully, January 11th, 1495. He was twice married, but had no issue by either of his wives. His sister, Alice, became his heir (see French, p. 198).

25. SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE. This character has not been identified with any historical personage. In The True Tragedy he is called simply Summerfield, and in Ft. Somerville. It was Tappell who first called him Sir John Somerville, it does not appear why. French says (p. 199): "This knight probably belonged to the ancient family of Somerville, seated at Wichnor, co. Stafford, and at Aston-Somerville in the county of Gloucester, soon after the conquest."

26. TUTOR TO RUTLAND. The name of this character is known to us from the passage from Hall already quoted

In the memoir of the Earl of Rutland. (See above, note 12.) There is no reason why he should not be called by his name in the Dramatis Personæ. French says (p. 200): "The Aspalls were of an old family and well allied."

27. MAYOR OF YORK. According to French (p. 200) (quoting from Drake's Eboracum): "This office was Thomas Beverley, Merchant of the Staple; he was sheriff of the City of York, in 1451, and Lord Mayor in 1460, and again in 1471, the date of King Edward's visit." In The True Tragedy (Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library, vol. ii. pt. 2, p. 81) he is rightly called "the Lord Maire of Yorke;" and is addressed as "my Lord Maire" both by Edward and by Lord Hastings. In Ft. he is simply called Mayor.

28. LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER. This character appears in act iv. scene 6, and in act v. scene 6. But strictly speaking, they would, probably, be different personages. There were two chief officers of the Tower, the Constable, who was generally a nobleman of high rank, and the Lieutenant, who had practical charge of the prisoners. French (p. 201) hazards the astonishing conjecture, that the Lieutenant in act iv. scene 6, was John Tibetoft, or Tiptoft, first Earl of Worcester, who was appointed Constable of the Tower by Edward IV. at his accession. It is scarcely possible that any dramatist would so unnecessarily have violated facts as to make Henry address this man, who was infamous for his cruelties, in such a friendly manner as he does in the scene above mentioned. In 1470 Tibetoft earned the nickname of "Butcher" for the abominable cruelties and barbarities inflicted by him upon the unfortunate prisoners who were delivered to him for execution after the defeat of Sir Robert Welles and his forces at the battle of Erpingham in that year. (See Lingard, vol. iv. p. 175, and foot-note 2.) Tibetoft was the only person put to death on the brief return of Henry to power in October, 1470. The Lieutenant, in act v. scene 6, French thinks was John Sutton, Lord Dudley, who succeeded the Earl of Worcester as Constable.

29. A NOBLEMAN. The term nobleman was not confined, in Shakespeare's time, to members of the peerage. It included knights and bannerets. French thinks that this nobleman, who appears in act iii. scene 2, where he comes to report to Edward the capture of King Henry, was "Sir James Harrington, whose servants captured the unhappy monarch during his retreat in the north, at Waddington Hall" (p. 202).

30. QUEEN MARGARET. See I. Henry VI. note 27.

31. LADY GREY, afterwards queen to Edward IV. Elizabeth Woodville was born 1437. She married Sir John Grey, eldest son and heir of Edward, Lord Grey of Groby. (See I. Henry VI. note 19, and above, note 11.) She was, therefore, twenty-seven years old when her marriage with the king took place, 1464. Her first husband died February 28th, 1461, from the wounds which he received in the second battle of St. Albans, where he led the queen's cavalry. By a singular mistake the dramatist has said (ill. 2. 5. 7):

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which Elizabeth waited with her two young sons to petition King Edward for the restitution of their father's lands, is still known as the Queen's Oak. The memoir of this unfortunate lady will be more appropriately concluded in Richard III.

32 BOYA. The princess Bona or Bonne of Savoy was the third daughter of Louis, first Duke of Savoy. He was created duke in 1410. Her eldest sister Charlotte was married to Louis XI. It also appears that her brother, Amédée, Duke of Savoy, was married to Yolande, sister of Louis XI; so that she was doubly related to the king. There seems to be little authority among contemporary writers for the incident of Warwick being sent to demand from Louis the hand of his sister-in-law Bona for Edward. The dramatist, however, took the incident from Hall (p. 263): "he came to kyng Lewes the .XI. then beyng Frenche kyng. lying at Tours, and with greute honor was there receyved, and honorably intertreated: of wh'ch, for kyng Edward his master, he demaunded to have in marriage the Lady Bona, daughter to Lewes duke of Savoy, and sister to the Lady Carol, then French Queene, beyng then in the Frenche court." She says, *lil.* 3. 227, 228:

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

But she did not keep her word, as she married Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, 1468, and died in 1485.

ACT I. SCENE I.

33.—The action of this scene, as Johnson remarked, follows immediately upon that of the last scene of the foregoing play. The events of five years have been passed over unnoticed by the dramatist. The battle of St. Albans was fought May 22nd, 1455. York was recognized heir to the throne in Parliament, October 1460. The history of the intervening period is little more than that of York, Salisbury, and Warwick. Most of it has already been given in II. Henry VI. notes 10 and 11. In June, 1460, Salisbury, Warwick, and March landed with 1500 men in Kent, where Cobham joined them with 400, and they advanced towards London, which opened its gates. Henry had collected an army at Coventry, and advanced to Northampton, where he intrenched himself. Warwick sought a conference with the king, but this being refused, a battle was fought on July 10th. Lord Grey of Ruthyn, who was on the king's side, betrayed his trust, and introduced the Yorkists within the royal camp. The battle lasted from seven o'clock till nine. About 10,000 fell, Hall says, and the king was captured. Among the slain were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shrewsbury. Somerset and others fled with the queen and Prince Edward, and ultimately reached Scotland. Henry was brought to London, Warwick riding bareheaded before him into the city.

"During this trouble," says Holinshed (p. 261), "a parliament was summoned to begin at Westminster, in the month of October next following.

"In the meane time the duke of Yorke, advertised of all these things, sailed from Dublin towards England, and landed at the red bank nere to the citie of Chester, with no small companies: and from Chester by long jour-

nies he came to the citie of London, which he entred the fridale before the feast of S. Edward, the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, with trumpets also sounding, and accompanied with a great traine of men of armes, and other of his freinds and servants. At his coming to Westminster he entred the palace, and passing forth directlie through the great hall, staid not till he came to the chamber, where the king and lords used to sit in the parlement time, comonlie called the upper house, or chamber of the peeres, and being there entred, stept vp vnto the throne roiall, and there laienng his hand vpon the cloth of estate, seemed as if he meant to take possession of that which was his right . . . and after withdrawing his hand, turned his face towards the people.

"Whilst he thus stood, . . . the archbishop of Canturburie (Thomas Bourcher) came to him, & . . . asked him if he would come and see the king. With which demand he seeming to take disdaine, answered brevecelie . . . thus: I remember not that I know anie within this realme, but that it besemeth him rather to come and see my person, than I to go and see his. . . .

"Maister Edward Hall in his chronicle maketh mention of an oration, which the duke of Yorke uttered, sitting in the regall seat. . . . During the time (saith he) of this parlement, the duke of Yorke with a bold countenance entered into the chamber of the peeres, and sat downe in the throne roiall, vnder the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat)."

34. Line 1: *I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.*—

It is not plain whether, at the opening of this scene, the authors were thinking of the battle of St. Albans or of Northampton. But in either case the statement in these three lines is imaginary. Henry was actually captured by the Yorkists after both battles. His escape is an incident in the chroniclers' accounts of the battle of Hexham, 1464.

35. Lines 6-9.—See II. Henry VI. note 356.

36. Line 8: *Charg'd our MAIN BATTLE'S front.*—Cf. Hall (p. 250), of the battle of Wakefield: "The duke of Somerset and other of the queenes part . . . appointed the lord Clifford, to lye in the one state, and the Erle of Wiltshire in the other, and thei themselves kept the *mayne battail*." The usual military term for the main body of the army is "the centre."

37. Lines 10, 11, 14.—According to Hall (p. 233) "Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, beyng wounded, & James Butler erle of Wiltshire & Ormond, seyng fortunes lowering; chauce, left the king poste a lone & with a greute umbre fled away. This was the end of the first battall at S. Albons." What is said in the text happened after the battle of Northampton, when there "were slayn Humfrey duke of Buckyngham, then Talbot erle of Shrewsbury, a valiant person, and not degenerating frō his noble parent," &c. (Hall, p. 244). See II. Henry VI. notes.

38. Line 11: *Is either slain, or wounded DANGEROUS.* The (q.) read here *dangerouslie*. Shakespeare does not

i.e. ambush, or perhaps "wing."

use *de operans* as an adverb elsewhere, but there does not seem any necessity for altering the text of F. 1.

33 Line 12: *I left his HEAVEN with a downright blow*—Heaven (Fr. *barriere*) is "the lower portion of the face-guard of a helmet, when worn with a visor" (Planché's Dict. of Costume, p. 38). It covered the throat and mouth, and could be thrown up over the top of the helmet. In this place the word is used for the whole helmet, as in *I. Henry IV.* iv. 1. 191:

I saw young Harry, with his face on.

40 Line 14: *Mont* [To York, showing his]. *And, BROTHER, here's the Earl of Westmoreland's blood*. Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter Isabella was married to York's son, George of Clarence; therefore York and Montague were brothers-in-law. But this alliance did not take place during the life of York. It is, however, plain from line 116 below, and from i. 2. 1 of this play, that the author intended to represent Montague and York as brothers-in-law.

41 Line 16: *Richard* was at this time barely eight years old (see *II. Henry VI.* note 5). His introduction here is therefore an anachronism.

42 Line 18: *WHAT*. *is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?*—So Malone reads, after *The True Tragedie*. The *Ff.* have *But*.

43 Line 19: *Such*. *HAP* have all the line of John of Gaunt!—*Ff.* read *hope*, as does *The True Tragedie*, an error probably arising from the occurrence of that word in the next line. *Hap* is an anonymous conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

44 Line 29: *hither we have heken in by force*. This statement, as well as lines 1-3 above, is hardly correct. See note 33 of this play.

45 Line 11: *And* *hatsful* *Henry* *BE* *depos'd*, *whose* *cowardice*. This is the reading of *The True Tragedie*. The word *be* slipped out in the text of *Ff.*

46 Line 47: *if* *Warwick* *SHAKE* *HIS* *BELLS*. A simile taken from falconry. Cf. *Rape of Lucrece*, line 511:

With trembling fear, as howl hear falcons' bells.

The bells were attached, one to each leg of the falcon, by leathern thongs called *bellies*. See Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 32.

47 Lines 54, 55.—See above, note 7, and *II. Henry VI.* note 19.

48 Line 55: *And* *thine*, *Lord Clifford*; *YOU* *HAVE* *BOTH* *your'd* *revenge*.—*F. 1* reads:

And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have your'd revenge;

which *F. 4* corrects by transposing *have* and *both*. And seems unnecessary after the pause following *Clifford*; we have, therefore, omitted it.

49 Line 62: *Patience* *is* *for* *poltrons*, *FOR* *such* *as* *he*.—We have added *for*. *F. 2* reads "AND *such* *is* *he*," Walker (*Cril.* Exam. vol. ii. p. 26) considers "patience" to be a trisyllable, and "poltrons" to be accented on the first syllable; many modern editors seem to have followed him. But the line is awkward without a syllable before

such. For seems better than *and*; it rather emphasizes the insult.

50 Line 69.—This line is given to "Westm." in *F. 1* by mistake, as the next speech shows. The correction was made by Theobald from *The True Tragedie*.

51 Line 76:

I am thy sovereign.

York

THOU 'RT DECEIV'D; *I am* *thine*.

Ff., perhaps by inadvertence, omit the words "*Thou art deceiv'd*" of *The True Tragedie*. Something is wanting here; the passage sounds too abrupt as it stands in *Ff.*

52 Line 79: *'Twas* *my* *inheritance*, *as* *the* *EARLDOM* *was*.—i.e. the earldom of March. The *True Tragedie* reads *kingdom*. In the course of the long speech put into York's mouth by Hall, he is made to say (p. 216): "After whose [i.e. Richard II.'s] pitious death, and execrable murder . . . the right title of the crown, and superior of this realm, was lawfully reteried and returned to Roger Mortimer, earl of March, . . . to which Rogers daughter called Anne, my most dearest and well-beloved mother, I am the very trew and lineall heire."

53 Line 81: *AND* *that's* *Richard* *Duke* *of* *York*.—*And*, omitted in *F. 1*, though found in *The True Tragedie*, was restored in *F. 2*.

54 Line 81: *AND* *shall* *I* *stand*. The number of *ands* is very awkward.—Should not we read "*WHAT* shall I stand?"

55 Lines 91, 92. See note 33, "came to the title of London," &c.

56 Line 105: *THY* *father* *was*, *as* *thou* *art*, *Duke* *of* *York*.—*Ff.* read *My*. The correction was made by Rowe. As Malone notes (*Var. Ed.* vol. xviii. p. 371), Richard's father, the Earl of Cambridge, never succeeded to the dukedom, having been beheaded during the lifetime of Edward duke of York, his elder brother.

57 Line 110: *Talk* *not* *of* *France*, *SITH* *thou* *hast* *lost* *it* *all*.—*Sith*—"because," comes by loss of final *a* from the older *sithen*, whence also by addition of adverbial *s*, or *ce* came *sithence* or *sithens*, now contracted to "since." *Sith* occurs in Ezek. xxxv. 6; *sithence* is used by Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 47, and in *All's Well*, i. 3. 124.

58 Line 114: *TEAR* *THE* *CROWNS*, *FATHER*, *from* *the* *usurper's* *head*.—In *F. 1* the line stands:

Father *teare* *the* *Crown* *from* *the* *Usurper's* *Head*.

Hammer made the transposition in the text, which certainly improves the rhythm of the line.

59 Line 120: *K. HEN.* *Peace*, *thou!* *and* *give* *King* *Henry* *leave* *to* *speake*.—The Quartos, followed by Leisner and Hudson, give this line to Northumberland, whom it would very well suit. But other such brief outbursts are put in Henry's mouth in these plays. It is the *persistence* in any main course of action which would be out of character in his case, and not the momentary assumption of authority.

60 Line 131: *BET* *prave* *it*, *Henry*, *and* *thou* *shall* *be* *king*.—This is the reading of *F. 2*; *F. 1* omits *But*.

61 Line 14: Johnson put was childless.

62 Lines 12, 13: *menes* made peers, prelat, vialle of all. . . by the three c. . . like n as kyn. . . that he shoul. . . have possess. . . And if he elc. . . for infringing. . . frome and. . . diaduted in. . . to the next ho. . . from thesete. . . Langle."

Such an art. . . to be permu.

63 Line 156: This same of (Works, p. 202). W.

64 Line 193: This line we. . . rhythm, as th. . . alteration, fr. . . expected that. . . written "Whe. . . seanson occur.

65 Line 196: with.—Compa. . . But. . . All.

The rhythm w. . . the use of adj. . . Shakespeare's. . . retained in th. . . suggest that t. . . out.

66 Line 207: trumpet or co. . . for Nares cites. . . p. 222) the stag. . . then a semite.

67 Line 212: F.

F. 1 thus

The arrangem. . . above:

Es. . . But in this pla. . . speaker, and w.

65 Line 215: Vol. II.

61 Line 144: *Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crows?*
Johnson proposed "to his sons;" a mistake, as Richard was childless.

62. Lines 179-175. Hall says (p. 249, "After long arguments made, and deliberate consiliatio had among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm: upon the velle of all salutes, it was condescended and agreed, by the three estates, for so much as King Henry had been taken as king, by the space of xxxviii. yeres and more, that he should enjoye the name and title of King; and have possession of the realme, during his life naturall: And if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same, for infringing any point of this concord, then the said throne and auctoritie royal, should immediately be deduced to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or els to the next heire of his line or lineage, and that the duke from thenceforth, should be Protector and Regent of the laude."

Such an arrangement could hardly have been expected to be permanent, and this is suggested below, line 190.

63. Line 186: *And the is banish'd, for this unmanly deed!*
This same expression occurs in Marlowe's *Edward II.* (Works, p. 292):

Weapons must I fall, and die in banish.

64 Line 193: *Whom I UNNATURALLY shall disinheret.*—This line we have retained in spite of its utterly bad rhythm, as the whole passage is taken, with hardly an alteration, from *The True Tragedie*. It might have been expected that Shakespeare, in the revision, would have written "Whom I *unnatural* shall disinheret." The same scansion occurs below, v. 1. 86.

65. Line 190: *CONDITIONALLY that here thou take an oath.*—Compare Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus* (Works, p. 86):
But yet *conditionally* that thou perform
All articles.

The rhythm would be improved by reading *conditional*, the use of adjective for adverb being common enough in Shakespeare's time. The frequent unrhymed lines retained in this part of the play from *The True Tragedie* suggest that the revision was somewhat carelessly carried out.

66 Line 205: *Scannet* (i.e. a set of notes played) on the trumpet or cornet. It was not the same as a "flourish," for Nares cites from Icker's *Satironomastix* (Works, vol. i. p. 222) the stage direction "Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a scannet."

67 Line 212:
I'll steal away.
K. Hen. So, EXETER, will I.
F. I has He stede away.
Henry. Exeter so will I.

The arrangement of words is the same as in line 80 above:

Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown,
But in this place thou'lt be very awkward for the speaker, and we have adopted Pope's correction.

68 Line 218: *Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a*
VOL. II.

father—A most unusual line. The scansion is probably "Seeing thou hast prov'd, Acc. Seeing, used adverbially, goes for a monosyllable often in Marlowe, Greene, Acc. and Is so in line 217 below, but not elsewhere in Shakespeare. Though the line is found only in Ff., we can hardly think it to be his.

69 Line 221: *Rather than made that strange duke thine heire*—F. 1 reads:

Rather then *hate* made that strange Duke thine heire.

where, perhaps, *rather* may be pronounced as a monosyllable. The correction of F. 2, which we have adopted, seems decidedly preferable.

70. Line 233: *And giv's unto the house of York such*
HEAD. For this horseman's phrase compare also Taming of the Shrew, 1. 2. 239:

Give him heads; I know he'll prove a jake.

and Richard II. 11. 3. 12, 13

71 Lines 238-240:

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm.

In the parliament that followed the battle of St. Albans, says Hall (p. 233, "the duke of York was made protector of the Redme, and therle of Salisbury, was appointed to be Chancellor, and had the greute seale to hym delivered; and the erle of Warwicke, was elected to the office of the capitain of Calais, and the territories of the same." William Neville, Lord Falconbridge, was Warwick's uncle and Salisbury's brother, being the second son of Ralph, Earl of Westmorland. According to Holinshed, he "had the towne and castell [of Calais] in keeping" (p. 253). Edward made him Earl of Kent in 1461. In the next year he was "appointed to keepe the seas" (Holinshed, p. 279, quoting from Stowe). The allusion in the text is inaccurate, for in 1459 the keeping of the seas had been given to Exeter. He was not, however, able to offer much opposition to the Yorkists. York was discharged of his protectorate in 1456, when also the Earl of Salisbury was dismissed from his office. Warwick, strange to say, was allowed to remain in command of Calais until 1459, when Somerset was made captain, but found much difficulty in taking up the command, for the citizens were strong partisans of Warwick. And even after he had made entrance, Warwick was able still to make Calais his headquarters, and entirely to control the Channel. York was again declared Protector after the parliament some of whose proceedings have been represented in this scene (see note at line 170 above). The present passage would appear to be another instance of the way in which events of the years 1455 and 1459 have been mixed together, as pointed out in note 33.

"The narrow seas" was the name not only for the English Channel, but also, for the seas lying between the Netherlands and the coast of Essex and Kent. Cf. below, iv. 3. 1, 3:

Edward from Belgia,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas.

72 Line 245: *Before I would have granted to THAT ACT.*
The True Tragedie has

Before I would have granted to their suits. — P. 14.

The expression *granted to*, meaning 'assented to,' is uncommon, but is used by Hall in the following passage: "he alledged his insufficiency for so great a roome and weighty burden, . . . yet in conclusion he beyng persuaded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Excester and other lordes, . . . *granted to their petition*" (p. 254).

73 Line 258: *Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay WITH me!* With, omitted in F. 1, is restored in F. 2.

74 Line 261: *When I return with victorie FROM the field,* F. 1 reads *to* instead of *from*. The correction was made in F. 2.

75 Lines 267, 268:

*Whose hungry spirit, winged with desire,
Will COAST my crown.*

The emendation which we have adopted is the same as that suggested by Warburton and adopted by Singer and Grant White. If the reading of the Folios is to be retained the meaning must be "will cost me my crown," which is a very awkward construction, and is a phrase that seems strangely coupled with such a technical term as *live on*. There is no doubt that the meaning of *coast* is "to keep alongside of," and that it suggests the idea of watching. The word is used by Shakespeare with some indeliteness of meaning. See Venus and Adonis, lines 829, 870:

Anon she hears them chide it lustily,
And all in haste she *coasts* to the cry

Henry VIII. lii. 2-38:

The King in this perceives him, how he *coasts*
And dodges his own way.

Tristram and Cressida, iv. 5. 58, 59:

These encounters
That give a *coasting* welcome ere it comes.

But it certainly seems the most probable emendation.

76 Lines 268, 269:

*like an empty eagle,
TIE on the flesh of me and of my son.*

Compare Venus and Adonis, lines 55, 56:

I'ven as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Ties with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone

Stevens quotes Dekker, *Match Me in London*:

The vulture *ties*
Upon the eagles horn.

—Works, vol. iv. p. 187.

See also Kyd, *Comelia*:

And th' eagle *tying* on Prometheus.
—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 248.

There are other later instances also of the word *tie* in this sense; which is taken from that of the French *tier*. The mode of feeding of all the hawk tribe is to hold the prey firmly with the talons whilst they tear it with the beak. When a hawk was in training, a tough or bony bit was often given her to *tie on*, i.e. to tear or pull at,

so as to prolong her meal as much as possible, and prevent her from gorging. See Harting, *Ornithology of Shakespeare*, p. 38.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

77 Hall (pp. 249-501) says: "The Duke of Yorke well knowing, that the Queene would spurne and impugn the conclusions agreed . . . caused her and her sonne, to be sent for by the kyng: but she bring a maunly woman, vying to rule and not to be ruled, & thereto counsailed by the dukes of Excester and Somersa, not onely dealed to come, but also assembled together a great army, intending to take the kyng by the force, out of the lordes handes, and to set them to a new shoode. The Protector lying in London, having perfitte knowledge of all these doynages: assigned the Duke of Norfolk and the Erie of Warwicke, his trustie frendes, to be about the kyng, and he with therles of Salisbury, and Rutlande: with a convenient company, departed out of London, the second daie of Decembre Northwa. 1, and sent to the Eale of Marche his eldest sonne to followe him with all his power. The Duke . . . came to his Castle of Sandall, beside Wakefelde, on Christmas eve. . . . The queene . . . determined to couple with hym while his power was small and his ayde not come: And so having in her company, the Prince her sonne, the Dukes of Excester and Somersa . . . and in effecte all the Lordes of the North parte, with eightene thousande men, or as some write, twentie and two thousande, marched from Yorke to Wakefelde, and bad base to the Duke, men before his Castle [i] he having with hym not fully five thousande persones, determined incontinent to issue out, and to fight with his enemies, and all though, sir Dany Halle, his old sernaunt and chief counsailler, misde him to kepe his Castle, . . . yet he would not be counsailed, but in a great fury saied, as Dany, Dany, hast thou loved me so long, and now wouldest have me dishonored: Thou neuer sawest me kepe fortres when I was Regent in Normandy, . . . but like a man, . . . I issued and fought with myne enemies, to their loss ever (I thanke God) and to my honor: . . . wouldest thou that I for dread of a scolding woman, . . . should incarcerate my self and shut my gates."

78 Line 1: *York. Why, how now, sons and BROTHER, at a strife!* See note on scene 1, line 14.

79. Line 6: *No quarrel, but a SLIGHT contention.*—The True Tragedie reads:

No father, but a sweete contention,

"i.e.," says Theobald (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 382), "the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic; the question of their father's immediate right to the crown."

80 Line 13: *By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe.* This is a harsh line. Proper names are often unorthodoxly introduced, but besides this, the line begins badly. The effect would be somewhat less unpleasant if we omitted *By*.

81 Line 17: *I'll break a thousand oaths to requite one year.*—The reading of F. 1 is:

I won't break a thousand oaths, to requite one year.

Pope printed the necessary contraction—one which old printers not seldom overlooked.

82 Lines 22, 23:

*An oath is of no moment, BEING not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate.*

The absolute use of the participle to denote a condition is frequent in the earlier dramatists. So also is the use of the preterite for the participial inflexion (*took* for *taken*). Cf. I. Henry VI. l. 1. 113, "is took prisoner."

83 Line 21: *That hath authority o'er him that swears.*

The Folio, as is usual, prints *over* for *o'er*; we have introduced the contraction for the sake of clearness.

84 Lines 38, 40:

*Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
Yea, Edward, shalt unto my Lord of Cobham.*

The True Tragedie reads:

*Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
Thou cousin Montague, shalt to Norfolk's daughter.*

The first *unto* is Stevens's correction for *to* of F. In line 40, which is not in F., was inserted by Hammer. It would seem as though the revival of the passage in the old play was not carried out with enough care. The corrections introduced are necessary for the rhythm, though it is doubtful whether "Lord of Cobham" would have been written by Shakespeare. Cf. iv. 5. 1, "my Lord Hastings," without the preposition. Is it possible that *Edward* was meant for a trisyllable? See iii. 3. 100 below: Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford.

85 Lines 40-43. Compare for the description of Kentish folk I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 65-68.

86 Line 43: *Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.*—F. omit *and*, which was introduced by Capell, and is necessary for the metre; otherwise the line lacks a syllable at the beginning.

87 Line 47: Enter a Messenger.—This is the direction given in The True Tragedie, and adopted by Theobald. F. 1 reads, *Enter Gabriel*, giving us, no doubt—as in act iii scene 1—the name of the actor who took this part. Malone remarks that he is mentioned by Heywood in his Apology for Actors, 1612.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

88 For the basis, in Hall's narrative, of this scene, see note 12. The blunder of making Rutland a boy of twelve, instead of a youth of seventeen, is in Hall, and is copied by Holinshed. It arose from the misprint xii for xvii.

The tutor is called "Sir Robert Aspull," as being in orders of *Sir Oliver Marten*, As You Like It, act iii. scene 3; the prefix is not that of knighthood.

89 Line 12: *So looks the PENT-UP lion.*—"That is, the lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned" (Johnson, in Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 389).

90 Line 21: *my father's blood.*—Clifford's father, Thomas Lord Clifford, was killed at the battle of St Albans 1455, but here (see line 30) is evidently assumed to have died some years previously, although in the former play (v. 2) his death is represented on the stage.

91 Line 18: *Di faciant, laudis summa ad ista tua.*—Stevens points out (Var. Ed. vol. xviii. p. 391) that this is from Ovid, *Heroides* ii., Phyllis to Demophoon, l. 61, and that the same quotation occurs in Nash's pamphlet Have with you to Saffron Walden.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

92 Some passages have been marked for omission in this scene, but if the play were acted all after line 64 would be better omitted. Such harsh details of bloody thirsty ferocity are not tolerable on the stage. Hall (p. 251) says of the death of the Duke of York: "This cruel Clifford, & deadly bloodsucker not content with this housewife, or chydikillyng, came to ye place where the dead corpse of the duke of Yorke lay, and caused his head to be stryken of, and set on it a crowne of paper, & so dyed it on a pole, & presented it to the queene, not lycing farre from the felde, in great despit, and much derision." Holinshed copies the passage with slight alteration, and adds (p. 251): "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of sedges or bulrushes; and having so crowned him with that garland, they kneeled downe afore him (as the Jewes did unto Christ) in scorn, saying to him: 'Haile king without rule, haile king without heritage, haile duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length having thus scorned him with these and diverse other like despitefull words, they stroke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queene." He adds, copying again from Hall: "After this victorie by the queene, the earle of Salisbury and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded, whose heads (together with the duke of Yorke's head) were carried to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the cite, in despite of them and their linage." The dramatist has used both stories.

93 Lines 3, 4:

all my followers to the ropes for

TURN BACK.

This is an unusual phrase instead of "Turn (their) backs upon."

94 Lines 15, 16:

*Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground."
Edward, "A cryme, wylse a glorious tomb!"*

F. 1 reads:

*Richard cryde, Charge, and give no foot of ground.
And cryde, A Cryme, or else a glorious Tomb.*

There is evidently something wrong here. Collier proposed to read *Ned* for *And* in the latter line; the Cambridge editors conjecture one or more lines to be lost before it. If the reading in the text be not what the author originally wrote, it at any rate gives the meaning

required. It is possible that lines 16 and 17 should precede line 11; but this is not very likely.

95 Line 19: *We meet again*—The verb "*Budge*" meaning "budge," is not an uncommon word in some parts of the Midlands at the present time. The substantive *budge* means, as Halliwell says, "a patch," generally, if not always, a clumsy one. Through not understanding this, Johnson proposed *budge'd*, and Collier *butch'd*, neither of which words make as good sense as that in the text.

96 Lines 33, 34:

*Now Phaethon hath tumbled from his car,
And made us evening at the noontide PRICK.*

The story of Phaethon's attempt to drive the horses of the sun will be found in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, book ii. lines 1-322. He was a standard example of presumption defeated; compare, for instance, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1, 153-155. Clifford here charges York with having attempted a work he was too weak for, the guidance of the state; and taunts him with his overthrow at the very moment when, having just been recognized as rightful heir to the throne, he was apparently at the zenith of success.

Prick anciently denoted "spot" or "mark." Cf. *Lilcece*, line 781:

Lo he arrive, his weary noontide prick.

97 Line 50: *Buckle with three blows, twice two for one*. Cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*:

*a lusty boy
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son.*

—Works, p. 175.

No doubt "blows, twice two for one" is added merely antithetically to "word for word" in the foregoing line. Cf. *read buckle*. The correction is Theobald's, from *The True Tragedie*.

98 Line 59: *It is war's prize*. I.e., "we profit by a state of war," &c. In a somewhat similar sense Johnson, *Volpone*, v. 1, 30-32, says:

*this is our masterpiece;
We cannot think to get by and this.
Tide.*

The best play's thy prize. —Works, vol. iii, p. 273.

Massinger, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, iv. 2, at end, has:

*If I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marraill.* —Works, p. 474.

where the meaning of "play the prize" is, probably, "make use of the advantage gained."

The line is of course a paraphrase of the proverb "All's fair in war."

99 Line 73: *your MESS of sons*. See note 128 on *Love's Labour's Lost*.

100 Line 80: *with his RAPIER'S point*.—Clifford is described, in the last scene, as having stabbed Rutland. It would be awkward to do this with a rapier. He probably carried a dagger as well. Perhaps the word is used vaguely in the text, and only means "weapon."

101 Line 87: *Stamp, care, and fret, that I may sing and shance*. In Ff. this line is wrongly put after line 91. The *True Tragedie* gives it in its right place, and is followed by Malone and most later editors.

102 Line 106: *O, 'tis a fault too unpardonable!* Mr. Halliwell-Phillips showed [see *Shak. Soc. Public* 1844, pp. 39-43] that the expression *too too* is not a mere reduplication, but a provincial word, which became a recognized archaism, with the meaning "exceeding." Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2, 552:

The schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical, too too vain, too too vain.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1, 291, 295:

*I love him not as I was wont,
O, but I love his lady too too much.*

Often, however, the meaning "too" suits the word just as well. Cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*:

Timely ripe is rotten too too soon. —Works, p. 161.

103 Line 108: *Why true to DO HIM DEAD*.—This phrase appears to be almost unique. Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, bk. iii. canto x. st. 32, has:

But some he shall be fowd, and shortly doen be dodd;

And bk. v. canto iv. st. 23:

Which some hath put to shame, and many doue be dodd.

—Works, b. 5, iii. 227.

Do him to death (below, iii. 3, 103) and *do him to die* are the usual expressions, where *do* has its old meaning "cause," "make," "put."

104 Line 112: *Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth*.—This seems to be imitated in *Wily Beguiled*:

Whose tongue more venom than the serpent's sting.

—Doddsley, vol. ix. p. 179.

105 Lines 130-133, 141, 142:

*'Tis virtue that doth make them most aduaid;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at;
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.*

*Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, filthy, rough, remorseless.*

Compare Hall (p. 159) on the attributes of a good woman; the passage has been given in note 260 to *1. Henry VI.*

106 Line 137: *O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!*

—This is the line parodied, in 1392, in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. (See Introduction, p. 187.) If Greene wrote the hook called by his name—as it is pretty certain he did—and if, as has been thought, he wrote the part of *The True Tragedie* in which this line occurs, then he parodied his own words. His ill-will, Dr. Ingledby says, was not only because of Shakespeare's success, nor because his own work had been made use of by the younger poet, but, beyond this, because one of the despised caste of actors should have succeeded in establishing himself in the much less dishonourable craft of playwright. See *Shakespeare Allusion Books*, part I, Intro. p. xi.

107 Line 150: *Beshrew me, but his passions MOVE me*. Ff. reads *moves instead of move*. The Cambridge editors print *passion moves*. We have followed the reading.

ing of The True Tragedie and the other Folios. The meaning of *passions* is "griefs," "sorrows," as Dyce explains it.

108. Lines 152, 153:

*That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood.*
F. 1, which often breaks the first line of a speech into two, here gives

*That Face of his,
The hungry Cannibals would not have touch'd,
Would not have stain'd with blood.*

The True Tragedie reads as in the text, save that it has *would* for *would* at the beginning of line 153. The editor of F. 2 appears to have thought something was missing, as that edition reads, unintelligibly:

Would not have stain'd the roses just aith blood.

Walker, with some probability, conjectured that two half lines had been lost between the beginning and end of line 153, and proposed to add, after *touch'd*,

*Those roses, new in bloom,
The mountain beads*

and Lettson agrees with him.

ACT II. SCENE I.

109.—1 have marked this scene for omission, as it is full of historic difficulties and really does nothing to advance the action.

110.—Edward was at Gloucester gathering forces when the news came of his father's death. He rapidly raised an army and was setting forward to intercept the queen on her road to London, but being followed by a body of Welsh and Irish, under the Earls of Pembroke and Ormond, he turned and met them at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire, February 2. It was at this time that, as Hall says (p. 251), "I Anne (as some write) appeared to the erle of March, like .iij. sunnes, and suddenly joined all together in one, and that vpo the sight thereof, he toke suche courage, yt he fiercely set on his enemies, & thē shortly discomfited: for which cause, men imagined, that he gaue the sunne in his full brightnes for his cognisance or badge." A fortnight later Warwick was defeated by the queen at St. Albans (see note 122). He made the best of his way to the west, and in a few days united the remainder of his forces with Edward "at Chipping Norton by Cotswold."

This first scene departs considerably from the historical order of events, for which see note 11. It is difficult, indeed, to reconcile it with the rest of the play. First we find Edward and Richard in the Welsh marches (see line 149), just escaped from the battle at Wakefield (in Yorkshire) and ignorant as yet of their father's fate. But to Warwick, who arrives a few minutes later, the news is ten days old; he has since then been defeated by the queen at St. Albans (in Hertfordshire) and come in haste to the marches, with George and the Duke of Norfolk, having heard that Edward is there "making another head to fight again." Then at the end of the scene we hear that the queen's forces are close by, so they must have hurried rapidly in pursuit of Warwick. Yet the next scene finds them at York, without any indication

that they have retreated before the Yorkists, so that we must now suppose them to have come there of set purpose.

Edward's victory at Mortimer's Cross is passed over by the dramatist. Really it preceded Warwick's defeat at St. Albans. But after the play has improperly represented Edward as a combatant at Wakefield there is no room for the battle of Mortimer's Cross to be brought in.

111. Line 10: *Thence our right radiant father is become.* Formerly *become* meant "attain to," "arrive," and hence "fall into a state or condition." Thus "he fell among thieves" is in the Anglo-Saxon gospels "he *becam* on tha secantham" (Luke x. 39). This use of the word still survived, though it was perhaps growing obsolete in Elizabeth's time. Reginald Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* tells of those who can discover where anything "is become." We find in Greene, *Alphonso's King of Arragon*, act ii.:

But, noble lords, where is the knight become?

—Works, p. 230.

Peele, *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, lines:

Where is that lady now become.

—Works, p. 513; compare also p. 517.

and in *Notes and Queries* for December, 1885, p. 392, Mr. Birkbeck Terry quoted from *How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad* (1602):

O, who can tell me where I am become?

For in this darkness I have lost myself.

—Dobley, vol. ix. p. 69.

112. Line 20: *Methods, 'tis PRIDE enough to be his son.*—Ff. read *prize*. If, with Dyce, we retain this, it must be explained as meaning "advantage," "privilege," as in the previous scene, line 59. But the two passages are hardly parallel. The line, as we have given it, is taken from The True Tragedie, and Grant White (quoted by Rolfe) remarks, "it is impossible to believe that Shakespeare, in doing this, changed intentionally a word with a good and pertinent signification for one which, in its present connexion, no proper meaning can be found."

113. Lines 21-24.—Qq., which omit lines 23, 24, begin Edward's speech here instead of at line 25, and Hamner followed them. The somewhat abrupt transition of ideas is thus avoided. As to the intransitive use of *dazzle* in line 25, compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 3.

114. Line 25.—See above, note 110. The stage direction in Qq. before line 21 is "Three sunnes appear in the aire." We may conclude, therefore, that the apparition was in some way made visible to the audience. The phenomenon of *pachel'ta*, or mock-suns, is recorded as having occurred occasionally in this country, and is said to be of not infrequent occurrence in the Alps, the Andes, and Greenland. In many cases the two mock-suns have been seen to have passing through them a circular halo surrounding the sun and a luminous horizontal line which passes also across the sun. The joining together of the sun and the mock-suns, described by the chroniclers, means very likely that when the mock-suns disappeared the horizontal line was observed on either side of the sun.

Mrs. F. B. Palliser says that the bridge of Edward IV. was "*the white rose en soleil*," i.e. with rays of light pro-

ceeding from it. (Historic Devices, &c., p. 372.) But see also II. Henry VI. note 236.

115. Line 43: Enter a Messenger.—"Enter one blowing" is the direction in Ff, which, however, give the two speeches to "Mess." He must be supposed to have come straight from the battle-field.

116. Line 50: *Embraced he was with many foes.*—Hall has almost the same words. "The duke of Yorke," he says (p. 250), " . . . was suffered to passe forward, toward the mayne battail; but when he was in the plain ground betwene his Castle and the tonne of Wakefelde, he was emironed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deere in a buckestall." This and the next five lines are not in The True Tragedie.

117. Lines 54, 55:

*And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Here down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.*

Ff. have *bees* and *falls*, which can hardly have been anything but a printer's error. The correction was made by Pope. The sentence seems to have been proverbial.

118. Lines 65, 66:

*They took his head, and no the gates of York
They set THE SAME.*

This awkward use of *the same*, which occurs again *infra*, v. 1. 65, is found twice in Marlowe, Doctor Faustus:

Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just;
There's none but I have interest in the same.

—Works, p. 87

And again:

*an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And with a vial full of precious grace
Offers to pour the same into thy soul.*

—Works, p. 99

He also has it in Edward II. (See Works, p. 204.) Greene makes frequent use of this circumlocution; in Alphonso King of Arragon it occurs twenty onetimes. Peele, too, has the phrase four times in Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes.

119. Lines 83, 84:

*Kindling embs that FIRES all my breast,
And BURNS me up with flames*

To improve the grammar Rowe read *fire* and *burn*. Many editors have followed him. But the false concord is a very common one in Shakespeare and his contemporaries. In this place *embs*, meaning "fuel," might be explained as having the force of a collective singular.

120. Lines 91, 92:

*Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.*

This was a very old belief. Pliny writes of *Habirtos* the sixth sort of eagle, "she only before that her little ones be feathered, will beat and strike them with her wings, and thereby force them to looke full against the sunne beames. Now, if shee see any one of them to winke, or their eyes to water at the raies of the sunne, shee turnes it with the head forward out of the nest, as a bastard and not right, nor none of hers" (Book x. chap. 3. Hol-

land's translation, i. 272). Robert Chester has twelve lines to the same effect in Love's Martyr concerning

The Princelie Eagle of all Birds the King,

For none but she can gaze against the Sunne.

—P. 118: New Shak. Soc. Reprint; quoted in Miss Philpott's Animal-Lore of Shakespeare's Time.

The same story is found in Chaucer, Spenser, and many other writers: in Batman vppon Bartholome, fol. 176, Aristotle, lib. 20, is cited as an authority for it. Perhaps it took its rise from the powerful sight which the eagle has

121. Line 105: *to add MORE MEASURE to your woes.*—

The use of the phrase, *add more measure to*, appears to be almost unique. The meaning is "increase the measure of," *more measure* denoting "additional quantity," as in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 222, "More measure of this measure," where the phrase is used for the sake of the pun.

122. Lines 109-137.—Hall says (p. 252), "ye quene was grently encouraged with the victory, obtained late at Wakefeld, partly because the duke of Yorke, her vttir enemy was ryd out of the world, & partly, because she perceyned, the lordes of the North country to adhere and cleue to her parte and facciō: wherfore with a great multitude of Northre people, she marched toward London . . . intending to subuerste and defaict all conclusions and agrementes, enacted and assented to, in the last Parliamēt . . . wherof ye duke of Northfolke, ye erle of Warwycke, and other, whom ye duke of Yorke had left to gouerne the kyng in his absence, beyng aduertised, by the assent of ye kyng, gathered together a great hoste, and set forward towardes sainte Albons, hauyng the kyng in their company, as the head and cheftayn of the warre." Warwick held the town, and the queen's troops were repulsed by a body of archers, but made their entry at another point and ultimately reached Barnet heath, where, says Holinshed (p. 270), "they had a farre greater conflict with foure or thie thousand of the kings armie, that seemed as they had beene anant courrers."

"These gaue the onset so hercelie at the beginning, that the victorie rested doubtfull a certeine time, so that if the easterne and southerne men had continued as they began, the feld had beene theirs; but after they had stood to it a pretie while, and perrained none of their fellows from the great armie to come and assist them, they began to faint, and turning their backs, fled amaine ouer hedge and ditch, through thicke and thin, woods and bushes, . . . the northern prickers, now in the chase pursued most hottie, and bare downe manie, and more had done, if the night coming vpon, had not staled them."

"When the day was closed, those that were about the king (in number a twentie thousand) hearing how euill their fellows had sped, began vtterlie to despair of the victorie, and so fell without anie long tarriance to running awaie. By reason wherof, the nobles that were about the king, perceiuing how the game went, and withall saw no comfort in the king, but rather a good will and affection towards the contrarie part, they withdrew also," and fled.

123. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

124. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

125. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

126. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

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141. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

142. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

143. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

144. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

145. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

146. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

147. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

148. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

149. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

150. Line 113: *And very well appointed, as I thought.*—Ff omit this line. It was restored from Qq. by Steevens.

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as I thought.—
by STEEVENS.

124. Line 130: *like the night-owl's LAZY flight*.—Varrell says of owls: "Their flight is easy and buoyant, but not rapid" (British Birds, I. 109). Horace speaks of "plumas nocturne strigis," so that the epithet *night* is of some antiquity.

125. Line 131: *Or like AN IDLE thesser with a fail*.—This is Capell's reading, following Qq. FF. have:
Or like a bawle Thresher with a Flaide.

126. Line 143. This is a misstatement. After the battle of Tewkesfield George and his brother Richard were sent to the north for safety, and remained with Philip of Burgundy. But Edward had established himself on the throne, besides, George was at this time but twelve years old, and Richard only nine.

127. Line 144: *Some six miles off the duke is WITH HIS POWER*.—FF. have:

Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers.

an error of the printer's, owing to the occurrence of the words in line 147. The text is from Qq.

128. Line 146: *your kind AUNT, Duchess of Burgundy*. Ritson remarks that Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, was daughter of John I., King of Portugal, and Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. Edward and she were, therefore, no more than third cousins.

129. Lines 161, 162:

*wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Samb'ring our Ave-Maries with our heads.*

This is aimed at Henry. Almost the same as line 162 is Margaret's description, II. Henry VI. i. 3. 50.

130. Line 177: *Their power, I think, is THIRTY THOUSAND strong*.—Qq. read:

Their power I gesse them ffly thousand strong;

and in line 181 they have *eight and forty thousand* instead of the *five and twenty thousand* of the present text. The Quarto reading in line 181 agrees with the statement in Hall (p. 253) and Holinshed (pp. 277, 278) of the Yorkist force at the battle of Towton; but they give "ix. M." (i.e. 60,000) as the number of the Lancastrian troops. The reason for the alteration in the text is not obvious. The other varieties between the Quarto and Folio texts of this scene are few and trifling.

131. Line 182: *Why, Yea! to London will we march AGAIN*.—FF. omit *again*, which was added from The True Tragedie by Theobald.

132. Line 190: *And when thou FAIL'ST, as God forbid the hour!*—We have adhered to the reading of FF. The True Tragedie has *faints for fail'st*, an error probably due to imperfect hearing. Steevens read *fall'st*, and is followed by Dyce and others. But the Folio reading is more appropriate, since Warwick is regarded as Edward's staff or support.

133. Lines 205-209.—These lines are absent from The True Tragedie. The passage comes in somewhat by surprise, and the use of it is not apparent. Warwick has just said the queen was in London and that he had come up to the Welsh border to Edward in haste. We must infer that the queen's forces were following in hot pur-

suit, but in the next scene they are at York with Edward's forces close by (line 56). Compare note 110.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

134.—The actual history of this period differs greatly from the version here given us. On the 4th of March Edward was received as king with acclamation at Baynard's Castle and at Westminster, and "lodged in the bishops palace: Dayly making provision, to go Northward against his aduerse faction and open enemies, and on the morow he was proclaymed kyng . . . throughout y^e citie. While these thinges were in doying in the Southpart, king Hery beyng in the North-countrey, thinking because he had slayn the duke of Yorke, the chefe Capitayn of the contrary lynnage, that he had brought all thynge to purpose and conclusion as he would, assembled a great army, trusting with litle payne and small losse, to destroy the residew of his enemies" (Hall, p. 254). Edward in a few days marched northward to Pontefract: Henry and the queen lay at York. The fact that Edward had been formally recognized as king before he set out for the north is ignored in the play.

I cannot understand what Wordworth means when he says that the second battle of St. Albans "took place after the meeting at York" represented in this scene. (Shakespeare's Historical Plays, iii. 200.)

135. Lines 7, 8:

'Tis not my fault,

NOR WITTINGLY have I infectyd my row.

Reed altered *nor* to *not*, and Walker thought we should read *wittingly*. But there seems no objection to giving *wittingly* the meaning "purposely."

136. Line 30: *Which sometime they have us'd IN fearful flight*.—FF. have *with*. Capell restored in from Qq.

137. Lines 45-48:

*But, Clifford, tell me, dost thou never hear
That things ill-got had erer had success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell!*

Halliwel and Staunton quote, in illustration of the latter couplet, Greene, Royal Exchange: "It hath beene an olde proverbe, that happy is that some whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thys allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seeke to enrich therr sonnes by covetousnes, by briberie, parloynng, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not onely affliction of mind, as greeved with insatietye of getting, but with danger of soule, as a just reward for such wretchednesse." Halliwel refers also to Greenes Newses both from Menneen and Hall (Shakespeare's Library, pt. ii. vol. ii. p. 41).

138. Line 61. Edward was knighted just after the battle of Wakefield. The statement in the text is a mistake.

139. Line 68: *with a band of THIRTY THOUSAND men*.—See note 130. Qq. In this place have *fiftie thousand*.

140. Line 74: *The queen hath best success when you are absent*.—The sentiment is perhaps taken from the Chronicles. Hall (p. 252) concludes his account of the

battle of Wakefield with the remark: "Happy was the queen in her two battays, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises, for where his person was present, their victory fled ever from him to the other party." No doubt Henry had the repute of bringing ill luck. Steevens quotes from Drayton an expansion of Hall's words (Var. Ed. xviii. 416).

141. Line 89. The True Tragedie begins a speech for "George" here, reading *our heather* in line 92 instead of *we*. The alteration was made in F. 1, which, however, by inadvertence still gives the speech to "Cha." The text is from F. 2.

142. Line 110: *Break off the PARLE*. We have adopted Reed's emendation. Both Ff. and Qq. have *parley*.

143. Line 116: *But ere* SIX SET I'll make thee curse the deed.—Ff. have *sunset*, but Qq. give *sunne set*, which we have adopted. Compare King John, iii. 1. 119, and note 136 on that play.

144. Line 133. Ff. wrongly give this speech to Warwick. Pope transferred it to Richard, to whom The True Tragedie also assigns it.

145. Line 138: *As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings*. The toad is described as ugly and venomous in As You Like It, and the delusion is still popular. The dreadful sting of the lizard is as imaginary as the harmful qualities of the newt; see A Midsummer Night's Dream, note 133.

146. Line 141: *As if a CHANSEL should he call'd the sea*—A *channel*, Malone remarks, signified in Shakespeare's time what we now call a *kenel*. Cf. II. King Henry IV. ii. 1. 51: "Throw the queen in the *channel*."

147. Line 144: *A wispe of straw*. The wearing of a wisp upon the head is shown by Malone to have been a punishment for a scold. He quotes, *inter alia*, A Dialogue between John and Jane:

Good gentle Jane, with-holde thy hands,
This once let me entreat thee,
And make me promise, never more
Thou shalt mind to beat me;
For feare thou weare the *wispe*, good wife.

—Var. Ed. xviii. 422.

In the present passage it seems to be considered also a punishment for a strumpet.

148. Line 172: *Since thou DEMEST the gentle king to speak*. Ff. read *deniedst*. The correction was made by Warburton from Qq.

149. Line 173: *let our bloody colours wave*.—Compare Henry V. i. 2. 101:
Stand for your own; unbind your bloody flag.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

150. Lord Fitzwalter, a relative of Warwick, had gained the passage of Ferrybridge, but was surprised and slain by Clifford. "When the erle of Warwycke was enformed of this feate," says Hall (p. 256), "he like a man desperate, mounted on his Hackney, and came blowyng to kyng Edward sayng: 'Syr I praye God haue

mercy of their sonles, which in the begynnyng of your enterprise, hath lost their lifes, and because I see no succors of the world, I remit the vengeance and punishment to God' . . . and with that lighted donne, and slewe his horse with his sworde, sayng: 'let him fllie that wil, for surely I wil tary with him that wil tary with me,' and kissed the crosse of his swompe.

"The lusty kyng Edward, perceyving the courage of his tynsty fied the erle of Warwycke, made proclamation that all men, whiche were afraide to fighte, shoulde incontinent departe, and to all men that carried the battell, he promised great rewardes." The play puts some of these sentiments of Warwick into Richard's mouth, and includes the events of three different actions in its representation of the battle of Towton. See note 9.

151. Line 5: *And, SPITE OF SPYTE, needs must I rest awhile*.—Compare King John, v. 4. 4, 5:

That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

152. Line 15: *Thy BROTHER'S blood the thirsty earth hath drank*.—This was "the Bastard of Salisbury, brother to the erle of Warwycke," who fell along with Clifford in the engagement at Ferrybridge.

153. Line 37: *Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings*. Cf. Psalm lxxv. 7: "God is the judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another;" and Daniel ii. 21: "he removeth kings, and setteth up kings." In iii. 3. 157 Margaret, in disgust at Warwick's unbounded ambition and pretension, addresses him as "Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings." The Qq., instead of lines 33-41, have only the following:

Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now joine my soule to thee,
Thou setter up and puller downe of kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the doo. —F. 47.

Malone supposed that the third line in this quotation was part of the address to Warwick, and that therefore line 37 in the amended play was addressed to Warwick. But such a mode of address would be an anachronism in this place, and almost blasphemous; it is far better to take the line as the beginning of Edward's prayer. Lines 35, 36 were no doubt introduced in the revised play to prevent the misunderstanding into which Malone fell.

154. Line 40: *Yet that THY brazen gates of heaven nogt ope*. Dyce prints *tho*; but for the reasons mentioned in the last note it does not seem necessary to alter the text.

155. Lines 52, 53:

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewardes
As victors were at the Olympian games.

This somewhat extraordinary proposal is an instance of the way in which, in earlier Elizabethan dramas, classical customs and names were referred to as though still in use. Thus, in David and Bethsabe, Peele calls David "Jove's musician." In the same way we find *Nero* mentioned *infra*, iii. 1. 40.

Collier, in his second edition, read *weare* for *wear*, and Dyce followed him. I cannot, however, find any autho-

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rity for such a form of the past tense of *wear* in the literature of the time, and the emendation does not make the sentiment any more natural.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

156 Line 8: *And here's the heart that triumphs in their DEATHS.*—This is the reading of Qq. Fl. *have death*, which is not so forcible.

157 Lines 12, 13.—These lines do not occur in the corresponding place in *The True Tragedie*. They are, as Malone remarked, a repetition of II. Henry VI. v. 2, 14, 15.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

158.—The soliloquy in lines 1-54 is much altered and enlarged from the version in Qq. We have there, instead of the simile of lines 5-12, the following lines:

How like a mastlesse ship upon the seas,
This wofull battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side drie,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.

The likeness between the passages is curious. Perhaps the idea was suggested by the words of Hall, who says (p. 256): "This deadly battaile" (i.e. of Towton) " . . . continued . . . x. houres in doubtfull victorie. The one parte some time flowyng, and sometime ebbing." Further on he says: "This conflict was in manner unnaturall, for in it the sonne fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord." This, it has been supposed with some probability, suggested the episodes in the rest of the scene. The statement does not occur in Holinshed. With the *shepherd blowing of his natts* of line 3, compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 922, 923:

When it kiles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blowes his nail.

See also *Taming of the Shrew*, note 34.

159 Line 23: *Tu sit upon a hill, as I do now.*—In line 14 Henry has said, "here on this *mochehill* will I sit me down." The word must mean a hillock or knoll: compare Colgrave, who interprets the French *basse* by "a hillocke, mochehill, small hill or barrow of ground." And see i. 4. 67, together with the passage from Holinshed given in note 92. Whethamstede, from whom Holinshed is there copying, says (l. 382) Warwick was set "super muna parvum formicarum colliculum," i.e. I suppose, an ant-hill, if the words are to be taken literally. It would appear that during this scene Henry is not seen by the other speakers.

160 Line 36: *So many weeks ere the poor foole will EAT.* Compare *Merchant of Venice*, note 90.

161 Line 37: *So many YEARS ere I shall shear the fleece.* Probably a line has been lost before this. Henry may have said, "So many months ere I shall wean the lambs." Malone's explanation, which is scouted by Dyce, is probably right, that the *years* are those which must elapse before the lambs are old enough to be shorn (*Var. Ed.* xviii. 433). Rowe read *months* for *years*, and has been followed by many editors. A ewe's period of

pregnancy is from twenty-one to twenty-three weeks. The lambing season begins about March, while shearing time is in the autumn. Thus a lamb is about a year and a half old when first shorn.

162 Line 38: *So minutes, hours, days, WEEKS, months, and years.*—Weeks, which the metre requires, is omitted in Fl. It was inserted by Rowe.

163 Line 51: *Is far begund a prince's DELICATES.*—The word *delicates* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Compare Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*:

pleasant fruits and princely delicacies.

—Works, p. 80.

164 Line 55: Enter a Lancastrian soldier, bringing in a dead body. We have altered the stage direction of Fl. here and before line 79, as the context plainly requires that in the first case a Lancastrian soldier should be introduced, and in the second a Yorkist.

165 Line 62: *Whom in this coward I UNWARES have kill'd*—We have followed the reading of F. 1, F. 2, F. 3. Whether by accident or otherwise, many editors give *unwares*, the reading of F. 4.

166 Line 75: *Poor lucklesse lambs ABIDE their enmity.*—*Abide*, in the sense of "pay for," or "be punished for," is used interchangeably with *aby*, the more proper word. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 191. Qq. in this place read

Poore Lambs doe feeble the rigor of their wrailes. —P. 50.

167. Lines 77, 78:

*let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break & cherish'd with grief.*

The best meaning that can be got out of this conceit seems to be: "Let our hearts and eyes, like ourselves in civil war, be self-destructive," and thus Cowden Clarke explained the passage, following Johnson.

168 Line 79: *Thou that so stoutly HAST resisted me,*—This is the reading of F. 3. F. 1, F. 2 have *hath*.

169 Line 87: *'Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.*—Fl. have *killes* or *kills*. The text is Rowe's.

170 Line 89: *What STRATAGEMS, how fell, how butcherly.*—This is the reading of F. 3, F. 4. F. 1, F. 2 have *stratagems*, which is plainly a blunder.

171. Lines 92, 93:

*O how, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!*

Warburton's explanation is that he was born too soon, because had he been born later he would not have had to bear arms; and that the father was too late in depriving him of life, because he should have done so by not bringing him into being. But *too late*, in line 93, is often interpreted here as *too lately*, *too recently*, as in *Rape of Lucrece*, lines 1800, 1801 (quoted by Malone):

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spild;

and this interpretation may be correct. Qq. interchange *late* and *soon*, and were followed by Hammer and Capell. The Cambridge editors remark that this merely transfers

the difficulty of explanation from one line to the other. Grant White, however, thinks that this may have been the original reading, and compares Heywood's translation of Seneca's Troas:

O some begot to late for Troy, but borne too soon for me!

a passage of which he thinks the lines in The True Tragedie may have been a reminiscence. He further suggests that on the revision the text may have been altered to the present arrangement without sufficient consideration, in order presumably to improve the meaning of the first line.

172. Line 100: *The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.* Fl. read *cheekes*. The text is Rowe's.

173. Line 104: *TAKE ON with me.*—This expression is nowadays looked on as a vulgarism. We find it in Middleton, *Michaelmas Term*, iv. 1: "then will I begin to rave like a fellow of a wide conscience, and, for all the world, counterfeit to the life that which I know I shall do when I die; *take on* for my gold, my lands, and my writings" (Works, vol. i. p. 401).

174. Lines 114, 115:

*These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre.*

Compare Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, iii.:

—Works, p. 161.

Lines 114-120 are not in The True Tragedie; they have all the appearance of an insertion superadded upon the earlier play when the revision was made. It seems not an unreasonable supposition that they were suggested by the line in the *Jew of Malta*.

175. Line 119: *EEN for the loss of thee*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *Men for Een*; F. 4 has *Mau*. Capell printed *Eeen*, and Dyce *Een*, which is no doubt correct.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

176. For the passage in Hall on which this scene is founded, see note 9. The stage direction in Q₁ is "Enter Clifford wounded with an arrow in his necke." It may have been in ridicule of this that Benmont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act v. scene 3, bring in Ralph "with a forked arrow through his head" (Works, vol. ii. p. 96; quoted by Stevens).

177. Line 6: *that tough commixture melts.* This is the reading of Q₁, followed by Stevens. F. 1 has *thy tough commixtures melts*, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *thy tough commixtures melt*.

178. Line 8: *The common people swarm like summer flies*—This line is found only in Q₁, but Fl. have, after line 16, the line "They never then had sprung like summer flies," which looks like a perversion of the line in Q₁ inserted in a wrong place. Theobald inserted the line here from Q₁.

179. Lines 11-13.—See note 96.

180. Line 18: *Had left no mourning wishes for our deaths.* Fl. have *death* for *deaths*, which Capell restored from Q₁.

181. Lines 41-43.—In F. 1, followed substantially by F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, lines 41, 42, and the first half of 43 are given to Richard, and Edward's speech begins at "And now the Battails ended." This seems mere carelessness on the part of the printer. Q₁ give the speeches, with but slight variations, as in the text, and their arrangement has been generally followed since it was pointed out by Stevens.

182. Line 42: *A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.*—*Departing* means "parting," viz. of the soul from the body. Compare line 4, *supra*. Various corrections of the line have been proposed. Hammer would read in *death*; Lettson and *breath*; neither of which suggestions improves the sense.

183. Line 46: *Who not contented.*—Unless the meaning given in the foot-note is taken, there is no verb to which *who* can belong. The same intransitive use of the verb *content* is proposed by Dyce in *Venus and Adonis*, line 61:

For'd to content, but never to obey.

(See his Glossary, p. 97.) Q₁ have, instead of lines 46-50, only the following:

Who killd our tender brother Rutland,
And slaid our princely father Duke of York.

It may be that in expanding this into the form in which we now have it, the alteration in the construction of the first clause escaped notice.

184. Line 55: *Bring forth that fatal SCREECH-OWL to our house.*—The screech-owl is the common barn or white owl (*Strix flammarum*). Its usual cry is a shriek, and it is seldom heard to hoot as the brown owls commonly do. Popular dislike extended to all the owl tribe, their appearance and cry being both supposed to foretell misfortune and death. Pliny (*Natural History*, book x. chap. 12) says of the "scritch-owle," "he is the verie monster of the night, neither crying nor singing out cleere, but uttering a certayne heavey grone of dolefull moaning. And therefore if he be seene to flie either within citties, or otherwise abroad in any place, it is not good, but prognosticateth some fearfull misfortune" (Holland's Pliny, vol. i. p. 276). Compare v. 6. 44, *infer*, in the present play, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 383-385:

Whilst the screech-owle, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in sleep
In remembrance of a shroud.

See also I. Henry VI. note 116.

185. Lines 65, 66:

*Because he would avoid such bitter haunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.*

The passage corresponding to this in Q₁ is as follows—

that in the time of death,
He might avoid such bitter stormes as he
In his hour of death did give unto our father.

This is no doubt corrupt; but Dyce thinks that *which* having been substituted in the latter line, it was by an oversight that *such* was not altered into *those*. No change, however, is required; we find *which* following *such* in several other places; e.g. *Twelfth Night*, act v. line 378:

in *such* forms which here were presupposed.

186. Line 50, 51, *But it seems more*—line 70, *intentional* adopted 6.

187. Line 167, *but Warwick time have* 162.)

188. Line 167, *but Warwick time have* 162.)

189. The Edward's p and Exeter the king's but were not attain time quarrel in 1463 Mar some French failure and to Edward's and the Earl in April, 14 later Somerset headed, Henry flight. Forwards he second Lancastretreat at Batto Flanders was at this time he married was not, but

186. Line 81: *I'll chop it off.* Fl. here have "*This hand should chop it off*;" Q₁ "*I'll cut it off*." Compare v. 1. 50, 51, *infer*; a passage which is not in *The True Tragedie*. But it seems to us that in this place the words *This hand* are more likely to be a repetition of *this right hand* in line 70, by a printer's or transcriber's error, than an intentional alteration of the author's. We have accordingly adopted Capell's reading, founded on that of Q₁.

187. Line 88. Edward was crowned on his return from Towton, June 1, 1461. It was in 1463, according to Hall (p. 263), that Warwick went to France to ask the hand of the lady Bona for Edward. Holinshed (p. 283) appears to put it in 1461, after the overthrow of the Lancastrian rising. Both put the embassy in the same year with the king's secret espousal to Elizabeth Wydeville - i.e. 1461 - but Warwick, it has been shown, could not at the later time have been in France. (See Lingard, vol. iv. pp. 161, 162.)

188. Line 100: *Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.* Malone refers to Hall's words (p. 269) on the death of the Good Duke Humphrey: "It seemeth to many men, that the name and title of Gloucester, hath been unfortunate and unlucky to divers, which for their honor, have been erected by creation of princes, to that stile and dignitie, as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, some to kyng Edward the third, and this duke Humphrey, which three persons, by miserable death finished their daies, and after them kyng Richard the .iii. also, duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slain and confounded; so yt this name of Gloucester, is take for an vndappie and vnforgate stile." Foxe remarked that this is based on Polydore Virgil's *Historia Rerum Anglicarum*, book xviii. (See Acts and Monuments, &c., p. 705, edn. 1553.) The superstitious character of Richard, here indicated, is further developed in the course of this play and that of Richard III.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

189. The stubborn fight at Towton, 1461, established Edward's position. Henry and Margaret, with Somerset and Exeter, found refuge in Scotland, and having bought the king's aid by the cession of Berwick, beset Carlisle, but were routed by Montague. In November the parliament attainted the surviving Lancastrian nobles. Intestine quarrels prevented further aid from Scotland, and in 1463 Margaret's attempt on Northumberland with some French troops under Peter de Brezé ended in failure and shipwreck. Somerset and Percy submitted to Edward and were pardoned, but in 1464 joined Henry and the Lancastrian exiles in a new revolt in the North. In April, 1464, Percy fell at Hedgeley Moor, and a month later Somerset was taken in battle at Hexham and beheaded, Henry himself barely escaping by a precipitate flight. For some time he took refuge in Scotland, but afterwards he seems to have been in hiding in Westmorland and Lancashire. There is a tradition that he dwelt in retreat at Bolton for several months. Margaret withdrew to Flanders and subsequently to her father at Anjou. It was at this time that Edward met Elizabeth Grey, whom he married at the end of April, 1464. The marriage was not, however, declared till five months later. (See

note 11.) The next year Henry "whether he wer past all feare, or was not well stablished in his perille mynde, or could not long kepe hymself secrete, in a dysguysed apparell, boldly entered into Englaunde. He was no soner entered, but he was knowen and taken of one Cantlowe" (Hall, p. 261; Fabian adds, "in a wood, in the North countrey." Compare the Fragment published by Hearne, p. 292.) Warkworth, p. 5, says the capture was made "in a wood beside Hungerly Hyppingstones" (on the Ribbles), "by the mean of a black (i.e. Dominican) monk of Abyngdon." Elsewhere it is said to have happened at Wadlington Hall, in the same neighbourhood. Henry was at once brought to London to the Tower, "and there he was laied in sure holde" (Hall, p. 261).

The inversion of the historical sequence in this and the next scene is due to the fact that Hall, whose chronology is somewhat uncertain,¹ describes under one and the same year the capture of Henry, Edward's marriage, and Warwick's mission for the hand of Bona. For dramatic convenience the time from 1461 to 1465 is treated in the play as a period of only a few months.

190. Enter two Keepers. For this, the stage direction of Q₁, F. 1 substitutes "Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey." Sinklo seems to have been an actor (see *Timing of the Shrew*, note D), and probably, therefore, Humfrey is the name of another. Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. 447) suggests that he may have been Humphrey Jeafes, who appears from Henslow's Diary (pp. 99, 102) to have been one of the Lord Admiral's players, and the holder of a half-share in the Rose Theatre.

191. Line 24: *Let me embrace thee, sunn adversity.* F. 1 reads:

Let me embrace the sower A leucaries.

We have adopted Dyce's correction.

192. Line 51: *With promise of his sister, and WHAT else.* - Compare *what beside*, ii. 1. 175, *supra*, and *Tempest*, iii. 1. 71-73:

Beyond all limit of what else 't the world
Do love, praise, honour you.

This seems to be almost the only instance in Shakespeare of *what* meaning "anything," though there are several examples where it means "any."

193. Line 55: *Say, what art thou THAT talkest of kings and queens?* Fl. omit *that*, which is, however, found in Q₁, and was restored by Rowe.

194. Line 63: *Indian stones* are perhaps *pearls*; but India was commonly reckoned the general storehouse for all gems in Elizabethan times.

195. Line 82: *do I not BREATHE a man?* The same use of *breathe* as a euphative verb is found in Richard III. iii. 5. 25, 26:

the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon this earth a Christian.

196. Line 97: *We charge you, in God's name, and in the*

¹ He puts into the second year of Edward's reign all the events of the third, and is a year behindhand in his numbering for several years after.

king's. The True Tragedie—which contains nothing corresponding to lines 70 to 96—reads, instead of this line,

And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the kings,
and Ff have the same, with the omission of the first two words. I suspect the lacking syllable was not noticed when the correction was made. The text is Rowe's.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

197. Line 2: *Sir JOHN GREY.* He is called Richard in Qq. and Ff. by mistake. Pope made the necessary correction.

198. Line 3: *His LANDS then seiz'd on by the conqueror.* Ff. read *land*, but Qq. *lands*. It was, however, Edward who seized Sir John Grey's lands after his victory at Towton.

199. Lines 6, 7:

*in quarrel of the house of YORK
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.*

This is incorrect. Sir John Grey fought on the Lancastrian side (see note 11). Hall merely says (p. 252), "In this battayl were slayn . . . of whom no noble man is remembred, save syr thom Gray," and the mistake in the text perhaps arose from misunderstanding this passage.

200. Lines 24-33. This passage, with lines 36-53, is another instance of *prologuizatio*, or dialogue in alternate lines, already remarked on in I. Henry VI. note 207.

201. Line 28: *Nay, whip me, then.* This is the reading of Qq. Ff. have "Nay then, whip me."

202. Lines 31, 32:

'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

1. Grey. *Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it, then.*
It denotes Lady Grey's suit. Compare v. 7. 40, *infra*, and Love's Labour's Lost, note 1, for a similar use of the word. Qq. read *them for then*.

203. Lines 97, 98:

*I know I am too weak to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.*

This is taken from Hall, who says (p. 264) "she . . . answered . . . affirmynge that as she was for his honor farre vnable to be hys spouse and bedfelow; So for her awne poore honestie, she was to good to be either hys concubine, or somerlyne lady." The sentence which follows seems to have furnished the idea for lines 81-86. Edward, Hall says, "was move set all on a hote burning fyre, what for the confidence that he had in her perfyte constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastitie."

But lines 102-105 are probably founded on a passage in the Life of Edward the Fifth by Sir Thomas More, which Hall reproduces in his Chronicle. The words are as follows: "That she is a widowe and hath alrede children: By god his blessed lady, I am a bachelor and have some to, & so eche of vs hath a prooffe, that neither of vs is like to be barren" (p. 367). They are found in a supposed speech of Edward IV. to his mother in defence of his

alliance with Lady Grey. It may be that this duplicate account of the king's misalliance was in the mind of the author of the play when he wrote the present scene. If so, he ought not to have blundered as he did about Sir John Grey, who is plainly described therein as one "whom kyng Henry made knight at the laste battail of saint Albones."

204. Line 110. *The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.* F. 1 inadvertently inserts *very* before *sad*, but is corrected by F. 2.

205. Line 112. *To whom, my lord?* So Qq. substantially, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 reads *who for whom*.

206. Line 123. *lords, use her honourably.* For the *honourable* of Qq. F. 1 has *honourable*, but the necessary correction was made in F. 2, and is justified by the next line, where all the copies have the adverbial form.

207. Line 131: *all the look'd-for issue of their bodies.*—The reading of Q. 1 (p. 63) is

all they lookt for issue
of their loines,

where Q. 2, Q. 3 wrongly made the alteration *looke*. F. 1, which the other editions substantially follow, has
all the vnlouk'd-for issue of their bodies.

This seems out of place, for Gloucester in reckoning up all those who stand between him and the crown naturally concludes with the children not yet born, but whom the persons spoken of might reasonably hope for. *Unlook'd for*, the reading of Ff., is followed by all the editors. I cannot, however, give any more satisfactory interpretation to it than "whom it is not yet time to expect."

208. Line 139. *he'll LADE it dry.*—The word *lade* has sometimes been misunderstood; but the sense is clearly shown by the following passage quoted in Dyce's Glossary from Cotgrave: "*Buequeter.* To lade, or draine a river, or other water, with piles, or buckets." The word is still used with this meaning.

209. Line 153: *Why, lore forswore me in my mother's womb.*—Malone (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 402) compares Wily Beguiled:

For love did scorn me in my mother's wombe.

—Dobson, ix. 27

210. Lines 160, 161:

*To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp.*

Compare II. Henry VI. v. 1. 157; and v. 6. 51, *infra*, where Henry says that Gloucester at his birth was

An indigested and deformed lump.

And compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Wit without Money, i. 1:

They're only lumps, and *undigested pieces*,
Lick'd over to a form by our affections.

—Works, vol. I. p. 184.

These passages call to mind Ovid, *Metam.* i. 7:
chaos rudis indigestaque moles.

The dramatist has given *chaos* the unusual sense of "abortion." With line 157 compare v. 7. 23, *infra*; and for the description of Richard see More's account, given in Hall (pp. 342, 343). There we are told: "he was little of stature,

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not able to n

enill featured of finnes, croke backed, the left shulder muche higher than the righte. . . . He was mallecons, wrothfull and enions, . . . close and secrete, a depe dissimuler, lowlve of countenance, arrogante of herte, outwardly familer where he inwardly hated, not lettynge to kisse whom he thought to kill, . . . not able for euill will, but offer for ambition and too seene his purpose." Elsewhere More tells how Richard "plucked yphis dondet slene to his elbowe on hys lefte arme, where he shewed a wery she wythered arme & small as it was neuer other" (Hall, p. 360). See, too, notes 327, 336. The legend of new-born bears being shapeless is a well-known one. Pliny says (Naturali Historie, bk. viii. ch. 36): "At the first, they seeme to be a hump of white flesch without all forme, little bigger than rattons, without eyes, and wanting hair: onely there is some shew and apparance of clawes that put forth. This rude hump, with li king they fashion by litle and litle into some shape" (Holland's translation, l. 216). Lines 160-162 are not in Q4.

211 Line 170: *Until my head, that this misshap'd trunk bears.*—This is Stevens's correction. F. I reads: *Vault my misshap'd Trunk, that bears this head.*

212 Line 175: *That rents the thorns.* The verbs *rent* and *read* were sometimes used interchangeably. Thus Marlowe writes in Tamburlaine, 2nd part, l. 3:

When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds,
and in Edward III.

Compare Richard III, l. 2, 126. —Works, pp. 47, 212.

213 Lines 182, 183:

*Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile;
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart.*

There seems to be a recollection of these lines in the sentiment of Chlums in Wily Beguiled:

I cry content, and murder where I kiss.
—Dodsley, ix. 231.

214. Line 187: *I'll shew more gazers than the basilisk.*—See II. Henry VI. note 185.

215 Line 190. —*Simon* was a Greek who, Virgil tells us in *Æneid*, bk. ii., by his false words and self-inflicted wounds obtained for the wooden horse, in which armed Greeks were hidden, admission into Troy. Compare *Lacerte*, lines 1506-1522.

216 Line 193: *the murderous Machiavel.*—See I. Henry VI. note 258. The anachronism here does not occur in The True Tragedie, where the corresponding passage (p. 64) reads "the aspiring Catalin."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

217 The passage in Hall upon which is founded the incident of Warwick's embassy to demand the hand of the Lady Bona is given in note 32 *supra*. The other incidents of this scene belong to the year 1470, when, according to Hall (p. 278), Warwick, "mistrusting that he was not able to mete with hys enemyes, . . . determined

to sayle to kyng Loys the French kyng, to renew the familer acquaintance, whiche he had with him when he was there of Ambassade, for the marriage of kyng Edward as you haue hard." Having landed in Normandy, he "rode with greute pompe toward Amboyse, where the Frenche kyng laie. . . . Wile he came to the kynges presence, he was with all kyndes of curtesie and humanitie receiued and welcomed: To whom by long tracte of tyme, he declared the causes & considerations, of his comynge into Fraunce." The dramatist has been blained for his departure from history in making Queen Margaret so quickly cast aside her enmity towards Warwick. Probably, however, he merely followed the Chronicle, which does not mention the matter. Hall says (p. 281), "When Quene Margarete, whiche soioined with Duke Feyner her father, called kyng of Sicile, &c. Harde tell that the exile of Warwicke and the Duke of Clarence, had abandoned Englande, and wer come to the Frenche Courte: hoppyng of newe comfort, with all diligence came to Amboyse, with her onely son Prince Edward. And with her came Iasper erle of Penbroke, and Iohn erle of Oxenford, whiche after diuerse long imprisonments lately escaped, fled out of Englande into Fraunce and came by fortune to this assemble. After that thei had long comoned, and debated diuerse matters, concerning their suretie and wealth, they determined by meane of the Frenche kyng to conclude a league and a treatie betwene them: And first to begin with all, for the more sure foundation of the newe amitie, Edward Prince of Wales, wedded Anne second daughter to the erle of Warwicke, whiche Lady, came with her mother into Fraunce. . . . After this marriage the duke and the erle toke a solenne othe, that they should neuer leaue the warre, untill suche tyme as kyng Henry the sixt, or the prince his sonne, were restored to the full possession and Diademe of the Reialme. . . . When the league was concluded . . . the Frenche kyng lent them shippes, money, and men, and that thei mighte the surer sale into Englande, he appointed the Bastard of [Barbon],² Admirall of Fraunce with a greute armie, to defende them against the armie of the Duke of Burgoyne."

218 Line 11: *to my humble STATE conform myself.*—*Fi* read *sest*, a repetition from the previous line. We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's correction.

219 Lines 25, 26:

*Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a FORLORN.*

Of a king means, "from being a king." *Of* in this sense occurs in the following passage from Greene's *Orlando Furioso*: "Agathocles, who of a base potter were the kingly diadem" (Works, p. 93). Compare also Peele, *Battle of Alcazar*, v. l. 38, 39:

*of a meanly man,
Lo, in a twinkling, a senseless stock we see.*
—Works, p. 478

The substantive *Forlorn*, meaning "outcast," "solitary," seems not to occur elsewhere except in the following passage given in Richardson's *Dict. from the Tatler*, No. 210:

² Hall incorrectly writes *Burgoyne*; I have substituted *Barbon* from Holinshed (p. 296), who copies Hall's words almost verbatim.

"I become weary and impatient of the derision of the gossamers of our Sex; who call me old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes. If you are truly a patron of the distressed, and an Adept in Astrology, you will advise whether I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon by the importunities of my own Sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn" (iv. s2, edn. 1774).

220. Line 94: *To make prescription.* "Prescription," according to Cowell, "is a course or use of any thing for a time beyond the memory of man, as the expositio of the law termes doth define it. *Kitch. fol. 101.* saith thus: Prescription is, when for continuance of time, whereof there groweth no memory, a peticuler person hath peticuler right against another peticuler person" (The Interpreter, 1657, sig. Eee 2).

221. Line 102: *the lord Aubrey Vere.* See note 6.

222. Line 109: *Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford.*—To mend the metre, Hammer read *lord Oxford*. Lines consisting mostly of proper names are often unrhymical.

223. Line 124: *an ETERNAL plant.*—This is the reading of Q₁, adopted by Warburton and succeeding editors. F. 1 has *eternal*. The meaning "perennial" appears to belong to the word nowhere else in Shakespeare.

224. Line 127: *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain.* The meaning appears to be that Edward's love was not liable to malice or spite, though it might be to disdain; which is rather an awkward way of saying that his love would not turn to hatred but it might to scorn if his suit were rejected.

225. Line 140: *To Edward, YES: not to the English king.* The reading of Q₁ is:

To Edward, but not the English king.

FF. have:

To Edward, but not to the English king.

a line which can only be scanned by giving an unnatural accent to the words *but* and *to*. The emendation which we have made restores the proper accent and makes a more forcible speech.

226. Line 150: *Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick!* PEACE. The last word, wanting in F. 1, was supplied in F. 2.

227. Line 157: *Proud setter-up and puller down of kings!* Compare v. 1. 26, and ii. 3. 37, *supra*, where almost the same words are part of Edward's prayer. See note 154.

228. Line 160: *Tug sly CONVEYANCE.*—See 1. Henry VI note 79.

229. Line 175: *to SOOTHE your forgery.* Compare Greene, James the Fourth, l. 1:

Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain.

—Works, p. 185.

Heath proposed to read *smooth*, but this seems rather to have the meaning of "flatter."

230. Lines 186, 187:

*Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?*

This is a strange misstatement. Richard, Earl of Salisbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded—by Margaret's orders, it was said—at Pontefract, having been taken prisoner in the Lancastrian victory at Wakefield in 1461. The line comes unaltered from The True Tragedie, where the mistake is still more surprising since that play in a former scene (p. 46) represents Salisbury as falling on the Yorkist side at Towton.

231. Line 228: *I'll wear the WILLOW-GARLAND for his sake.*—The willow garland was the badge of a deserted lover. Compare Much Ado About Nothing, II. 1. 224: "I offered him my company to a willow-tree, . . . to make him a garland, as being forsaken," and The Complaint of a Lover Forsaken of his Love—a variation of which is found in Othello—his for its refrain, "Sing to the greene willow shall be my garland" (Chappell, Popular Music, pp. 206, 774). So Spenser describes the tree as "the willow, worne of forlorne paramours" (Faery Queen, bk. i. canto 1, st. 10).

F. 1 reads here *I for I'll*, but *infra*, iv. 1. 100, has *I'll*. The text is from Q₁.

232. Lines 233, 234:

But, Warwick,

Thou and LORE Oxford, with five thousand men.

We have added *Lord*, which FF. omit, making the line a syllable short at the beginning. The same correction was proposed by Kehlthley. Lines 234-237 are not in Q₁.

233. Lines 242, 243:

*I'll join mine ELDEST daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.*

Warwick's elder daughter, Isabel, was married to the Duke of Clarence at Calais in 1469; it was Anne, the younger daughter, who became the wife of Prince Edward. The same error, which was probably the dramatist's own, occurs *infra*, iv. 1. 118, but in Richard III. l. 1. 153, the Lady Anne is correctly described as "Warwick's youngest daughter." Theobald substituted *younger* for *elder*.

234. Lines 252, 253:

*And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high-aimed,
SHALT wait them over with our royal fleet.*

Q₁ have *you and shall*. In F. 1 *you* has been altered to *thou*, but *shall* remains. The text is from F. 2.

"This personage was Louis, Count of Roussillon, a natural son of Charles, Duke of Bourbon," and grandson of John, Duke of Bourbon, who occurs in Henry V. (French, p. 208).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

235.—For the basis of the latter part of this scene see notes 18 and 20. These events were but the precursors, and not, as here represented, the result of Warwick's alliance with Margaret. The dramatist, however, had chosen to subordinate everything else to this, in order, it may be, to avoid complicating his story with too many details of the tortuous course of the events of the time. Accordingly, in scene 5 Edward's flight to Flanders in October, 1470, is represented as following immediately

on his escape actually w

236. Ed out in not introduced anything. True Tragedy in that play this is an o both gone after line 1 The True was thin short time Edward as note 180

237. Line HASTINGS, sile, and 6 in the midd play in F. 1

238. Line eluder. FF

We follow l lines as one this scene in

239. Line King. Aq, w

240. Line: pnt — FF, h being superl sheer. Line FF arrange of the trans

No Co WI 1, 1, Th

241. Line 4 Compare Kin

242. Line 4 Fiance.—Thi

243. Lines 4 put into Char allusions in "Thyke you and unnatural This you know Scales he hath of the lords B wives some, a granated to t meter for the new-foundly The queen's b

on his escape from Middleham in August, 1469. Edward actually was in Warwick's power twice. See note 11.

236. Enter . . . SOMERSET. As has been pointed out in note 1, *supra*, the Duke of Somerset is wrongly introduced in this place. The fourth duke was never anything but a Lancastrian. The mistake is from The True Tragedie. Malone (Var. Ed. xviii, p. 181) says that in that play Somerset does not appear in this scene; but this is an oversight, for line 127, "Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick," as well as the stage-direction after line 123, are both found, with trifling variations, in The True Tragedie (Hazlitt, p. 70). Perhaps the author was thinking of the third Duke of Somerset, who for a short time in the early part of the reign acknowledged Edward as king and was received into favour. Compare note 180.

237. Line 8: Enter . . . PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS. After this F. 1 continues, "four stand on one side, and four on the other." No doubt the king stood in the middle. The passage suggests that the text of this play in F. 1 was printed from an acting copy.

238. Line 9: *Now brother Clarence, how like you our choice.* Ff. leave.

Now brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choice.

We follow Pope in omitting the *of* and reading the two lines as one. The arrangement of the lines throughout this scene in the Folio is most confused.

239. Line 17: *AV, and shall have your will, because our king.* *AV*, which is missing in Ff., was added by Walker.

240. Line 22: *Whom God hath join'd together; ay, I were pity.* — Ff. have *ay* AND *I were pity*. We omit *and* as being superfluous and weakening the force of Gloucester's speech. Lines 20-23 are otherwise arranged, as by Capell. Ff. arrange them thus, obviously through some blunder of the transcriber:

Not I; no;
God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together;
I, and I were pittie, to sunder them,
That yoke so well together.

241. Line 40: *England is safe, if true within itself.* Compare King John, note 322.

242. Line 41: *Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.* — This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 omits *yes*.

243. Lines 48-63. — The following passage, from a speech put into Clarence's mouth by Hall, illustrates all the allusions in this place: addressing Warwick, he says, "Thynke you to haue hym kynd to you, that is vnykynd, and vnnatural to me beyng his awne brother . . . This you knowe well enough, that the heire of the Lordes Sales he hath married to his wifes brother, the heire also of the lord Bonville and Haryngton, he hath geuen to his wifes some, and thaire of the lord Hungerford, he hath grannted to the lord Hastings: thre marriages more meete for his two brethren and kynne, then for suche newe foundlynges, as he hath bestowed them on" (p. 271). The queen's brother (line 53) was Antony, who married

Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lord Sales, in 1465. He appears in the fourth scene of this act as Lord Rivers. Some account of him is given in note 22. The "son" of line 57 is "Syr Thomas Grey, sonne to syr Hon Grey, the quenes fyrst husband, [who] was created Marques Dorset, and married to Clellie, heire to the lord Bonville" (Hall, p. 264). The heiress of Lord Hungerford, French says (p. 228), did not marry William Lord Hastings, as Hall has stated, but his son Edward, the second lord. Before then, she had been unsuccessfully sought as a ward by the Earl of Pembroke for his eldest son (Hall, p. 273).

244. Lines 73, 74:

*No your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.*

For the form *doth* following a plural subject, compare the reading of Qq in Romeo and Juliet, Prologue, lines 7, 8.

245. Lines 84, 85. Printed as prose in Ff. We follow Capell in arranging it as verse,

246. Lines 89-91. — In F. 1 these lines are printed thus:

*Go to, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst guesse them.
What answer makes King Lewis vnto our Letters?*

and so, substantially, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. The arrangement in the text differs from that of Capell, usually adopted by modern editors. There must be a broken line, and the stage-direction added by us explains why we have preferred to make the broken line at line 90.

247. Line 93: *God tell false Edmund, thy supposed king.* — This is the reading of Qq, and of Rowe. Ff. have *thou*, although in lll 3. 224, where the same line has already occurred, they read *thy*.

248. Line 119: *sit you fast.* — Compare v. 2. 3: "Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee;" and Peck, Battle of Alenzer, iii. 1. 48: where Stokely begins a monologue with the words, "Sit fast, Sebastian;" also Beaumont and Fletcher, The Chances, II. 3: "sit fast, Don Frederic!" (Works, i. p. 502). The phrase was a popular one, meaning, "Look to yourself!" In Dekker, Match Me in London, it is found in its original application: "I must ride that beast, and best sit fast" (Works, iv. p. 143).

249. Lines 124, 125:

*Not I; my thoughts aim at a further matter;
Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.*

F. 1, followed substantially by the other Folios, reads:

Not I
My thoughts ayme at a further matter;
I stay not for the love of Edward, but the Crowne.

Capell's arrangement, which has been generally adopted, is as follows:

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

The objection to this is that it is very unusual, at least in as early a play as this, to find a line ending with an unstopped monosyllable following a pause. Pope ar-

ranges line 124 as we do, and omits *the before here in line 125*. The Alexandrine might be avoided by reading:

N 4 1:

My thoughts are a rather *may* I stay

N 4 for the love of I Edward, but the *cross*

Mark would suit the passage very well, while *mother*, which *Mark* must have a rather unusual force, might easily have been a misprint for *mark*. If this conjecture is adopted, the *My* at the beginning of line 125 must be emended by the speaker.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

250 Edward was captured, according to H. II. shortly after the battle at Tewkesbury. The passage in which this and the next scene are founded is as follows:—the king's concealing "certain hope of peace in his own imagination, took him to horse hede to him selfe, and also lesse feared the outward attempts of his enemies." All the king's doings were by counsel declared to the title of Warwick, which like a wise and politique Capayne entirely not to lesse so great an advantage to him given, . . . In the dead of the night, with an elect company of men of warre, as secretly as was possible set on the kinges bedde, killing them that kept the watche, and or the kinge was ware (for he thought of nothinge lesse then of that chance that happened) at a place called Wolney. . . . If any man from Warwick, he was taken prisoner." Hence "he caused him by secret lornes in the night to be conveyed to Myddellham Castell in Yorkes-shire, & there to be kept under the custody of the Archbishop of Yorke his brother" (p. 275). How far this statement represents what actually happened there is no sufficient evidence for deciding.

251. Line 12: *Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine*. Ff read *but welcome*, &c. Pope changed *sweet Clarence to friend*, a very plausible emendation. *But* may have been inserted by mistake from the *but* in the line above.

252. Line 15: *His soldiers lurking in the TOWNS about*. Ff read *town*, and so do Q1; but *infra*, sc. 3, line 13 (a passage not found in the True Tragedie), we have

his chief followers lodge in *towns* about him,

and the reading in the text has been generally adopted in consequence.

253. Lines 19-21:—The story of Rhesus and his horses is told in the tenth book of the Iliad. He was a Thracian prince who came to bring help to Priam; but it had been prophesied that if his horses drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains the Greeks would never take Troy. Accordingly Diomedes and Ulysses came upon him on the night of his coming, killed him, and brought away his horses. The dramatist's authority may have been Ovid, Metamorphoses, xiii. 98-108, 249-252, and Virgil, Æneid, i. 469-473.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

254. Line 14: *While he himself keeps HERE in the cold field*. Ff omits *here*, which Hamer inserted.

1000.

2100y.

255. Lines 16, 17.

*Al, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.*

Stevens compares Fulstall's speech in *Henry IV.*, v. 3. 62: "I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath; give me life." *Worship*, *A. S. weorðsþap*, literally denotes "worthiness, and hence "allgity." Compare Richard III. i. 1. 66: "that good man of *worship*." There the word seems to be used in a depreciatory sense. It denotes the honour attaching to an elective office rather than that belonging to an hereditary title.

256. Line 30: *Why, Warwick, when we parted LAST*. This is the reading of Q1. Ff omits *last*.

257. Line 32: *When you disparted me in my EMBASSADE*.—The word *embassade* occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, who elsewhere uses *embassage* or *embassy*. It seems to have been adopted from Hall, who has it at p. 265, and again in the following passage: "speake of the gentle, vntire and vnpurposely handling of me, in the laste embassade" (p. 276). Holished in the corresponding passages uses *embassage*, as *The True Tragedie* does here (p. 78).

258. Line 41: *Brother of Clarence, WHAT, art thou here too?*—Ff reads:

Yes, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?

It seems at first sight as if a line had been omitted, as Clarence has not yet spoken, unless we suppose that lines 38-40 should be given to him; but it may be intentional on the dramatist's part that Clarence should skulk in the background, until Warwick alludes to him, and that Edward should address himself first to his brother, to whom belonged the greater ignominy in this transaction, purposely reflecting a slight on Warwick. The *Yes* in F. 1 seems to have been a mistake of the transcriber, whose eye was caught by the *Yes* at the beginning of line 42. At any rate, the two consecutive lines beginning *yes* and *may* are not pleasing to the ear, neither can line 41 as presented in F. 1 be made to scan, therefore we have ventured on the emendation in the text; and have added the stage-direction after line 38 to explain Edward's addressing his speech first to Clarence.

259. Lines 46-48:

*Though fortune's malice overtake my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.*

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king
A variation of the idea which has occurred, *supra*, iii. 1. 50, 60:

Yes, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.
K. Hen. Why, so I am—in mind; and that's enough.

The metaphor in lines 46, 47 is hardly clear.

260. Line 55: *I'll follow you, and tell him THERE what answer*.—The words *him there* are not in Ff, but were added by Dyce. Evidently two syllables are necessary. Pope read *tell you what reply*, instead of *tell what answer*, which Dyce objects to, because, he says, "we must suppose that Warwick had already informed Somerset, &c. of the answers of Lords and the Lady Bona to Edward's messengers."

261. *Edin* this amendment was, however, taken from F. 1 on the King's against War. reached Edin according to of the Tower.

262. Line 1. Ff reads: which F. 2, F. 1. omitted by the transcriber.

263. Line 2. starts.—See line 1.

264. Line 3. The sanctuaries in the precinct of the Confessor giving protection there. Broad space to the w.

265. Line 4. for stands, and it has come for.

266. Line 5. 14. have: Is prison.

267. Line 19. perch-corner, an execrable th.

268. Line 21. to Flanders, Gloucester, Neill assigned to him follows;

269. Warwick the 12th of Octob up without resis "king Edward's answer of ye rate A. reinforced almost all his p. of the succe VOL. II.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

241. Editors generally, following Theobald, have laid this scene at "the palace," i.e. of Westminster. The Tower was, however, a favourite residence of Edward's, and we learn from Fabyan (p. 68) that the queen remained there, in the King's lodging, when Edward went to the north against Warwick's force. The news of Edward's flight reached Elizabeth about the 1st of October, 1470, when according to Stowe, she started "secretly in the night out of the Tower of London by water to Westminster," and took sanctuary (p. 122).

262. Line 19: "T is THIS that makes me bridle passion." F. 1 reads:

This is that which makes me bridle passion, which F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 seek to amend by inserting *my* before *passion*. I suspect that this may have been accidentally omitted by transcriber or printer, and afterwards inserted in the wrong place; and then is it written for "I fear it is."

263. Line 22: *And stop the rising of blood-sucking stains*.—See II. Henry VI. note 186.

264. Line 31: *I'll leave forthwith unto the SANCTUARY*. The sanctuary here referred to, as before intimated, is the precinct of Westminster Abbey, upon which Edward the Confessor is said to have conferred the privilege of giving protection to criminals who might take refuge there. Broad Sanctuary is still the name of the open space to the west of the Abbey.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

265. Line 4: *Thus STANDS the case*.—F. 1 reads *stand for stands*, an evident slip of the printer. Below, line 8, it has *come for comes*.

266. Line 5: *Is prisoner to the bishop, at whose hands*.—F. 1, leave;

Is prisoner to the Bishop *here*, at whose hands
We follow Pope in omitting *here*.

267. Line 19: *Your horse stands ready HERE at the pack-courer*.—So Hammer; *here* is omitted in Ff., making an execrable line.

268. Line 21: *To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders*.—F. 1 has *shipt*. In Q₁ this line is given to Gloster. Neither Hastings nor Stanley has any speech assigned to him, but instead of line 23 Edward speaks as follows:

Hastings, and Stanley, I will
Require your losses. —P. 80.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

269. —Warwick freed Henry from his imprisonment on the 12th of October, 1470, the Tower having been delivered up without resistance. In the parliament in November "King Edward was declared a traitor to his country, & usurper of ye Realm . . . & all his goodes were confiscate & unfildred, forfayted; & lyke sentence was given against all his partakers & frendes." After settling the question of succession, "the erle of Warwyke as one to

whome the comyn welthe was much beholden, was made Ruler, & Gouernor of the Realme, with whom as fellow and compaignon was associated, George duke of Clarence his sonne in law" (Hall, p. 286).

270. Line 29: *For few men rightly TEMPER with the stars*. The use of the verb *temper* with the intransitive sense "amalgamate," "act in conformity with," is not at all common. We find, however, the word used transitively with the meaning "amalgamate," "conform," in the following passage: "*to TEMPER his talke to the fantasie and pleasure of*, &c. Oratorem amicus multitudinis accommodare, &c." (Baret, *Alvearie*, sub voce). For the use of the word *stars* compare Richard II. note 251.

271. Line 55: *And all his hands and goods he CONFISCATE*.—F. 1 omits *be*, which Malone inserted. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *is confiscated*; but *confiscate* is the only form of the participle used in Shakespeare, and is found in the passage of Hall quoted above (note 269). See Merchant of Venice, note 305.

ACT IV. SCENE 7.

272. Line 1: *Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest*.—Ff. have *found Hastings*. We follow Pope in omitting *Lord*.

273. Line 8. *Rarensperg*.—For a notice of this place, see Richard II. note 145. It is curious that in this passage the word is used as a dissyllable and printed *Rarensperg*, as in F. 1 (and *Rarensperg* in Q. 1, Q. 3), while in Richard II. while the accentuation is the same, it is a trisyllable and spelt *Rarenspergh*, a form which F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 adopt in this place also.

274. Line 11: *A wise stout CAPTAIN, and soon perswaded*.—We have adopted Lettson's proposal, approved of by Dyce and Deane. Ff. read *captain*, and Q₁ gives:

By my faith, a wise stout captain, & soon perswaded,
which can hardly be considered a verse at all. Walker doubted if the trisyllable pronunciation could be given to *captain* except by an author, like Spenser, of archaizing proclivities; but Lettson quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, A King and No King, iv. 3:

The king may do much, captain, believe it.

—Works, I. 69.

where no other pronunciation seems possible. (See Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, ill. p. 171.) In Macbeth, i. 2. 33, 34:

Dismay'd not this
Our captives, Macbeth and Banquo?

the division of the lines is uncertain, so that no conclusion can be drawn from this passage.

275. Line 40: *Sir John Montgomery*.—See note 24.

276. line 61: *Away with scrupulous wit*.—The use of *wit*, in this and several other places in Shakespeare, with the meaning "wisdom," "judgment," approaches more nearly to the original sense of the word than its modern signification. The primary sense of the word was simply "knowledge," as it is derived from the verb which in the infinitive mood is *wit*, and in the present tense *wot*, meaning "know."

277. Line 77: *Thanks, beaute Montaignery; thanks unto you all.*—Fl. have;

And thanks unto you all.

We have omitted the *and* as weak, unnecessary, and prejudicial to the metre.

278. Line 81: *Above the border of this horizon.*—The word *horizon* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. We find it accented on the first syllable again in Browe's Lines to the memory of Dr. Heurne (quoted in Richardson):

Our moon's eclips'd, and the occidental sun
Fights with old Arctus for his horizon.

Compare Chaucer, *Frankelins Tale*:

For the *ork*, out hath left the some his light.
—*Canterbury Tales*, line 11359.

ACT IV, SCENE 8.

279.—This scene takes place in "the Bishops palace of London, adjoining to Poules church" (Hall, p. 294), where Henry was brought after his liberation from prison, and lived until he was again cast into prison.

280. Line 2: *With HARDY Gecmans and blunt Hol-handers.*—*Hardy* is Mr. Kinneer's suggestion; *Cruces* Shakespeareans, p. 263. *Q₄* and *Fl.* read *hasty*, the only suitable meaning of which, in this passage, would be "passionate," "impetuous," an epithet hardly applicable to *Gecmans*, or *Flemings*, whom the word is here used to denote.

281. Line 3: *Hath pass'd in safety through the NARROW SEAS.*—For the meaning of "narrow seas" see note 71. Edward crossed from Flushing to Cromer; but, as Oxford was ready to oppose his advance, he did not land there, but sailed on to the Humber.

282. Line 6.—*Fl.* give this line to Henry. Instead of lines 6-8 *Q₄* read:

Ox. 'T is best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kinde any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

Accordingly, we have adopted the arrangement first proposed by Malone, and have given line 6 to Oxford.

283. Line 12: *Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent.* *Fl.* read *stir up*, an adaptation from *Q₄*, where we have "shalt in Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent, stir up;" the words being variously divided into verses in the three editions. The passage is another instance of the carelessness with which the revision of the old text was made. The history is of the dramatist's own invention, for Montague was at Pontefract in the south of Yorkshire, Oxford in the eastern counties with Exeter, and Clarence with Warwick at Warwick, when Edward reached Leicester in his march on London which was in the keeping of Somerset and the Archbishop of York.

284. Line 31: *And all at once, ever more, happy farewell.*—*Fl.* mythically read a *happy farewell*. There is no other place in Shakespeare where *farewell* means "parting," which seems the only sense which it can have here.

285. In *Q₄* scenes 6 and 8 are thrown into one, scene 7 preceding them. From this cause probably the stage-direction in *Fl.* at the beginning of scene 8 wrongly inserts *Somerset* among the persons present, copying, as it seems, from the list at the beginning of the scene in *Q₄*. It has, however, been supposed that *Somerset* is a blunder for *Exeter*, whom *Fl.* omit. After Warwick's speech (line 32) *Q₄* continue:

All. Agreed.

Exeunt Omnes

Enter Edward and his traine.

Ed. Sease on the shancecast Henry.

—*P.* *sc.*

The colloquy between Henry and Exeter, which intervenes in *Fl.*, is not found in *Q₄*, and in neither is the play divided into acts or scenes. Mr. P. A. Daniel says: "Contrary to modern usage, I divide act iv. sc. viii. into two scenes, assigning a separate day to the latter half (sc. viii. a). My division is, perhaps, justified by the stage-directions such as they are of the Folio and Quarto: the *Exeunt* of Folio and *Exeunt omnes* of Quarto which follow the departure of Warwick and the rest, may mark the termination of a scene, and though there is no direction marking the re-entry of the King and Exeter, the probability of the plot absolutely requires a separate scene here; otherwise we have Henry talking of his forces which are not yet levied as in existence, and Edward speaking of Warwick, who has only just left the stage, as now remaining at Coventry. I note that the Cambridge editors, in their reprint of *The True Tragedy*, &c. (the Quarto), number this scene of the seizure of King Henry as a separate scene. The ill contrivance of the modern sc. viii. has not escaped the notice of the commentators; but perhaps editors are more responsible for it than the dramatist" (see *Time-analysis*, &c., p. 321). But it may be pointed out that Henry might naturally speak of the forces that were going to fight for him as in existence, for Warwick and the others were already in command of a considerable army; nor is it unnatural that Edward having heard of Warwick's intention to proceed to Coventry, might presume he was already at that place. The compression of historical events, necessary for the purposes of the stage, must give rise to many improbabilities as far as lapse of time is concerned; and it seems to us that the difficulties mentioned by Mr. Daniel are not greater than the difficulty of supposing that in the interval between the exit and the immediate re-entrance of a character, forces could be levied, and Warwick could have marched from London to Coventry. It must be remembered that the whole scene, as it stands in our text, evidently takes place in the palace, so that the presumption is that it is continuous.

286. Line 40: *Nor posted off their suits with slow delays.* The same phrase is found in Hackluyt, *Voyages*, vol. i. p. 247: "Master Chancellor (seeing himself held in this suspense with long and vaine expectation, and thinking that of intention to delude him, they *posted* the matter off so often) was very instant with them to performe their promise;" and in Webster's Dictionary the following passage is quoted from Baxter: "Why did I venturously *post off* so great a matter?"

In H. Henry VI. iii. l. 255, the phrase *posted over* is used with the sense rather of hurried over than "passed

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Exeunt Omnes.

— P. 1.

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ACT V. Scene 1.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

ACT V. Scene 1.

by," and the same is the case with *d'espouting* in H. Henry IV. i. 2. 171.

287. Line 43: *My weep dried their water-flowing tears*. That *water-flowing* means "flowing like water" is easily seen from the similar expressions *funeral-burning*, ii. 1. 89, and *trial changing*, v. 1. 57. Walker, however, thought *flowing* might mean "shedding," and Capell proposed to alter *tears to eyes*, while Collier's MS. Corrector read *bitter-flowing*.

288. Line 50. We have, with Dyce, adopted Johnson's correction of the stage-direction. Ff. read "A Lancaster, A Lancaster," of which no satisfactory explanation can be given: it was probably, like many other stage-directions, not given at all by the author.

289. Line 61: *Cold biting winter mars our hoqd'd for hay*. Compare Wily Beguiled:

When most you did expect a sunshine day,

My father's will would mar your hoqd'd for hay.

—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 209.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

290. Line 3. Dunsmore Heath lies on the road from Daventry to Coventry, about half-way between the two places. The Fosse way, the Roman road which goes from Sutton on the south coast of Devonshire to Lincoln, passes by the Heath on the north-west. On some old maps the name is written *Dunsuere*.

291. Lines 4, 5:

Where is the post that came from Montague?—
How far off is our brother Montague?

These lines appear to have been accidentally transposed in Q₁ and Ff. There is no reason, dramatic or otherwise, for Warwick putting the cart before the horse in this instance. He may be very excited, but he has not so completely lost his self-control as to ask a question of a person whom he cannot see, and of whose exact whereabouts he is at least uncertain.

292. Line 6: *Daintily* is still the form which the name of Daventry takes in the mouths of the inhabitants.

293. Line 7: *Somerville*.—See note 25.

294. Line 12: *It is not his, my lord; here Southampton lies*.—From Nottingham Edward had advanced to Leicester, new forces coming daily to his standard. Warwick meanwhile levied troops in Warwickshire; Oxford joined him at Warwick. Clarence should have brought up reinforcements from London, but delayed, so Warwick awaited Edward at Coventry. "In the mean season," says Hall p. 231, "kyng Edward came to Warwyke, where he founde all the people departed, and from thence with al diligence auanced his power toward Concentre, & in a playne by the cite he pyched his felde. And the next day after that he cam thither, hys men were set forward, and marshalled in array, & he valiantly bad the erle of Sayle; which mistrustynge that he should be deceived by the duke of Clarence (as he was in dede) kept hym selfe close within the walles. . . . the duke of Clarence came forward toward hym with a great army, kynge Edward beyng also therof enforced, raysed hys

campe, & made toward the duke. . . . Whē echē host was in sight of other, Rycharde duke of Glocester, brother to them both, as though he had bene made arbitrer betwene them, fyrst rode to the duke, and with hym communed very secretly: from him he came to kyng Edward, and with lyke secretnes so vsed hym, that in conclusion no vnnaturall warre, but a fraternall amitie was concluded and proclaymed, and then lenyng all armye and weapo a syde, both the bretherne longynge embraced, and familiarly communed together." The dramatist has followed this account of Hall's; he either did not know of or else disregarded the correcter version in Holinshed, from which we learn that Edward came from Leicester to Coventry and defied the Earl of Warwick, but finding he could not provoke a battle, withdrew to Warwick and there met and was reconciled with Clarence (pp. 397, 398). Overtures of peace were made to Warwick, but scornfully rejected.

The Warwick road entered Coventry on the south-west by Greyfriars Gate: that from Southampton appears to have entered by New Gate. From either this or Gosford Gate—outside which Edward is elsewhere¹ said to have encamped—Warwick would be looking eastwards. On coming up from Warwick Edward must be supposed to have found the Greyfriars Gate closed against him, and to be coming round the city wall. Warwick hears the drum somewhere behind him, whereas the road from Southam, which Somerville points to, is before him.

295. Lines 37, 38:

And, weaking, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

The second *and* at the beginning of line 38 is singularly weak. As has been already observed in reference to H. Henry VI. (see note 61 on that play), the number of weak *ands* is very remarkable. We would propose to read:

Henry is *not* my king, Warwick his subject.

296. Line 39: *Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner*.—The sequence of events has been altered for dramatic effect. Edward came to Coventry on his way towards London. As soon as the capital was reached Henry again became a captive, and he was borne with the Yorkist troops to the field of Barnet.

297. Lines 43, 44:

whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

"The single *ten*" is Clarence, whom Warwick had, as it were, got into his hands by underhand means. *Single* signifies "feeble." Thus we find in Taming of the Shrew, act ii. line 407: "Yet I have fac'd it with a card of *ten*." *Deck*, meaning a pack of cards, is a slang term, not to be found in some dictionaries; Ash, however, records it, with many other cant words. Compare Peele, Edward I.: "the king hath put us amongst the discarding cards, and, as it were, turned us with deneces and treys out of the *deck*." (Works, p. 393). Lytton uses the word in one of his novels, and it still exists in the United States (see Bartlett, Dictionary of Americanisms, *sub card*).

¹ Dugdale's Warwickshire, ed. 1730, p. 143; W. Smith's, 1831, p. 214.

298. Line 49: *Now, WHEN? strike now, or else the iron cools.*—This line shows how *when* came to be generally used as an exclamation of impatience. Compare Richard II. i. 1. 162, 163:

When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

299. Lines 68, 69:

*Thou and thy brother both shall WY this treason
Even WITH THE DEAREST BLOOD your bodies bear.*

The meaning seems to be *pay dearly for*. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 213. *Qy.*, however, read *abie*, for which see the same play, note 191. From meaning "produce," the verb *bear* easily comes to mean "possess" or "contain." Compare *Winter's Tale*, v. 3. 61, 65: "those veins did verily bear blood," and *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 137.

300. Line 73: *Two of thy name.*—See below, note 339.

301. Line 78: *With whom AN upright zeal to right pre-ails.*—This is the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 erroneously has:

Wah whom, in vpright zeale to right, preails.

302. Lines 80, 81.—In *Qy.* the following stage-direction precedes line 80: "Sound a Parle, and Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his hat and throws it at Warwike" (p. 89). *Fl.* give no direction at all here; most editors, however, following Capell, have introduced the latter part of this direction after line 81. If this be done, surely the former part should also be retained.

303. Lines 83-88.—While Clarence and Warwick were at the French court in 1469 a certain damsel came from Edward to Clarence with secret overtures of unity. "She perswaded the Duke of Clarence, that it was neither naturall, nor honorable to him, either to condescende or take parte, against the house of Yorke of whiche he was lineally descended) and to set vp again the house of Lancastre, whiche lignage of the house of Yorke, was . . . by the whole Parliament of the realme, declared to be the very and indubitate heires of the Kyngdome" (Hall, p. 281). These are the arguments which the dramatist has put into Clarence's mouth. Doubtless it was the acknowledgment of Prince Edward as heir, and his marriage with Warwick's daughter, which estranged the ambitions and disappointed Clarence from Warwick's side. This, however, could not be hinted here, nor indeed has the dramatist thought fit to suggest it in any part of the play.

304. Lines 90, 91:

*To keep that oath were more impiety
Than ABUTHAN'S, when he sacrific'd his daughter.*

See *Judges XI.* 30-39. The text is Rowe's. F. 1, F. 2 read *Iephah*, F. 3, F. 4 *Iephah*. Cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 422.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

305. Line 2: *Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.*—Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, note 65. *Bug* is a word of Celtic origin, meaning a spectre, or terrifying object. So in *How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad* we find:

not these dragons
Do send me to the infernal bugs,
But thy unkindness. So, adieu!
Hobgoblins, now I come to you.

—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 50

In the Book of Psalms, the words "thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," of the Authorized Version (xci. 5) are rendered, "Thou shalt not neede to be afraid for my *Bugges* by nighte," in the versions of Coverdale, 1535, Matthew (or rather Rogers), 1537, and Taverner, 1539; but the Great Bible of 1539 established the reading *terror*.¹ In *Rider's Dictionary*, *terribulum* is interpreted "a thing that putteth in great feare, a scarecrow, a bugge." Compare Peele, *Battle of Alcazar*, i. 2:

Why, boy, is Amurath's Bassa such a bug?
That he is maik'd to do this dauntly deed?

—Works, p. 424.

306. Line 14: *Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree.*—For *overpeer'd* compare *Merchant of Venice*, note 7. *Jove's tree* is the oak. See *Virgil, Georgics*, iii. 332:

magna Iovis antiquo robore quercus
Ingentes tendat ramos.

Compare Marlowe, *Edward II.*:

I stand as Jove's huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compared to me. —Works, p. 201

and *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 249.

307. Line 44: *Which sounded like a CLAMOUR in a vault.*—We have adopted the reading of *Qy.*, which Warburton introduced. *Fl.* have *caumon*. The line has some likeness to ii. 3. 18, *supra*:

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far.

308. Line 45: *mought*.—The verb *may* (A.S. *may*), of which the infinitive was *magan* in Anglo-Saxon, and *more* or *moren* in Middle English, had two forms of the preterite, viz. *might* and *mought*, A.S. *mahte* and *meahte* (or *mahte*). The same form as occurs in this place is used by Peete, *Eclouge Gratulatorie*.—

O honour's fire, that not the brackish sea

Mought quench!

—Works, p. 363.

The word is said to be found in Chaucer; Drayton uses it, it occurs in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and in the *Misfortunes of Arthur* (Dodsley, vol. iv.), and is still preserved, vernacularly, in England and in the United States. It occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, and in the parallel passage of the Quarto we find *could*. It is probable that Shakespeare employed this old verb here in order to avoid the jingle of the *might* in the next line.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

309. Lines 7, 8:

*I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have ARRIV'D our coast.*

The transitive use of the verb *arrive* occurs in three other places in Shakespeare. See *Locrine*, 781:

Ere he *arrive* his weary noon-tide prick.

The battle of Barnet was fought on Easter Sunday, the 14th of April, and on the same day Queen Margaret, whom adverse winds had kept inactive in Normandy ever

¹ See H. Stevens, *Bibles in the Cotton Exhibition*, p. 91.

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Normandy ever

since November, landed, after a stormy passage from
Houlneur, at Weymouth in Dorsetshire. On Tuesday the
news reached Edward (Hollished, pp. 312, 315).

310. Line 12: *Thy very beaus will dry those vapours up.*
This is the reading of F. 1. The Cambridge editors
give *the* for *thy* without any remark. Edward's cogni-
sance, the sun of York, is alluded to, as in line 5. Com-
pare Richard III. i. 1. 2, and see note 114.

311. Line 21: *willin'ness rid away.*—Compare Peele, Ar-
raignment of Paris, i. 2 (Works, p. 361):
My game is quick, and rids a length of ground;
and Cotgrave, Dictionary, *sub voce* Tirer; "*Tirer pais*
... (in travelling) to go on, rid ground, gain way."

ACT V. SCENE 4.

312. Lines 8, 9:
*With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much.*
The same fancy occurs again in As You Like It, ii. 1. 42-43:
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears. . . .
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.

Indeed it seems to have been a sort of stock sentiment.
Compare A Lover's Complaint, lines 39, 40; Romeo and
Juliet, i. 1. 138.

313. Line 23: *As good to chide the waves as speak them
false.* The meaning is, for all the advantage that we
shall get from the Yorkists, who are remorseless as the
sea, by offers of submission, we might as well defy them
at once. Parleying is now useless.

314. Line 31: *If case some one of you would fly from
us.* Compare the "very proper ditty to the tune of
Lichtie love" (given in Staunton's Shakespeare, vol. i. p.
745), whose last lines are:

Amende, and whats said, shall soone be amended,
If case that your lichtie love, no longer do rayne.

The phrase occurs twelve times in Peele's Sir Clyomon
and Sir Clamydes.

315. Line 75: *Ye see, I drink the water of NINE EYES.*—
Ff. read *my eye*. We have followed Capell and most sub-
sequent editors in retaining the reading of Qq.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

316. This scene originally doubtless formed a continua-
tion of the foregoing. Qq. divide the two scenes by the
following stage-direction: "Alarums to the battell, Yorke
flies, then the chambers¹ be discharged. Then enter the
king, Clit. & Glo. and the rest, & make a great shout, and
etc. for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken,
& the prince, & Oxf. & Sum. and then sound and enter
all againe" (p. 94). The business here ordered was to
represent to the audience the battle of Barnet, and the
direction in Ff., though much abbreviated, indicates just

¹ Small cannon,

the same evolutions. As it is more convenient to con-
sider the battle to have taken place in the interval between
the scenes, we have omitted that part of the direction
which relates to it.

317. Line 1: *Lo here a period of tumultuous broils.*—Ff
have *Now* for *Lo*, which is from Qq.

318. Line 2.—See note 6.

319. Line 3: *For Somerset, off with his guilty head.*—As
to the execution of Somerset, see Richard III. note 1.

320. Line 16: *all the trouble thou hast TURN'D me to.*—
Compare the Tempest, i. 2. 63, 64:

O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to;
and Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 89, 90:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain.

321. Lines 23, 24:

*That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have shof'd the breech from Lancaster.*

The old saying of a shrewish wife that she wears the
breeches is alluded to in II. Henry VI. i. 3. 149:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches.

In Sherwood's English Index to Cotgrave's Dictionary, we
find, *sub voce* Breech, "*She usurath the breeches.*" Dit
d'une femme, qui a la supériorité de son mari. Elle porte
les brayes."

322. Line 25: *Esop was hunchbacked, we are told.* Qq.
and Ff. read *sorts* in the next line, which Rowe corrected
to *sort*.

323. Line 38: K. Edw. *Take that, the likeness of this railer
here.* [Stabs him.]—Edward did not himself stab the
prince, but only thrust him back, or, as some say, struck
him with his gauntlet. See the quotation from Hall in
note 2.

324. Line 50: *THE Tower, the Tower!*—Ff. read "Tower,
the Tower."

325. Line 67: *As, deathsmen, you have KN' this sweet
young prince!*—Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 364:

The red plague rid you!

Greene, Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

Lay. Then, Edward, short my life, and end her love.

Mar. Rid me, and keep a friend worthy many loves.

—Works, p. 166.

Peele, Edward I.:

I rid her not; I made her not away.

—Works, p. 408.

326. Line 77: *What, wilt thou not? Where is that lecher's
butcher!*—Ff. add *Richard* at the end of this line, catch-
ing the word up by mistake from the line next following.

327. Line 78: *HARD-FAVOUR'D Richard.* In the History
of Edward V. and Richard III., attributed to Sir Thomas
More, Richard is described as "harle favoured of visage,
such as in estates² is called a warlike visage, and emonge
common persones a crabbed face" (Hall, p. 343).

² Princes.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

328 As to the murder of Henry, see note 1. Hall, as usual, gives no date. The battle of Barnet was fought on April 14th, 1471; on May 4th Margaret was defeated at Tewkesbury. Edward had returned to Coventry, whither everyone hastened to do him homage, when on the 12th of May, the bastard of Fauconberg, at the head of a large body of Kentish insurgents, attacked and fired London in various quarters. He was at last driven back by Urswick the recorder, and Earl Rivers. On May 21st Edward arrived at the capital with (it is said) 30,000 men, and the rebels dispersed. Henry ended his life that night, and the next day his body was exposed in St. Paul's. Richard is represented by the dramatist, by a very pardonable license, as leaving immediately after Tewkesbury for the Tower in order to murder Henry. (See above, scene 5, line 50.)

This scene is embodied in act i. scene 2 of Colley Cibber's too well-known perversion of Richard III., which from the year 1700 was the only form in which that play was represented on the stage even down to the time of the late Charles Kemble.

329 Line 10: *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?* Quintus Roscius was a very celebrated actor in comedy at Rome. He is said to have given instruction in elocution to Cicero, and was a friend of the great orator as well as of many other celebrated men of that time. Like Æsopos, his contemporary in tragedy, he amassed a large fortune. He died in the year 62 B.C. The Elizabethan writers used the name Roscius to signify merely an actor, not heeding whether it were in tragedy or comedy. Accordingly the appellation is here given to Richard, partly, it would seem, in allusion to his hypocritical character.

330 Line 15: *I, the hapless MALE to one sweet bird.*—Monek Mason (Var. Ed. xviii. p. 538) observed that *male* here denotes "parent;" a sense of the word which seems unique. *Bird*, as in ii. 1. 91, has the not uncommon meaning of "young," or "offspring."

331 Lines 18-25. Iphedimus, according to the story, was imprisoned by Minos, king of Crete, and finding on his escape that no ship could be procured, he fashioned wings for himself and his son Icarus, and fastened them on with wax. But Icarus flying too near the sun, the wax which fastened his wings melted, and he was drowned. From him a part of the Ægean was called the Icarian Sea. The story is told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, bk. viii. lines 183-235.

With lines 22, 23, compare Willy Beguiled:

He is the only fiery Phaethon
That burns my course, and sears my waxen wings.
—Hobbes, ix. p. 262.

332 Lines 41, 42:

*Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' fearless death.*

F. 1 omits *fate And*, which, in order to correct the halting rhythm, were inserted by the editor of F. 2. Instead of lines 37-42 Q4. read:

And thus I prophesie of thee.
That man: a Widow for her husbands death.

And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers.

It seems plain that in both the old and the revised play some confusion has arisen, which it is impossible now to correct.

333. Line 47: *The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top.*—To *rook* is to squat, to lie or sit huddled up. The word commonly occurs in the form *ruck*, as in the following passage from Stanyhurst's Virgil (book iv.):

Also on three turretts the skrick howle, lyke fetter'd bliefes y-setled,
Her buriall roundel dooth *ruck*, and cruncketh in howling.
—Arber's Reprint, 1884, p. 111.

Generally it is the cry of the raven that is considered ominous, not, as here, its mere presence. But compare Othello, iv. 1. 20-22:

O, it comes o'er my memory

As doth the raven o'er the lifeless't house,
Boding to all.

For the *night-raven* of line 45, compare Much Ado about Nothing, ii. 3. 83, 84: "I had as lief have heard the *night-raven*, come what plague could have come after it." Strictly speaking, none of the *Corvus* family are night-birds. It is not clear what bird is meant by the appellation *night-raven* or *night-rour*, but it has been supposed to be the bittern, or *Ardea iniantha*, a bird less common in England now than formerly. It makes a loud booming noise, and frequents marshy places. The only other bird which could properly be meant would be the night-jar.

334 Line 51: *An indigested and deformed lump.*—F. 1. read:

To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe,

but as Dyce has shown, the words *to wit* were retained merely by inadvertence from The True Tragedie, which reads:

To wit: an vulgigest created lumpe.

See note 210, *supra*.

335. Line 67: *Damn, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.*—Compare Greene, Alphonsus King of Arragon, ii. 1:

Go, pack thou hence into the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire
How well thou hast enjoyed the riddell;
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown.
—Works, p. 276.

336. Lines 70-75. With this passage and lines 49-54 *supra*, compare Sir T. More's account, in Hall (p. 343): "as it is reported, his mother the duchess had much ado to doe in her travail, that she could not be delivered of hym vinct, and that he came into the worlde the fete forwarde, as menne bee borne outwarde, and as the fame ranne, not vntoed."

337 Line 81: *thou KEEP'ST me from the light.*—F. 1. F. 2 read *keep'st*, and Q4. *keptst*. The text is from F. 3, F. 4.

ACT V. SCENE 7.

338 Line 4: *Have we now'd down in top of all their pride.*—Q4. and F. 1. read *tops*; but compare II. Henry VI. i. 2. 48, 49:

To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet!

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nt, 1880, p. 111.
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—Works, p. 225.

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Right.—F. 1. F.
from F. 3, F. 4.

TOP of all their
e H. Henry VI.

myself
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and Antony and Cleopatra, v. 1. 43;

my competitor
In top of all design,

339. Lines 5, 7, 8.—See II. Henry VI. notes 6 and 9, and
notes 4, 9, and 7 of the present play, for these Somersets,
Clifords, and Northumberland.

340. Lines 5, 6;

remov'd
For hardly and undoubted champions.
The same use of the preposition *for* has occurred before,
iv. 6. 26:

Your grace hath still been fam'd *for* virtuous.

Compare II. Henry VI. 1. 3. 182:

Doth any one accuse York *for* a traitor?
For *remov'd*, which is the reading of Qq., Ff. give
remov'd or *remov'd*.

341. Line 10: *the two heave* BEARS, Warwick and Mon-
tagne. There is an allusion here to the well-known
badge of the bear and the ragged staff. See II. Henry
VI. v. 1. 144, and note 328 on that play.

NOTES TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

342. Line 18: WEST *all about in summer's* SCALDING
heat.—*Went* is the participle as well as the preterite
tense of the verb *weat*, just as *sent* is of *send*. The par-
ticipial use is uncommon in Elizabethan English, but oc-
curs in Fairfax, Godfrey of Bulloigne, book iii. stanza 70:
But when he saw her gentle soul was *went*,
His manly courage to relent began.

The expression *scalding heat* finds a parallel in Carew's
Cedum Britannicum:

to all weathers,
The chilling frost and *scalding sun*, expose
Their equal face.

343. Line 30: Q. Eliz. *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks*.—F. 1, F. 2 give this line to Clarence,
an evident blunder, as is the correction "King" of F. 3, F. 4.
In Qq. it is assigned to the queen, to whom it was restored
by Theobald.

344. Line 44: *Such as* BEFIT the pleasure of the court:—
Qq. and Ff. read *befts for beft*. The text is Pope's

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

NOTE.—The addition of *sub.*, *adj.*, *verb.*, *adv.* in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is
used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.
The compound words marked with an asterisk () are printed as two separate words in F. 1

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abolishments... iv. 7 13	Elfuse (sub.)... ii. 6 27	Laund ³ ... iii. 1 2	Prepare (sub.)... Act Sc. Line
Alms-deed... v. 5 79	Embassade... iv. 3 32	Life-time... i. 1 171	iv. 1 131
Battle (verb)... ii. 5 74	Entail (verb)... i. 1 194	Linically... iii. 3 87	Prom-hearted... v. 1 98
Bear-whelp... iii. 2 161	i. 1 235	Luckless... ii. 6 17	iv. 3 157
Benon... ii. 5 110	Fair-shining... ii. 1 40	v. 6 45	Quenchless... i. 4 28
Blood-sucking... iv. 4 22	Fast-falling... i. 4 162	Magnanimity... v. 4 41	Rack (verb, of)
Bodge (verb)... i. 1 19	Fence (defence)... iv. 1 44	Malecontent (adj.)... iv. 1 10	clouds).... ii. 1 27
Bright-shining... v. 3 3	Fiercely... ii. 1 121	(iv. 1 60)	Railer... v. 5 38
Brother-like... v. 1 105	Flail... ii. 1 131	Mirthful... v. 7 43	Repass... iv. 7 5
Butcherly... ii. 5 89	Footstool... v. 7 14	Miserably... i. 3 42	Rephut... iii. 3 198
By word... i. 1 42	Forecast... v. 1 42	Mislike (sub.)... iv. 1 21	Repurchased... v. 7 2
Child-killer... ii. 2 112	Forlorn (sub.)... iii. 3 26	Misprond... ii. 6 7	Rich-embroidered ii. 5 44
Clamor... ii. 3 18	Forslow... ii. 3 56	Mis-shaped... iii. 2 170	Rooked... v. 6 47
Clear-shining... ii. 1 28	Furnace-burning ii. 1 80	Night-crow... v. 6 45	Sad-hearted... ii. 5 123
Concubine... iii. 2 98	Gentle-hearted i. 4 179	Night-foes... iv. 3 22	Septentrion... i. 4 136
Conditionally... i. 1 196	Great-grown... iv. 8 63	Overshine... ii. 1 38	Setter-up... iii. 3 37
Conform... iii. 3 11	Hardest-timbered ii. 1 55	Parliament-house i. 1 71	She-wolf... i. 4 111
Contemplate... ii. 5 33	Hearten... ii. 2 79	Persecutor... v. 6 31	Shrink (trans.) iii. 2 156
Crook-back (sub.) ii. 2 36	Holding-anchor v. 4 4	Plucker-down ii. 3 37	(with)....
(v. 5 30)	Horizon... iv. 7 81	Poltroon... i. 1 62	Shriver... iii. 2 108
Crook-back (adj.) i. 4 75	hunger-starved i. 4 5	Pranchment... ii. 1 24	ii. 6 90
Rancorous (adv.) i. 1 11	"Ill-got".... ii. 2 46	Preachment... i. 4 72	Sith (prep.)... ii. 1 166
Rraica... ii. 2 72	Inverto ² i. 4 43	Prejudicial... i. 1 144	
Deck (of cards)... v. 1 44	Lade... iii. 2 139		
Delicates (sub.) ii. 5 51			
Drum... iv. 7 50			
Easeful... v. 3 6			
Easy-melting... ii. 1 171			

³ Venus and Adonis, 813.
⁴ Used here literally = to shine upon. It occurs twice (Troil. iii. 1. 171; Tit. 1. 307) in the sense of "to exult."

⁵ Lucrece, 1364.
⁶ Used with *together* in the sense of "to knit." *Sinewed* = "having sinews" occurs John v. 7. 88.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Slake ⁷ (trans.)	i. 3 29	Treacherously ⁹	ii. 1 72	Unlicked.....	iii. 2 161	Weakling ¹⁰ ...	v. 1 37
Sturdily ⁸	i. 1 50	True-anointed	iii. 3 29	Unloving.....	ii. 2 25	Well-chosen...	iv. 1 7
				Unmaturally...	i. 1 193	Well-meant...	iii. 3 67
Tearful.....	v. 4 8	Unchanging...	i. 4 116	Unpardonable.	i. 4 106	Well-minded...	iv. 8 27
Thick-grown...	iii. 1 1	Uncrowned.....	(iii. 3 232	Unwares.....	ii. 5 62	Wind-changing	v. 1 57
Thrasher.....	ii. 1 131	Undutiful.....	(iv. 1 111			Winding-sheet.	(i. 1 129
Top branch....	v. 2 14	Unhoped.....	v. 5 33	Vizard-like....	i. 4 116	Wishful.....	(ii. 5 114
		Unhoped.....	iii. 3 172			Wishful.....	iii. 1 14
				Water-flowing.	iv. 8 43	Wise.....	ii. 2 141
				Water-standing	v. 6 40		

⁷ Lucrece, 1677 (intrans.).
⁸ Venus and Adonis, 1592.

⁹ Lucrece, Arg. 14.

¹⁰ Lucrece, 584.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

48. i. 1. 55: *And thine, Lord Clifford; YOU HAVE BOTH
 you'd verenge.*
 49. i. 1. 62: *Putience is for poltroons, FOR such as he.*
 94. i. 4. 15, 16:
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
 EDWARD, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!"
 207. iii. 2. 131: *all the LOOK'D-FOR issue of their bodies.*
 225. iii. 3. 140: *To Edward, YES; not to the English king.*
 240. iv. 1. 22, 23:
ay, 't were pity
To smelter them that yoke so well together.
 249. iv. i. 124, 125:
Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter;
Not for the love of Edward, but the crown I stay.

Note

251. iv. 2. 12: *Welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter
 shall be thine.*
 258. iv. 3. 41: *Brother of Clarence, WHAT, art thou here
 too?*
 262. iv. 4. 19: *'T IS THIS that makes me bridle passion.*
 277. iv. 7. 77: *Thanks, brave Montjoyery; -thanks unto
 you all.*
 284. iv. 8. 31: *And all at once, once more, happy fare-
 well.*
 291. v. 1. 4, 5:
Where is the post that came from Montague?—
How far off is our brother Montague?

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

54. i. 1. 84: *WHAT! shall I stand!*
 64. i. 1. 193: *Whom I UNSATURAL shall disinheret.*
 65. i. 1. 193: *CONDITIONAL that here thou take an oath.*
 80. i. 2. 13: *Giving the house of Lancaster leave to
 breathe.*

Note

249. iv. 1. 124, 125:
*My thoughts aim at a further MARK; I stay
 Not for the love of Edward, but the crown.*
 295. v. 1. 38: *Henry is NOW my king, Warwick his sub-
 ject*

Act	Sc.	Line
v.	1	37
iv.	1	7
iii.	3	67
iv.	8	27
v.	1	57
i.	1	129
ii.	5	114
iii.	1	14
ii.	2	144

v, 884

my daughter

art thou here

dle passion.

thanks unto

, happy fare-

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I stay

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urwick his sub-

HENRY VI.

CONDENSED FROM SHAKESPEARE

By CHARLES KEMBLE

INTRODUCTION BY F. A. MARSHALL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter.

EARL OF SUFFOLK, afterwards Marquess and Duke of Suffolk.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards

Edward IV.

GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence, } his sons.

RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,

EDMUND BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset.

EDMUND BEAUFORT, Duke of Somerset, his son.

HUMPHREY STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THOMAS MONTAGUE, Earl of Salisbury.

RICHARD NEVILLE, Earl of Salisbury.

RICHARD NEVILLE, Earl of Warwick, his son.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, brother to the above.

EARL OF RICHMOND, a youth.

LORD CLIFFORD.

LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.

Clerk of Chatham.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS,

JOHN HOLLAND, } followers of Cade.

DICK the Butcher, }

SMITH the Weaver,

SINKLO, } two Keepers.

HUYWHIRE, }

1st Watchman.

2nd Watchman.

1st Murderer.

2nd Murderer.

Huntsman.

QUEEN M. MARGARET.

LADY ELIZABETH GREY, afterwards Queen to

Edward IV.

Guards, Citizens, Messengers, Watchmen, Ladies, &c.

SCENE—Partly in England and partly in France.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

From 1426 to 1471.

HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

INTRODUCTION.

The matter of this play is taken from the Three Parts of Henry VI. with the exception of seven passages from Richard II., amounting in all to 35 lines, and two passages from Richard III., amounting in all to 58 lines. Very few of the lines in this play are not to be found in Shakespeare. Such lines we have marked with an asterisk; although, in many cases, part of these lines are either taken from Shakespeare's own words, or closely imitated therefrom. Only in two instances has Charles Kemble introduced words which Shakespeare has not used, namely, *hid* (the verb), ii. 4. 25, and *unfurl*, iii. 5. 192; and he has been guilty of an impropriety in the use of the modern exclamation *Hurra* (iii. 4. 98); which, although it is the older form of *Hurrah*, is not to be found, apparently, in any author before Evelyn (1665). Neither form of the exclamation occurs in Shakespeare. Nowhere has the adaptor attempted to rise to such original flights as Cibber; in fact this condensed play shows how much greater reverence was felt for the text of Shakespeare in Charles Kemble's time, compared with that of Crowne, or Cibber, or even of David Garrick. It is a matter of some difficulty to identify all the passages from Shakespeare that have been

brought into requisition. In those cases where the text has been rigidly adhered to we have used the expression "Taken from." In those cases where some words and phrases have been altered, or the sequence of the lines re-arranged, we have used the expression "Adapted from." It has been impossible to note all cases where speeches have been taken from one character and assigned to another. But, on the whole, it will be found easy for anyone interested in the subject to follow closely the mode in which Charles Kemble did his work, and we think it will be generally admitted that, at least, this is a very ingenious piece of mosaic; evincing a thorough knowledge of Shakespeare, a conscientious regard for the integrity of his text — as far as the requirements of the stage will permit — and a thorough sympathy with the spirit of his work. It does not appear that this play was ever published, or performed in the theatre. Our text is printed from the only copy known, which is in the possession of Mr. Henry Irving; the MS. portion being in Charles Kemble's own handwriting. The account of two other acting versions of Henry VI., both of which were represented on the stage, will be found in the Introduction to Part II. and Part III. of Henry VI.



CON

¹[SCENE

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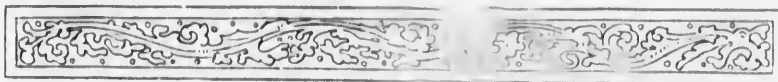
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Or, else,



HENRY VI.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

CONDENSED FROM SHAKESPEARE, AND ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE

BY CHARLES KEMBLE.

*, *The Lines marked with an asterisk are those interpolated by Kemble.*

ACT I.

¹[SCENE I.] *The Temple Garden in London.*

[*A clamour within.*]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, SALISBURY,
WARWICK, SOMERSET, CLIFFORD, VERNON,
BASSET, *Lords, Lawyers, and Attendants.*

Plau. Great lords, and gentlemen, what
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Clif. Within the Temple hall we were too
loud;

he garden here is more convenient.

Plau. Then say at once if I maintain'd the
truth;

Or, else,² was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Clif. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;

And never yet could frame my will to it;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then
between us. 10

War. Between two hawks, which flies the
higher pitch,

Between two horses, which doth bear him
best,

Between two blades, which bears the better
temper,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest
eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judg-
ment;

But in these nice sharp quilllets³ of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plau. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbear-
ance:

Since you are tongue-ty'd and so loth to speak,
In dumb significant⁴ proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman, 21
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with
me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no
flatterer,

But dare maintain the party⁵ of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all
colour

Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet. 30

Clif. I pluck this red rose, with young
Someret;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Sal. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck
no more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

¹ This scene is taken mainly from I. Henry VI. ii. 4.

² Or, else, or in other words.

³ *Quilllets*, subtleties.

⁴ *Significant*, mute indications or signs.

⁵ *Party*, side.

Som. My lord of Salisbury, it is well objected;

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Sal. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red.

And fall on my side so against your will.

Sal. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt.

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, come on: Who else?

Lanc. Unless my study and my books be false,

The argument you held, was wrong in you;

[*To Somerset.*

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

[*Vernon, Basset, and all the persons present chase the roses, but much the greater part white ones.*

Plan. Good Vernon, I am bound to you,
and all,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

[*They shout and wave their white roses.*

Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear; but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain
his truth:

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my
bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have, and is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Clif. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud sir, I will; and scorn both
him and thee.

Som. Away, away,

We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

Lanc. Now, by Heaven's will, thou wrong'st
him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of Eng-
land;

Spring crestless yeomen¹ from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain
my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom:

Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cam-
bridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt² from ancient gentry?

Plan. My father was attached,³ not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Som-
erset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension:⁴

Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee
still;

And know us by these colours for thy foes.

Clif. Go forward and be chok'd with thy am-
bition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

Som. Have with you, sir.—Farewell ambi-
tions Richard.

[*Exit, followed by Clifford and the Red Roses.*

Plan. How I am brav'd and must perforce
endure it!

¹ Crestless yeomen, yeomen who have no right to a coat of arms.

² Exempt, excluded.

³ Attached, arrested.

⁴ Apprehension, opinion.

*Enter Messenger.**

Mess. Plantagenet, it is the king's high will *
That you forthwith repair to the parliament *
Called for the trace of Winchester and Gloster.
Pl. I wait upon his grace.*

[Exit Messenger.]

War. Be of good heart; *
This blot, that they object against your house,
Never again shall stir your princely blood; *
For, if thou be not now created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 110
Win. says my father Salisbury! *

Sol. As my son.*
Already have I spoke in his behalf,*
And here I swear, if words lack power to
move,*
I'll move them with my sword to do thee
right,*

In spite of Somerset and his red rose,*
Plin. And, by my soul, this pale and angry
flower

Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree:
And here I prophesy—this brawl to day 120
Grown to this quarrel, in the Temple Garden
Shall send between the red rose and the
white

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
[Exeunt.]

¹ SCENE II. *The Court.*

Enter VERNON, and BASSET.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot but
now,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord Plantagenet—
Durst thou maintain the former words thou
spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patron-
age.²
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as
Richard.

Ver. Hark ye; not so; in witness, take ye
that. *[Strikes him.]*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms
is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should breach thy dearest
blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to vengeance wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy
cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon
as you; 17

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[Exeunt Vernon and Basset.]

³ SCENE III. *The Parliament. Flourish.*

KING HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, EXE-
TER, SOMERSET, CLIFFORD, BUCKINGHAM,
Lords and attendants.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated
lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd!
Humphrey of Gloucester, if thou canst accuse,
Do it without invention, suddenly.

Glo. Presumptuous Winchester!
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd¹
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen;
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wicked-
ness. 10

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissensions pranks,
As² very infants prattle of thy pride.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords, you'll
safe

To give me hearing what I shall reply;
And he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I
pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

¹ Lines 1-71 adapted from I. Henry VI. iii. 1.

² *Prefer'd*, i.e. "as a charge against thee."

³ *As* that.

Glo. What! Am I not protector, suncy priest!¹⁹

Win. Thou art a most insurping proditor,¹ And not protector of the king or realm.

King. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester, The special watchmen of our English weal; I would prevail, if prayers might prevail, To join your hearts in love and amity. Who should be pitiful, if you be not? Or who should study to prefer a peace, If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

Clif. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,³⁰ To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;

Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin; And will not you maintain the thing you teach?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—⁴⁰

See here, my friends and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce, Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers: So help me Heaven, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside*] So help me Heaven, as I intend it not!

Thy heart's blood I will have for this day's work.

[*Gloster goes to the King's R. H. The Cardinal to his left.*]

King. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster, How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet⁵⁰ We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,⁵²

You have great reason to do Richard right: Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told² your majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is, That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone,⁶⁰

But all the whole inheritance I give, That doth belong unto the house of York, From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,

And humble service, till the point of death.

King. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;

And, in requerdon³ of that duty done,

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;

And rise created princely Duke of York.

War. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!⁷⁰

Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

⁴ *Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak,—

What is the wrong whereof you both complain?

Bas. This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear; Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves⁵⁰ Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

² I told, i.e. of which I told.

³ *Requerdon*, reward.

⁴ Lines 72-111 taken from I. Henry VI. iv. 1.

When stubbornly he did repugn¹ the truth,
About a certain question in the law
Argu'd betwixt Plantagenet and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

For. Know, my dread lord, I was provok'd
by him;

And he first took exceptions, at this lodge, ⁸⁹
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Betray'd² the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York,
will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in
brain-sick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good consins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be try'd by
fight, ¹⁰⁰

And then your highness shall command a
peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, So-
meriset.

For. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bos. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage ¹¹⁰
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

³ SCENE IV. *Flourish.*

*Enter SUFFOLK, MARGARET, Lords, Ladies,
and Attendants.*

Sof. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart from France,

¹ *Rejoins*, resist, oppose.

² *Betray'd*, betrayed.

³ Lines 1-57 taken from II. Henry VI. i. 1.

VOL. II.

To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen

To your most gracious hand, ¹⁰

The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,

The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Mar-
garet: ^[Kisses her.]

O Thou, that lend'st me life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous
face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

If sympathy of love unite our ¹⁵ nights.

Queen. Great King of England, and my
gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath
had— ²⁰

By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

With you mine alder-liest⁴ sovereign,

Makes me the bolder to salute my king

With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace
in speech,

Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping
joys;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my
love. ²⁵

All. Long live Queen Margaret!

Queen. We thank you all. ^[Flourish.]

Sof. My lord protector, so it please your
grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king
Charles.

Glo. ^{[reads].} It is agreed between the French
king Charles, and Henry King of England, that
Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter to
Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and
crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May
next ensuing. Item, that the duchies of Anjou and
of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king
her fa—

^[Lets the paper fall.]

⁴ *Alder-liest*, dearest of all.

King. Uncle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
 Some sudden quail hath struck me to the
 heart,
 And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no
 further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Car. [reads]. The duchies of Anjou and Maine
 shall be released and delivered to the king her father;
 and she sent over of the King of England's own
 proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

King. They please us well. Lord marquis,
 bow thy knee;
 We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk.
 Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and
 Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
 We thank you all for this great favour done,
 In entertainment to my princely queen.
 Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
 To see her coronation be perform'd.
 And now, my lords, once more I beg of you*
 Let me be umpire in your doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Takes Somerset's rose.]
 That anyone should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York—
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both;
 And let us still continue peace and love.

*[Exeunt Henry, Margaret, Exeter, Suffolk,
 Clifford, and their Attendants.]*

York. Well spoken, Henry!*—yet I like
 it not

In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
 state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his
 grief,
 Your grief, the common grief of all the
 land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars? 71
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious War-
 wick,
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy,

That France and Frenchmen might be kept in
 awe!
 And shall these labours, and these honours,
 die!

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame; 80
 Blotting your names from books of memory;
 Razing the characters of your renown;
 Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

Sol. Suffolk has dimm'd the honour of our
 isle;*

These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant
 son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes
 no tears. 90

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did con-
 quer:

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Glo. A proper jest!—and never heard before.
War. France should have torn and rent my
 very heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold and dowries, with their
 wives:

And our King Henry gives away his own, 100
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. Would she had staid in France, and
 starv'd in France,

Before that England's king had ever stoop'd![†]
 To match himself unto a dowerless wife,*

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too
 hot;

[‡] A dower, my lords!—disgrace not so your king
 That he should be so abject, base and poor
 To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love;
 Henry is able to enrich his queen,
 And not to seek a queen to make him rich. 110

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your
 mind;

* Lines 53-66 from I. Henry VI. iv. 1. 151-155; 176, 177.

† Lines 67-105, 111-153 from II. Henry VI. i. 1.

‡ Lines 106-110 from I. Henry VI. v. 5. 48-52.

"Tis not my speeches that you do dislike, 112
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Farewell, my lords; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*]

Car. So—there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy, 120
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
There's reason he should be pleas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—"Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloucester;" 130
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
voice—

"Heaven long preserve the good Duke Hum-
phrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

[*Exit cardinal.*]

Back. Why should he then protect our sove-
reign,

He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together—with the Duke of Suffolk—
We'll quickly hoist¹ Duke Humphrey from his
seat.

Som. Though Humphrey's pride, 140
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Back. Thon or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

Sol. Pride went before, ambition follows
him.

While these do labour for their own prefer-
ment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm. 150

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keep-
ing;²

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:

And York thou art tear'd, and honour'd, of
the people:—

Join we together, for the public good;

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, 160

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of our country.

War. So Heaven help Warwick, as he loves
the realm,

And common profit of his native land!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath
greatest cause.³

[*Exeunt Salisbury and Warwick.*]

York. Anjou and Maine, both given unto
the French!

Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim the
crown; 170

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit;

Let me be still awhile, till time do serve;

And watch and wake, when others be asleep,

To pry into the secrets of the state;

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at
jars;

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd;

And in my standard bear the arms of York, 180

To grapple with the house of Lancaster;

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,

Whose feeble mile hath pull'd fair England
down.

[*Exit.*]² House-keeping, i.e. hospitality³ In the MS. there is a note, "Leave room here for ten
lines to be introduced," but they were not inserted.

ACT II.

1 SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BEVIS and HOLLAND, and four Petitioners.

Bev. My masters, let's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.²

Hol. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Heaven bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN and Attendants.

Bev. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

Hol. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.¹⁰

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me?

Bev. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading*] "For my Lord Protector!" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

Bev. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.²¹

Suf. Thy wife too! that is some wrong, indeed. What's yours? What's here? [*Reads*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford." How now, sir knave!

Hol. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Suf. Base cullions,³ you that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.³⁰

Away, away! [*Tears the petitions.*]

All. Come let's be gone.

[*Attendants drive off the Petitioners.*]

¹ This scene is taken from II. Henry VI. i. 3. *Bevis* and *Holland*, two of Jack Cade's followers, are introduced among the Petitioners.

² *In the quill*, i.e. in a body. ³ *Cullions*, wretches

Queen. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,³⁰

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What! shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?⁴⁰

I thought, King Henry was indeed a king;⁴⁵

But all his mind is bent to holiness.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head;

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England; so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Queen. Beside the haught protector, have we

Beaufort⁵⁰

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of these

But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much.

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife, She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife;⁵⁹

Strangers in court do take her for the queen: Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day, The very train of her worst wearing gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lin'd a bush for her,

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

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So, one

And you

That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
Even now the duchess is in conference
With Margery Jourdain the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer;
Winchester soon will bring good news of her.*
Let me be bold to counsel you in this;
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with these
lords,

With dogged York, that reacheth at the
moon,—

Whose overweening arm I will pluck back
Despite his roses,—and with Buckingham,*
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in dis-
grace.

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter CARDINAL and BUCKINGHAM.

Car. Good Buckingham, methinks you
watch'd her well,

Even at an inch;* the king and commonweal
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains.

And is the good Duke Humphrey's wife so dry*
For sovereignty, she seeks to gain the crown*
By treasonous sorcery and unholy witchcraft?*

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*]

"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death." 10

Why, this is just

"Morte, Eacida, Romanos vincere posse."

Well, to the rest:

"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Suffer shall he be on the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand."

The king is now in progress towards Saint
Allan's; 20

With him, the husband of this lovely lady;
Thither these news, shall go immediately.*

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Back. Your grace shall give me leave, 21
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

Car. At your good pleasure, Buckingham.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

² This knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainure³ the protector's fall—

⁴ Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well per-
ceive

That, nor in birth nor for authority, 30

The bishop will be overborne by thee;

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend the knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. A Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and
Warwick,

Give me leave,

In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim
be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus: 3

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

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

The second, William of Hatfield; and the
third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of
York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke
of Gloster;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and
last.

Edward, the Black Prince, died before his
father;

And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd
king; 20

² Lines 27, 28 adapted from II. Henry VI. l. 2. 105, 106.

³ *Attainure*, i.e. her being *attainted* for treason.

⁴ Lines 29-33 taken from I. Henry VI. v. 1. 58-62.

⁵ This scene is taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 2

Till Bolingbroke, the heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; and murder'd England's
lord.*

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and
not by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sol. But William of Hatfield dy'd without
an heir.

York. The third son Lionel, Duke of Clarence left

Philipppa, a daughter—her granddaughter
Anne.*

My mother (rightful sov'reign of this realm,*
By whom I claim the kingdom) was the heir
Of Roger, Earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; that married Philipppa,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence:

So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain
than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of
Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claimeth it from the
third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-
land's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king

Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be
stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
Who now is gone Lord Regent into France;
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

Till they have smur'd the shepherd of the
flock,

That virtuous prince, the good duke Hum-
phrey;

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sol. My lord, break off; we know your
mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of
Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself—
Richard shall live to make the Earl of War-
wick

The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 SCENE IV. *The Abbey at Bury.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, CARDINAL, SUFFOLK,
CLIFFORD, EXETER, &c., to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my lord of Gloster is not
come;

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see? or will you not ob-
serve

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;

How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike him-
self!

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the gar-
den,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
My Lords of Suffolk—and of Winchester—

Reprove² my allegation, if you can;

Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this
duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.

¹ This scene is mainly taken from H. Henry VI. iii. 1

² Reprove, disprove.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepest:

And in his simple show he harbours treason.

Clor. The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began those devilish practices
I oft have hinted to your majesty,*
By wicked means to frame King Henry's fall.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man,
Unsummed yet, and full of deep deceit.
Take heed, my lord, the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent

man.

King. My lords, at once; the care you have
of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our
foot,

Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my con-
science?

Our Kathan Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove;
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to
unfold.

A sort² of naughty persons, lowly³ bent—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers;
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death, ⁵⁰
And other of your highness' privy-council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

King. O Heaven, what mischiefs work the
wicked ones;
Heap'ng confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture⁴ of thy
House,

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert
best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do
appeal.

How I have lov'd the king, and common-
wealth:

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is; but if she have forgot

Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with⁵ such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed, and company;

And give her up to law, and punishment,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

King. In sight of Heaven and us their crime

is great;

And if by lawful course their guilt be found,*

In Smithfield shall the rest be burnt to ashes.

Dame Eleanor being more nobly born, ⁷⁰

Despoiled of her honour in her life,

Shall, after three days' open penance done,

Live in the country here, in banishment,

With Sir John Stauley, in the Isle of Man.

Glo. Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart

of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the
ground!—

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would
ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster; ere
thou go, ⁸⁰

Give up thy staff; Henry will rule himself;

Then go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,

Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason, why a king of years

Should be to be protected like a child.—

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my
staff:

As willingly do I the same resign

As e'er thy father Henry gave it me;

And leave it humbly at thy royal feet.*

As others would ambitiously receive it. ⁹⁰

¹ Lines 11-50 taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 1.

² Sort—set, company.

³ Lowly, wickedly.

⁴ Tainture, defilement.

⁵ Convers'd with, associated with.

⁶ Lines 67-90 adapted from II. Henry VI. ii. 3.

¹ *Saf.* Now, Gloster, thou art a private² man again,* 91

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

I see your malice and I scorn it, lords;*

For had I twenty times as many foes,

And each of them had twenty times your power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,

So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.

The purest spring is not so free from mud, 100

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accense me? wherein am I guilty?

Cor. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they,
that think it!

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me Heaven, as I have watch'd the night—

Ay, night by night—in studying good for Eng-
land! 110

That doit³ that e'er I wrest'd from the king,

Or any great⁴ I hoarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my trial-day!

Nor many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I disbursed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

Cor. It serves you well, my lord, to say so
much.

⁵ *Queen.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy
wife's attire,

Have cost a mass of public treasury. 120

Cor. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

⁶ *Back.* In your protectorship, you did devise

¹ Lines 92-94, 100-118 from II. Henry VI. iii. 1; Lines 95-98 from II. Henry VI. iii. 4.

² *Private*, deprived of official position.

³ *Doit*, a small coin—¹/₁₆th of a penny.

⁴ *Great*—a small coin—fourpence.

⁵ Lines 119-122 taken from II. Henry VI. i. 3.

⁶ Lines 123-177 are taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 1.

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny. 125

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I
was protector,

Pity was all the blame that was in me;

For I should melt at an offender's tears,

And lowly words were ransom for their crimes.

Saf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer'd; 130

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness' name;

And here commit you to my lord cardinal

To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special
hope,

That you will clear yourself from all suspi-
cion;

My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dan-
gerous! 135

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition, 140

And equity exil'd your highness' land.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;

Sharp Buckingham imburthens with his
tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart;

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;

And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd
up

My liegest liege to be mine enemy:— 145

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,

And all to make away my guiltless life:

I shall not want false witness to condemn
me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The ancient proverb will be well effected—

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Cor. My liege, his railing is intolerable;

If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,

Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at, 150

'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Saf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
here,

⁷ *Dangerous*, fraught with peril.

As if she had suborned some to swear 162
False allegations to overthrow his state!

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to
chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, in-
deed;—

Beshrew the winners, for they play me false!—
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Back. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us
here all day;—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. A guard—see—the duke, and hold
him sure.* 170

Glo. I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island
happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Farewell my king, when I am dead and gone,
My loyalty and peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit guarded.*]

Sof. Thus droops the lofty pine and hangs
his sprays.² 180

Queen. Why now is Henry king, and Mar-
garet queen.

King. Ah, uncle Humphrey! yet the hour's
to come,

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy
faith.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

Paris, Guienne, Rheims, Orleans, are retain'd,*
And all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you—all is lost.

King. Cold news, lord regent: but Heaven's
will be done! 190

Enter York.

York. My liege, from Ireland have I letters
here.*

¹ Lines 178-181 taken from II. Henry VI. ii. 3.

² *Sprays*, shoots, branches.

³ Lines 182-184, 188-215 from II. Henry VI. iii. 1.

⁴ Line 185, 186 taken from I. Henry VI. i. 1.

To signify—that rebels there are up, 192
And put the Englishmen unto the sword;

Send suecour, Harry, stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;

For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Som. A breach, that craves a quick expe-
dient stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset besent a regent thither;
To awe the rebels with his blushing rose,* 200

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.—

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
And pallid ensign of a coward's hue,*

Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so
long.

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

I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,

By staying there so long, till all were lost. 210

Queen. No more, good York;—sweet Som-
erset, be still:

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent
there,

Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then
a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest
shame!

⁵ *King.* Peace, brawling lords, your factions
you maintain,*

And whilst a field should be despatch'd and
fought,

You are disputing of your generals:

Oh, faithful Gloster, come to me again!*

Thou never didst me wrong, nor no man
wrong.* 220

⁶ But, oh, with bootless tears and with dimm'd
eyes

I look to thee, and cannot do thee good,
So mighty are thy vowed enemies. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Methinks my lord is cold in these
distractions,*

Too full of tender pity, and Gloster's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile

⁵ Lines 217-218 taken from I. Henry VI. i. 1.

⁶ Lines 221-226 adapted from III. 1.

With sorrow suares relenting passengers—
But, come, dispute must answer these affairs.
Go, muster force, bold York— for Ireland— fly,*
Bend down rebellion to the royal yoke,* 230
Redeem the glories of the blenish'd crown,²
And make high majesty look like itself.
Go, levy powers, and prosperous mayst thou
fight*

For England's weal, and royal Henry's right.*
[*Exeunt all but York, Cardinal, and Suffolk.*]

Car. The uncivil¹ kernes of Ireland are in
arms,

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
Thither your grace shall lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen.

York. I am content: provide me soldiers,
lords, 240

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

[*Sits down to write.*]

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument, 250
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
death.

Car. So that by this you would not have
him die.

Say as you think, and speak it from your soul.

Suf. Ah, Lord, as fair as I myself would live,*
Say but the word and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord
of Suffolk.

Ere you can take due order for a priest,
Say you consent and censure well? the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing. 260

¹ Uncivil, barbarous.

² Censure well, approve of as a judge

York. My lord of Suffolk, even on the instant, 264

At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of
York.*

Car. And for Duke Humphrey, I will deal
with him,

That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:

Well, nobles, well; 't is politickly done, 271
To send me packing with an host of men:

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them
me:

I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hand.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or
hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head, 280

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.²

And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer.
This devil here shall be my substitute; 288

For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble;

By this I shall perceive the commons' minds;
If they affect the house and claim of York,

Why, then from Ireland come I with my
strength,

And reap the harvest which that rascal
sow'd:

For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[*Exit.*]

² Flaw, commotion; or, perhaps, a sudden gust of wind.

Enter

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Holl.
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ACT III.

1 SCENE 1. *Part of Kent.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now then.

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

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis a readbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said—"labour in thy vocation;" which is as much to say as—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the weaver—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

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

Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and a Surgeon, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We, John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father—inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Bev. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer

Holl. [*Aside*] He was an honest bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet—

Holl. [*Aside*] I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony, to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in commons, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be—

All. Heaven save your majesty!

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

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

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. See what noise is that. [*Exit Holland.*] Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter HOLLAND bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Holl. The clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and cast account.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Holl. He has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmammel.

Bev. 'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone;—Hast thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain dealing man? 82

Clerk. Sir, I thank Heaven I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd; away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and ink horn about his neck.

[*Exit Holland, &c., with the Clerk.*]

Shouts. Re-enter HOLLAND.

Holl. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow. 90

Holl. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Staffordland his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is n't?

Holl. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently; [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him! 101
And you that love the commons, follow me,—
Now show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;¹
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our
parts. 107

Lie. If we mean to thrive and do good,
break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
let's march towards London. Strike up the
drum. [*Exeunt.*]

²SCENE II. *An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter two from the murder of Duke Humphrey.

First Mar. Run, tell Lord Suffolk, and the
cardinal,
We have despatch'd the duke, as they com-
manded.

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

¹ Clouted shoon, hob-nailed shoes

² This scene (lines 1-255) is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iii. 2.

Enter SUFFOLK.

First Mar. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatched the
duke?

First Mar. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to
my house; 115

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

[*Exeunt murderers.*]

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

*Enter the KING, the QUEEN, BEAUFORT,
SOMERSET, with Attendants.*

King. Go, call the duke unto our presence
straight;

Say we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[*Exit.*]

King. And, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter² 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than, from true evidence of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable. 120

Queen. Heaven forbid, any malice should
prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

King. How now! why look'st thou pale?
why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suf-
folk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is
dead. [*The King weeps.*]

Car. Heaven's secret judgment:—I did
dream to-night,

The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a
word.

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
comfort!

King. What, doth my lord of Suffolk com-
fort me? 130

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

³ No straiter, no more strictly.

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Al! woe is me for Gloster, hapless man!

Queen. Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea; 150
And twice by awkward¹ wind from England's bank

Drove back again into my native clime!

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that bos'd them² from their brazen caves;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock!

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me;
The splitting rocks³ cover'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged sides; 160

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish⁴ Margaret.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY without, with many Commons following.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd

By Suffolk's and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down
And care not whom they sting in his revenge
Myself have admird their spleenful mutiny,

Until they hear the order of his death. 170

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true:

But how he—Heaven knows, not Henry:⁵

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And come out then upon his sudden death.

[*Warwick goes in.*]

O that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,

¹ *Awkward*, adverse.

² *He that bos'd them*, i.e. Æolus.

³ *Splitting rocks*, i.e. rocks that are used to split the sides of vessels.

⁴ *Perish*, used actively—kill

⁵ *Henry*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

If my suspect⁶ be false, forgive me, Heaven,
For judgment only doth belong to thee!

A bed with GLOSTER'S body put forth.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body. 180

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;

For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live

I do believe that violent hands were laid

Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,⁷

Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless, 190

Being⁸ all descended to the labouring heart;

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,

Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black and full of blood;

His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,

Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd 200

And tug'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and ragged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.⁹

It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;

The least of all these signs were probable.

⁶ *Suspect*, suspicion.

⁷ *Timely-parted ghost*, i.e. the corpse of one who has

died in a natural death.

⁸ *Being*, i.e. (the blood) being

⁹ *Lodg'd*, beaten down.

Saf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh, 210

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's¹ nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak!
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?

Is Beaufort turn'd a kite? Where are his talons? [*Exit Cardinal.*]

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it:

For every word, you speak in his behalf, 220
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Saf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern tutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft² with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. Liar and slave!—³

[*Suffolk and Warwick draw.*]

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn 229

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
[*Shout.*]

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here!

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace;

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death;

And they will guard you, wh'er you will, or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is; 240
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*Within*]. An answer from the king.

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me.

I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited⁴ so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischaunce unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore—by his majesty I swear, 251
Whose far unworthy deputy I am—

If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

⁵ *Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly, 260
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

E. Cliff. Retire, my sovereign lord; his grace and I*

Will quickly raise a power to put them down.*
[*Exeunt Clifford and Buckingham.*]

⁶ *King.* Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matter to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

Saf. Mischaunce and sorrow, go along with you!

And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
A plague upon them!—Poison be their drink!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss; 270

¹ *Puttock*, a kite.

² *Graft*, past participle of *graft*—grafted.

³ Compare *Macbeth*, v. 5. 35.

⁴ *Cited*, urged.

⁵ Lines 250-261 taken from H. Henry VI. iv. 4. 20-31.

⁶ Lines 264-296 adapted from H. Henry VI. iii. 2.

And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

Queen. Enough, good Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself;

Let me entreat thee cease! go, get thee gone!
And leave poor Margaret here without one friend.*

Go, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough, 280
So Suffolk had thy gracious countenance,*
And still were servant to his honour'd queen.*
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Enter Messenger.

Queen. Whither away so fast! what news,
I prithee?

Mess. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming Heaven, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost 290

Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his overcharged¹ soul;

And I am sent to tell his majesty,

That even now he cries aloud for him.

[*Exit messenger.*]

Queen. Ay me! what is this world! what news are these?

SCENE III. Southwark.

Enter JACK CADE and the rest.

2 Cade. Silence, I charge you in my name.—
The Staffords and Lord Say are slain, and now
is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, I
charge and command that, of the city's cost,
the conduits run nothing but claret wine the
first year of our reign. And now, hencefor-

ward, it shall be treason for any that calls me
other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. 10

[*They kill him.*]

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

Cade. Come then, let's go and set London
Bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the
Tower too. Go some and pull down the Savoy;
others to the inns of court; down with them
all.

Holl. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for
that word.

Holl. Only, that the laws of England may
come out of your mouth. 21

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so.
Away, burn all the records of the realm; my
mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Ber. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting
statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be
in common. [*A parley sounded.*] 22 What noise
is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound
retreat or parley, when I command them
kill? 30

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, attended.

Book. Ay, here they be that dare, and will
disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the
king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye
relent,

And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;

Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his
pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say—God save his
majesty! 40

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,

¹ Overcharged, overburdened.

² Lines 1-28 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 6.

³ Lines 28-32 taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 8.

Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart, in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recover'd your ancient free-lom; but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces; for me—I will make shift for one; and so—a curse light upon you all! ⁵⁹

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you!

Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets. ⁶⁰
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you have lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
Heaven on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford. ⁷⁷

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying. Heaven and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes

me betake me to my heels. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! ^[Exit.]

Back. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him; ⁹⁰

And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

^[Exeunt Clifford, &c.]

¹My friends, your duty has redeem'd your lives,

And show'd how well you love your prince and country;

Continue still in this so good a mind.

And so with thanks and pardon to you all,

I do dismiss you to your several counties.

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza!—Long live the king! ^{*} ^[Exeunt.]

²SCENE IV. *Kenilworth Castle.*

Enter KING.

King. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

But I was made a king, at nine months old:

Was never subject long'd to be a king,

As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Back. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter CLIFFORD.

Back. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield. ¹⁰

Clif. The rebel Cade is slain, my lord.*

King. By thee?*

Clif. No—by a gentleman of Kent, call'd Iden.*

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—

¹ Lines 93-97 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 9. 15-21.

² This scene is mainly taken from II. Henry VI. iv. 9.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power, 19
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
His grace of Somerset and Clifford's father*
Are in the field and stop his further progress.*
I left St. Albans as their battles join'd.*

King. Haste, my good lords, post haste to
meet the traitor,*
And know what is the reason of these arms.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.

1 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil,
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares; 30
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Fields near St. Albans.*

*Enter YORK attended, with EDWARD, RICHARD,
WARWICK, SALISBURY, &c.*

2 *York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to
claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head;
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and
bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.
Welcome to London, thrice-renowned friends.*
3 Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day;
Saint Albans' battle, by the white rose won,
Shall live eterniz'd in the rolls of fame.

War. I long to hear what leaders they have
lost.*

4 *Edw.* Old Clifford's either slain, or wounded
dangerously; 10
I left his beaver with a downright blow.

Rich. Would Somerset were here to speak
for me.*

War. What is he gone, my lord of Somerset?*

5 *Rich.* Ay, underneath an alehouse' paltry
sign,

The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

6 *War.* Such hope have all the line of John
of Gaunt.

7 *Sal.* Now, by my sword, Richard struck
well to-day;

So did we all.

8 *York.* My gallant sons, you have demean'd
yourselves 20

Like men born to renown by life or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried "Courage, father, fight it
out!"—

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him;
And when the hardest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of
ground!

A crown—or else a glorious sepulchre!"—

9 And on my knee I vow to Heaven above 30
I'll never pause, nor e'er again stand still,
Till I am seated on that royal throne,*

Which now the House of Lancaster usurps.*

10 *Sal.* The king this day here holds his par-
liament,

But little thinks we shall be of his council.

Rich. By words, or blows, here let us win
our right.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be
call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king.

11 *York.* See, see, King Henry doth himself
appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun, 40

From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.

Withdraw, my lords of Salisbury and Warwick;*
My sons, go with them, and be resolute,*

When I shall call to seize upon my right;*

12 But offer to the king no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force.

* Line 17 taken from III. Henry VI. i. 1.

† Lines 18, 19 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 3.

‡ Lines 20-29 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 4.

§ Lines 30, 31 adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 3.

|| Lines 31-38 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.

¶ Lines 39-41 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 62-67.

‡ Lines 42-52 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.

1 Lines 27-32 taken from Richard III. i. 4. 78-83.

2 Lines 1-4 taken from II. Henry VI. v. 1. 1-4.

3 Lines 6-8 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 3.

4 Lines 10, 11 adapted from III. Henry VI. i. 1.

5 Lines 14-16 taken from II. Henry VI. v. 2.

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War. Neither the king, nor he that loves
him best,
Dares air a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
[Exit.

Sol. We'll plant Plantagenet, root him up
who dares.
[Exit.

Rich. And fair befall your husbandry, my
lords;*
For I know who shall reap the fruit of it.*
[Exeunt Richard and Edward.

¹ York. Methinks King Henry and myself
should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering
shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of Heaven.

Enter HENRY, EXETER, CLIFFORD, BUCKING-
HAM, NORTHUMBERLAND, and WESTMORE-
LAND.

² King. We are amaz'd, and thus long have
we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, ⁶⁰
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our Presence?

³ Cliff. Yield thee, or here I do arrest thee,
York.

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. The sons of York shall be their fa-
ther's bail.

Go, call them, sirrah—let me ask of them
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.*

⁴ Great York's imperial tongue is stern and
rough, ⁷⁰
Used to command, and sooner shall my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to
any,
Save to the lord of all, the King of kings.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.

⁵ See, where they come—I'll warrant, they'll
make it good.

Back. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower.

Cliff. He is arrested, but
His sons, he says, shall give their words for
him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Ede. Ay, noble father, if our words will
serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our wea-
pons shall. ⁸⁰

Cliff. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested
lump,

As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape!—

York. Call hither to the stake my two brave
bears,

That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter the Earls of WARWICK and
SALISBURY.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy
bears to death,

And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

War. You were best to go to bed, my young
lord Clifford. ⁹⁰

To keep thee from the tempest of the field,
For fear you sink beneath it like your father.*

Cliff. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst ever conjure up;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's
crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
I'll ever wear aloft my burgonet, ⁹⁵

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Resolve thus, Richard, seize upon thy right.

York. I am resolv'd for death, or sov'reignty,
And boldly seat me in the regal chair,*
Despite the blushing roses of my foes.*

⁷ King. Is the throne empty? Is the sove-
reign dead?

⁸ Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord. ¹⁰⁰

* *Burgonet*, a close-fitting helmet.

⁶ Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 470.

⁸ Lines 106-109 taken from Richard II. iii. 2. 54-57.

¹ Lines 55-58 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 54-57.

² Lines 59-63 taken from Richard II. iii. 3. 72-76.

³ Lines 64-69 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 1.

⁴ Lines 70-73 adapted from II. Henry VI. iv. 1.

⁵ Lines 74-102 adapted from II. Henry VI. v. 1.

Descend, and kneel for mercy at my feet;*
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am
thine.*

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

Clif. What, shall we suffer this? Let's
pluck him down.

War. How pluck him down? Why, Clifford,
you forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the
field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or
wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my fa-
ther!

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of
York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*]

Y. Clif. Let us assail them, gracious sove-
reign.

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

Clif. What wrong were this unto the prince
your son?

War. What good were this to England, and
himself?

**King.* For that our kingdom's earth should
not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds, plough'd up with neighbours'
swords;

*We therefore are content, Richard, that thou
Enjoy the Kingdom after our decease.

Clif. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Come, lords, let's go and tell the prince these
news.*

Back. Farewell, faint-hearted and degen-
erate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour hides.

Clif. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this manly deed!

In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!

[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, West-
moreland, and Buckingham.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

King. Alas! alas!

Well, be it as it may;—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

Neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

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

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

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

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Ecc. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make
them foes! [*Here the Lords come forward.*]

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

War. And I'll keep London with my sol-
diers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

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

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick,
Salisbury, Norfolk, and Montague.*]

*Enter QUEEN, BUCKINGHAM, CLIFFORD, NOR-
THUMBERLAND, and WESTMORELAND.*

Ecc. Here comes the queen, whose looks
bewray her anger:

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will fol-
low thee. [*To the King, who is going.*]

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

Thou wouldest have left thy dearest heart-
blood there,

Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

* Lines 112-131 adapted from III. Henry VI. l. 1.

* Lines 122-135 taken from Richard II. l. 3. 125-128.

* Lines 136-139 adapted from III. Henry VI. l. 1.

Clif. My liege, you cannot disinheret him:
If you be king, why should not he succeed?

Queen. Thou hast undone thyself, thy son,
and me;

And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their
pikes, 180

Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine hon-
our;

The northern lords that have forsworn thy
colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to the foul dis-
grace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

King. Have I not sworn the kingdom shall
be York's?

Can I dispense with Heaven for mine oath?

Clif. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. 190

Queen. Awake, insulted majesty, thou
sleep'st.

Hast thou not powers—mfm! the flags of
war—*

Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, great name! a puny subject strikes
At thy fierce glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a king.—Are we not high?

High be our thoughts.—

² Discomfortable Harry, know'st thou not,

For ev'ry man that Richard hath imprest

To lift sharp steel against thy golden crown, 200

Heav'n for his Henry hath in heav'nly pay

A glorious angel, and when angels fight
Weak man must fall, for Heav'n still guards
the right.

ACT IV.

³ SCENE I. Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.

*A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD,
and their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father
'scap'd;

Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pur-
suit;

How fares our brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle run about;
And watch'd him, how I angled Clifford
forth.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest
troop,

As doth a lion in a herd of neat; 11
So far'd our father with his enemies;
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks fore-
tell

Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,
When as the noble Duke of York was slain.

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

Rich. Say how he di'd, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes;

By many hands your father was subdu'd; 20

But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm

Of murthering Clifford, and the queen:

Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high de-
spite;

Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he
wept,

The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood

Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
slain:

And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,

They took his head, and on the gates of York

¹ Lines 191-203 adapted from Richard II. III. 2. 84-89.

² Lines 195-203 adapted from Richard II. III. 2. 36-58-62.

³ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. II. 1.

They set the same; an' there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd. 31

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean
upon;

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
Never henceforth shall Edward joy again,
Never, oh, never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart:

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll vengeance thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. 41

March. Enter Warwick and his Army.

War. How now, my lords? What fare?
What news abroad?

Rich. O valiant lord, the Duke of York is
slain!

War. Some days ago I drown'd these news
in tears:

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest
gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king, 51
Must'rd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept
the queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along;
Short tale to make—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and
went;

Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle threshers with a flail— 59
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
We fled; and Henry scap'd unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my-
self,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to
England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with
his power;

And for your brother—he was lately sent 69
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War-
wick fled;

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
thou hear:

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of
mine

Can pluck the diadem from Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war, 79
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick: blame
me not;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be
done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And weep for murder'd York's unworthy end;
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out.

Rich. Now if thou be that princely eagle's
bird, 90

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun;
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
too,

Boldly set on, or thou art none of his.*

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will
I lean,

And when thou fail'st, as Heaven forbid the
hour!

Must Edward fall.

War. Attend me, lords. The proud in-
sulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumber-
land,

And all the crew are making on towards Lon-
don. 99

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand full;
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
 Will but amount to twenty thousand strong,
 Why, 'Viva! to London will we march again;
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry—Charge upon the foe!
 But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York; 110

The next degree is, England's royal king;
 For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague—
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds)

I come to pierce it—or to give thee mine. 119

War. Then strike up, drums: Heaven, and St. George, for us! [Exeunt.]

1 SCENE II. York.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, and EXETER, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
 That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
 Withhold revenge, dear Heaven! 't is not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Queen. My gracious liege, this too much lenity

And harmful pity, must be laid aside. 120

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face,
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
 Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him. 20

Were it not pity, that your goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
 And long hereafter say unto his child—

"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,

My careless father fondly gave away?"

K. Hen. Full well hath Margaret play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Margaret, tell me, didst thou never hear—
 That things ill-got had ever bad success!

[Drums.]

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh, 30

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

Then, royal Henry, cheer these noble lords,
 And hearten those that fight in your defence.

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;

Or hide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minious, proud insulting boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
 Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee; 40

I was adopted heir by his consent.

Since when, his oath is broke.

Clif. And reason too;
 Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—oh, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crookback; here I stand, to answer thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

¹ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 2.
 230

¹ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 2.

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Heaven's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last, Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove us thence.

Rich. Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoll'n heart Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child?

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

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day, That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Educ. And, in this resolution, we defy thee; Not willing any longer conference, Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Educ. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer stay;

This strife shall cost ten thousand lives to-day.

Charge, Shouts, &c.

¹ SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarm. Enter KING HENRY.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

¹ This scene (except two lines, 20, 21) is adapted from III. II. iv. VI. ii. 5.

Whendying clouds contend with growing light; Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea, For'd to retire by fury of the gust:

Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;

Now, one the better; then, another best;

Both tugging to be victors. [*Alarm.*]

Alarums. Enter QUEEN MARGARET and EXETER.

Educ. Fly, Henry, fly! for all your friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull;

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit. ¹⁰

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Scotland post again;²

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight, With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath, And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands, Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, To give the enemy way; and to secure us By what we can, which can no more but fly,

[*Alarm afar off.*]

³ If you be ta'en, we should see the bottom ²⁰ Of all our fortunes.

Away! for vengeance comes along with them; Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ SCENE IV.

Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Educ. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—

That led calm Henry, though he were a king; As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust, Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

² Again, swiftly.

³ Lines 20, 21 taken from II. Henry VI. v. 2. 78, 79.

⁴ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. ii. 6.

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the word,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the
grave;¹⁰

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
When he is found, off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands,—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen;
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not
dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;²⁰
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine
ears.

First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick,
let it be:

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
¹Thou setter up and puller down of kings.
And never will I undertake the thing,²⁰
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as our-
self,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

[*Exeunt.*]

² SCENE V. A wood in Lancashire.

*Enter SINKLO and HUMPHREY, with cross-bows
in their hands.*

Sink. Under this thick-grown brake³ we'll
shroud ourselves;

For through this laund⁴ anon the deer will
come.

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

Sink. That cannot be; the noise of thy
cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

¹ Compare III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 37; iii. 3. 157.

² This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iii. 1.

³ Brake, thicket. ⁴ Laund, lawn, glade.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to
stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay till he
be past.¹⁰

Enter KING HENRY, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even
of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from
thee,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
keeper's fee:

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adver-
sities;

For wise men say, it is the wisest course.²⁰
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands
upon him.

Sink. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little
more.

K. Hen. My queen, and son, are gone to
France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding War-
wick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's
sister

To wife for Edward; if this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a king soon won with moving
words.

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

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I
was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;³⁰
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

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

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind, and that's
enough.

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

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

Ham. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented 40

To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

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

Ham. No, never such an oath; nor will we now.

K. Hen. Well, do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded; 49

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We charge you, in Heaven's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In Heaven's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what Heaven will, that let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ SCENE VI. *London. The Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and CLARENCE.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York

The noble gentleman did lose his life.
Go some of you, and call her to our presence.*

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;

It were dishonour, to deny it her. 10
[*Enter Lady Grey.*]

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [*Aside*] Yea! is it so?

I see the lady needs must make a grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside*] He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind.

Glo. [*Aside*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay; 19

May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, widow! then I'll warrant you all your lands,

As if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside*] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit. 20

Glo. [*Aside*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

[*Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.*]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

* This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iii. 2.

L. Greg. So shall you bind me to your highness' service. 40
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Greg. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Greg. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Greg. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. [*Aside*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
L. Greg. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.
L. Greg. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject. 50
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Greg. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.
Glo. [*Aside*] The match is made; she sends it with a curtsey.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.
L. Greg. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
 What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Greg. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
 That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. 60
L. Greg. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Greg. My mind will never grant what I perceive
 Your highness aims at, if I am aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to live with thee.

L. Greg. To tell you plain, I had rather live in want.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Greg. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
 For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily. 70
L. Greg. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
 But, mighty lord, this merry inclination Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
 Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
 No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Greg. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. [*Aside*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Char. [*Aside*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty; 80
 Her words do show her wit incomparable;
 All her perfections challenge sovereignty;
 One way, or other, she is for a king;
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
 Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Greg. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord.
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
 I speak no more than what my soul intends; 90
 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Greg. And that is more than I will yield unto;
 I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
 And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Greg. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.
K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

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And, by my faith, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing 100
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my
queen.

Glo. [*Aside*] The ghostly father now hath
done his shrift.

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

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks
sad.

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

Char. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at
the least.

Char. That's a day longer than a wonder
lasts. 109

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell
you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is
taken,

And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the
Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her hon-
ourably. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

¹[SCENE I.] *Palace.*

KING EDWARD, QUEEN, CLARENCE, GLOSTER,
SOMERSET, HASTINGS, MONTAGUE, PEM-
BUROKE, STAFFORD.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like
you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcon-
tent?

Char. As well as Lewis of France, or the
Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judg-
ment,

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose, they take offence without
a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Ed-
ward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my
will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because
our king;

Yet lasty marriage seldom proveth well. 10

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you
offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and
't were pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorn, and your
mislike, aside,

Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's
queen!—

And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

Speak freely what you think. 20

Char. Then this is my opinion—that King
Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave
in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick
be appeas'd,

By such invention as I can devise?

Char. Yet, to have join'd with France in
such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our com-
monwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred
marriage. 30

¹ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 1.

K. Edw. Why, knows not Clarence, then,
that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Glo. Yes; but the safer, when 't is back'd
with France.

K. Edw. 'Tis better using France, than
trusting France;

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his maj-
esty

To raise my state to title of a queen, 40
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like for-
tune.

But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sor-
row.

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

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must
obey! 50

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my
wrath.

Glo. [*Aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but
think the more.

*Enter a Messenger.*¹

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or
what news,
From France?

*Mess.*² My sovereign liege, no letters: and
few words,

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate. 60

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore,
in brief,

What answer makes King Lewis unto our
letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very
words;

"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is he so brave? belike he thinks
me Henry.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these
words; 70

"Tell him from me, that he hath done me
wrong,

And therefore I'll uncover him, ere't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out
so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their pre-
sumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so
link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's
daughter.

Clar. Belike, the younger; Clarence will
have the elder. 75

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

Yon, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*]

Glo. Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone
to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Let's levy men, and make prepare for war; 80
They are already, or quickly will be landed;

But, ere I go, Hastings—and Montague—
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love Warwick, more than me!

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.

¹ This character is described on his entry as a *Messenger*; but, by an oversight, the prefix *Post.*, as given in the Folio, is left before all his speeches. We have remedied the error.

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[Aside.
Somerset both gone

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n, of all the rest,
, and by alliance;
, more than me!
to him;
hollow friends.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward’s cause! 100

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so, then am I sure of victory. Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour, Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

¹[SCENE II.] Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us. I came from Edward as ambassador, But I return his sworn and mortal foe; Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me, But dreadful war shall answer his demand. Had he none else to make a stale,² but me? Did I put Henry from his native right? And am I guerdon’d at the last with shame? Shame on himself! for my desert is honour. And, to repair my honour lost for him, 11 I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence comes;—

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;—

And welcome, Somerset;—I hold it cowardice, To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn’d an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward’s brother, 20

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings;

But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

¹ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 2. with the exception of lines 3–12 taken from III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 299, 139–134.

² *Stall*, a stalking-horse, a decoy.

And now what rests, but, in night’s coverture, Thy brother being carelessly encamp’d, His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard, We may surprise and take him at our pleasure! Our scouts have found the adventure very easy: At unawares we’ll beat down Edward’s guard, And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprise him.— 31 Yon, that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry, “Henry!”]

Why, then, let’s on our way in silent sort: For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [Exeunt.

³ SCENE III. Edward’s camp.

Enter the Watchmen to guard his tent.

First Watch. Come on my masters, each man take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. To-morrow morning then shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. ’Tis the Lord Hastings, the king’s chiefest friend.

Third Watch. Oh, is it so? But why commands the king,

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keepeth in the cold field? 10

Second Watch. ’Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

Third Watch. Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

’Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

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

Second Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

³ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 3.

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French Soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. 21

First Watch. Who goes there!

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

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

The drum playing and trumpets sounding. Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in a gown, sitting in a chair. GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.

Clar. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king, 29
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies!

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Edward will always bear himself as king: 39
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.

[*They lead him out forcibly.*

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. 50
[*Exit, guarded.*

Clar. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,

But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free king Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV.] *A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty:

And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertis'd² him by secret means,
That if about this hour, he make this way, 10

Under the colour of his usual game,

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,

To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD, and 4 Huntsmen.

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

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer!

¹ This scene is taken from III. Henry VI. iv. 5. 1-29

² *Advertis'd*, informed.

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HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

Glo. Brother, the time and ease requireth
haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord;
And ship from thence to Flanders. 21
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was
my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy for-
wardness.

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

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

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

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

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

And pray that I may repossess the crown. 29

[Exeunt.

¹ [SCENE V.] *The Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK,
SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MON-
TAGUE.*

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me
both your hands;

Now join your hands, and with your hands,
your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government:

I make you both protectors of this land;

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I
be content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place; 10

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth
is that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of
Richmond.

¹ This scene (lines 1-34) is adapted from III. Henry
VI. iv. 6

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: [*Lays
his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty:
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself 21
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your
brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news; but how made he
escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of
Gloster,

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him 30
In secret ambush from the forest side.

War. My liege, I like not of this flight of
Edward's;

For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars, before't be
long.

² *K. Hen.* Let's levy men, and beat him back
again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted
friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Cla-
rence, 40

Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights, and gentlemen, to come with
thee:—

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou com-
mand'st:—

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well be-
lov'd,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens—

Like to this island, girt in with the ocean, 49

² Lines 35-74 adapted from III. Henry VI. iv. 8.

Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs—
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile;
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Ecc. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off¹ their suits with slow delays; 60
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies.
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 70

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*]

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

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. [*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

² *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Thus far our fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

³ Brave warriors, march again towards Coventry.

Where peremptory Warwick now remains: 80
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for bay.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ SCENE VI. *Before the town of Coventry.*

Enter WARWICK, two Messengers, and others, upon the walls.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;

The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. 10

March; flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

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

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid⁵ spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—

Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

¹ *Posted off*, put off carelessly.

² Lines 75-78 taken from III. Henry VI. iv. 7. 1-4.

³ Lines 79-82 taken from III. Henry VI. iv. 8. 61 and 52-61.

⁴ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 1.

⁵ *Unbid*, uninvited, unwelcome.

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Henry VI. v. 1.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces
hence,
20
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee
down?—

Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least he would have said
—the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

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

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to
thy brother.

K. Ebor. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by
Warwick's gift.
30

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

K. Ebor. But Warwick's king is Edward's
prisoner;

Glo. You left poor Henry at the Bishop's
palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Ebor. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick
still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel
down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a
blow,
40

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a snail, to strike to thee.

K. Ebor. Sail how thou canst, have wind and
tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall write in dust this sentence with thy
blood:—

"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no
more."

[*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford
comes!

O. O. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Ebor. So other foes may set upon our
backs.
50

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

VOL. II.

If not, the city being of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. Oh, welcome, Oxford! for we want
thy help.

[*Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy
this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Ebor. The harrier match'd, the greater
victory;
59

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

[*Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of So-
merset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

[*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence
sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

More than the nature of a brother's love;—

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
calls.

[*A parley is sounded; Richard and Clar-
ence whisper together, and then Clarence
takes his red rose out of his hat, and
throws it at Warwick.*

Char. Father of Warwick, know you what
this means?
70

[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

And here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—

As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Ebor. Now welcome more, and ten times
more belov'd,
81

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brotherlike.

War. O passing traitor, perjurd, and unjust!

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

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence: I will away towards Barnet presently,

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

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—⁵⁰

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹[SCENE VII.] *Field of battle near Barnet.*

Alarm and excursions. Enter EDWARD and WARWICK.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug,² that fear'd³ us all. — Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,

And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick? Why ask I that? my mangled body shows, My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth, And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe. ¹⁰ Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle, Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the midday sun, To search the secret treasons of the world: The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; ²⁰

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave? And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood! My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands, Is nothing left me, but my body's length! Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are, We might recover all our loss again! ³⁰ The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;

Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,

if thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,

And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile! Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,

That glues my lips and will not let me speak. Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last; ⁴⁰

And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick, And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."

And more he would have said; and more he spoke,

Which sounded like a clamour in a vault, That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last, I well might hear deliver'd with a groan—

"O, farewell, Warwick!" ⁵⁰

War. Sweet rest his soul!—

Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids

You all farewell, to meet in heaven. ⁵⁰

[*Dies.*]

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

[*They bear away his body, and Exeunt.*]

¹ This scene is taken from III. Henry VI. v. 2. 1-50.

² Bug, bugbear.

³ Fear'd, frightened.

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¹SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph;
with GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an up-
ward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his caseful western bed;

I mean, my lords—those powers, that the
queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have reviv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd² thirty thousand
strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd³ by our loving
friends,

That they do hold their course towards Tewks-
bury;

We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides
way;⁴

And as we march our strength will be aug-
mented

In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum; cry—"Courage!" and
away.

[Exeunt.

⁵SCENE IX. *Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, SOMERSET,
OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,

¹ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 3.

² The queen is valu'd, i.e. the forces of the queen are
estimated at.

³ Advis'd, informed.

⁴ Ride way, i.e. gets rid of, or diminishes distance.

⁵ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 4.

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-
board,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful
lad,

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
Whiles, in his mean, the ship splits on the
rock,

Which industry and courage might have
sav'd!

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were
this!

Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
Although unskillful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind
say—no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand,

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Clar. I thought no less; it is his policy,
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readi-
ness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your
forwardness.

Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your
sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects
slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice: then, in God's name,

lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Both parties go out. Alarum: Retreat;
Excursions.

SCENE X.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, &c. The QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made—that, who finds Edward,

Shall have a high reward, and he his life!—
Glo. It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick!—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to!

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitions York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
And, where I stand, kneel thou, ¹⁹

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resoly'd!

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

Clare. Untutor'd lad, thou art too unapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward—and thou perjur'd George—

And thou mis-shapen Dick—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;— ²⁸

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. *[Stabs him.]*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. *[Stabs him.]*

Clare. And there's for twitting me with perjury. *[Stabs him.]*

Q. Mar. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. *[Offers to kill her.]*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold.

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak!—O traitors! murderers!

How sweet a plant have you untimely clogg'd!
Oh, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off, ³⁰
As, deathen'd! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Take up the body—bear her hence by force.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What, wilt thou not! Where is that devil-butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

² *Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows

with paper,
And with thy seems drew'st rivers from his

eyes, ³⁰
And then to dry them gaw'st the duke a clout

steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fallen upon

thee,
And Heaven, not we, has plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Mar. Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?

¹ Lines 18-165 adapted from Richard III. I. 2, 174-181, 195-201, 210-211

¹ Lines 1-17 adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 5.

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HENRY VI.—CONDENSED.

Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses.

If not by war, by surfeit die your king;
And his young son, for Edward my poor
boy.*

Die in his youth by like untimely violence, ⁶⁰
Rivers and Dorset you stood smiling by,*
And so didst thou, Lord Hastings, when my
son

Was staddl'd with bloody daggers. Heav'n, I
pray,

That none of you may live your natural age,
But some unlook'd for mischief all cut off!¹
² *Glo.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful
wither'd hag!

³ *Q. Mar.* And leave thee out? Stay dogs, for
thou shalt hear me.

If Heav'n have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe, ⁷⁰
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's
peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou
liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends;
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.
Thou elvish-mark'd,³ abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity, ⁸⁰
The slave of nature, and the son of hell,
Thou leath'd issue of thy father's loins,
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb.

⁴ *Glo.* Peace, peace, for shame, if not for
charity.

⁵ *Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to
me;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are litcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!
O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee; ⁹¹

¹ Also in MS. In Shakespeare the line runs:

But by some unlook'd accident cut off.

² Lines 60-83 taken from Richard III. i. 3. 215-232.

³ *Elvish-mark'd*, marked, or disfigured by fairies.

⁴ Lines 84-102 adapted from Richard III. i. 3. 273-303.

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood.
Good Buckingham, beware of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he
bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death and hell have set their marks upon
him

And all their ministers attend upon him.
O, thou! remember me another day, ⁹⁹
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Heaven's.

⁵ *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear
her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to my
son! [*Exit Queen with guards.*

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my
brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter.
Ere you come there, be sure to hear more news.

Clar. What? What? ¹⁰⁹

Glo. King Henry, man—the Tower. [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

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

Now march we hence; discharge the common
sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares;
By this, I hope she hath a son for us. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ SCENE XI. *The palace in London.*

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZA-
BETH, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and
Attendants.

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

⁵ Lines 101-117 adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 5.

⁶ This scene is adapted from III. Henry VI. v. 7.

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands;
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion, to
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's
night;

Went all about in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st be crown'd in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll toast his harvest, if your head were
lay'd; 20

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back.

Work thou the way—and that shall be—
[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely
queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clor. The duty, that I owe unto your ma-
jesty,

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit;— 30
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master;

And cried—"all hail!" when as he } *Aside.*
meant—"all harm."

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul de-
lights,

Having my country's peace, and brothers'
loves.

Clor. What will your grace have done with
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence
to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the
time 40

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court;—

Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour
annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT V, Scene II.

rence; worthy

ce from whence

the fruit:—

d his

he } *Aside.*

is my soul de-

and brothers'

have done with

g of France

salem,

or her ransom,

waft her hence

we spend the

to

al comic shows,

e count!—

farewell, son

sting joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

A LORD.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker.

A PAGE, disguised as Sly's supposed wife.

HOSTESS.

Huntsmen, Servants, Players and Attendants.

SCENE—First outside a Country Alehouse; afterwards in the Lord's Country House.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Merchant of Pisa.

LAURENCE, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca (disguised as Cambio, a Teacher of Languages).

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katharina.

GRÊMIO, an old gentleman.

HORTENSIO (disguised as Licio, a Music Master).

THE PEDANT (disguised as Vincentio).

TRASSIO (disguised as Laurence), } servants to Laurence

BRONDELLO,

GRÊMIO, servant to Petruchio.

CURTIS,

NATHANIEL, PHILIP,

JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, PETER, } servants at Petruchio's Country House.

A TAILOR.

A HABERDASHER.

KATHARINA, the Shrew, } daughters to Baptista.

BIANCA,

A WIDOW (afterwards married to Hortensio).

Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

HISTORIC PERIOD.

The historic period is vague; probably some time in the first half of the 16th century.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action comprises five or six days with intervals. Mr. Daniel thus divides them:

Day 1: Act I.

Day 2: Act II.—Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.

Day 3: Act III, Scene 1. Saturday, eve of the wedding.

Day 4: Act III, Scene 2; Act IV, Scene 1. Sunday, the wedding day.—Interval (?).

Day 5: Act IV, Scene 2.—Interval (?).

Day 6: Act IV, Scene 3, Scene 1, Scene 5; and Act V. (= The Second Sunday.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The first known edition of this play, or rather we should say, of Shakespeare's version of it, is that published in the first Folio. In 1631, an edition in Quarto was published, the title of which is as follows:

"A wittie | and pleasant | Comedie | Called
The Taming of the Shrew. | As it was acted
by his Maiesties | Servants at the Blacke Friers
and the Globe. | Written by Will. Shake-
speare. | LONDON. | Printed by W. S. for *John*
Smethwicke, and are to be | sold at his Shop
in *Saint Dunstons Church*- | yard vnder the
Diall: | 1631."

The Cambridge editors add, however: "From a minute comparison of this Quarto edition with the first Folio, extending to points which are necessarily left unrecorded in our notes, we have come to the conclusion that the Quarto was printed from the Folio." Mr. Collier's conjecture that this Quarto "was printed long before 1623, perhaps as early as 1607 or 1609," and that the title-page was "struck off long subsequent to the printing of the body of the comedy to which it is attached," is perfectly refuted by the result of the examination of Capell's copy by the said editors, from which it appears that the paper, on which the title was printed, "forms part of the first quire, and has not been inserted."

In 1594, was published (anonymously) in Quarto:

"A Pleasant Conceited | Historie, called
The Taming of a Shrew. | As it was sundry
times acted by the | *Right Honorab^{le} the*
Earle of Pembroke his seruants. | Printed
at London by Peter Short and | are to be sold
by *Cuthbert Burbie*, at his | shop at the Royall
Exchange. | 1594."

This was reprinted in 1596, and again, in 1607, by N. Ling. It appears from the records of Stationers' Hall that, on the 22nd January, 1607, Burby the publisher transferred to Ling his right to this play, to *Romeo and Juliet*, and to *Love's Labour's Lost*. It was shortly after this transfer that Ling brought out the third Quarto mentioned above. It would appear, then, as Stokes has pointed out in his Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays (p. 34) that Burby, Ling, and Smethwicke most probably thought, in 1607, that "The Taming of a Shrew" was Shakespeare's play. Mr. Stokes arrives at the conclusion (p. 35) "that, as far back as May, 1594," it "was believed to be Shakespeare's in some sense." However this may be, it seems pretty evident that Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* was the result of a somewhat hasty rewriting and reconstruction of the old play first published in 1594; some hints being taken from Gascoigne's *Supposes*, a translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*, a comedy first published in 1524, and, as appears from Allacci (*Drammaturgia*, Edn. 1755, columns 745, 746; 933), republished eight times between that date and 1598.

How much of the present play was written by Shakespeare, and at what date, has been a matter of learned dispute amongst students of Shakespeare. I must refer the reader to Mr. Fleay's paper, and the discussion thereon, in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874 (Part I., pages 85-129); also to Macmillan's Magazine, November, 1875; and to the Shakespeare Manual (1876), in which Mr. Fleay further explains his views as set forth in the paper above alluded to. Mr. Grant White, in his Introduction to this play (*Riverside Shakespeare*, Vol. I. p. 607), repeats his opinion that, in this play, "three hands at least are traceable: that of the author of the old

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a collaborer." I cannot see the necessity for this hypothesis. The occasional, or, we may say, frequent irregularity of the metre, and the presence of lines which, both in rhythm and construction, differ from those which we know to be Shakespeare's own, do not seem to me to prove anything more than what we know to be the fact; namely, that Shakespeare based his play upon a previous one, taking therefrom, in this case, most of the situations and some portion of the dialogue. That he greatly improved upon his original any one, who reads the Quarto of 1594 and the present play, can find out for himself; but that he did not exercise so much care as usual with regard to the metre, except in certain passages, is plain; and it may be that much of the verse, so called, is not intended to be verse at all. Nor do I see any proof of the existence of a third hand in this play, in the fact that the Prince of Cestus becomes a simple merchant; or that the period and scene of the play are both changed. What seems most probable is, that Shakespeare touched up and added to the old play, altering the names of the characters, the scene, &c. at an early period, perhaps before 1594; and that subsequently he polished some of the more important passages; but that the play with him was never one of his favourite children, even of adoption; and that the MS., left by him in his own theatre, was more full of mistakes and of oversights than is the case with those plays in which he took far greater interest and pride.¹

The first allusion to this play, or perhaps to

¹ As an instance of the remarkable carelessness, with which this play was constructed and written by Shakespeare, Mr. Daniel points out that Hortensio, "by gaining access to Bianca as Licio, drops out of the competition for her hand, and neither Baptista, Grémio, nor Tranio appear to be at all surprised at his absence;" also that, in act iii. sc. 2, every reader must be struck by the sudden knowledge which "Tranio (the supposed Lucentio) manifests of Petruchio's manners and customs." It does not appear from the play that either Lucentio, or Tranio, who assumes Lucentio's character, could possibly have known him before they met him at Padua. In act 4 sc. 2 (towards the end) Tranio treats Petruchio as a stranger. It is evident that Shakespeare transferred to Lucentio the familiarity with Petruchio which really belonged to Hortensio. Tranio's speeches (in the assumed character of Lucentio) would not have been out of place in the mouth

of the old play on which it is founded, is given in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596. "Read the Booke of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *none* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir." "Booke" here is used in much the same sense as we talk nowadays of the *book* of the play. In Rowlands' "Whole Crew of Kind Gossips," 1669, quoted by Ingledby (*Centurie of Prayse*, p. 85), occurs the following allusion:

The chiefest Art I have I will bestow
About a worke call'd *taming of the Shrew*.

Another allusion—at least to the Induction—is to be found in Sir Aston Cockayne's poems, 1659, quoted by Malone (*Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 352*):

Shakespeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) and there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
"Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare fancies
Did put *Kil Sly* into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

As to the source from which the Induction was taken, it was, most probably, derived immediately from an anecdote in an old collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in 1570, "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Majesties revels" (see Malone, *Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 353*); but the story was one which, whether founded on any historical circumstance or not, was common amongst vari-

of Hortensio; but they are very much out of place in his. (See New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877-9, Part II., pp. 164, 165.) I do not think there is much force in Mr. Daniel's first objection. Hortensio, certainly, had an intelligible object in obtaining access to Bianca in the character of Licio; nor is it necessary that his absence should have been noticed by any of the other characters; but there is no doubt that the careless haste, with which Shakespeare reconstructed and rewrote the old play, made him forget that he had made Hortensio a parallel to Polidor (who is the intimate of Fernando in the old play); and that he neglected to explain, in any way, the apparent familiarity which exists, in act iii., between Tranio and Petruchio. In making Hortensio disguise himself as a musician, Shakespeare's dramatic instinct was quite right; as he, by that means, obtained a much more effective situation than that in the old play, where only Valeria (Polidor's servant) disguises himself as a musician.

INTRODUCTION.

ous nations. We may instance the well-known tale of *The Sleeper Awakened*, in the *Arabian Nights*; the story of the Emperor Charles V. recorded by Staunton; and a similar story of Philip the Good of Burgundy, referred to by Malone (*ut supra*), is narrated by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (p. 171). An anecdote of a Tartar prince, taken from Marco Polo, which contains a similar idea, is also quoted by Burton (p. 391).¹

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote a comedy called *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*, which is a sequel to this play, and not, I believe, intended in the least degree to ridicule it: in it Petruchio is tamed by his second wife. Tranio and Bianca are introduced, but no other characters from Shakespeare's play.

STAGE HISTORY.

This play, in its old shape at least, seems to have been a great favourite. Mr. Stokes says that "one other company at least (Lord Nottingham's) ran a series of plays upon a similar line, viz., Dekker's *Patient Griseld*, 1597, in which he was assisted by Haughton and Chettle; and *Medicine for a Curst Wife*, which he brought out alone soon afterwards; indeed the last-named play has (but on insufficient grounds) been conceived to be Dekker's edition of *The Taming of a Shrew*."² I do not see how there could be any connection between a play founded upon the subject of the Patient Griselda and the Taming of the Shrew, nor is Mr. Stokes quite correct in his dates. The first record of Patient Griseld occurs in Henslowe's Diary (p. 96) under the date of "the 19 of december 1599," in the shape of a receipt for three pounds "in earnest of patient Griseld, by us, Tho Dekker, Hen Chettle, and Wilhm Hawton;" while the first entry in the Diary (p. 224) referring to *A Medicine for a Curst Wife* relates to a sum lent "to gove unto Thomas Dickers, in earneste of a comedy called a modyson for a curste wiffe, 19 of July 1602," which would be some time after the production of Shakespeare's version of *The Taming of a Shrew*. This latter play, however, of

Dekker's (which was never printed) was, most probably, upon the same subject as Shakespeare's comedy, whether it was another version of the same old play, or not. It is evident, therefore, that the subject of this play was a popular one, since no less than three companies, the Earl of Pembroke's, Lord Nottingham's, and Shakespeare's, must have produced plays on this same subject between 1594 and 1602. On the 11th June, 1594, Henslowe's diary records the performance of "the tanyng of a shrowe" (p. 36). This was, probably, the old play. On the next evening, by a curious coincidence, another old play which we know was at least touched up by Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, was performed. In Sir Henry Herbert's Office Book, quoted by Malone (Var. Ed. vol. iii. p. 234), appears the following entry: "On tuesday night at Saint James, the 26 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, *The Taming of the Shrew*. Liket." This must have been Shakespeare's play. In Pepys' Diary on 9th April, 1667, we find the following: "To the King's house, and there saw 'The Taming of a Shrew,' which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally it is but a mean play; and the best part 'Sawney,' done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me." And again on 1st November, 1667: "My wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play, and an old one, 'The Taming of a Shrew.'" This must have been Lacy's alteration of Shakespeare's play, called 'Sauney the Scot,' (referred to below). Downes records [Edn. 1789 (p. 57)]: "Between these operas" (viz. *The Prophetess* or *Dioclesian*, by Betterton, and the *Fairy Queen*, a mangled version of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*) "there were several other plays acted, both Old and Modern; As, *Bury Fair*, *Wit Without Money*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, &c." This was after James II. came to the throne, probably about 1686; but, according to Genest, Lacy's adaptation, "Sauney the Scot," was played on 9th April, 1667. The name was evidently suggested by Sander,³

¹ The references are to Edn. 1676. The former tale is in part 2, sect. 2, memb. 4; the latter in part 3, sect. 4, memb. 1, subs. 2.

² *Ut supra*, p. 55.

³ This name is spelt, in the Quarto of 1594, variously Sander, Sanders, Saundey, and Saunders. Probably it was the name of the actor who played the low comedy part

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

the name of the character in the old Taming of a Shrew, which Shakespeare elaborated into Grunio. Sander is a dull dog; and if Sammy the Scot was no livelier, the mutilation of Shakespeare's play must have been an unnecessary labour. "Sammy the Scot" was revived at Drury Lane, 1698, when the part of Sammy was played by Bullock, Margaret the Shrew by Mrs. Verbruggen, and Bianca by Mrs. Cibber. This precious work was published in that year, 1698. From the account of it given by Genest, it must have been a very poor and rather vulgar production.

No performance of this play seems to have taken place till 1754; when a version in three acts was played, on 18th March, for Mrs. Pritchard's benefit. This was probably the same version, substantially, as that produced on 21st January, 1756, in conjunction with a mangled adaptation of Winter's Tale, for both of which mutilations of Shakespeare Garrick was responsible. On the latter occasion Woodward played Petruchio; Yates, Grunio; and Mrs. Clive, Katharine. Between Woodward and Mrs. Clive there seems to have been no very friendly feeling; and the actor, entering thoroughly into his manager's idea of degrading Shakespeare's play as much as possible, so exaggerated the violence of Petruchio that he threw the actress down at the end of the second act, and even, so it was said, ran a fork into her hand. It is not to the credit of the taste either of English managers, or of English audiences, that this farcical version of Shakespeare's comedy, perpetrated by his great admirer, Garrick, should have held the stage ever since. It appears from Genest that, in conjunction with the mutilation of the Winter's Tale, it was performed twelve times during the season of 1756. This Garrickisation of Shakespeare's play, known as Katharine and Petruchio, seems to have been given, chiefly on the occasion of benefits, several times between 1757 and 1760. On 13th March, 1788, for John Kemble's benefit, it was reproduced, with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the parts of Petruchio and Katharine. This was, most probably, the only occasion on which the great tragic actress condescended to enact this rôle; it must have been a very interesting performance.

On the 25th June, 1810, the play was produced under the title of Taming of a Shrew. Kemble was Petruchio; Mrs. Charles Kemble was Katharine; again on the 16th September, 1812, on which occasion Young played Petruchio. An opera by Reynolds, founded on this play, was produced at Drury Lane on the 14th May, 1828. This appears to have been the first time in which Shakespeare's title, Taming of the Shrew, was restored. Genest puts at the beginning of the entry, "not acted eighty years;" and adds that the original play, in all probability, had not been acted since the Restoration. I cannot find any previous record of the performance of this opera, which was certainly not Shakespeare's original play, and presumably not Garrick's adaptation. On this occasion Wallack played Petruchio; Harley, Grunio; and Braham, Hortensio.

A very interesting performance of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, including the Induction, was brought out under the superintendence of Mr. J. R. Planché, in the season of 1846-47, principally with a view to the fact of Mrs. Nisbett (then Lady Boothby) having returned to the stage; which seems to have suggested the idea of the revival to Mr. Planché. There were only two scenes given; the first, the outside of the ale-house on the heath; the second, the Lord's bed-chamber, in which the strolling players were supposed to act; the scenery being indicated, as in the time of Shakespeare, merely by written placards, affixed to the tapestry at the end of the apartment. The appearance of the stage is thus described to me by one of the best of our old actors,¹ the only survivor, I believe, of the original cast: "The Lord and his servants were

¹ Mr. Howe, the Hortensio on the above occasion, to whose kindness I am indebted for the details I have given above. There are two discrepancies between Mr. Howe's and Mr. Planché's accounts of this curious revival. Mr. Howe thinks it was about 1843-44; but he is evidently wrong. He assigns the part of Grunio to Keeley; he also says that when the piece was given again, about two years afterwards, Lambert took Strickland's place; Buckstone that of Keeley. Mr. Planché does not mention Keeley, but only Buckstone in the part of Grunio; both agree that, on its first production, the revival was a great success; but Mr. Howe says that, on the second occasion, it was not so.

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seated on the left-hand corner of the stage in the first entrance; Sly and his party on the right hand. A large drapery of maroon-coloured curtains looped up, with inner curtains of tapestry, stretched completely across the stage; there was a division in the centre of the latter through which the various characters made their exits and entrances. At the beginning of each scene, one of the troupe of actors removed the old placard, and hung a fresh one denoting the place in which the action was to be represented."

The cast included Webster as Petruchio; Keeley, and afterwards Buckstone, Grunio; Howe, Hortensio; Strickland, Sly; with Mrs. Nisbett, Katharine, and Mrs. Seymour, Bianca. Mr. Planché says: "No such Katharine as Mrs. Nisbett had been seen since Mrs. Charles Kemble had acted it in the pride of her youth and beauty. Strickland justified all my expectations. As powerful and metedious as Munden, without the exaggeration of which that glorious old comedian was occasionally guilty." The difficulty of getting rid of Christopher Sly, at the end of the comedy, was thus ingeniously overcome by Mr. Planché: "At the end of each act no drop scene came down, but music was played while the servants brought the bewildered tinker wine and refreshments, which he partook of freely. During the fifth act he appeared to fall gradually into a heavy drunken stupor, and when the last line of the play was spoken, the actors made their usual bow, and the mordenian, advancing and making a sign to his domestics, they lifted Sly out of his chair, and as they bore him to the door, the curtain descended slowly upon the picture. Not a word was uttered, and the termination, which Sidelgel supposes to have been lost, was indicated by the simple movement of the *dramatis personæ*, without any attempt to *continue* the subject." Since then the play generally, if not invariably, under the title of Katharine and Petruchio, has been represented many times; the version used being Garrick's adaptation, with as many vulgarisms and as much low pantomime business added, as the ingenuity of the various managers or actors could invent.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The Taming of the Shrew is the one of Shakespeare's plays most devoid of serious interest, not excepting The Comedy of Errors. It is more straggling in construction, and contains less ingeniously devised situations than the latter play; the characters in it, however, are more varied, and are treated with greater power of delineation. It must be confessed that the female characters of this play are not very interesting or sympathetic. Bianca has not much individuality; the widow is almost a nonentity; and Katharina, though immensely superior to her prototype in the old play, is not a character that ever can hope to enlist the serious interest, or the deeper sympathies of an audience. The chief value of this play is that it gives us a better example, than any other included in Shakespeare's dramatic works, of his wonderful power of giving life to dead bones. Nothing can be more "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" than the old play from which this is so ingeniously adapted. One cannot help asking one's self the question, after reading carefully The Taming of a Shrew, and then reading, with equal care, The Taming of the Shrew, whether the creative power, shown by Shakespeare in such an adaptation, is not almost greater than that which, in many cases, belongs to originality in the accepted sense of the term. An original play is indeed a rare thing; and some of the plays so called are the least original; for the dramatist must take his characters from some types in history or in real life; and it depends solely upon the amount of the author's power, in analysing the springs of action and the emotions of human nature, whether the characters so derived are mere dummies; or whether they seem to us living men and women, in whose fate we are interested, and with whose joys or sorrows we can vividly sympathize. The dramatist who could take The Taming of a Shrew, with its commonplace dialogue, its shallow characters, and its ill managed story, and could produce from such poor materials the lively and lifelike comedy before us, need not be ashamed of acknowledging that he was indebted to something else than

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

his own observation or invention. One may compare the process, by which Shakespeare transformed the old play into the one which bears his name, to the work of a great architect who, finding a hideous, dingy, incommodious building, pulls it down; and then, using almost the same bricks or stones, designs and erects a handsome, cheerful, and commodious palace. In the old play, Fernando is a coarse and dull-witted fellow; transformed into Petruchio, he becomes, if not exactly refined, at least a determined and witty character, who, throughout all his extravagant assumption of severity, retains the manners and the heart of a gentleman; impressing the audience with the belief that such a man, having once subdued the temper of a self-willed and passionate woman, could hardly fail to win her love, if there was any good in her character, by his strength of will; and, having won it, would retain it by that innate gentleness which all his well-acted eccentricities could not conceal. The Kate of the old play is a very different person from the Katharina of Shakespeare. The speech, in which the latter describes so eloquently the duties of a wife, is not more superior to the dreary homily for which it was substituted, than she is herself, in every quality of womanhood, to her prototype in the older comedy. The loves of Lucentio and Bianca, of Hortensio and the Widow, are certainly more interesting than those of Agrelins and Philena,¹ or of Polidor and Endilia.

Sander, who is nothing more than a vulgar clown, becomes, in the shape of Grumio, transformed into a study of humorous comicality fit to rank with some of Shakespeare's best

creations in this line of character. I cannot see why this play should be called "an outrageous farce;" surely it is quite as worthy of the name of comedy as many plays so called. Is *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to be stigmatized as a farce, because it is full of practical jokes? If *Tobin's Honeymoon* be dignified with the title of a comedy, surely a play which is on the same subject, and is much more cleverly treated, should not be sneeringly spoken of as "outrageous farce." It is a great pity that, in representing this play upon the stage, most managers should have done their best to degrade Shakespeare's work; and to exclude carefully from the comedy all the refinement with which he had so characteristically endowed it.

But some one has been found, at last, with courage enough to follow the footsteps of Planché and Webster. Mr. Augustin Daly has produced this play at his theatre in New York, retaining the Induction and the comedy scenes, with—I am happy to say—the greatest success. His edition of the play has been privately printed; and in the words of the introduction, written by that accomplished critic Mr. William Winter, "this book will serve to show that in Mr. Daly's present revival of '*The Taming of the Shrew*,' a careful and thoughtful effort is made to do absolute justice to the original piece." Mr. Daly, wisely considering that the omission of proper scenery was by no means essential, has mounted the play with liberality and good taste. The fact that the comedy, as represented by Mr. Daly's company, ran for more than a hundred consecutive nights—indeed it has proved one of his greatest financial successes—may, perhaps, encourage other managers to follow so good an example.

¹ This name is spelt variously, in the old play, *Phileant*, *Phyleant*, *Phileant*, *Phyleant*.

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the West



Gramia. How he beat me because her horse stumbled, &c. — (Act iv. 1, 78.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLY; the latter very drunk.

Sly. I'll pleeze¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *ptuvas pallubris*;² let the world slide; *Sessat*!³

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst!⁴

Sly. No, not a denier.⁵ Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 10

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.⁶ [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

¹ *Pleeze* (*plaise, please*), beat.

² *Ptuous pallubris*, i.e. *pticus palabras* (Spanish), "a few words with you."

³ *Sessat*, i.e. *cessat* (Italian), stop! be quiet!

⁴ *Burst*, i.e. broken.

⁵ *Denier*, properly the twelfth part of a sou; a coin of the lowest value.

⁶ *Third borough*, i.e. constable.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

Trash Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;⁷ And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.⁸

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good?⁹ At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all: To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord. 30

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

⁷ *Emboss'd*, i.e. exhausted, and fawning at the month.

⁸ *Brach*, bitch. ⁹ *Made it good*, i.e. recovered the scent.

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he
not warm'd with ale, 32

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine
he lies!—

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!—

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he
wakes,— 40

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he can-
not choose.

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him
when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a datt'ring dream or worth-
less fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

[And hang it round with all my wanton pic-
tures:

Bath his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes, 50

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;]

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say "What is it your honour will command?"

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water, and bestrow'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say "Will't please your lordship cool
your hands?"

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease;

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;

And when he says he is ¹, say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly;² gentle sirs.

It will be pastime passing excellent.

¹ When he says he is ¹, i. e. "when he says he is 'so and
so."

² Kindly, i. e. naturally

If it be hindred with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we'll
play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence, 70
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with
him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:

[*Exit Serjeant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Serjeant.

How now! who is it?

Serje. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour. 80

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-
night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept
our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I re-
member,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:

'T was where you wou'd the gentlewoman so
well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fit, and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 't was Soto that you
honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true; thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time; 90

The rather for I have some sport in hand.

Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

But I am doubtful of your modesties;

Least over-eying of his odd behaviour,—

For yet his honour never heard a play—

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain
ourselves, 100

sty.
 rant you we'll
 diligence, 70
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 and to bed with
 n he wakes.
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 [Exit Serrant
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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Were he the veriest antic¹ in the world. 101
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery;²
 And give them friendly welcome every one;
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.
 [Exit one with the Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
 chamber;
 And call him "madam," do him obeisance,
 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honourable action. 110
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say "What is't your honour will com-
 mand,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty and make known her
 love?"
 [And then with kind embracements, tempting
 kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,]
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him³
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou
 canst:
 Alon I'll give thee more instructions. 130
 [Exit Serrant.
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman;
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
 And how my men will stay themselves from
 laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them; haply thy presence
 May well abate the over-merry s⁴ ban,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
 [Exeunt.

¹ Antic, i.e., queer fellow, oddity.

² Buttery, i.e., pantry.

³ Esteemed him, i.e., himself.

⁴ S⁴ ban, i.e.,

SCENE II. A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

*Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with
 Attendants; some with apparel, others with
 basin and ewer and other appurtenances;
 and Lord, dressed like a servant.*
Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
First Serr. Will't please your lordship drink
 a cup of sack?
Sec. Serr. Will't please your honour taste
 of these conserves?
Third Serr. What raiment will your honour
 wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me
 "honour" nor "lordship;" I ne'er drank sack
 in my life; and if you give me any conserves,
 give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what
 raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets
 than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor
 no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more
 feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
 through the over-leather.
Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
 honour!
 O, that a mighty man, of such descent, 15
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am
 not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
 heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a card-
 maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now
 by present profession a tinker? [Ask Marian
 Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she
 know me not: if she say I am not fourteen
 pence on the score for sheer ale,⁴ score me up,
 for the lyingest knave in Christendom.] What?
 I am not bestraught⁵ here's—
Third Serr. O, this it is that makes your
 lady mourn!
Sec. Serr. O, this it is that makes your ser-
 vants droop!
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred
 shuns your house, 20
 As beaten hence by your strange humacy.
 O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
 ment,

⁴ Sheer ale, i.e., unmixed ale; what brewers call "entire."
⁵ Bestraught, i.e., distracted.

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

[Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing;
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.]
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the
ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,¹
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will
soar

Above the morning lark; or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer
them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
First Serv. Say thou wilt couse; thy grey-
hounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, faster than the roe. 50

[*Ser. Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will
fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee to as she was a
maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Serv. Or Daphne running through a
thorny wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she
bleeds, 55

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.]

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a
lord;

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And, till the tears that she hath
shed for thee,

Like envious thorns, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? 70
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;

Tsmell sweet savours, and I feel soft things;
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christópher Sly.

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Ser. Serv. Will't please your mightiness to
wash your hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd! 75
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly
nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle
words;

For though you lay here in this goodly cham-
ber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
[And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say you would present her at the lect,²
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts;] 80

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely
Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house
nor no such maid,

[Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps o' th'
Green,

And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as
these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.]

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good
amends!

All. Amen. 100

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer
enough.

¹ Trapp'd, i.e. adorned with trappings

² Lect, i.e. court lect, or court of the minor

such a lady! 70
 and till now I
 speak;
 and soft things;
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INDUCTION, Scene 2.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT I. Scene 1

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will
 with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me
 husband?

My men should call me "lord:" I am your
 goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord
 and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call
 her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. A'ee ye clam, or Joan madam? 111

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords
 call ladies.

[*Sly.* Madam, my wife, they say that I
 have dream'd]

And slept about some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto
 me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her
 alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of
 you 120

To pardon me yet for a night or two,
 or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
 In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly
 tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall
 into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry,
 in despite of the flesh and the blood.] 130

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your
 amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
 blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore they thought it good you hear a
 play,

And frame your mind to mirth and merri-
 ment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens
 life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is't not
 a commony¹ a Christmas gambold or a tumb-
 ling-trick? 141

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleas-
 ing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife,
 sit by my side, and let the world slip: we shall
 ne'er be younger.

Flourish.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I
 had

To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy;
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
 With his good will, and thy good company,
 My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute
 A course of learning and ingenious studies.

[Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
 Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
 Lucentio his son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness]

¹ Commony, a corruption of commodity; here =
 comedy.

By virtue specially to be ach.¹ 20
 Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow plash² to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.]

Tra. *Mi perdonate,*³ gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself;
 [Glad that you thus continue your resolve
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.]
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline, 30
 Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite absurd:
 [Balk logic⁴ with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
 Music and poesy use to quicken you;
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
 you;

No profit grows where is no pleasure taken.]
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Grammercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If Biondello now were come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness;
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain
 Such friends, as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BLANCA, GIREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, pray importune me no further.

For love I firmly am resolv'd you know;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
 Before I have a husband for the elder: 51
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well, and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [Aside] To court her rather: she's too rough for me.—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [To Baptista] I pray you, sir, is it your will

To make a stale⁵ of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how is it you that? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;

I was it is not half way to her heart;

But if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And pent your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. [Aside to Lucentio] Hush, master: here's some good pastime toward:
 That wench is stark mad or wonderful forward.

Luc. [Aside to Tranio] But in the other's silence do I see 70

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. [Aside to Lucentio] Well said, master; munn! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Well, gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat!⁶ it is best
 Put finger in the eye, as she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: 81
 My books and instruments shall be my company.

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. [Aside to Tranio] Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strangely
 Sorry am I that our good will effects
 Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
 Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Content ye, gentlemen; I am resolv'd:
 Go in, Bianca: [Exit Bianca.

¹ Plash, puddle.

² *Mi perdonate* (Italian), pardon me.

³ *Balk logic*, i.e. dispute in logic.

⁴ A stale, i.e. a common harlot.

⁵ Peat, i.e. little pet, from *petit* (Fr.).

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
she—masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning¹ men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay.
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit.
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may
I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
Belike, I knew not what to take, and what
To leave, ha?

[Exit.



Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. — (Act I. 1. 195.)

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: [your
gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.
Our love is not so great, Hortensio, but we
may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly
out: our cake's dough on both sides.] Fare-
well: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca,
if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her that wherein she delights, I will
wish him to² her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word,

I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet
never brooked parle, know now, upon advice,³
it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again
have access to our fair mistress, and be happy
rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her
sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

¹ Cunning, i.e. skillful

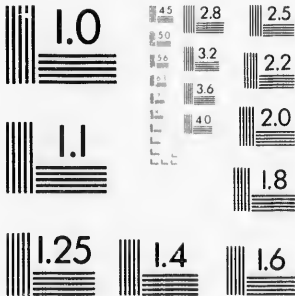
² Wish him to, i.e. recommend him to

³ Upon advice, upon reflection.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell? 129

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole!—He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her!—Come on. [*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.* 130

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely; But see, while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness; And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
[That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—]

Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio, 160
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

[*Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;

Affection is not rated¹ from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
80,

Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.]

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 170

Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor² had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air: 180

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.—

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd,³
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because he will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care 191
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,

And he in Padua here Vincentio's son, 200
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

² Daughter of Agenor, i. e. Europa.

³ Shrewd, mischievous.

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and now 't is

for my hand,
ump in one.

schoolmaster,
he maid:

it be done?
shall bear your

's son, 200
welcome his

net them?

ropa.

*Luc. Bosta;*¹ content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house, 204
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,² and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa. 210
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Unseize thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

[*They exchange habits.*]

Tru. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it thus your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
For so your father charg'd me at our parting,
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense; 220
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.—

Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now!
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your
clothes?

Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the
news? 230

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to
jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as he comes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir!—[*Aside*] Ne'er a whit. 240

¹ *Bosta*, i.e. enough! (Italian). Dialectic abbreviation
for *abbastanza*.

² *Port*, state.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. 242

Bion. The better for him: would I were so
too!

Tru. So would I, faith, boy, to have the
next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your mas-
ter's,—I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: 250

One thing more rests, that thyself execute,
To make one among these wooers; if thou ask
me why,

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and
weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

[*The presenters above speak.*]

First Serv. *My lord, you wot; you do not
mind the play.*

Sly. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good mat-
ter, surely: comes there any more of it?*

Page. *My lord, 't is but begun.*

Sly. *'T is a very excellent piece of work,
madam lady: would 't were done!* 250

[*They sit and mark.*]

SCENE II. Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I throw this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock,—knock, I say.

Grum. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is
there any man has rebused³ your worship?

[*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grum. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what
am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
pate.

³ *Rebused*, probably intentional mistake for *abused*
263

Gr. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first, 13
And then I know after who comes by the worst.]

Pet. [Will it not be?] Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it; I'll try how you can sod, fa, and sing it.

[Wrings *Gremio* by the ear; who falls.

Gr. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend *Gremio*! and my good friend *Petruchio*!—How do you all at Verona? 22

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray!

*Con tutto il core, ben troncato,*¹ may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto benvenuto signor mio Petruchio,*²

Rise, *Gremio*, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gr. [Rising] Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he *legges*³ in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir; well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty,—a pip out! 32

[Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,

Then had not *Gremio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gr. Knock at the gate!—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—“Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly”? And come you now with—knocking at the gate?] 43

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am *Gremio*'s pledge:

Why, this⁴ a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

¹ *i.e.* With all my heart, well found.

² “Welcome to our house, my much honoured signior Petruchio.”

³ *Leges*, alleges.

⁴ *This* = this is.

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant *Gremio*. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world. 50

To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But, in a few,⁵

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;

And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I, then, come roundly to thee, 50

And wish thee to⁶ a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?

Thou'lt thank me but a little for my counsel;

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,—

As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,—

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,

As old as Silyl, and as curst and shrewd 70

As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,

Affection's edge in me, were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas:

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

[*Gr.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough; and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;⁷ or an old trot⁸ with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing & amiss, so, money comes withal.]

Hor. Petruchio, since we are tepp'd thus far in,

⁵ *In a few*, *i.e.* in short.

⁶ *Wish thee to*, *i.e.* recommend thee to.

⁷ *Aglet-baby*, a small figure cut on the tag of a point, or lace.

⁸ *Trot*, an old woman (in a contemptuous sense)

I will continue that I broach'd in jest. 84
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
 Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,—
 Is that she is intolerable emst,
 And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all mea-
 sure, 90

That, were my state far worse than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not
 gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
 [For I will board her, though she chide as
 loud

As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.]

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman;

Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
 her;

And he knew my deceased father well.
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gre. I pray you, sir, let him go while the
 humour lasts. O my word, an she knew him
 as well as I do, she would think scolding
 would do little good upon him: she may per-
 haps call him half a score knaves or so; why,
 that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail
 in his rope-tricks.¹ [I'll tell you what, sir,
 an she stand him but a little, he will throw a
 figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it,
 that she shall have no more eyes to see withal
 than a cat.] You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; 120
 And her withholds from me, and other more,
 So close to her and rivals in my love;
 Supposing it a thing impossible,—
 For those defects I have before rehears'd,—
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

That none shall have access unto Bianca
 Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gre. Katharine the curst!
 A title, for a maid, of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
 grace,

And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen² in music, to instruct Bianca;
 That so I may, by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Gre. [Aside] Here's no knavery! See, to
 beguile the old folks, how the young folks
 lay their heads together! 140

*Enter GREMIO; and LUCENTIO disguised, with
 books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes
 there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Gremio! it is the rival of my
 love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gre. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*Petruchio and Gremio retire.*]

Gre. O very well; I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you; I'll have them very fairly bound:
 All books of love, see that at any hand;
 And see you read no other lectures to her:
 You understand me:—over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality, 150
 I'll mend it with a largess. [Take your papers
 too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go.] What will you read to
 her?

Luc. What'e'er I read to her, I'll plead for
 you

As for my patron,—stand you so assur'd,—
 As firmly as yourself were still in place:
 Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is! 160

Gre. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Gremio, mum! God save you, Signior
 Gremio.

¹ Rope-tricks, i.e. abusive language.

² Well seen, well skilled
 265

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you 164
Whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry, 170

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another, 173
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds
shall prove.



Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?—(Act I. 2. 229.)

Gre. [*Aside*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our
love;

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo our Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling
scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? 190

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange!

[But if you have a stomach, to't it? God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.]
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gre. [*Aside*] Will he woo her? ay, or I'll
haug her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

arrant ye.
a gentleman
another, 173
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t my deeds



What com-
190
nio's son:
s for me;
ing to see.
a wife, were
God's name;
in all.]
Will I live?
? ay, or I'll
that intent?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? 200
[Have I not in mine ear heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?]
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'armies, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? 210
Tush, tush! fear! boys with bugs.²

Gre. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win
her.

Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter TRANIO, disguised as Lucentio, and
BIONDELLO.*

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may
be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest
way 220

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—
is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; what have
you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,
I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's
away.

Luc. [*Aside*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea
or no? 230

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will
get you hence.

¹ Fear, i.e. frighten.

² Bugs, i.e. bugbears.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as
free

For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hor-
tensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentle-
men,

Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have—and me for one.

[Fair Leda's daughter³ had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have;

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove
a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these
words? 250

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you this,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath
two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.]

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 261

And will not promise her to any man

Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me among the rest;

[And if you break the ice, and do this feat,

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 270

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do con-
ceive;

³ Leda's daughter, Helen.

And since you do profess to be a suitor, 272
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign
whereof,]

Please ye we may contrive¹ this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,

And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows,
let's be gone. 280

[*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it
so:—

Petruchio, I shall be your *beau voyageur*.] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Padua. A room in Baptista's house.*

Enter KATHARINA, and BLANCA with her hands bound.

Blan. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disclaim: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,
tell

Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

Blan. Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face 11
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio!

Blan. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have
him.

Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Blan. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then, you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was
so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Blanca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
[*To Bianca*] Go ply thy needle; meddle not
with her.—

[*To Katharina*] For shame, thou biding² of a
devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-
veng'd. [*Flies at Bianca.*

Bap. [*Holding her back*] What, in my sight!
—Blanca, get thee in. [*Exit Bianca.* 30

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now
I see

She is your treasure, she must have a hus-
band;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day.
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean
man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a mu-
sician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bear-
ing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God
save you, gentlemen! 41

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you
not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katha-
rina.

¹Contrive, wear out, spend.

²Hilding, i.e. low wretch.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour, 50
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the
witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a maid of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant;
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. 60

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your
good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your
name?

Pet. Petruccio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I knew him well: you are welcome for
his sake. 70

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruccio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
*Baccare!*¹ you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse
your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am
sure of it. To express the like kindness, my-
self, that have been more kindly beholding
to you than any, freely give unto you this
young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath
been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in
Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the
other in music and mathematics: his name is
Cambio; pray, accept his service.

¹ *Baccare*, a proverbial expression = get back!

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.
—Welcome, good Cambio. [*To Tranio*] But,
gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger:
may I be so bold to know the cause of your
coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine
own,

That, being a stranger in this city here, 90
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome amongst the rest that
woo,

And free access and favour as the rest;
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,² 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin
books:

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I
pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
[*To Hortensio*] Take you the lute, [*To Lucentio*]
and you the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them
both, 110

These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio.*]

Biondello following.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner.—You are passing wel-
come,

And so I pray you all to 'tink yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh
haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

² *i.e.* The lute carried by Biondello.
269

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,¹—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,

That is, her love; for that is all in all. 130

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their
fury:

Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be
thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for
winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head bleeding,
and a broken lute in his hand.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou
look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her
to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute
to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,² 150
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume
with them;" 153

And, with that word, she struck me on the
head,

And through the instrument my pate made
way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the hute:
While she did call me "rascal fiddler,"



Hor. And there I stood amazed for a while. —(Act II. I. 156.)

And "twangling Jack," with twenty such vile
terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so. 160

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty
wench;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. [*To Hortensio*] Well, go with me, and
be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good
turns.—

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

¹ Widowhood, i.e. dower, settlement.
² Frets, stops

"I'll fume
153
me on the

pate made

hile,
he lute;
ler,"



(Act II. l. 136.)

ty such vile

o, 190
is a lusty

r I did:
with her!
ith me, and

erlaughter;
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h us,
to you?

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*]
Pet. I will attend her here, 160
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why, then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
[*Say she be mute and will not speak a word;*
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:]
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day 180
When I shall ask the bans and when be mar-
ried.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I
hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd
plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the
curst;

[*But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christen-*
dom,

Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,—
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore,
Kate, 190

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that
mov'd you hither

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.¹

Pet. [*Offering his knee*] Thou hast hit it;
come, sit on me.

[*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are
you. 200

¹ Joint stool, a three-legged stool, made of pieces joined together.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are
you. 201

Kath. No such a jade as you, if me you
mean.

Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden
thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
catch;

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should buzz!²

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.³

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard
take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buz-
zard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you
are too angry. 210

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it
lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear
his sting? In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so fare-
well.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail?
nay, come again.]

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.* 220

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms;⁴

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

[*Pet.* A herald, Kate! O, put me in thy
books!

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my
hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a
craven.⁵]

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not
look so sour.

² Should buzz, a pun is intended on *bee* (be) and *buzz*.

³ Buzzard. This word means a *beetle*, as well as the
buzzard hawk.

⁴ Lose your arms, i.e. lose your coat of arms, which a
gentleman had a right to wear.

⁵ A craven, a degenerate cock.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab, 230

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore
look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.



Pet. Good Kate! I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [She strikes him.—(Act II. 1, 230.)]

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young
for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you
scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and
sullen, 245

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
courteous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
flowers;

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will; 250

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy
wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth
limp?

[O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-
twig,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk; thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-
mand.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove, 260

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sport-
ful!]

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly
speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her
son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. [Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine,
in thy bed:]

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 270
Thus in plain terms: your father hath con-
sented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed
on;

And, will you, will you, I will marry you.]

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee
well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

[And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

and coy, and
215

ome, passing

s spring-time

st not look

es will; 220

ertainist thy

affable,

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a keepst com-

a grove; 230

princely gait!

Kate;

I Dian sport-

all this goodly

mother-wit,

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o you warm.

et Katharine,

at aside, 270

er hath con-

dowry 'greed

arry you.]

your turn;

e thy beauty,

me like thee

n but me;

ou, Kate,

ate to a Kate

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Conformable, as other household Kates.¹] 280
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRASSIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you
with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine!
in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise
you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack, 290

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the
world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;

If she be earnest, it is for policy,

For she's not forward, but modest as the dove;

[She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:]

And to conclude, we have 'greed so well to-
gether,

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 300

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see
thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good
night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her
for myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be earnest in company.

[I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss 310

She viel² so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink³ she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

¹ Household Kates. The pun on cat and Kate is obvious in these lines.

² Viel, a term at the game of Primero = challenged, or invited.

³ Twink, i.e. wink or twinkle.

A merecock⁴ wretch can make the earnest
shrew.]

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me
your hands; 320

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be wit-
nesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace;

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'
Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

[*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a mer-
chant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by
you; 330

'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet
catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;

Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can
guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear
as I.

Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry. 340

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes, that flou-
risheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I'll com-
pound this strife;

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of
both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

[*Exit Gremio.*]

[*Exit Baptista.*]

[*Exit Petruchio.*]

[*Exit Katharine.*]

[*Exit Trassio.*]

[*Exit Bianca.*]

[*Exit Kate.*]

[*Exit Petruchio.*]

[*Exit Katharine.*]

[*Exit Trassio.*]

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[*Exit Petruchio.*]

[*Exit Katharine.*]

[*Exit Trassio.*]

[*Exit Bianca.*]

[*Exit Kate.*]

[*Exit Petruchio.*]

[*Exit Katharine.*]

[*Exit Trassio.*]

[*Exit Bianca.*]

Gre. First, as you know, my house within
the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry; 351
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,¹
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,



Tra. Sir, list to me.—(Act II. I. 365.)

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework;
Pewter, and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail, 360
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

¹ Counterpoints, counterpanes.

Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list
to me:

I am my father's heir and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa's walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 370
Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall
be her jointure.—

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior
Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the
year of land!

My land amounts but to so much
in all:

That she shall have; besides an
argosy

That now is lying in Marseilles²
road.—

What, have I chok'd you with an
argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my
father hat³ less

Than three cat argosies; besides
two galliasses,³ 380

And twelve tight galleys: these
I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou
offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I
have no more;

And she can have no more than
all I have:

If you like me, she shall have me
and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine
from all the world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her
dower? 391

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well
as old?

² Marseilles, pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ Galliasses, large galleys.

I in.—Sir, list

son:

to my wife,
our as good,
one

an; 370

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, where's her

381

is old, I young.

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crisyllable.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married;
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Baptista.*]
Now I fear thee not; 401
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a
fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly 411

Do get their children; but in this case of woo-

ing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my
cunning.] [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Padua. Baptista's house.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, both disguised;
and BLANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too for-
ward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this, her sis-
ter, is

The patroness of heavenly harmony;

Then give me leave to have prerogative;

And when in music we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!

Was it not to refresh the mind of man, 11

After his studies or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,

And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong.

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

[I am no breeching scholar in the schools;

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:]

[*To Hortensio*] Take you your instrument,

play you the whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune? [*To Bianca.*]

Luc. That will be never: tune your instru-
ment. [*Hortensio retires apart.*]

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam: [*Reads.*]

Hor ibat Sinois; hic est Sigeia tellas;
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*¹

Bian. Construe them. 20

Luc. *Hae ibat*, as I told you before,—

Sinois, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vin-

centio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellas*, disguised thus

to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lu-

centio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my

man Tranio,—*regia*, hearing my port,—*celsa*

senis, that we might beguile the old panta-

loon.

Hor. [*Turning towards them*] Madam, my

instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. [*Hortensio plays.*] O fie!

the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

Hae ibat Sinois, I know you not,—*hic est*

Sigeia tellas, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat*

Priami, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, pre-

sume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.

¹ On this side flowed Sinois; here is the Sigeian land;
Here had stood the lofty palace of old Priam.

—*Oeid, Epist. Iliad. l. 33, 34.*

Hor. [*Advancing*] Madam, 't is now in time.
Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right: 't is the base knave
that jars.

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward is our pedant!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my
love:

Pedrusculo, I'll watch you better yet. 50
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; [*Serving Hortensio
listening*] for, sure, *Eacides*

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I
promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest. [*Turning to Hortensio*] Now,
Licio, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [*To Lucentio*] You may go walk, and
give me leave a while:

My lessons make no music in three parts. 60

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must
wait,

[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be de-
ceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instru-
ment,

To learn the order of my fingerings,

I must begin with rudiments of art:

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads*] "Gamut I am, the ground of all
accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff,² two notes have I:

E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:

[*Old fashions please me best; I am not* 80
nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave
your books, 82

And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I
must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and
Servant.*

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause
to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this
pedant:

Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,³ 90
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee rang-

ing,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREGIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, with At-
tendants.*

Bap. [*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is
the 'pointed⁴ day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be mar-
ried,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

[*What will he said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest
attends*

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!]
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, for-
sooth, be fore'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudely⁵ full of spleen; 10

Who wo'd in haste, and means to wed at
leisure.

[*I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,*

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of mar-
riage,

¹ But, i.e. unless.

² Cliff, old form of cliff.

³ Stale, decoy.

⁴ 'pointed, appointed.

⁵ Rudely, blusterer, swaggerer.

Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the
banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath
wo'd.]
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's
wife,

If it would please him come, I'll marry
her!" ²⁰

Tru. Patience, good Katharine, and
Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but
well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his
word;

Though he be blunt, I know him pass-
ing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's
honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never
seen him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca
and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee
now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient
humour. ³⁰

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old
news, and such news as you never
heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? [how
may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear
of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and
sees you there.] ⁴¹

Tru. But say, what is thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new
hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches
thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been
candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an
old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury,

with a broken hilt, and chapeless;¹ with two
broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old
mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred;
[besides, possess'd with the glanders and
like to nose in the chine;² troubled with
the lampass,³ infected with the fashions,⁴ full



Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, &c.—(Act iii. 2. 43.)

of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed⁵ with
the yellows, past cure of the fives,] stark.

¹ *Chapeless.* A *chape* means either the guard of the
hilt, or the metal tip of the scabbard.

² *To nose in the chine,* a disease sometimes called
"mourning in the chine," or "the running glanders."

³ *Lampass, or lampers,* a swelling of some of the lower
bars of a horse's mouth.

⁴ *Fashions,* an old name for the farcy.

⁵ *Rayed,* defiled, discoloured.

spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the
bots, sway'd¹ in the back, and shoulder-shot-
ten;² near-legg'd before, and with a half-
check'd bit and a headstall of sheep's leather,
which, being restrain'd to keep him from stim-
bling, hath been often burst, and new-repaired
with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a
woman's crupper of velure,³ which hath two
letters for her name fairly set down in studs,
and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him? 65

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world
caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock⁴
on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the
other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an
old hat, and *The Honour of Forty Fancies*
prick'd in't for a feather; a monster, a very
monster in apparel, and not like a Christian
footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to
this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he
comes.

[*Bion.* Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who! that Petruchio came!

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came. 80

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with
him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jauy,

I hold you a penny,

A horse and a man

Is more than one,

And yet not many.]

*Enter PETRUCHIO very hurriedly, followed by
Gremio, both of them meanly and fantas-
tically dressed.*

Pet. Come, come, where be these gallants?
who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well. 90

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you
were.

¹ Sway'd, strained.

² Shoulder-shotten, sprained in the shoulder.

³ Velure, velvet.

⁴ Stock, stocking.

Pet. Were it not better I should rush in
thus? 92

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you
frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wed-
ding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not
come; 100

Now sadder, that you come so improvident.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to
hear:

Sufficieth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse 110
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at
church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unrever-
ent robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry
her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha'
done with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:

[Could I repair what she will wear in me, 120

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.]

But what a fool am I to chat with you,

When I should bid good morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Gremio.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad at-
tire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of
this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and Attendants.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, 131
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—what'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 141
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That, by degrees, we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio. 150

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Chrster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!—

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 160
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wonns,"¹ quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

¹ *Gogs-wonns*, a corruption of God's wounds.

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: "A health!" quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,²

And tiew the sops all in the sexton's face;

[Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.]

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack, 180

That, at the parting, all the church did echo;

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before;—

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and TRIOLO.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,

And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

And therefore here I mean to take my leave. 190

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come;

Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you. 201

Pet. I am content.

² *Muscadel*, a strong sweet wine, made from muscat grapes.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gre. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; 210

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

[You may be jogging whiles your boots are
green;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:]

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not
angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to
do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure. 219

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
command.—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

[Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves:]

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor
fret; 230

I will be master of what is mine own: 231

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

[My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing:]

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with
thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch
thee, Kate: 240

I'll buckler¹ thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet
ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die
with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

[*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly
mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride
and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table, 249

You know there wants no junkets² at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's

place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to
bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen,
let's go.] [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Hall in Petruchio's country house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gre. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad
masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so

beaten? was ever man so ray'd³ was ever man
so weary? I am sent before to make a fire,

and they are coming after to warm them.

[Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot,

my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my

tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in

my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw

me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm

¹ I'll buckler thee, I'll shield thee.

² Junkets, dainties.

³ Ray'd, covered with dirt.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

OWN: 231
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my barn,
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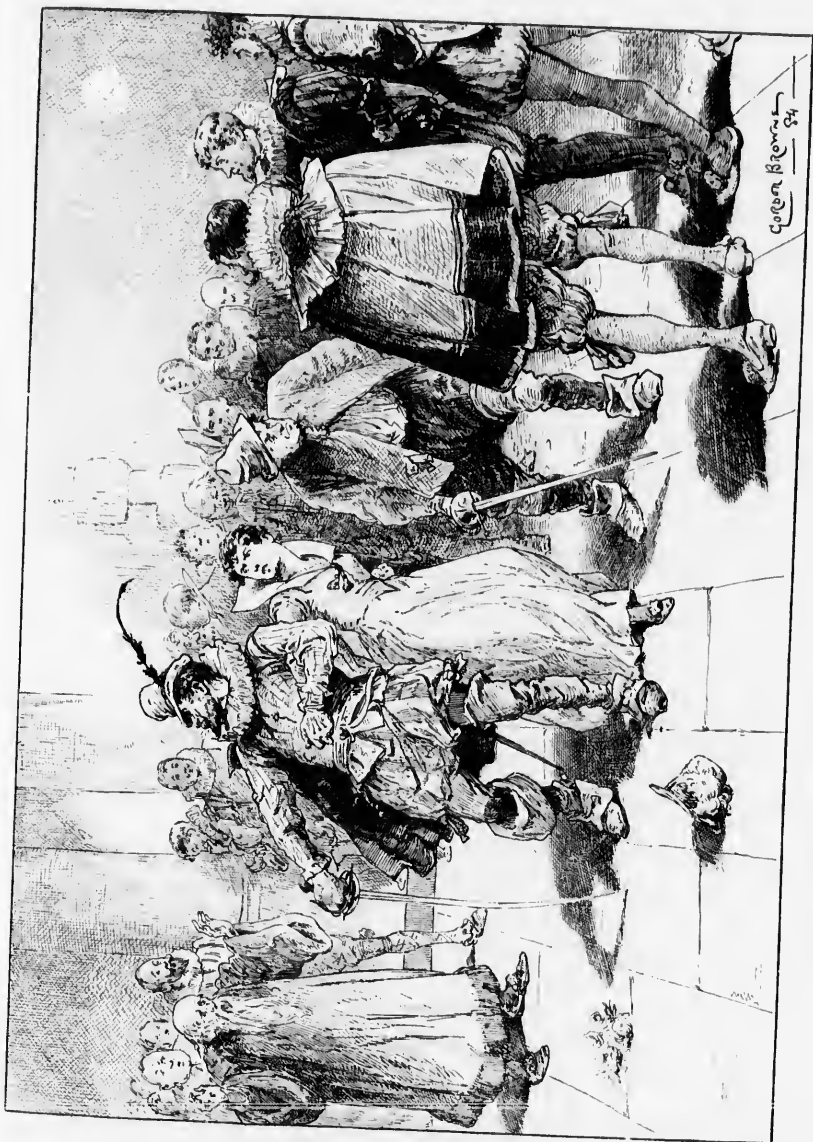
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myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. **]** Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gen. A piece of ice; if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run b. my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grunio?

Gen. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water. 21

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gen. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; **[** for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no least.

Gen. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. **]** But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grunio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gen. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire; do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grunio, the news.

Gen. Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" and as much news as will thaw.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Gen. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks¹ fair within, the jills² fair without, the carpets³ laid, and everything in order?

¹ Jacks, large jugs made of leather.

² Jills, drinking-cups made of metal.

³ Carpets, table-covers.

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gen. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gen. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grunio.

Gen. **[** Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gen. There. **[** Gives him a box on the ear.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gen. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: **]** *Imprudent*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,— 70

Curt. Both of one horse!

Gen. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gen. Tell thou the tale; but hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how mighty a place, how she was benoild,⁴ how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. 86

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gen. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-sop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

⁴ Benoild, covered with mire.

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

[*Curt.* Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 101

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knew not that?

Gru. Thou, if thou calls, thou calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call with credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.]

Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, PETER, and other Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio? 110

Jos. What, Grumio?

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat!

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master? 119

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore he not—[*Cock's passion,*¹ silence! I hear my master.]

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door?

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse! Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! What, no attendance! no regard! no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before! 130

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd² i' the heel;

There was no link³ to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; 140 Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. O, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led— Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome,—

Song, song, song, song! 141

Re-enter PETER and other Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say! Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when!

[*Sings*] It was the friar of orders grey, As he forth walked on his way:

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. 151

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho! [Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—]

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Enter a Servant with basin and ewer.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*]

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? 152

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

² *Unpink'd*, not ornamented with eyelet holes

³ *Link*, torch.

⁴ *Song!* probably an exclamation expressive of fatigue

¹ *Cock's passion*, a vulgar form of God's passion.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed,¹ flap-ear'd
knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a
stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else
shall I?
What's this? mutton?
Peter. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal
cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the
dresser,
And serve it up to me that love it not?



Pet. There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.—(Act IV. 1. 168.)

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;
[*Throws the meat, &c. at them.*]
You heedless jolt-heads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you
straight.
170

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so dis-
quiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried
away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders cholera, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient;² to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company: 180
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter, severally, NATHANIEL, PETER and
GRUMIO.*

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a session of
continence to her;

¹ *Beetle-headed*, having a head like a wooden mallet;
sluggish.

² *Patient*, pronounced here as a trisyllable.

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she,
 poor soul,
 Knows not which way to stand, to look, to
 speak,
 And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
 Away, away! for he is coming hither. 190

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus politely I've begun my reign,
 And 't is my hope to end successfully.
 My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.¹
 [Another way I have to man my haggard,²
 To make her come, and know her keeper's
 call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate,³ and beat, and will not be obedient.]
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 200
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
 not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed;
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bol-
 ster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
 Ay, and amid this hurly⁴ I intend⁵
 That all is done in reverent care of her;
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
 And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamour keep her still awake. 210
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
 humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak: 't is charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*

Enter TRAXIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

¹ *Lure*, a stuffed bird used to lure a hawk back from his flight.

² *To man my haggard*, i.e. to tame my wild hawk.

³ *Bate*, flutter.

⁴ *Hurly*, turmoil.

⁵ *Intend*, pretend.

Hor. To satisfy you, sir, in what I have said,
 Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.
 [They stand aside.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you
 read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve
 me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of
 your art?

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress
 of my heart! [They retire. 10

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell
 me, I pray, you that durst swear that your mis-
 tress Bianca loved none in the world so well
 as Lucentio.

Tra. Dispiteful love! unconstant woman-
 kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
 But one that seem to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion.⁶ 20
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to Bianca;
 And since mine eyes are witness of her light-
 ness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,
 Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior
 Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favours 20
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned
 oath,

Never to marry her though she'd entreat;
 Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court
 him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite
 forsworn her!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow,

⁶ *Cullion*, a term of contempt—a mean wretch.

Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd
me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.¹
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit.*—*Lucentio and Bianca advance.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
grace

41

As longeth to a lover's blessed ease!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both
forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.



Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?—(Act iv. 2. 48.)

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. F' faith, he'll have a lusty widow
now.

50

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her too.

Bian.

He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-
school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there
such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the
master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering
tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bian. O master, master, I have watch'd so
long

That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient angel² coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bian. Master, a mercatanté,³ or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

² Angel, worthy old man.

³ From Italian *mercantanté*, merchant.

Luc. And what of him?

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* *Lorenzo* and *Bianca*.]



Ped. God save you, sir!—(Act iv. 2. 72.)

Enter a *PEDANT*.

Ped. God save you, sir! 72

[*Tra.* And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.]

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life!

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray! for that goes hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly
come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd
about.

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than
so:

For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver
them. 90

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise
you:—

First, tell me, have you ever been at
Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vin-
centio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard
of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth
to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble
you. 100

Bion. [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth
an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this ex-
tremity,

This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your
fortunes

That you are like, sir, to Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it. 111

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter
good.

[This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here;
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you: 119
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.]
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A room in Petruchio's house.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gen. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his
spite appears;

What, did he marry me to furnish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
fed;

And that which spites¹ me more than all these
wants, 11

He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gen. What say you to a neat's² foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me
have it.

Gen. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 20

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it
me.

Gen. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard? 21

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gen. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mus-
tard rest.

Gen. Nay then, I will not: you shall have
the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou
wilt.

Gen. Why then, the mustard,—but without
the beef. 30

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave, [Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat; and
HORTENSIO.*

Pet. How fares my Kate! What, sweeting,
all amok?³

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully
upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee; 40

[Sets the dish on a table.]
I'm sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it
not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with
thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to
blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
lov'st me. 50

[To Katharina] Much good do it unto thy
gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace; and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

[With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and
things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
brav'ry,

With amber bracelets, heads, and all this;
knav'ry.]

¹ Spites, angers.

² Neat's, calf's.

³ Amok, dispirited.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy
leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling¹ treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments: 61
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did be-
speak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish; fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy:
[Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack,² a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:]
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these, 70

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have
one too,

And not till then.

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to
speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry
cap, 81

A custard-collin,³ a bumble, a silken pie;

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the
cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.]

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, tailor, let
us see 't.

O mercy, God! what massing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon;⁴

¹ *Ruffling*, rustling; or, perhaps, having ruffs or ruffles.

² *Knack*, knick-knack, trifle.

³ *Custard-collin*, the raised custard round a custard.

⁴ *Demi-cannon*, a kind of cannon, carrying a ball of
about 30 lbs.

What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and
slash, 90

Like to a censer in a barber's shop;

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou
this?

Hor. [Aside] I see she's like to have neither
cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remem-
ber'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

[Go, hop me over every kennel⁵ home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it. 100

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more com-
mendable;

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet
of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make
a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,
thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of
thread! 111

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete⁶ thee with thy yard

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou
livest!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is
made

Just as my master had direction;

Grimio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the
stuff.

[*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be
made? 120

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd⁷ many things.

⁵ *Kennel*, gutter.

⁶ *Be-mete*, i.e. measure.

⁷ *Fac'd*, i.e. put facings on.

an apple-tart?
and slish and
90

top:
or, callst thou

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hings.

i.e. measure.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tai. I have.

Gro. Face not me: thou hast bray'd¹ many
men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor
bray'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut
out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to
pieces; ergo, thou liest.]

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to
testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gro. The note lies in's throat, if he say I
said so.

Tai. [Reads] "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:"

Gro. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied
gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me
to death with a bottom² of brown thread: I
said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [Reads] "With a small compass'd³ cape:"

Gro. I confess the cape.

Tai. [Reads] "With a trunk sleeve:"

Gro. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [Reads] "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gro. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out
and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon
thee, though thy little finger be armed in a
thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee
in place where, thou shouldst know it. 131

[*Gro.* I am for thee straight: take thou the
bill, give me thy mete-yard,⁴ and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall
have no odds.]

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for
me.

Gro. You are i' the right, sir: 't is for my
mistress.

[*Pet.* [*To Tailor*] Go, take it up unto thy
master's use.

Gro. Villain, not for thy life: take up my
mistress' gown for thy master's use! 161

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gro. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you
think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!]

¹ Bray'd, i.e. made fine.

² Bottom, a ball or skein.

³ Compass'd, round.

⁴ Mete-yard, measuring-yard.

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Pet. [*Aside*] Hortensio, say thou't see the
tailor paid. 166

[*To Tailor*] Go take it hence; be gone, and
say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-
morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words;

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. 170

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto
your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;

[And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye? 180

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;]

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

[*To Grumio*] Go, call my men, and let us
straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Koth. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two; 191

And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone;

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. [*Aside*] Why, so! this gallant will
command the sun. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house.

Enter TRANIO, and the PEDANT dressed like
Vincentio.

Tr. Sir, this is the house: please it you
that I call!

Ped. Ay, ay, what else? and but I be
deceiv'd,

Signior Baptista may remember me, 3
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,

With such austerity as 'longs to a father.

Ped. I warrant you.

Enter BIONDELLO.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good that he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him.

Sirrah Biondello, 10

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua,

Tra. 'Tisn't a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCESTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[*To the Pedant*] Sir,

This is the gentleman I told you of: 20

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, —for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long, 30
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and —if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;
[For curious² I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.]

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 40
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass³ my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best

We be affied,⁴ and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand!

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know, 51

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily⁵ we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, as it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,

We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pit-tance.

Bap. It likes me well. Go, Cambio, hie you home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tra. [*Winking and laughing to Lucentio, unseen by Baptista*] Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

[*Lucentio retires out of sight, after interchanging signals with Biondello.*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
But come, sir; we will better it in Pisa. 71

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*

³ Pass, i.e. convey, assure.

⁴ Affied, betrothed.

⁵ Happily, by chance.

¹ Tall, here = clever

² Curious, i.e. scrupulous.

[*Bion. [Calling to Lucentio] Cambio!* 72
Luc. [Coming forward] What sayest thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens. 80

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this? 90

Bion. I cannot tell, except—they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearst thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. 100

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented; She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll rommally go about her: It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, P God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moon-light now. 3

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house. —

Go one, and fetch our horses back again. —

[*Exit one of the Servants.*]

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd! 10

Hor. [Aside to Katharina] Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:

An if you please to call it a rush-candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath.

I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the bless'd sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind. 20

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. [Aside] Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But, soft! what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, 31

As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. —

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake,

Hor. [*Aside*] A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

[Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars 40
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!]

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:



Pet. Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? —(Act iv. 5. 27.)

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal
make known 50

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd
me,

My name's Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy
son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60
I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman.
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she's of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof; 75
For our first merriment hath made thee jea-
lous.

[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*]

Hor. Well, well, Petruchio, this has put me
in heart.

Have to my widow! and if she be forward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be into-
ward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

*Gremio discovered. Enter at back, unseen by
Gremio, BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest
is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance
to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your
back; and then come back to my master's as
soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this
while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,
Gremio, with Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house;

My father's bears more toward the market-
place;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. 11

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before
you go;

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within; you were best
knock louder.

[*Petruchio looks out of the window.*]

Pet. What's he that knocks as he would
beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pet. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal. 21

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal?

Pet. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself:
he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well-

beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To
leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell
Signior Lucentio that his father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with
with him. 20

Pet. Thon best: his father is come from
Pisa, and is here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Pet. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentle-
man! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon
you another man's name.

Pet. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a'
means to cozen somebody in this city under
my countenance. 41

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church to-
gether: God send 'em good shipping! But
who is here? mine old master, Vincentio!
now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing Biondello] Come hither, crack-
hemp!

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have
you forgot me? 50

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not for-
get you, for I never saw you before in all my
life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou
never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master?
yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the
window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.]

Bion. Help, help! here's a madman
will murder me. [Exit. 61]

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! ⁹²

[*Exit from the window.*]

Pet. Prithce, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter PEDANT below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken

doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a captain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

79



Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name.—(Act v. 1.84.)

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio. ⁹⁹

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murder'd his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio!

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison. ¹⁰⁰

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd² in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

¹ Captain hat, a hat with a conical crown.

² Cony-catch'd, i.e. deceived.

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I am undone!
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70



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Father Bap-
forthcoming.
to go to prison.
io: I say he
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I dare swear

cal crowd.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st, 101
Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.
Tru. Then thou wert best say that I am not
Lucentio.
Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lu-
centio.
Bap. Away with the dotard! to the goal
with him! 110
Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd¹ and
alasd! O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and
BIANCA.*

Bion. O! we are spoil'd and—yonder he is:
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all un-
done.

Luc. [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son!
[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant,*
as fast as may be.

Bian. [Kneeling] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio!

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter
mine, 119

While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eye.
Gre. Here's packing² with a witness, to
deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's
love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last 120
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would
have sent me to the goal.

Bap. [To Lucentio] But do you hear, sir?
have you married my daughter without ask-
ing my good will?

¹ Hal'd, dragged away (to prison).

² Packing, i.e. plotting.

Vin. Fear not, Baptista—will content
you, go to; but I will m, to—rev- ng'd for
this villany. [*Exit.* 100

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of th.
knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will
not frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough;³ but I'll in among
the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*
Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end
of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me? 120

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to
kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come,
sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray
thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet
Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Palace. A room in Lucentio's
house.*

*A banquet set out; enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO,
GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA,
PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and
WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GREMIO,
and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes
agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome.
While I with self-same kindness welcome
thine.

Brother Petrucchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my
house:

My banquet⁴ is to close our stomachs up,

³ My cake is dough = my plans have failed.

⁴ Banquet, i.e. what we call dessert—consisting of
fruits, cakes, wine, &c.

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;¹⁰

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.²⁰

Pet. Roundly replied.

[*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.]

Kath. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:"

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe;

And now you know my meaning.³⁰

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

[*Pet.* To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha! to thee, lad!

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks!

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Wid. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you!¹²

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio,

This bird! you aim'd at, though you hit her not;⁵⁰

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tru. O, sir, Laucencio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something enrish.

Tru. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruccio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that girl, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. A! has a little gall'd me, I confess;⁶⁰ And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruccio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance

Let us each one send word unto his wife;

And he whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.⁷⁰

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hunc then.

Hor. Content.

¹ This bird, i. e. Bianca

Pet. A match! 'Tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.—*Biondello*,
Go, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word so
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, a better.

Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and entreat my
wife

To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? 90

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in
hand;

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!

O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her come to me.

[*Exit Grumio.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an
end.

Bap. Now, by my holidame,¹ here comes
Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send
for me? 100

¹Holidame, a corruption of "halldom."

Pet. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's*
wife? 101

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour
fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to
come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their hus-
bands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katharina.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of won-
ders.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and
quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and
happy! 110

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she has never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your forward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. 120

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and
WIDOW.*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[*Katharina pulls off her cap, and
throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to
sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since sup-
per-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my
duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these
headstrong women 130

What duty they do owe their lords and hus-
bands.

Will. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Will. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie! mknit that threatening unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confound thy fauce, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign: one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey,
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours, 170
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.
[*To Lucentio.*] 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white!

And, being a winner, God give you good-night! [*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*]

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Hit the white, referring to the name Bianca (*white*).

love, and obey,
 k and smooth,
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 our hearts
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Come on, and
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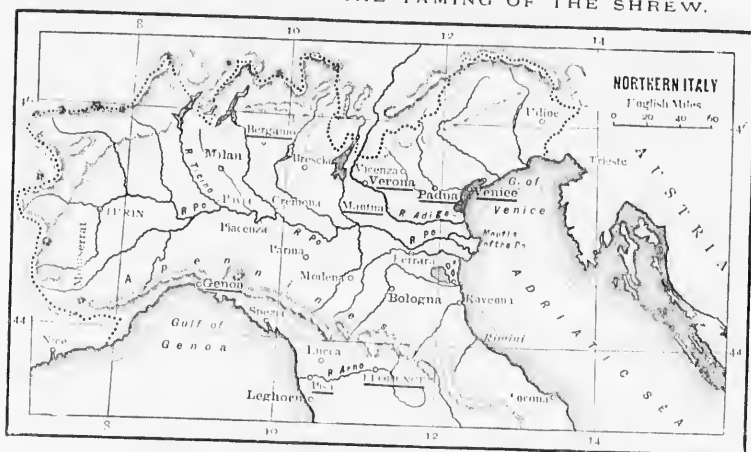
l.—
 two are sped,
 wayer, though

ve you good-
 and Katharina,
 n hast tam'd a

leave, she will
 [Exeunt.

Bianca (white).

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.



NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

It may be doubted whether acts i. and ii. are not intended to take place on the same day. At the end of act i. Tranio, Grembio, and Hortensio go out to spend the afternoon in carouses to their mistresses' health (i. 2. 256, 277). In act ii. Baptista says to Petruchio and Tranio (ii. 1. 112, 113):

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
 And then to dinner.

As the dinner hour was about eleven o'clock, or at any rate not later than noon, this apparently could not have been on the same day as that on which act i. is supposed to take place. On the other hand, Petruchio says (i. 2. 102):

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her (Katharina);

but it does not follow that he succeeded in seeing Katharina that evening, though he may have tried to do so. In ii. 1. 115, 116, Petruchio says:

my business asketh haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo;

which may mean that he had already wasted one day. The interval between acts ii. and iii. is to allow of Petruchio's going to Venice (ii. 1. 317):

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day,

or rather pretending to go; for it is doubtful if he goes further than his own country-house: this interval would not be probably more than two days. Act iii. sc. 1, is on the eve of his wedding-day; act iii. sc. 2, is the wedding-day (Sunday), which ends with act iv. sc. 1, when Katharina, the bride, goes supperless to bed. Mr. Daniel

points out that there is a very puzzling slip, on the part of the author, in this scene. Petruchio says (iv. 1. 201):

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.

How did Petruchio know she did not sleep last night, when she was at her father's house, and he was not yet on his road to Padua? However, this may be a facetious reference to the natural anxiety of a bride that is to be on the eve of her wedding day. The difficulties as to accurately fixing the time of action in this play, are very many. It would seem that all the events from act iv. sc. 3, to the end of the play take place on one day, which, according to Baptista's assurance (i. 1. 307, 308), would be the Sunday after Katharina's wedding. The chief object in noticing some of these inconsistencies is to time, is to give a further proof of the carelessness with which this play was put together by Shakespeare.

INDUCTION. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1: *I'll freeze you*. This word (variously spelt *fease*, *feaze*, *feize*, *phrese*, *phreezy*) is of very doubtful origin; and its meaning is somewhat obscure. Johnson says, "To *phrese*, or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads." He quotes Sir Thomas Smith's book *de Sermone Anglicano*, but does not give the date of its publication. Bailey gives "*Feazing* (Sea Term) the ravelling out of a Cable, or any great Rope at the Ends." Johnson suggests that "*I'll phreeze you*" may be equivalent to "*I'll comb your head*." The word also means apparently "to whip with rods." Perhaps connected with Fr. *fesser*, to whip" (Imp. Dict.). It is also used in the sense of "to

chastise," "to humble," according to Gifford, commonly in the West of England. Halliwell quotes MS. Devon Glossary, "To *phrase*, i.e. to pay a person off for an injury." In Stanyhurst's Translation of Virgil (see Nares, *sub Phoeze*) it appears to be used for "to drive away;"

We are touzled, and I am Italy *feled*.

In spite of the positive assertions as to its meaning, it is evidently one of those words which came to be used in more than one sense; and its exact history has been lost.

2 Line 6: *let the world slide*.—A proverbial expression. Compare Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 3:

Be of good cheer, man, and *let the world pass*.
—Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 1-4.

The exact expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money, v. 2:

—Will you go drink,
And *let the world slide*?
—Works, vol. i. p. 205.

3 Lines 9, 10: *Go by, Jeronimy*: *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*.—Ff. have here (substantially) *Go by, S. Jeronimy*, as if *Jeronimy* were a saint. Mason suggested that the *S* was the beginning of *says*, and that the proper reading is *Go by, says Jeronimy*. (This is very unlikely, as the *S*, in that case, would not have been a capital *S*.) It is supposed to be a quotation from the Spanish Tragedy or Second Part of Jeronimo, by Thomas Kyd, a play which was very popular in its time. Frequent allusions, many in seeming ridicule, are made to both parts of that tragedy by the dramatists of Shakespeare's time. The passage supposed to be ridiculed, or alluded to here, is the following (Spanish Tragedy, act iv.):

Hieronimo. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo.
Lorenzo. Back, seest thou not the king is busy?

Hieronimo. O, is he's?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hieronimo. Not I. Hieronimo, beware; *go by, go by*.

—Dodsley, vol. v. pp. 18, 109.

There is no doubt the expression *Go by Hieronimo*, or *Jeronimo*, became almost a proverbial expression: it is to be found in Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, I. 4 (Works, vol. i. p. 31); in the Shoemakers' Holiday, or The Gentle Craft (Dekker's Works, vol. i. p. 18); in Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain, iii. 5 (Works, vol. i. p. 632); and in Taylor's Works, 1630, vol. i. p. 35 (according to Halliwell). The Camb. Ed. suggest that the *S* in text of Ff. "may have been derived from a note of exclamation in the MS. written, as it is usually printed, like a note of interrogation." I am not at all sure that the commentators here have not fallen into an error; and that the real meaning may not be *Go by S. Jeronimy—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee* the compromise between the proverbial phrase from Hieronimo and the oath by St. Jerome or St. Hieronimus, which Sly intends to take, being intentional. It may be noted that the hermits of St. Jerome were called *Jeromites*, so that the substitution of *Jeronimo* for *Jerome* or *Jeromy* is not such a great mistake. Be this as it may be, it is ridiculous to attempt, with some commentators, to twist *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee* into a contemptuous allusion to a line in the Spanish Tragedy (act ii.):

What outcries plague me from my naked bed?
—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 54.

The same expression, as in our text, is used by Edgar, in Lear, iii. 4. 48:

Ham! *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*.

Nor does there seem to be any necessity for explaining it; the contradiction in terms being founded on the simple fact that a bed is cold till one's body has warmed it.

4. Lines 11, 12: *I must go fetch the THIRD-BOROUGH*. Ff. and Q read *Head-borough*; but Sly's answer, unless he is meant to mis-take the exact word used by the Hostess, renders the conjecture of Theobald, adopted in our text, most probable. For *tharborough* (third-borough) see Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 185. Ritson says see his note in Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 391 that "In a book intitled, The Constable's Guide, &c. 1771, it is said that 'there are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables, as in Warwickshire a *third-borough*.'" Shakespeare makes Sly a native of Warwickshire (see in the next scene of the Induction, lines 18-23).

5. Line 17: *TRASH Merriman*.—Ff. and Q read *Brach*. Amongst the numerous conjectures may be mentioned: (1) *Leech* (Hammer); (2) *Gathe* (Johnson); (3) *Breathe* (Mitford). The reading we have adopted, *Trash*, is Dyce's conjecture, and seems to be the most probable emendation. This verb has apparently more than one meaning; but that it had the sense of "to check, to restrain," seems clear from a passage in Hammond's Works (vol. i. p. 23) quoted in Richardson's Dictionary: "That this contrariety always interposes some objections to hinder or *trash* you from doing the things that you would, i.e. sometimes the Spirit *trashes* you from doing the thing that the Spirit would have done." Shakespeare uses this verb, undoubtedly, in Tempest, i. 2. 80, 81:

who's advance, and who
To *trash* her over-stopping.

The sense is variously interpreted by commentators; but "to restrain" would seem to suit the context better than "to top," which is usually given. *Trashed* is used by Chaucer in the Romaunt of the Rose (line 3231):

She bath trece *trashed* without wene.
—Minor Poems, vol. i. p. 97.

Tyrwhitt explains it in his glossary as "betrayed." For more information on the subject of this word, see Nares, *sub voce*. As to the objection, made by Collier, that a hound who was *embossed*, i.e. "fawning at the mouth," would need no restraining, it may be regarded as an objection worthy of the "Old Corrector;" a dog of spirit is no less inclined to hunt because he is tired. *Brach* can make no sense, however the passage be stopped; because the next line goes on to tell what is to be done with *Clowder*; And couple *Clowder*, implying that some direction had been given in the previous line as to *Merriman*. The copyist, or compositor, probably caught the word *Brach* from the last word of the next line above mentioned.

6. Line 41: *Would not the beggar then forget himself?*—In this line the emphasis must be on *himself*, not on *forget*; the meaning being "Would he not forget his own identity?"

is used by Edgar,
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as warmed it.

THIRD-BOROUGH
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word used by the
cobald, adopted in
ugh (third-borough)
Ritson says see his
In a book intitled,
said that "there are
officers; that is, by
our constables, as
Shakespeare makes
the next scene of

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(3) *Breathe* (Mit-
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be stopped; because
is to be done with
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me as to *Merriman*,
y caught the word
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n forget himself? -
himself, not on for-
not forget his own

7 Line 64: *And when he says he is --, say that he dreams.*
Many explanations have been given of this line. In Fl.
and Q. the line is printed thus:

And when he says he is, say that he dreams.

Some commentators have proposed to insert various
words after *he is*, such as *poor*, *Sly*; while others would
read: *when he says WHAT he is*. The Lord does not know
who or what *Sly* is; and it is most natural he should
pause after *he is*, leaving the name to be supplied by the
drunken man hereafter. Grant White explains the sen-
tence thus: "*When he says he is (lunatic), say that he*
dreams;" an explanation of which, I confess, I cannot
see the force. Malone points out another passage, where
Shakespeare has a similar unfinished sentence, in the
Tempest, ii. 2. 99, 91, printed thus in F. 1:

Tro. I should know that voyce:

It should be,

But hee is drown'd.

Here a break is evidently intended after *voyce*, though
the manner of printing adopted is different from that
used in the passage in our text.

8 Lines 77, 78:

*An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.*

It was the custom for strolling companies of actors to
call at any great lord's house and offer their services.
That they were not overpaid, is shown by an extract from
The fifth Earl of Northumberland's Household Book,
begun in the year 1512" (quoted by Steevens). "Item, to
be paid to the said Richard Gowze and Thomas Percy
for rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas
ay strangers in my house after xxd. every play by esti-
macion somme xxxiij. iiijd." Perhaps matters had im-
proved in Shakespeare's time.

9 Line 88: *I think't was Soto that your honour means.*
Soto was the name of a character in Beaumont and
Fletcher's Women Pleas'd; *Soto* is a farmer's son; but as
to his wooing "the gentlewoman," the reference must be
to i. 3 of that play (Works, vol. ii. p. 181), where, in his
master's clothes, he climbs the rope-ladder to Belvidere's
window; but he never gets as far as wooing her. The
description of the character, given by the Lord, answers
better to Cindlins in Lilly's Mother Bombie. In F. 1, Q.
the name Sinklo is prefixed to this line; he seems to have
been an actor. The name occurs again in F. 1, in III.
Henry VI. iii. 1. Enter SINKLO and *Hunfrey*; again, in
II. Henry IV. Q. has in iv. 4, at beginning of scene, Enter
SINKLO and three or four officers. The name *Sinklo*
occurs in the Induction to the Malcontent (Marston's
Works, vol. ii. p. 200).

10 Line 126: *An ONION will do well for such a shift.*—
There is a tone of solemn burlesque about this which may
have been intended. Shakespeare has two or three refer-
ences to the onion in connection with tears, e.g. in All's
Well, v. 3, 321:

Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.

It may be, as Johnson suggests, he was indicating a com-
mon expedient to which the players in Interludes had
recourse, when they wanted to shed real tears.

INDUCTION. SCENE 2.

11. *Sly is discovered, &c.*—In Fl. Q. the stage-direction
is *Enter aloft the Drunkard, &c.* meaning, of course, in
the balcony or upper stage, which served so many pur-
poses in the theatres of Shakespeare's time. Here appar-
ently *Sly* and his companions remained throughout the
play, which was enacted on the lower stage.

12. Line 19: *old Sly's son of BERTON-DEATH.*—There is
some difficulty in identifying exactly the villages here
intended. There is a *Barton-on-the-Heath* in Warwick-
shire (according to Malone), and a "*Burton Dorset*"
(according to Ritson), and also one called "*Burton Hast-*
ings." Probably *Burton-heath* is identical with the first
of these three.

13. Line 23: *the fat ale-wife of Wincot*—T. Warlon
says in a note (see Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 375), "*Wincote* is
a village in Warwickshire, . . . near Stratford. The
house, kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at
present a mill." Rolfe says that *Wincot* was more prob-
ably *Wilnecote* or *Wilmecote*, "a hamlet about three miles
to the north of Stratford in the parish of Aston-Cantlow.
Here lived Robert Arden, whose youngest daughter was
Shakespeare's mother." There is a *Wilmecote*, almost in
the extreme north of Warwickshire, between Llanworth
and Atherstone.

14. Line 25: *SNEER ale.*—The explanation given in the
foot note is probably the right one. Compare Beaumont
and Fletcher's Double Marriage, v. 1, where Castruccio,
having been offered by the doctor wine and water, asks:

Shall I have no sheer wine then?

—Works, vol. ii. p. 16.

Another explanation, suggested in Malone's note, is that it
may mean "harvest-ale," or ale drunk at *shearing*; a term
applied in Warwickshire, as in the north, to the reaping,
and not to "sheep-shearing," which is always called in
the north "clipping."

15. Line 39: *we'll HAVE THREE to a couch.*—Compare
Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 1. 174:

To have my love to bed and to arise,

The similarity of expression is worth noticing.

16. Line 75: *nor CHRISTOPHER Sly.*—F. 2, F. 3, F. 4
read *Christopher*; but the reading of the text, which is
that of F. 1 and Q. is to our thinking preferable; the
accent must, evidently, be placed on the second syllable,
whichever reading we adopt.

17. Line 81: *These FIFTEEN years.*—In scene 1, lines
122, 123 the Lord says:

Who for this seven years hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

It is not worth while attempting to reconcile the discrep-
ancy; the servants might have wilfully exaggerated the
length of the period suggested by their master.

18. Lines 89, 90:

And say you would present her at the LEET,

Because she brought stone jugs and no SEAL'D QUARTS

The Court-leet or View of frank pledge "held anciently

once a year within a particular hundred, manor, or lordship, before the steward of the *leet*." Malone, in the note above quoted, refers to Kitchen, on Courts, 4th edn. 1663 (p. 21): "Also if tiplers sell by cups and dishes, or measures *sealed*, or *not sealed*, is inquirable."

19 Line 95: *John Xaps o' th' Green*.—Ff. and Q. read *of Greece; o' th' Green* is Hammer's conjecture, which is most probably right.

20 Line 140: a *community*. This ridiculous blunder of Sly's of *community*—"commodity" for *comedy* is taken from the Induction of the old play, lines 58, 59:

San. Marrie my lord you made leave a Tragicall
Or a *comdittie*, or what you will.

The speaker being *Sander*, or *Saunders*, who afterwards plays the "Clown's" part, corresponding to Grunio's in Shakespeare's piece.

21. Line 147. The Induction of the old play contains 147 lines: the Induction in this play contains 285 lines. Shakespeare is credited, even by the Three-handed theorists, with the "retouching" of this Induction. I thought it would be interesting to go through line by line, and word by word, the old Induction with the new one; and I find that, in the 285 lines of Shakespeare's Induction, there are only fourteen sentences which are practically the same as those of the old Induction; and some of these sentences consist of only two or three words. Of *absolutely identical* lines in the two Inductions I cannot find one instance; while of characteristic expressions common to the two Inductions there is only one, viz. *I'll pheeze you* (line 1).

ACT I. SCENE 1.

22. Line 2: *Padua, nursery of arts*.—The University of Padua was, in Shakespeare's time, one of the most popular, and resorted to by students and learned men from all parts of Europe. It was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, in 1228. Knight says that "once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) the number of students was eighteen thousand." Galileo, Petrarch, and Columbus were amongst the celebrated men who received their education at Padua.

23. Line 14: *LUCENTIO his son*.—Ff. Q. read *Vincenzio*, which probably was copied from the line above (13), in which Ff. Q. read *Vincenzio's come*, instead of *Vincenzio, come*. The reading in our text I had marked in the margin before seeing Hammer's emendation, which is the same; and Heath made the same alteration. (See A Revision of Shakespeare's Text, 1765, p. 156.)

24. Lines 18, 19:

*Virtue, and that part of philosophy
I'll I apply, that treats of happiness.*

Apply and *ply* were both used without the preposition *to*; compare The Interlude of Nice Wanton (very near the end):

O ye children, let your time be well-spent,
Apply your learning, and your elders obey.
—Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 123.

25. Line 25: *Mi perdonato*.—Ff. read *Me pardonato*;

Q. Me pardinato, which blunders afford another instance of the ignorance of Italian displayed in the old copies; the correction was made by Steevens.

26. Line 32: *Or so derate to Aristotle's ETHICS*.—Ff. Q. read *checkes*. Blackstone first suggested *ethics*, which seems the obvious reading. In the old play, in line 2, *Aristotle's walkes* does not help us, because *walkes* is evidently there the most appropriate word in the mouth of the speaker, who is welcoming his friend to Athens, the birthplace of the Peripatetic sect. Aristotle's distinguishing quality is his treatment of *ethics*, not the *checks* or *reproofs* that he administers to Vice, or to Ovid's favourite subject, Love. Below (lines 34-37) we have *logic*, *rhetoric*, *music*, *poesy*, and *metaphysics* all mentioned; therefore, *ethics* is certainly the word we might expect. Compare Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, iv. 2: "Int in these (cases) they are best, and *Aristotle's ethicks*" (Works, vol. iii. p. 443). But in justice to those who may prefer the reading of Ff. Q., we may point out that Shakespeare uses *checkes* frequently in the sense of "rebukes," "reproofs."

27. Line 34: *BALK logic*.—So Ff. Q. *Talk logic* is Rowe's very weak and unnecessary emendation, adopted by some editors. The occurrence of *balk* at the end of the next line should have forbidden such a conjecture. *Balk* is used by Spenser in one passage at least, where it apparently means "to dispute," or "to argue:"

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stry full termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde. —Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. 2, st. 12.

Bitonart is the *her* referred to, and she evidently proceeds to question the virtues of Artegall in order that the Red-Cross Knight, who has been praising him, may be drawn into an argument. The expression, in our text, may be paraphrased by the more modern one, *chop logic*.

28. Line 48: *Gentlemen, PRAY importune me no farther*.—Ff. and Q. read:

Gentlemen, importune me no farther.

We have ventured to insert *pray* as the line is very inharmonious without some syllable there. Theobald inserted *both*.

29. Line 52: *Katharina*.—This is the form of the name generally given by editors. F. 1 has *Katerina* in the stage-direction for her first entrance, and *Katherina* in the text. In ii. 1. 62, F. 1 has *Katerine*, while the form *Katherine* is used several times in the same scene, as well as the abbreviation *Kate*. The Italian name is *Caterina*; so that, of the two, the first form adopted by F. 1 comes nearest the correct spelling.

30. Line 58: *To make a STALE of me amongst these MATES*.—The explanation of *stale* given in our foot-note, however coarse it may seem, is undoubtedly the right one. "Laughing-stock," "dripe," and other more elegant synonyms, do not explain the meaning of the word. Katharina was not a woman to be overdelicate in her language. There is also, most probably, an allusion to the *stale-mate* at chess.

another instance
in the old copies;

's ETHICS.—Ff. Q
tell *ethics*, which
of play, in line 2,
because *walkes* is
in the mouth
friend to Athens,
Aristotle's dis-
of *ethics*, not the
rs to vice, or to
(lines 34-37) we
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Balk logic is Rowe's
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NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

31. Line 64: *To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool*—This expression is very interesting, as it testifies to the antiquity of the common phrase, used nowadays with regard to a wife of strong character, "She'll comb his hair for him." Halliwell, in his Folio edition of Shakespeare, quotes from Skelton's *Merie Tales* "Hys wife woude divers tymes in the week kinbe his head with a iij. footed stoole."

32. Line 79: *Put finger in the eye, as she knee, why.*—Probably a quotation, more or less accurate, from some well-known song. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. 205, 206:

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep.

In Heywood's First Part of King Edward the Fourth we find:

Seem you but sorry for what you have done,
And straight shie put the finger in the eye.

—Works, vol. i. p. 5.

33. Line 108: *Our love is not so great.*—So F. 3, F. 4: F. 1, F. 2 read *Their*, of which it is difficult to make any sense. Malone suggested *Four*; but certainly the context seems to require *Our*. The attempts to explain *Their*, as referring to the love or good-will of Bianca and her father towards Petruchio and Gremio, or to the love between Katharina and her father, are not particularly happy.

34. Lines 108-110: *but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out.*—No commentator seems to have thought this passage required explanation; but I confess it seems to me rather a difficult one. Gremio means to say, I suppose, that his and Hortensio's love is not so great but they may together *blow their nails* (as people do when cold) and *fast it out*, i. e. expel their love by fasting. He recognizes the fact that they are both practically rejected, and may consider themselves both "out in the cold." In *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 923 (in the song) we have:

And Dick the shepherd *Hoves his nail*.

35. Line 110: *our cake's dough on both sides.*—Compare Ben Jonson's *The Case is Altered* (v. 4):

Steward, your *cake is dough*, as well as mine.

—Works, vol. vi. p. 479

The meaning is, we have both failed. In Bohn's *Hand-book of Proverbs* is given a Scotch proverb which is evidently the same: *Your wad's a' dough*.

36. Lines 113, 114: *I will wi-th him to her father, i. e. "I will recommend him."* Compare l. 2. 60 of this play:

And *wish* thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife.

And again, l. 2. 64:

And I'll not *wish* thee to her.

37. Line 137: *at the high cross—i. e.* "in the market place." In the principal streets of some of our old towns there were two crosses, of the *High Cross* and the *Low Cross*. (See note in Rolfe's edition of this play, p. 135.)

38. Line 144: *Happy man be his dole!*—This was a common proverb. Compare Damon and Pythias:

So I mean in the court to lose no time;

Wherein, *happy man be his dole*, I trust that I
Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly.

—Dodsley, vol. iv. p. 22.

See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 4. 68; and *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 163. *Dole* here means "lot," or "share," meted out by Fortune.

39. Line 145: *He that runs fastest gets the ring.*—Not, as Dounce explains it, "an allusion to the sport of running at the ring," but to the custom of giving a ring as one of the prizes formerly given in wrestling or running matches.

40. Line 167: *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*—This Latin sentence is from Lilly's Latin Grammar. Lilly was trying to quote a passage from Terence, which runs as follows:

Quid agas? nisi ut te redimas captum quam queas
minimo.

—Eunuchus, i. 1. 29, 30.

41. Line 170: *you look'd so LONGLY on the maid.*—*Longly* does not mean "longingly," "fondly," as Schmidt (following Steevens) explains it, but "for a long time." See Colgrave, who explains "*Longnement*." *LONGLY*, . . . long time, . . . a great while."

42. Line 212: *take my COLOUR'D hat and cloak.*—Clarke explains the use of *colour'd* here by saying that, "In Shakespeare's time the servants wore soderer tinted clothes than their masters, who haunted about in garments of bright and varied hues that might well, by contrast, be emphatically call'd *colour'd*." But was not *blue* the colour usually worn by servants in Shakespeare's time? The allusions to this are so frequent in the writers of that period, that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to them generally. (See Nares, *sub voce*.) *Colour'd* may here mean "of various colours," in contradistinction to the uniform colour of the servants' livery.

43. Line 216: *In brief, sir, with it THY'S your pleasure is.*—I have ventured to supply the word *thus*, which might easily have been omitted by the copyist. The Camb. Ed. give an anonymous emendation; *sith it is your pleasure THY'S*; but mine was made independently. There are many defective lines in this play, which can easily be set right by a very slight alteration. This speech of Tranio's is one of those passages which the supporters of the triple authorship of this play say is decidedly not Shakespeare's. I cannot see myself that it is any more irreconcilable with his usual style than much of his other early work.

44. Lines 244-249.—This rhymed speech of Tranio's is certainly unlike any of Shakespeare's known writing; but in *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1, may be found some rhymed lines very nearly, if not quite, as halting in rhythm. The whole speech is printed in Ff. and Q. as prose.

45. Line 249: *your master Lucentio.* F. 1, *you*. The correction was made in F. 2.

46. Lines 250-255.—We have followed Ff. in printing these lines as verse; but it is very doubtful if they were intended for such; one cannot imagine Shakespeare deliberately passing off such limping doggerel as verse, even in his most careless moments. Perhaps the text is corrupt here, or, at any rate, very much confused. The fact that this speech is printed as verse in Ff. and the former one of Tranio's (lines 244-249) as prose, seems to point to

the fact that the MS. before the copyist was in a very faulty condition, and had never been revised by the author.

47 [The presenters above speak.—This stage direction is from Fl. Q: it means those in the upper stage; viz. Sly and his companions.]

48 Lines 258, 259: *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 't were done!*—Sly seems here to anticipate the unspoken criticism of some of the frequenters of the stalls when one of Shakespeare's plays is being represented. There is no appreciable difference in the amount of intellectual capacity appealed to in either case.

ACT 1. SCENE 2.

49 Enter PETRUCHIO.—Shakespeare may have taken the name from *Petrucio*, one of the servants of "Scenecense" in Gascogne's Supposes. But he may have found the not uncommon Italian name elsewhere. It should be spelled *Petrucchio* if it is meant to be pronounced as *Petruchio*, according to English pronunciation, the *ch* having the same sound as in "church." In Italian, of course, the *ch* would be pronounced hard, like *k*. The termination *uccio* has certainly no complimentary sense according to Torriano, who, in his Introduction into the Italian Tongue (1657), appended to the 1688 edition of Florio, says that, "Nouns ending in *uccio* or *uzzo*, declare the thing to be of the least, and absolutely despicable and contemptible;" and "Most of the nick names are made to run upon this termination, as by way of detraction, as Minicuccio from Dominico, a man's name so call'd." But we find the termination used in Basile's well-known Pentameron (a collection of fairy stories) without any apparently depreciatory meaning.

50 Line 5: KNOCK.—*knock, I say*.—This is Lettsom's emendation. Fl. and Q. read, *knock, I say*.

51 Lines 28, 29: *'Tis no matter, sir, what he 'LEGES in Latin*.—Grunio, who is supposed to be an Italian, mistakes his own language for Latin. Acc. Jinly the ingenious Tyrwhitt suggests that we should read, "*no matter what he LEGES in Latin*." "T is no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," &c. Surely it was more probable that Grunio, who was the Clown or low-comedy character of the play, should be supposed to mistake Italian for Latin, considering that he speaks English, and is thoroughly English in character, than that such a piece of Latinity, apropos of nothing at all, should be placed in his mouth. We might just as well expect Biondello to give the list of the diseases of Petruchio's horse in Italian (iii. 2), as to find Grunio remembering, when a joke was in question, to what nationality he belonged.

52. Line 33: *two and thirty*.—a *pip out*.—The spots on the cards are sometimes called *pips*; the allusion is to the old game of "Bone ace, or one and thirty." Compare Massinger's Fatal Dowry, ii. 2: "You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a *pip out*, you know." (Works, p. 362). *Bone ace* is thus described in Cotton's Compleat Gamester (1674): "The least [*i.e.* the one who cuts lowest] deals,

He deals out two to the first hand, and turns up the third, and so goes on to the next, to the third, fourth, fifth, &c. He that hath the biggest Card carries the Bone, that is one half of the Stake, the other (half) remaining for the Game; now if there be three Kings, three Queens, three Tens, &c., turn'd up, the eldest hand wins it. Here note that the Ace of Diamonds is Bone-ace, and wins all other Cards whatever; thus much for the Bone; afterwards the nearest to one and thirty wins the Game, and he that turns up or draws to one and thirty wins it immediately" (pp. 129, 130).

53. Line 69: *Be she as foul as was Florentine's love*.—Alluding to the story in Gower's Confessio Amantis, book 1, of the knight Florent or Florentinus, who plighted his troth to marry a deformed and hideous hag, in return for her telling him the answer to a riddle, which if he could not solve he was to die. On this story Chaucer founded his Wife of Bath's Tale; The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, an old ballad, is also derived from the same source. Gower was probably indebted to the Gesta Romanorum for the source of his story. See Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Introductory Discourse, vol. i. p. 131.

54 Lines 81, 82: *though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses*.—Malone says in his note: "I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it. *The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in The Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608: 'O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!'" Perhaps these *fifty diseases* were in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the speech of Biondello's (ii. 2. 50-58). I think the passage, as it stands in our text, is easily explained: no animal, not even a female hypochondriac, is subject to so many diseases as a horse; and any one who has as many diseases as two and fifty horses would have quite enough to suffer.

55 Line 112: *he'll rail in his ROPE-TRICKS*.—Hammer absurdly altered *rope-tricks* to *retorick*. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 153, 154, in the speech of the Nurse: "what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his *ropery*?" So *rope-ripe*, in Chapman's May Day (act iii.): "I. rd, how you roule in your *rope-ripe* termes" (Works, vol. ii. p. 368)—a word which Howell, in his Lexicon Tetraglotton (1690) explains as "ripe for hanging." *Rope-tricks* seems to be equivalent here to abusive language, though its proper meaning probably is "actions deserving the rope (hanging)."

56. Line 116: *she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat*.—A cat's sight certainly is not bad, especially in the dark; but their habit of keeping their eyes half-closed, in the day time, probably led to their being called "blear-eyed," as in Wynkyn de Worde's Castell of Labour (1500): "That was as *blereyed* as a cat." There is evidently a play on *cat* and *Kate* in Grunio's speech.

57. Lines 121, 122:

*And her withhold from me, and other more,
Sutors to her and rivals in my love.*

F. 1, Q. print:

*And her withhold from me. Other more
Sutors, &c.*

runs up the third, fourth, fifth, &c., the bone, that is commanding for three Queens, three us it. Here note and wins all other e; afterwards the time, and he that it immediately"

ORENTIUS' LOVE. Infessio Amantis, *ius*, who pledged his own lug, in return idle, which if he is story Chaucer Marriage of Sir I from the same to the Gesta Roesse Tyrwhitt's p. 131.

any diseases as his note: "I sus- I know not how se seem to have Tragedy, 1608: 'O nee! the fifty dis- diseases were in speech of Bion- ce, as it stands in, not even a fe- any diseases as a ceases as two and suffer.

TRICKS.—HAMMER Compare Romeo ch of the Nurse: was so full of his lay Day (act iii): terms" (Works), l. in his Lexicon hanging" *Rope-* lusive language, is "actions de-

eyes to see withal ot bad, especially their eyes half- their being called 's Castell of La- a ent." There is mic's speech.

other more, e.

her more

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

And her with-holds he from me. *Other more*
Sisters, &c.

The arrangement of the lines in our text is Theobald's, derived by him from Dr. Thirlby. (See note Var. Ed. vol. v p. 403. Camb. Ed. attribute the arrangement to Capell (Thirlby conf.).]

58 Line 126: *Therefore THIS ORDER hath Baptista*
TAXES. Compare Othello, v. 2. 72:

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

The meaning is, "has taken measures." The phrase occurs frequently in Shakespeare.

59 Line 131: *WELL SEEN in music.*—This use of *seen* = "versed," "practised," is older than Shakespeare's time. Stevens quotes from The Longer Thou Livest the More Good Thou Art, 4to black letter, n.d. (printed in 1568 or 1569):

Some would have you *seen* in stories,
Sum to fables of arms will you allure, &c.
Sum will move you to read Scripture.

Marry, I would have you *seen* in cardes and dice.

It is also used by Spenser (e.g. *Fairy Queen*, b. iv. c. 2, st. 30), and by Chapman (16th Ed.).

60 Line 141: *Master, master, LOOK ABOUT YOU.* This was a proverbial expression; it forms the title of a most excellent old comedy (Dodsley, vol. vii.), the author of which is unknown; it is one with which it is much more likely Shakespeare had something to do than with Fair Em, and other plays that have been attributed to him.

61 Line 146: *Hark you; I'll have them very fairly bound.*—Ff. and Q read *Hark you*, SR: we have omitted the *Sir*, which spoils the metre.

62 Line 151: *Take your PAPERS too.*—Ff. and Q read *papers*. Pope changed the word to the plural number on account of the *them*. The question is, what were the papers that Lucentio would have? I do not see how paper could refer to the note (line 145); as there was no need to perfume that, for Bianca would never see it. *Papers* is used twice in Two Gent. of Verona (l. 2. 100 and 133) for pieces of a torn letter; so here it might be used for the pieces of paper on which Bianca was to write her exercises, or translations, if she had any to make. I cannot find any instance of *papers* being used to mean pamphlets, or detached sheets of printed matter; the word is constantly used for written documents of all kinds.

63 Line 179: *'T is now no time to VENT our love.*—There would seem to be some suspicion of affectation, or "cockneyism," attaching to this expression. Compare Twelfth Night (iv. 1. 10-18):

etc. I perceive, *vent* thy folly somewhere else:

Thou know'st not me.

etc. I vent my folly: he has heard that word of some great man and so plays it to a fool. *Vent* my folly: I am afraid this great lubber, as you call him, will prove a cockney. I perceive now, ungird thy straggles: I tell me what I shall *vent* to my lady: shall I *vent* to her that she is a thing.

64 Line 209: *That gives not half so great a blow to*
Vol. II.

NOTES TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

TH' EAR.—Ff. and Q read to *hear*: the emendation is Hammer's. Compare King John, li. 1. 463-465:

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a list of France.

65. Line 211: *Tush, tush! FEAR bays with BUGS.*—The use of *fear* as a transitive verb, and of *bays* for *bugbears*, is well illustrated by the following line from 111. Henry VI. v. 2. 2:

For Warwick was a *bug* that *fear'd* us all.

66. Line 260: *whom you HEARKEN FOR*—i.e. "whom you wait for, or seek." Compare 1. Henry IV. v. 4. 52:

That ever said I *harken'd* for your death.

67. Line 276: *we may CONTRIVE this afternoon.* *Contrive*, in the sense of "to pass away," "to wear out," seems to be formed from *contrit*, the preterit of *contrite*; but it is, as the Imp. Dict. remarks, "a very irregular formation." Staunton quotes from Terence, Hecyra, v. 3. 17:

ambulando totum hunc contrivi die.

Cicero uses *contro* in this sense.

68 Line 282: *Petruchio, I shall be your BEN VENUTO.*—This is a very awkward line, and can only be made to scan by pronouncing *venuto* as a dissyllable with the accent on the final *to*, thus *v'ntó*. It would make a much better couplet if *Petruchio* could end this line; but with *ben venuto* properly pronounced this would be impossible. I confess I do not see whether Hortensio means to say to Petruchio "I shall be your welcome (i.e. *seem* your welcome)," or "I shall be a welcome guest (or friend) to you."

Having now arrived at the end of act i., let us see how far Shakespeare has availed himself of the old play. The portion of *The Taming of a Shrew*, which represents the first act of our play, consists of lines 1-129, and lines 273-284, the latter relating to the plan of disguising Hortensio as the music-master. In the old play it is Valeria (Tranio), the servant of Aurelius (= Lucentio), who is so disguised; and there is no pretended schoolmaster, so that the excellent comic situation between the two suitors of Bianca (act iii. sc. 1 (of our play)) is entirely wanting. But Shakespeare's dramatic skill is shown by the striking development of the meagre materials of the old play: first, he changes the dull Aurelius and Valeria into the lively Lucentio and Tranio; next he gets rid of one of the daughters as being unnecessary, and makes a character of the second, Bianca, instead of a mere dummy. Katharina, when first introduced, instead of being allowed to come on and go off without a word—made to show her nature by what she says. Gremio—Hortensio, the rival suitors of Bianca, are cleverly contrasted characters, substituted for the one dull Polidor in the old piece, who has no rival. Petruchio, instead of being introduced as coming to Padua for the purpose of wooing Katharina, is induced to do so by Hortensio, which is much more dramatic; and all that is merely spoken of in the old play, such as Baptista's resolve not to let Bianca marry till Katharina is disposed of, is shown in dialogue or in action. It is in the elaborate characterization, and in the increased dramatic force given to every scene and situa-

tion, that Shakespeare's hand is shown, more even than in the language, which in parts certainly bears little trace of his poetic touch. But critics make a great mistake when assigning to Shakespeare any doubtful work on the strength of the metre or the language alone: these might be imitated, but in comparison with all his predecessors, and nearly all his contemporaries, Shakespeare was so far superior in the arts of construction and characterization—the two most essential qualities of a dramatist—that where these qualities are wanting, however beautiful the language, however like Shakespeare's the metre may be, we may be pretty certain his hand was little, if at all, employed.

ACT II. SCENE I.

69. Line 3: *but for these other goods*.—Nearly all editors, even such purists as the Camb. Ed., adopt Theobald's alteration *goods*; but I cannot see the necessity for the change. Katharina is not asking Bianca for her jewels or her ornaments, or her money, so that there is no particular force in *other goods*: it seems that what Bianca means to say is, "Give me my liberty, and as for these other *goods* (i.e. possessions), my jewels, dress, &c., I will give you those readily."

70. Line 26: *than bidding of a devilish spirit*. This word is used in various senses, according as it is applied to a man or woman. Applied to men it generally seems to mean a coward, e.g. in All's Well, iii. 6. 4, "If your lordship find him not a *bidding*;" but in Rom. and Jul. iii. 5. 139, "Out on her, *bidding*!" it is used in the same sense as here. Though Nares suggests it is a corruption of *hiring*—*hindling*, a diminutive of *hind*, it is most probably derived from A Sax. *lyð-dan*, "to crouch" or "to cower": the sense being first a coward, then "any base, degenerate creature."

71. Line 31: *Will you not suffer me?*—Ff. and Q. read *WHAT will you not*, &c. The omission of the *What* is Pope's emendation.

72. Lines 33, 34:

*I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*

According to Grose (quoted in Brand's Popular Antiquities) it was a popular superstition that "if in a family the youngest daughter should chance to be married before her elder sisters, they must all dance at her wedding without shoes; this will counteract their ill-luck and procure them husbands" (Ed. 1877, p. 398). That old maids, or any woman who died a virgin, would have to *lead apes in hell* was a common saying, to which we find frequent allusions in the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Florio explains the word *Maquidat* "an old wench, or a stale maid, one that will *lead apes in hell*." Halliwell quotes from Churchyard's Chippies, 1578:

*Least virgins shoulde you surfeit take,
When they lead apes in hell.*

The origin of this proverbial expression is very doubtful; in Much Ado (ii. 1. 42, 43) we have "I will even take sixpence in earnest of the *bear-ward*, and *lead his apes into*

hell." Malone states in his note that "*To lead apes* was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a *bear-ward*, who often carries about one of those animals along with his *bear*," without giving any authority for his statement.¹ Roffe says: "Old bachelors were supposed to be doomed to be *bear-herds* in the same place." Some years ago I tried to discover the source whence the belief was derived, but in vain; it may be that one of the old woodcuts of hell, such as that in the Nuremberg Chronicle, first suggested this sarcasm against women who prefer the state of celibacy to that of coverture; or it may be that a fact mentioned by Donce, "that homicides and adulterers were in ancient times compelled by way of punishment to lead an *ape* by the neck," may have inspired some disappointed suitor with this uncomplimentary prophecy as to the future of old maids.

73. Line 56: *Cunning in music and the MATHEMATICS*. Surely this is a curious combination, in spite of the intricacies of thorough-bass and counterpoint. It would appear that the education of women in Shakespeare's time was not unworthy of Girtton. Queen Elizabeth, doubtless, set the fashion of aiming at scientific more than ornamental accomplishments. But the words *untheumatic* and *mathematic* seem to have had a less restricted sense than they have now. In Peel's *Ad Movementem Prologus*, a dedication to the Earl of Northumberland, prefixed to his Honour of the Honourable Order of the Garter, occurs the following passage:

That admirable *mathematic* skill,
Familiar with the stars and zodiac,
To whom the heaven lies open as her book,
—Works, p. 583.

In *Histrion-Mastix* (i. 1. 24) we find: "Nay, faith, this after-noon we'll spend in hearing the *Mathematickes* read," where *mathematic* decidedly has a wider meaning than it has with us. And again, in the speech of Chironas (i. 1. 24, 25), we find:

For 'tis an Axiome with all men of Art,
Mathematicum abstrahentem non continere mendacium,
And (for the beauty of it,) what can be
Frag'd more extra-tive than the face of heaven?
The mister . . . that Art hath found therein.
It is distinguish'd into Regions;
Those Regions fill'd with sundry sorts of starres;
They likewise christen'd with peculiar names.
To see a dayly use wrought out of them,
With demonstrations so infallible,
The pleasure cannot bee but ravishing.

Here astronomy seems to have been included in *mathematics*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* (ii. 4) is a passage which makes it appear that *mathematic* included astrology:

Is she a learned woman in the *mathematics*?
Can she tell fortunes? —Works, vol. i. p. 37.

74. Line 70: *I knew him well*.—Ff. and Q. read *I know him well*, from which it would seem that Baptista did

¹ Since writing the above I came across the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars Bush*, iv. 4:

Hig. Whose's the *ape*?
Pugg. Fox take him,
A gony *bear-ward* stole him t'other day.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 155.

"To lead apes was one of the employments about one of without giving any as: "Old bachelors herds in the same discover the source vain; it may be such as that in the its sarcasm against y to that of coverd by Donce, "that cent times comape by the neck," nitor with this mure of old maids.

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Works, vol. i, p. 330.

and Q read I *kat* that Baptista did the following passage in

ther day.

Works, vol. ii, p. 330.

not know of Antonio's death. The emendation is Dyce's, and it seems completely justified by l. 2. 102, where Petruchio says:

And he (*i.e.* Baptista) *knew* my deceased father well.

And further on in this scene, line 117:

You (Baptista) *knew* my father well.

It is unlikely, that if Baptista knew Antonio so well, he could have been ignorant of his death.

75. Line 73: *But sure*.—This was a proverbial expression; it occurs so frequently in the writers of the sixteenth century, as it seems to have been associated with some story of "Mortimer and his sow." See John Heywood's Epigrams quoted by Farmer (Var. Ed. vol. v, p. 414); also the following passage from Ralph Roister (l. 2):

Ala, sir! *Jack* *are*, quod Mortimer to his sow.

—Dowsley, vol. iii, p. 65.

76. Lines 79-81: *freely give unto you this young scholar* (presenting Lucentio), *that hath been long studying at Rheims*. F 1, F 2, Q read *Freely give unto* (omitting *you*): F 3, F 4, *Free leave give unto*. In making *yourself* (line 77) the nominative we follow the reading of Guald. Edd. (lover conj.). Compare above line 55:

I do present you with a man of mine.

The University of Rheims was founded about the middle of the sixteenth century (probably in 1519). It soon obtained a very considerable reputation. (See Notes and Quoties, 6th Series, x No. 236, p. 7).

77. Line 103: *Lucentio is your name*.—Malone justly observes: "How should Baptista know this?" It may be a line has been lost, or Tranio may be supposed to communicate his name to Baptista, while Flordello presents the lute and books which he has brought on.

78. Lines 105, 106:

*A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well.*

As it appears from act v. sc. 1 that Baptista did not know Vincentio even by sight, it is better to punctuate the passages in our text, than to preserve the stopping of Ff. Q, which read:

*A mighty man of Pisa by report,
I know him well.*

79. Line 139: *Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!*—For the punctuation of this passage I am responsible, the ordinary reading being, *Well mayst thou woo, &c.* The meaning I take to be, "Well, may you have the courage to woo, and good luck attend you!" The *Well* indicating that Baptista has his doubts whether Petruchio will not give Kate up as a bad job before he has got very far in his suit.

80. Line 153: "PRETS, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fret me with them."—Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 337-339: "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

81. Line 159: *And "TWANGLING JACK," with twenty such* (i.e. *twangling* in North Country dialect, means "small," "weak;" it also means "making a noise on an

instrument without playing any regular tune." Shakespeare uses the word only in one other passage, in The Tempest, iii. 2. 116, 117:

*Sometimes a thousand TWANGLING instruments
Will hum about mine ears.*

Addison has "Twanckling of a brass kettle" (See Richardson's Diet. *sub voce*). *Jack* is used as a term of contempt frequently, e.g. I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 393: "the prince is a *Jack*," a sneak-cup." The expression *jangling Jack* meant, says Donce, "a pating fellow" (Illustrations, p. 201).

82. Lines 171-179. These lines were very freely adapted and set to music by Sir Henry Bishop, the title of the song being, "Should he upbraid." The words not in Shakespeare are printed in italics.

*Should he upbraid, I'll even that he prevail,
And sing as sweetly as the Nightingale.
Say that he trow, I'll say "his looks I view
As morning roses newly left with dew,"
Say he be wate, I'll answer with a smile,
And dance and play, and a twinkled care beguile.
—(See Shakespeare's Songs, New Shak. Soc. Series vol. Miscellaneous, No. 3, p. 51.)*

83. Line 171: *As morning roses newly wash'd with dew*.—Compare Milton's L'Allegro, line 22:

And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew.

Compare also the Taming of a Shrew, in the scene between the Duke of Cesius, Ferdinand and Kate (corresponding to iv. 5 of our play):

As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew. —Line 1023.

84. Lines 188-191. The pun on *Kate* and *cate* is manifest. Shakespeare only uses *cates*=dainties in the plural number, e.g. I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 164 165:

*I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates.*

I suspect there is some allusion in *Kate of Kate-hall* which has escaped the researches of the commentators.

85. Line 199: *A joint-stool*.—Compare Lilly's Mother Bombie, iv. 2:

Sister, I cry you merry, I took you for a joint stool (Works, vol. ii, p. 121.) In Lear (iii. 6. 54) this identical phrase occurs.

86. Line 202: *No such jade as you, if we you mean*.—F. 1, Q read:

No such jade as you, if we you mean.

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4:

No such jade, SIR, as you, if we you mean.

Singer would alter *jade* to *lead*. The reading in our text was adopted independently of Walker's conjecture given by Dyce. There is no doubt, from the many passages quoted by Dyce, that *jade* was frequently applied to men as well as to women. Cotgrave translates *Gallier* "A JADE, a dull horse." He also gives *jade* as the meaning of *Goldil, Rosse*, all these being masculine nouns. The meaning of Katharina's elegant rejoinder is, "Women are made to bear no such a *jade* (worthless horse) as you, if you mean to include me among women."

87. Line 222: *So may you lose your arms*.—The same pun on *arms* and *coat of arms* occurs in Lilly's Mother

Bumble, l. 3: "wee (*i.e.* we fathers) must wearie our legges to purchase our children *armes*," meaning we must work to make them gentlemen (Works, vol. ii. p. 86). A similar punning allusion is made in *Hamlet* (v. l. 36, 37):

See, Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. *N* was the first that ever bore arms.

68 Line 225: *A herald, Kate! O, put me in thy books!*—Compare *Much Ado*, l. i. 78, 79: "I see, lady, the gentleman is not *in your books*." Petruchio plays upon the double sense of the phrase, "Take me into thy favour," as we still talk of any one as being *in our books*, or *in our good books*, and "put me in your herald's register."

69 Line 282:—Even those who hold this play as nothing better than an "outrageous farce" must confess that Shakespeare, or the mysterious "third party"—that veritable *Mrs. Harris* of commentators—has succeeded in creating, out of the wretchedly dull and scanty materials afforded by the old play in this scene, as bright and lively an exhibition of repartee as can well be imagined. Note, especially, the air of ironical banter, elevated by the infusion of a poetical tone, which marks Petruchio's complimentary speeches to Katharina. Shakespeare being a dramatist, not a mere writer of dull dialogues, gives time for Petruchio's strength of character and imperturbable good humour to win over Katharina's half-soured and self-willed nature. The old writer simply puts together a few ill-digested sentences and makes Katharina's change of feeling towards Petruchio merely arise from a vulgar desire to be married at any cost, as she has "hyde so long a maid." Shakespeare's Katharina will not show she is already half-conquered, but it is quite clear that Petruchio has won the first battle.

90 Line 303: *then, good night our part!* Collier, very unnecessarily, would read *part* instead of *part*. The meaning of Tranio is "*good night our part of the bargain!*" if Petruchio is no nearer marrying her than he seems now, our chance of winning Bianca is gone."

91 Line 313: *'tis a world to see.*—This is an expression often found in writers of the sixteenth century. The meaning is, "It is a wonderful sight;" *e.g.* in the *Interlude of the Disobedient Child* (about 1560):

Sirs, by my troth it is a world to see.

—Dodsley, vol. ii. p. 271

92 Lines 325, 326:

We will have rings, and things, and fair array;

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

Collier gives the following verse of a ballad "from the recitation of an old lady, who heard it from her mother (then forty), at least sixty years ago."

Two lurch away!

We will have rings

And fine array,

With other things,

Against the day,

For I'm to be married o' Sunday.

This carries us back a hundred years or so, which is something, though not quite satisfactory. In Ralph Roister Doister (v. 6) the Fourth Song has the refrain:

I must be married o' Sunday;

I must be married o' Sunday;

Whoever shall come that way,

I must be married o' Sunday.

—Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 159.

Probably weddings took place in Shakespeare's time, at least among the country people, most frequently on Sundays. There was an olden song (very popular some twenty years ago) the refrain of which was: "I'll be married next Wednesday," which had about as much sense in it as the song in Ralph Roister Doister.

93 Line 351: *My hangings all of TYRIAN TAPESTRY.* Tapestry appears to have been made of various materials, and not confined to the limited sense which it has now. Hakluyt speaks of a "*tapisserie* of feathers of divers colours" (*Voyages*, vol. iii. p. 316). *Tyrian tapestry* means *tapestry* dyed purple. Compare the following passage in *Fawkes' Translation of Theophrastus* (*Idyll 15*):

Let purple tapestry arranged on high
Chorus the spectators with the Lyran dye.

94 Line 353: *my ARRAS COUNTERPOINTS*—*i.e.* what we call *counterpanes*. Steevens tries ingeniously to explain the term *counterpoint* as identical with *counterpoint* in music, because as in the latter "notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other," so in *counterpanes*, "every pane or partition in them was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions." Cotgrave gives "*Counterpoint*: The back stitch or quilting stitch; also, a quilt, *counterpoint*."

95 Line 377: *in Marsellies' road.*—F. 1, Q. read *Marsellies*: F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *Marsellis*; perhaps we ought to retain the latter form, as Hunter suggests, when the fact that the word is used here as a trisyllable would be self-evident.

96 Line 387: *Gremio is OUT-VID.*—*To vie, to re-vie, to out-vie*, were all terms of the game *Primero*, which was a kind of brag or poker. Compare Sir Gyles Goosecappe, ill. 1: "then did he *vie* it againe with an other hal" (Millet's *Old Plays*, vol. iii. p. 43). Howel, in his Dictionary, 1690 (according to Malouin), explains *out vie* thus: "*Faire peur ou intimidier avec un vray ou feint enry, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire*;" a manœuvre often practised at poker.

97 Line 407: *Yet I have FAC'D IT WITH A CARD OF TEN.*—Another expression taken from *Primero*. A bold player would stand on a *ten* and perhaps *out-brag* his opponent, who might have a *coat-card*, or court-card, as we term it. Compare Day's *Law Tricke*, act v.: "hane ye any more of these trickes? I may be *out-fac'd* of my selfe with a *Carde of ten*; but yfaith, Vncle, the best Knave ith blunche, . . . don't" (*Works*, p. 82 (of play)).

98 Line 413: *if I fail not of my CUNNING.*—Perhaps we ought to read, as suggested by Steevens, *of my FOINE*, for the sake of the rhyme.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

99 Line 4: *But, wrangling pedant, this, her sister, is.*—The reading of all the old copies is:

But wrangling pedant, this is.

ley, vol. ii. p. 159.
 spence's time, at
 frequently on simi-
 popular some
 was: "I'll be
 about as much
 bolster.

AN TAPESTRY.
 carious materials,
 hich it has now.
 others of divers
Thymus tapestry
 the following pas-
 ses (Idyll 16):

on dye.

TS—i.e. what we
 lous; to explain
 cot. *derpant* in
 equal duration,
 position to each
 or partition in
 different colour,
 ave gives "Con-
 tch; also, a quilt,

1, Q. read *Mur-*
 s we ought to re-
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ies, to *re-vie*, to
 ero, which was a
 Goosecappe, li.
 er had" (Bullen's
 Dictionary, 1699
 ie thus: "Faire
 nt eney, et faire
 manœuvre often

T A CARD OF TEN.
 o. A bold player
 ag his opponent.
 d, as we term it,
 me ye any more
 my selfe with a
 Knealeth bunch,
 y))

NNING.—Perhaps
 ens, of my FOING.

s, her sister, is

—a line barbarously defective. The emendation in our text is one for which I am responsible; it seems to avoid the anaphoras ending *this is*, and to supply the words which might very easily have been overlooked. Hortensio repeats Lucentio's words *her sister*.

100. Line 18: *I am no BREECHING scholar*—i.e. "no schoolboy to be whipped." *To breech*, in the sense of 'to flog,' occurs in many of the old plays, e.g. in Sumner's Last Will and Testament, by Thomas Nash: "A couple of pretty boys, if they would wash their faces, and were well breech'd" (Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 21); and in Marlowe's Edward the Second:

I view the palace with Aristarchus' eyes,
 Whose looks were as a *creaching* to a boy.

—Works, p. 216.

101. Line 28: *Hæc ibat Sincis*—Ff and Q *Hæc*; but the reading in all the texts of Ovid is *Hæc*. The joke of mis-translating Latin into English of an entirely different meaning is found in other old plays of the time; e.g. in Middleton's Witch, li. 2:

Notetribus noster.—Nick of the tribe of nobles;
Ternus cicer.—That makes three I know; &c.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 281

102. Line 50: *Pedascule*. This word is coined by Hortensio; no other instance of its occurrence can be found; it is meant as a contemptuous form of *didascule*, which would be a Latinized form of the Greek διδασκαλος.

103. Line 73: "GAMUT" *I am, the ground of all accord*.—It may be as well here to explain clearly the meaning of Gamut. I am indebted to Mr. Julian Marshall for the following note: "Gamut is only the old word for the scale in music derived from the Greek Γ (Gamma), which was adopted by Guido d'Arezzo (or Aretino) about 1024, as the lowest note of his system, and came afterwards to be applied to the whole range of a voice or instrument. According to his plan the second note (or lowest but one (F ut)) was called A re, the next B mi, the fourth C Fa ut, the fifth D sol re, and the sixth E la mi. The syllables expressing the notes were taken from an old Latin hymn to St. John:

Ut queant laxis resonare fibris
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum,

Sancite Joannes,

The last syllable *Si* was added much later than the others, and *Ut* was changed to *Do*, as being more vocal."

104. Line 81: *To CHANGE true rules for OLD inventions*. F, I, Q read:

To CHANGE true rules for OLD inventions.

F, 2, F, 3, F, 4 read *To change*. Theobald altered *old* to *old*; as Malone points out, the same misprint of *old* for *old* occurs in Richard III. iv. 1, 96, in the line:

Eighty *old* years of sorrow have I seen,

where not (as Malone says) "all Qs, except Q 1," but Q, 5, Q, 6, Q, 7, Q, 8, read *old*. Malone suggests that we might read here:

To change *new* rules for *old* inventions;

"i.e. to accept of *new* rules in exchange for *old* inventions." *Old* inventions seems to describe better the new Gamut of Hortensio than the old established form.

105. Line 10: *Make FEASTS, invite FRIENDS, and proclaim the BANNS*.—F, I, Q read:

Make friends, invite and proclaim the BANNS.

a line manifestly corrupt, which the Camd. Ed. preserve, F, 2, F, 3, F, 4, read:

Make friends, invite, YES and proclaim the BANNS.

a correction which seems purely conjectural. The reading in our text is Dyce's emendation, made independently of an anonymous conjecture given by Camd. Ed. The slip is one very likely to be made by a copyist, or even by an author, *friends* being anticipated instead of *feasts*, which was the word most probably intended.

106. Line 28: *For such an injury would vex a saint*. F, I, Q have "a very saint;" very being, obviously, an unnecessary word.

107. Lines 31, 32: *Master, mustest news, OLD NEWS, and such news as you never heard of!*—Ff, Q, omit the *old news*, first added by Rowe. The reading in the text is Capell's: Rowe omitted the first *news*. The addition of *old* is justified by line 42 below, where Tranio says, "But say, what is thine *old news*?" Stannton says that by *old news* the speaker obviously intended a reference to the *old jerkin, old breeches, old rusty sword, &c.* which form part of Petruchio's grotesque equipment.

109. Line 42: *What is thine old news!*—Ff, Q read: *What TO thine old news!*

The emendation is Collier's MS.

109. Lines 45, 46: *a pair of boots that have been CANDLE-CASES*.—The boots had been put aside as worn out and had been used for *candle-cases*, i.e. probably, boxes or cases to keep long candles in. The word *candle-cases* occurs in How a Man may choose a Good Wife from a Bad, lii. 3:

Amia. . . . How many cases are there?

Ff. Marry, a great many.

Amia. Well-answer'd, a great many; there are six.

Six, a great many; 't is well answer'd;

And which be they?

Ff. A how-case, a cap-case, a comb-case, a lute-case, a fiddle-case, and a *candle-case*.

—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 59.

110. Lines 48, 49: *with two broken points*.—Johnson would transpose these words to line 46 above, referring them to the boots, one buckled, another lac'd with two broken points. But the points may have been part of the accoutrements of the sword.

111. Lines 51-55.—With regard to this passage, Mr. Furnivall, in his comments on Mr. Fleay's paper, says: "was that cattle-disease hook's catalogue of the horse's ailments his (i.e. Shakespeare's), fond as he is of a list of names or qualities? Was this one up to his level? I doubted at first, but Mr. Tennyson has been good enough to give me his judgment that the horse-passage may well be genuine Shakspeare,—it 'has such a rollicking Rabelaisian comic swing about it, that I cannot but suspect it to be genuine Shakspeare,'—and I gladly yield" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, pt. i. p. 105).

112. Line 58: *near leggid before*. If Q. read (substantially) *near-hegid*, Malone has *ne'er leggid*, and explains it, "i.e. founder'd in his fore-feet, having, as the jockies term it, *ne'er* a fore leg to stand on. The subsequent words, 'which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling,' seem to countenance this interpretation." Lord Cheetham observes on this phrase: "I believe the old reading, *ne'er leggid*, is right: the *neer leg* of a horse is the left, and to set off with that leg first is an imperfection. This horse had (as Dryden describes old Jacob Tonson) two left legs, i.e. he was awkward in the use of them, he used his right leg like the left. Mr. Malone's reading and interpretation appear to me very harsh" (Lord Cheetham's Remarks, &c., p. 95).

113. Lines 70-72: *an old hat*, and "THE HUMOUR OF FORTY FANCIES" *prick'd in't for a feather*. This probably means that Grunio had stuck in his hat, as a feather, some collection of poems such as were called *fancies*. Compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 330-33: "and stung those times to the overscented huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his *fancies* or his good-nights." But it appears from a passage, quoted by Malone from Peucham's Worth of a Penny, that a *fancy* meant some ornament worn in the hat (see Malone's note, Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 140). In that case, there might be an intentional double-meaning in the word *fancies* in our text.

114. Lines 84-88. Mr. Fleay adduces the presence of these and other "rhymes of one or two measures in each line introduced in the midst of the dialogue," as one of the proofs that the greater part of this play is not Shakespeare's (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1871, pt. I. p. 88). Surely the quotation of these and other such proverbial rhymes can be no proof, one way or another, of the authorship. The lines in the text are probably from some old ballad which has not, however, come down to us.

115. Line 92: *Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were*.—This is Pope's emendation. If Q. read:

*Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were*

But that arrangement makes a very awkward verse of line 91.

116. Line 93: *Were it not better I should rush in than?* If Q. read:

Were it better, I should rush in than?

in which case the meaning would seem to be: "If my apparel were better, I should still rush in thus." Various emendations have been made in order to complete the metre, but I confess I cannot see the force of such a remark from Petruchio; it is not so much for *rushing in* that he has to apologize, as for being so late. Further on (lines 107-113) he apologizes, in some sort of manner, for his late arrival; repeating his inquiry, "But where is Kate?" I had arranged the lines in the text, before I saw that Mr. Lettson, in his note on the passage (Walker's Crit. Exam. vol. iii. p. 68), suggests the same arrangement. It occurred to me, on reading the passage, that Petruchio was going, to say, "Were it not better I should rush in

thus, than come too late altogether for the ceremony?" But, in this case, we should expect, "Is it not better?" &c.; though the subjunctive might be used. One is reminded of Milton's well-known lines in Lycidas (lines 67, 68):

*Were it not better that, as others use,
To sport with Amorys in the shade, &c.*

117. Line 119: *To me she's married, not unto my clothes*.—In the old play, Taming of a Shrew, Ferando gives the following reason for his being "basely attired" (lines 112-115):

*I am when my wife and I are married on, e,
Shew such a show, if we should once fall out,
She lea'p my casle shee sues our mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile*

118. Lines 14-131:

*But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking*

If Q. read: *But sir, Love concerneth, &c.*; the *sir* being very likely a mis-print for *to her*. Theobald reads *to our love*; but Tyrwhitt justly remarks, in supporting his emendation *to her*, that "We must suppose that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent*; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter." For a similar elliptical construction of a verb without a nominative compare:

remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Amo do meet the Senate.
—Coriolanus, ii. 3. 147-148.

119. Lines 174, 175:

*quaff'd off the MUSEADEL,
And threw the sores all in the sexton's face.*

It appears that it was the custom, in Shakespeare's time, to carry a bride-cup before the bride: "out of this all the persons present, together with the new-married couple, were expected to drink in the church" (Drake, vol. i. p. 225). Stevens quotes from Robert Armin's comedy, The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke, 1609, the following passage at the beginning of the play:

*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man
performing the do.*

Maid. Strew, strew.

Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church.

"Armin, in The Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household: Article. 'For the Marriage of a Princess.' 'Then pottes of Ipocrice to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe*, and to bee borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke,' &c. The bride-cup was also called the *knitting-cup*, or the *contracting-cup*.

120. Line 189: *And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack*. Compare Marston's Insatiate Countess, act v.

The firste when gav'st me in the church, here take.
—Works, vol. iii. p. 37.

Malone gives the following extract from the Sarum Missal: "Surgant amilo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus puerum a sacerdote, et ferat spouse, osculans eam, et

mentum alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa") (Var. Ed. vol. v, p. 451)

121 Lines 260, 261:

Pet. *It may not be*
Glo. *Let me entreat you,*
Pet. *It cannot be,*
Kath. *Let me entreat you.*

Steevens suggests that the word *stay* should be added at the end of each of these lines; but it is most probable that Shakespeare did not intend the lines to be perfect, as the difference of inflexion of the words, *Let me entreat you*, by Gremio and Katharina would prevent the lines from sounding unrhymical, while the repetition of the word *stay* would be too tautologous, as it occurs five times in the seven lines 199-205.

122 Lines 260, 267: *the outs have eaten the horses*.—Rofe very aptly compares, as a similar blundering inversion, Merchant of Venice, II. 2, 113, 114: "you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." There is surely no need to try and explain Grumio's meaning; the expression is not more ridiculous than that commonly used nowadays, "The horses are eating their heads off."

123 Line 213: *You may be joggling whiles your boots are greased*.—Clarke, according to Rofe, explains this "while they are freshly greased." But it may mean, as Rofe suggests, nothing more than "while your boots are fresh, new;" though, in that case, it must be said sarcastically, as Petruchio, we know, had on a pair of very old boots. Old black leather, when not re-blacked or varnished, has often a *greenish* tinge; so it may be there is a play on the word *green* intended here.

124 Line 240: *Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate*.—This is one of Shakespeare's humorous touches, to which there is no parallel in the Old Play. It is very amusing, this assumption of Petruchio that Katharina was in danger; and his affected anxiety on her behalf must have aggravated her self-willed temper, while she could not openly resent it.

125 Line 250: *You know there wants no JUNKETS at the feast*.—Halliwell quotes from Writs Recreations, 1651:

Tarts and custards, cream and cakes,
Are the *junkets* still at wakes.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

126 Line 3: *was ever man so RAY'd?*—*ray* is used by Spenser. See Fairy Queen, book iii. c. 5, st. 32:

The whiles the piteous lady *ray'd*—
Ruffled and fowly *ray'd* with *ray*

127. Line 6: *were not I a little pot and soon hot*.—According to the proverb, "a little pot and soon hot." Compare Day's Ile of Gulls, ii. 4: "nay, tho I be but a little pot, I shall be as soon hot as another" (Works, p. 49 (of play)).

"Let both rise, the legroom and bride, and let the bridegroom receive the kiss at peace from the priest, and let him carry off the bride, *kissing her*, and no one else, neither he himself, nor she herself."

128 Line 21: *cast an in water*.—Blackstone gives the words of the following old popular catch:

Scotlan I taneeth, Scotland burneth
Fire, fire; I fire, fire;
Cast an some more water

129. Lines 28, 29: *I am in heat*.—In order to understand this answer of Curtis, one must look at the use of the word *fellow* by Grumio in the previous speech: "winter tames man, woman and *beast*"; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, *fellow* Curtis." Grumio, by implication, calls himself a *beast*, *fellow* being used in the sense of equal. So Malvollio says, when Olivia speaks of him as *fellow*: "*fellow*, not Malvollio, nor after my degree, but *fellow*" (Twelfth Night, iii. 4, 85, 86).

130 Line 43: "*Jack, boy! ho! boy!*"—The beginning of an old catch given (according to Rofe) in Ravenscroft's Binnella, 1600:

Jack, boy, ho boy, Newes;
The cat is in the well,
Let us sing now for her knell
Ding dong, ding dong, bell!

"Of course the word *news* suggests it to Grumio." Part of the tune is given in a note by Sir J. Hawkins (Var. Ed. vol. v, p. 450).

131 Lines 52, 53: *Be the JACKS fair WITHIN, the JILLS fair WITHOUT*.—A play upon *Jack* and *Jill*—the *jacks* were the drinking vessels, which, being made of leather, could not be kept bright *without*, but must be carefully cleaned *within*; while the *jills*, being of metal, were kept polished *without*.

132 Line 53: *the CARPETS laid*.—The sense given here to *carpets*, in the foot-note, that of *table-covers*, is the one generally accepted. Halliwell quotes from an inventory of 1500 among the Stratford-on-Avon MSS. "a *carpet* for a table." But *carpets*, answering more to our Turkey and Persian rugs, were used for state purposes; they were made sometimes of tapestry work; they were also used for window-seats, and were sometimes placed under the chairs of ladies, or distinguished guests. In How a Man may choose a Wife from a Bad (1602), iii. 3, in making preparations to receive her guests, Mistress Arthur asks:

is the hall well *rubbed*?
The cushions in the windows neatly laid?
The cupboard of plate set out the *casement*—stuck
With rosemary and flowers? the *carpets* brushed?

and a little below she says:

Where's that knave Pickio? Did him *spread the cloth*,
Fetch the clean diaper napkins from my chest.
Doddley, vol. ix, p. 54.

From these passages it would appear that *carpets* were certainly not identical with our *table-cloths*; but that, although the same terms were used as covers for tables, they resembled those small gay-coloured rugs still to be seen in Italian houses, which are laid on the waxed or tiled floor in front of sofas and arm-chairs; no doubt some of these rugs were laid in the old English houses above the rushes.

133. Line 96: *of an indifferent knit*.—It seems doubtful

whether *indifferent* here means "not different : the same;" or whether it means "particoloured." Perhaps *crinoid* only means to say that the garters should be a pair, and not odd ones.

134. Lines 96, 97: *let them curtsy with their left legs.*—*To curtsy* was a form of obeisance not confined to the female sex in Shakespeare's time; it was generally termed in men "making a leg." A very amusing illustration of this custom may be found in Ben Jonson's *Epicoene*, or the Silent Woman, ii. 1, where Morose makes Mute answer him not by a nod or bow, but by "making a leg;" "But *with your leg*, your answer" (Works, vol. iii. p. 364); and again in scene 3 of the same act: "Answer me not *but with your leg*, unless it be otherwise" (Works, vol. iii. p. 384).

135. Line 123: *What, no man at the door.*—Ff. Q. omit *the*. Malone says *door* is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable. But surely the insertion of *the*, an emendation made by Capell, is the more probable remedy for this deficiency in the metre.

136. Line 132: *MALT-NOTSE drudge.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 32: "Mome, *malt horse*, capon," &c. and in Ity's He of Gulls (ii. 4), where it does not seem to be used in any contemptuous sense, "and then doe I bridle my head like a *malt horse*" (Works, p. 52 (of play)).

137. Line 137: *There was no LINK to colour Peter's hat.*—Steevens quotes from Greene's *Milid Munchance*: "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke*."

138. Line 154: *And bid my COUSIN FERDINAND come hither.*—This is the only mention of *cousin Ferdinand*: did Shakespeare intend to introduce him? I fear we have lost what might have been an excellent comic scene between Petruchio, Katharina, and *cousin Ferdinand*.

139. Line 157: *Come, Kate, and WASH.*—It was the practice in Shakespeare's time to *wash* the hands at least before and after every meal; a very necessary precaution, as most people, in those days, ate with their fingers.

140. Line 170: *I'll be with you straight.*—There is a well-known story of a parson in Cumberland, who, being moved to wrath by the practice of certain of his parishioners who went *nutting*, &c. on the fell, close behind the church, on Sunday morning during the service, at last summoned all the inhabitants of the parish together on a certain day at the church, and preached a vigorous sermon denouncing this practice, ending with the emphatic declaration, "If ye gang again (a nutting, &c.) *I'll gang wí ye*;" meaning, as Petruchio means here, "I'll be down on you."

141. Line 175: *Than feed it with such OVER-ROASTED FLESH.*—See Comedy of Errors, note 37, ii. 2. 63, and compare above, in this play, iv. 1. 173-175.

142. Line 191, &c.—This soliloquy is a very good instance of the way in which Shakespeare manipulates the original play, while he makes little more than a very slight use of the original. Let us note how much he

improves on the language employed in the old play, in which the soliloquy reads thus:

This humor must I holde me to a while,
To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife,
With curles of hunger; ease; and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioe to night,
He mew her vp as men doe mew their hawkes,
And make her gentle come vnto the lure,
Were she as shorne or as full of strength
As were the Thracian horse Alcides laude,
That King Igens fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes doe flie vnto their lure.

—Lines 671-681

143. Line 194: *she must not be FULL-GORG'D.*—Steevens quotes from The Tragedie of Troesus, 1604:

And like a hooded hawk, gorg'd with vain pleasures,
At random flies, and wots not where he is.

144. Line 211: *This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.*—Perhaps an allusion to Heywood's touching play (1607), *A Woman kilde with Kindnesse*.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

145. Line 1: *Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca.*—Ff. Q. read *Mistress Bianca*: we have followed Pope in omitting *Mistress*. Tranio, speaking as a servant, would certainly give Bianca the title of *Mistress*; but, speaking as Lucentio, he might well omit such a courtesy.

146. Line 3: *she bears me fair in hand*—i.e. "gives me fair encouragement." Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 81:

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, &c.

where the phrase evidently means "encouraged," "drawn on."

147. Line 11: *Quick PROCEEDERS, marry!*—This passage is printed as verse by most editors, on the authority, it is true, of F. 1, Q., F. 2; but F. 3, F. 4 give it as prose, and surely they are right. Can any one make any lines not exuberantly unrhymical of the passage, ending the lines, as is usually done, with *pray*, *Bianca*, and *Lucentio*? In F. 1 I find that *you* is printed without the capital Y; which, I think, as it stands at the beginning of the supposed line, is decisive that the passage was not intended for verse.

148. Line 15: *Desp'iteful love!*—Ff. and Q. have *O* at the beginning of this line, which, following Capell, we omit. Walker would place *O*, as an exclamation, in a line by itself: perhaps he is right.

149. Line 31: *flatter'd HER without.*—So F. 3, F. 4. F. 1, Q., F. 2 read *them*, which makes no sense.

150. Line 35: *had quite forsworn HER.*—Rowe added *her*, which is not found in Ff. Q. For a similar double ending compare line 48 below:

—but have you both forsworn ME?

151. Line 54: *Faith, he is gone unto the TAMING-SCHOOL.*—This line is taken *verbatim*, and the two following nearly so, from the old play (lines 706-708):

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole: why is there such a place?

Aurel. 1; and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.

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—Lines 671-681

GONG'D.—Steevens

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F. 3, F. 4. F. 1.

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R.—Rowe added

a similar double

E?

TAMING-SCHOOL.

t two following

S):

chole.

uch a place?

the schoole.

152. Line 57: *That teacheth tricks* ELEVEN AND TWENTY LONG.—This expression is very obscure, and the only two attempts made to explain it are not very satisfactory. Dancer, in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, pp. 209, 210, says that "*Eleven and twenty* is the same as *eleven score*, which signified a great length or number as applied to the exertions of a few or even of a single person. Thus in the old ballad of *The low country soldier*:

Myself and seven more
We fought eleven score."

But surely this quotation does not prove much. Clarke says it is "an allusion to the game of one and thirty" (Rolle's Ed. p. 159). I suppose this means the game of Bone-ace. (See above, note 52.)

153. Line 61: *An ancient ANGEL*.—Various are the emendations proposed here, from the substitution of the word *eagle* to that of *ambler*, the invention of Collier's MS. But Cotgrave has under *Angelot à la grosse escaille*, "An old angel; and, by Metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest, and worthy stamp." *Angel*, from *angelus*, might mean simply "a messenger;" or it might be used as one who came to intervene as a *deus ex machina*; in fact, as we should say nowadays, "a perfect godsend."

154. Line 63: *Master, a NERCATANTÉ, or a pedant*.—Fr. Q. read *marecanti*. In Brome's Novella, i. 2, we find:

The reason is, he meanes to send anon
A *Mercadante* from the Merceria.

—Works, vol. i. p. 117.

but there the word is used of a female pedler.

155. Lines 81, 82:

"*Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua.*"

Compare Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 19, 20:

if any Syracusan horn
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies.

It seems as if in adapting or rewriting this play from the old Taming of A Shrew, Shakespeare had the Comedy of Errors sometimes in his mind. In Gascoigne's Supposes, the penalty, which the *Scenese* is supposed to encounter by coming to Ferrara, was no more than confiscation of his goods.

156. Line 95: *Pisa renowned for grave citizens*.—A repetition of i. 1. 19 of this play.

157. Line 117: *To PASS ASSURANCE of a dower in marriage*.—Malone says that "*To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed." The word is used in the same sense in scene 4 of this act (lines 91, 92), "they are busied about a counterfeit assurance."

158. Line 120.—It is probable that this part of the plot, in which the Pedant is introduced, is taken from Gascoigne's Supposes, in which *Dulippo* and *Erostrate*, who correspond to *Lucentio* and *Tranio*, agree to pass off the *Scenese* (or Merchant of Siena) as the father of *Dulippo*. But Shakespeare does not seem to have borrowed "some of the phraseology," as Farmer states; at least I cannot find any sentences taken from the scene in the Supposes. An instance of Shakespeare's superior dramatic insight,

it may be noted that in Gascoigne's play the explanation and preliminary arrangement of the plot occupy more than four pages (*quarto*) of prose dialogue, the result being most wearisome to the reader; and what must it have been to the spectator of the play? Shakespeare's indebtedness to Gascoigne is very little; and some commentators have needlessly augmented it.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

159. Line 11: *And that which SPITES me—i.e. "that which angers me."* Compare a song in the Interlude of the Disobedient Child (about 1560), the refrain of which is:

Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!

—Doddsley, vol. ii. p. 289.

160. Lines 17-20.—It is almost incredible, but Grey says (vol. i. p. 201) that "this seems to be borrowed from Cervantes' account of Sancho Panza's treatment by his physician, when shewn Governor of the island of Barataria." The Second Part of Don Quixote, which contains the adventures of Sancho Panza as Governor of the Island, was not published in Spanish till 1615; and no English translation appeared before 1620, *four years after Shakespeare's death!!* There certainly is a kindred spirit of humour in both passages; but they were probably entirely independent of one another in their origin. As to Grunio's description of a *neat's foot and tripe* as "choleric meats," F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, read in line 19 *phlegmatic* instead of *choleric*; but according to Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy, part i. sect. 2, p. 49, ed. 1676), "Generally, all such meats as are hard of digestion breed melancholy. Arretens, lib. 7, cap. 5, reckons up heads and feet, bowels, brains, entrails, &c., and (p. 39) *beef* is said to be condemned by Galen, "and all succeeding authors, to breed gross melancholy blood."

161. Line 25: *Al, but the mustard is too hot a little*.—The Var. Ed. quotes from The Glass of Humours (no date, p. 60): "as for a cholericke man to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c.

162. Line 30: *Why then, the mustard,—but without the beef*.—For the insertion of *but* I am responsible: I see that Mr. Ellis makes the same emendation without the — (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1874, part i. p. 117). It seems to me that the humour of the line is increased if Grunio pauses after *mustard*, as if he was going to concede Katharina's demand, and then adds, with sly solemnity, "*but without the beef*."

163. Line 43: *And all my pains is sorted to no proof—i.e. "has proved to be no use."* Johnson quotes Bacon, "We tried an experiment, but it sorted not." Rolle quotes II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 97, 98: "There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof," i.e. prove to be worth anything.

164. Lines 44, 47.—Shakespeare has improved very much on the old play here, as far as Katharina's character is concerned. She is not quite conquered yet; but hunger

has so far tamed her that she prays him to leave the meat; and this, when he answers:

The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat,

she so far conquers her obstinacy and self-will as to say, with a decent assumption of submission and courtesy, "I thank you, sir." In the old play the corresponding passage stands thus (lines 745-749):

Feran. So here Kate I have provided meate for thee,
Here take it: what is it not worthe thanks,
Goe sirra? take it awaye againe you shall be
Thankfull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why I thanke you for it.

165. Line 56: *fardingales*, and *THINGS*.—The word *things* is not used here merely for the sake of the rhyme, as Johnson suggested; see above, ii. 1. 325. Steevens quotes Chettle's Tragedy of Hoffman (written in 1602, published 1631):

'Tis true that I am poor, and yet haue *things*,
And golden rings, &c.

The word is often used nowadays in the same sense, "She has so many *things*." It does not necessarily imply any idea of meanness or unimportance; for instance, we have in Coriolanus, iv. 5. 122, "Thou noble *thing*!"

166. Line 63: *Hab. Here is the rap*, &c.—*Ff. Q.* have *Fel.* for the name of the speaker; probably this was an abbreviation of the name of the actor who played the part.

167. Line 65: *A velvet dish*.—Compare Return from Parassus, "with a rounde velvet dish on his head," &c.

168. Line 71: *When you are gentle, you shall have one too*.—This is one of Shakespeare's touches: the rebuke gives an opportunity for Petruchio to show that dignity which is utterly wanting in the character of Ferando.

169. Lines 73-80. This speech of Katharina's has no parallel in the old play; it is another instance of the way in which Shakespeare elevated the character, and makes one wonder how an actor of presumed intelligence, like Mr. Booth, could suffer this scene to be played throughout in a spirit of the vulgarst farce.

170. Line 91: *Like to a CENSER in a barber's shop*.—These censers were very like the braziers one still sees in Southern Italy; more or less ornamental brass dishes with a conical perforated cover. Steevens says: "They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on."

171. Line 107: *Thou liest, thou thindest*. *Ff. Q.* read "*thou thread, thou thindest*;" but Petruchio calls him below (line 111) "a skin of *thread*;" and the words *thou thread* are better omitted as spoiling the rhythm of the line.

172. Line 110: *thou winter cricket thou!*—The insect referred to is the house-cricket (*Acheta* or *Gryllus domestica*), more often heard in winter than summer; they delight in the heat of the fire; are generally rather less than an inch in length; it is to their chattering noisy habit that Petruchio especially refers.

173. Line 112: *thou quantity—i.e.* "a very small quan-

tity." Compare II. Henry IV. v. 1. 70, 72, "If I were sawed into *quantities*, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow."

174. Lines 189, 190:

*Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And we'll be away come there by dinner-time.*

"The usual hour of dinner, among the upper classes, was eleven o'clock in the forenoon" (Drake, vol. ii. p. 125), while supper was generally between 6 and 7 o'clock p.m.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

175. Line 2: *Ag, ay, what else?* &c.—*Ff. Q.* read *I, what else*, &c. The repetition of *ay*, which makes the line rhythmical and complete, is Hammer's emendation.

176. Line 7: *With such austerity as 'longs to a father*.—*Ff. Q.* read *longeth* to a father. Walker suggests "'longs / a father;" but I see no reason for ending the *to*; the line reads very well with a dactyl there.

177. Lines 9-11:

*'Twere good that he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him.
Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.*

For the arrangement of these three lines I am responsible: in *Ff. Q.* they stand thus:

*'Twere good he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty, &c.*

The insertion of *that* in line 9 makes the metre complete; while the placing of *Sirrah Biondello* as an imperfect line by itself, avoids such an unmusical line as that in *Ff. Q.* and with the exception of the insertion of *that*, not a word of the original text is altered.

178. Line 34: *Me shall you find MOST ready and MOST willing*.—So *F. 2*, *F. 3*, *F. 4*: *F. 1, Q.* omit the *most* in both cases.

179. Line 46: *The match is FULLY made*.—So Hammer, who inserted *fully*. Steevens points out that the same expression occurs in iv. 1. 135:

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not *fully* made.

180. Line 48: *Where, then, do you hold best*.—So Collier's MS., adopted by Dyce. *Ff. Q.* read *know*. Collier's seems the best of the various conjectural emendations; though *trout* (Hammer) is very plausible.

181. Line 62: *It likes me well. Go, Cambio, hie you home*.—In *F. 1* this passage is printed thus:

*It likes me well;
Cambio hie you home, and bid Bianca, &c.*

Pope inserted *Go*, which completes line 62. Camb. Ed. propose to read *Biondello*, instead of *Cambio*, giving line 67 to *Biondello* (as in *F. 1, Q.*). See next note.

182. Line 67: *Line. I pray the gods she may with all my heart*.—Rowe first gave this line to *Lucentio*, to whom, it seems to me, it certainly ought to belong. Baptista, addressing Lucentio as *Cambio*, tells him to go to Bianca and bid her get ready as Lucentio's father has arrived.

0, 72, "If I were
our dozen of such
low."

even o'clock,
four-time.

upper classes, was
c. vol. ii. p. 125),
and 7 o'clock p.m.

Ff. Q read I, what
h makes the line
emendation.

ongs to a father.—
e suggests "longs
ng the to; the line

olD.
not him.

advise you.
I am responsible;

Biondello,

metre complet;
an imperfect line
line as that in Ff.
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ready and most
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ade.—So Hammer,
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add best.—So Col-
I know. Collier's
ral emendations;

Cambio, hic you
ius:

ca, &c.

62. Camb. Eld.
mbin, giving line
note.

way with all my
entio, to whom, it
ng. Baptista, ad-
to go to Bianca
ther has arrived,

and she is likely to be Lucentio's wife. As he is going,
Lucentio says, in answer to Baptista's last sentence:

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Which is very funny, if said by the disguised Lucentio;
but has much less point if said by Biondello. Tranio,
who enjoys the situation, follows Lucentio as he retires,
and, with a wink and a laugh (see line 75), emphasizes
the joke. Biondello makes a signal to Lucentio (which
he answers) not to go off, as it is necessary he should be
informed further of the details of the plot. That Bion-
dello really does not go off the stage is evident from
lines 78, 79, where he says, "has (i.e. Tranio has) left me
here behind, to expound," &c. The Camh. Edd. have
missed the point of this scene. (See their note xx)

183. Line 91: *I cannot tell, EXCEPT—* they are busied, &c.
F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 except, which is evidently right. F. 1, Q.
except. Our arrangement of the text is the same as
Tyrrwhitt's

184. Lines 99-101: *I knew a vrench married in an after-
noon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit.*

This probably alludes to some old story of which all
trace has been lost: perhaps it was some bit of Folk
lore akin to the story of Petrosinella (Parsley) in Basile's
Pentameron.

185. Lines 104, 105: *against you come with your ap-
pendix.*—Biondello above (line 93) uses the Latin phrase
onus privilegio, &c., which was put on books when the
exclusive right of printing them had been granted: here
he uses another word from book-printing (as Clarke
points out); Lucentio's bride being his *appendix*, in
which case, as in some books, the appendix might prove
the better half of the publication.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

186. Line 9: *Go ONE, and fetch our horses back again.*—
So Capell. F. 1, Q. read *on*; but Rolfe suggests that it
means "Go on to Long-lane end," where, according to
iv. 3. 187, the men were to bring the horses.

187. Line 16: *I . . . is.*—Ff. Q. read, redundantly,
"I know it is the . . ."

188. Line 26: *But, soft! what company is coming here?*
Ritson inserted *what*. Compare in the old play (line
1005):

But soft whose this that's coming here.

189. Line 30: *Such rear of white and red within her
cheeks!*—Compare Lucrece (line 71):

Their silent war of lilies and of roses.

"Their" referring to "beauty's red and virtue's white"
(line 65).

190. Lines 39-41.—Imitated from Golding's translation
of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book iv. edn. 1587, p. 56:

—right happy folke are they

Be whome thou camst into this world; right happie is (I say)
Thy mother and thy sister too (if anie be) good hap
That woman had that was thy nurse, and gave thy mouth hir pap.
But far above all other far, more blisli than these is slee
Whome thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bed-fellow for to be.
The original will be found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,
lib. iv. lines 322-326.

191. Line 47: *That everything I look on seemeth green.*
—Blackstone observes (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 500) that "When
one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects
will often appear tinged with green."

192. Line 53: *Fair sir,—and you my merry MISTRESS.*—
Steevens says, "mistress is here used as a trisyllable;"
but is not it a case where a pause supplies the place of a
foot in the line?

193. Line 55: *My name's Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa.*—
Ff. Q. My name is called Vincentio, &c. The reading in
the text is Lettsom's conjecture.

194. Line 64: *Not be not GRIEVED: SHE'S of good
esperit.*—In F. 1 *grieved* has not the final *ed* elided;
therefore we have printed *she's* and not *she is* for the
sake of the rhythm.

195. Line 77: *Well, WELL, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart.*—The second *well* I have ventured to insert, as
without some extra syllable the line, as given in Ff. Q., is
imperfect.

196. Lines 78, 79:

*Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be UNTOWARD.*

So Ff. Q. But might we not read *toward* in the sense of
"bold?" Compare III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 63-66:

Prince. My gracious father, by your kindly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Cliff. Why, that is spoken like a *toward* prince.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

197. Line 6: *and then come back to my MASTER'S.*—Ff.
Q. *mistis*. The correction is Capell's. F. 1, Q. have the
same mistake in line 55: "didst thou never see thy mas-
ter's (F. 1, Q. *mistis*) father?"

198. Lines 31, 32: *his father is come from PISA.*—Ff. Q.
read *Padua*, which does not make sense; for there can be
no possible sense in his saying, when in Padua, that he
came from Padua.

199. Line 70: *a COPATAIN HAT.*—This kind of hat ap-
pears to have been a high conical hat, variously called
"copotain," "capatain," and "coptantk," according to
Planché's *Encyclopædia of Costume* (vol. I. p. 258). Gas-
colgne in his Council with Withpoll, included in his
Hearbes, speaks of

A *Copotain* hatte made on a Flemishish bloke.

—Works, vol. I. p. 375.

200. Line 118: *Right son UNTO the right Vincentio.*—Ff.
Q. read:

Right son TO the right Vincentio;

printing lines 116-118 as prose; and it is quite possible

I We take our quotation *literatim* from the Roxburghe reprint,
edited by Hazlitt. In the Table of Collations, with which he prefaces
his edition, he gives *coptantke* as the original form of the word in all
the old copies; but it is to be noted that both Steevens and Nares,
when quoting this passage, give the word as *coptantk*, while Planché
quotes it *coptantke*: so that, as to the orthography of the word, there
would seem to be much doubt.

they were right. If we print it as verse the slight emendation of *unto* for *to* by Capell is necessary.

201. Line 120: *While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eye.*—This is said to be a reference to Gascogne's *Supposes*, a play to which, as has been already explained, Shakespeare seems to have been partly indebted for some allusions in the plot. But it is quite possible there may be no such reference; for "It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphosis*, that *supposes* was a game of some kind: 'After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, were past, they fell to prattle,' &c." (see Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 507). *To bear the eye means to deceive.* Compare Chaucer's *Maniple of Tale*:

For all thy waiting, *fler'd is thyn eye.*

—Works, vol. iii. p. 286.

202. Line 121: *Here's PACKING with a witness.*—Compare Lear, iii. 1. 25, 26:

what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and *packings*, or of the dukes.

203. Line 130: *And happily I have arriv'd AT LAST.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: F. 1, Q. "*arrived at THE last.*"

204. Line 145: *My cake is dough.*—See note 35 of this play. The following quotation from Howel's Letters illustrates well the meaning of the phrase. Speaking of the birth of Louis the Fourteenth he says: "The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfullst thing of this kinde that any story can parallel; for this is the three-and-twentieth yeer since she was married, and hath continued childlesse all this while; so that now Monsieur's *cake is dough.*" Epistole Hoelliane, letter 37, p. 58, edn. 1645. *Monsieur*, of course, was Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who would have succeeded his brother, Louis XIII., had not the Dauphin been born.

205. Lines 147-155.—This incident, so very characteristic, of Petruchio making Katharina kiss him in the street, which prepares us very pleasantly for her perfect submission and new-born gentleness in the next scene, does not exist in the old play, but is one of Shakespeare's own dramatic touches.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

206. Line 18: *You're sensible, and yet you miss my sense.*—Ff. Q. read, redundantly: "*You're very sensible.*" Compare note 106 above.

207. Line 45: *Hare at you for a BITTER jest or two!*—Ff. Q. read *better*, which Stevens thinks might have meant merely "good." Most editors have adopted Capell's emendation *bitter*, which seems justified by iii. 2. 13 above:

Hiding his *bitter* jests in blunt behaviour.

208. Line 54: *A good SWIFT simile.*—See note 60, Love's Labour's Lost.

209. Line 66: *Let us each one send word unto his wife.*—Ff. Q. read:

Let's each one send unto his wife.

Various emendations have been proposed; for that adopted in our text I am responsible.

210. Lines 75, 76:

Hor. *Who shall begin?*

Luc. *That will I.—Biondello,*

Go, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion.

I go.

Arranged in Ff. Q. thus:

Hor. *Who shall begin?*

Luc. *That will I.*

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. *I go.*

In order to make the metre less irregular and defective, I have ventured to make a slight transposition of some of the words and rearrange the lines as in our text.

211. Line 97: *She will not come.*—Ff. Q. read: "*She will not.*" The *come* was first added by Stevens.

212. Line 106: *Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.*—Lettsom's conjecture: Ff. Q. read: "*if you talk of a wonder.*"

213. Lines 136-179: To form a clear idea of Shakespeare's great superiority both as a dramatist and poet, let us compare this beautiful speech with the one in the old play, which runs as follows (lines 1290-1315):

Kate. Then you that live thus by your pompered wills,
Now list to me and mark what I shall say,
Therewithall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confound,
For all the course of yeares, of ages, months,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tuid and stoppt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
A heape confound a mixture all deformd,
A gulf of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world,
The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
And made all things to stand in perfit course.
Then to his image he did make a man,
Ofle Adam and from his side a sleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The wee of man so term'd by Adam then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her Sin was Adam doom'd to die,
As Sara to her husband, so should we,
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them,
If they by any means doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes vnder their feete to tread,
If that by that we, might procure there ease,
And for a president the first begin,
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.
She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

214. Lines 147-149:

one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance; commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land.

In F. 1 this passage is printed thus:

one that cares for thee

And for thy maintenance. Commits his body, &c.

But the Camb. Edd. and Globe Edd., without alleging any authority, alter the sense of the whole passage by omitting the stop after *maintenance*. Surely Shakespeare's meaning is clearly and forcibly expressed by the punctuation of F. 1, "he cares (i.e. takes care) for thee and for thy maintenance;" not as the Camb. Edd. have it.

"he cares for thee, and for thy maintenance commits his body to painful labour," &c. Grant White and Rolfe follow Camb. Edd. but do not offer any reason for making a change which renders the speech much less forcible.

215. Line 186: *"T was I won the wager, though you hit THE WHITE.*—There is a punning allusion to the name of Bianca (white): to hit the white was equivalent to getting a bull's eye.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

- Note
23. i. 1. 14. *Lucentio his son.* So Hammer and Heath.
25. i. 1. 48. *Gentlemen, PRAY impartour me no farther.*
26. i. 1. 216. *In brief, sir, with it thus your pleasure is.* Sith it is your pleasure thus. Camb. Edd.
61. i. 2. 146. *Hark you; I'll have them very fairly bound.*
79. ii. 1. 139. *Well, mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!*
86. ii. 1. 202. *No such a jade as you, if me you mean.* So Walker's conj. (given by Hyce).
109. iii. 1. 4. *But, wrangling pedant, this, HER SISTER, is.*
116. iii. 2. 93. *Were it not better I should rush in thus?* So Lettsom suggests.
162. iv. 3. 30. *Why then, the mustard,—but without the beef.* So Ellis (without the).
176. iv. 4. 7. *With such austerity as 'longs to a father.* Walker has 'longs t' a father.

- Note
177. iv. 4. 9-11.
"T were good that he were school'd.
Tra. *Fear you not him*
Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.
192. iv. 5. 53. *Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress.* (—supplied.)
194. iv. 5. 64. *Nor be not grieved: SHE'S of good esteem.*
195. iv. 5. 77. *Well, WELL, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.*
200. v. 2. 66. *Let us each one send WORD unto his wife.*
210. v. 2. 75, 76.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I. Biondello,
Go, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

- Note
3. Ind. 1. 9, 10. *Go—BY S. JERONIMY—go to thy odd bed, and warm thee.*
68. i. 2. 282. *Petruchio, I shall be your BEN V'SUTO,*
196. iv. 5. 78, 79. *Hare to my widow! and if she be forward.*
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be TOWARD.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Aglet-huby... i. 2 79	Boudhauld... iii. 1 2	Card-maker... Ind. 2 20	Contrive*... i. 2 276
Amol... iv. 1 206	Boat-hose... iii. 2 68	Cart (verb)... i. 1 55	Cupatim (lat)... v. 1 69
Appendix... iv. 4 105	Bossed... ii. 1 355	Cavil (sub)... ii. 1 392	Counterpoints... ii. 1 353
Apple-tart... iv. 3 89	Bottom ⁴ (sub)... iv. 3 138	Ceremonial (adj)... iii. 2 6	Coverlet ⁹ ... iv. 1 205
Askance?... ii. 1 219	Breeching ⁵ ... iii. 1 18	Chapeless... iii. 2 48	Crack hemp... v. 1 46
Bedazzled... iv. 5 46	Buttery ⁶ ... Ind. 1 102	Childers... i. 2 228	Cuffs ¹¹ (sub)... iv. 3 56
Beetle-headed... iv. 1 160	Caged?... Ind. 2 38	Clang (sub)... i. 2 207	*Custard-coffin... iv. 3 82
Be mote... iv. 3 113	Candle-cases... iii. 2 46	Comblless... ii. 1 227	*Demi-cannon... iv. 3 88
Be-moiled... iv. 1 78		Commonity... Ind. 2 110	Devote (adj)... i. 1 32
Be-straight... Ind. 2 27		Conserve (sub)... Ind. 2 3	Diaper... Ind. 1 57
Edler ³ ... iv. 1 201		Contributors... i. 2 215	

³ Venus and Adonis, 29.
⁴ Venus and Adonis, 342; Sonn.
1166; as verb in Luciere, 65.
⁵ As verb, in Othello, iii. 3. 399.
⁶ Meaning "a ball of thread."
⁷ Preeches, by which Sir Hugh Evans probably means "breeches," is used in Merry Wives, iv. 1. 81.
⁸ Both ry-bar is used in Twelfth Night, i. 3. 74.
⁹ Lover's Complaint, 249.
¹⁰ Occurs twice again in same scene, lines 7, 8. In Othello, iii. 4. 75, conserve is the reading of Q. 1; but conserved, the reading of Ff., is generally adopted.
¹¹ In the sense of "to wear out," in Lucree, 394.
¹² I.e., cuffs of a sleeve. Cuff—how with the hand, occurs twice in this play, iii. 2. 165, iv. 1. 67; and in Hamlet, ii. 2. 373.

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
Disquiet (adj.)	iv.	1	171	Hungry ¹² (adj.)	iii.	2	177	*Near-legged...	iii.	2	58	Staggers ¹⁴	iii.	2	56
Dog-weary	iv.	2	60	*Ill-seeming...	v.	2	143	Needlework...	ii.	1	356	Stoles.....	i.	1	31
Dough.....	i.	1	110	Incredibly.....	ii.	1	308	Oneisance.....	Ind.	1	108	Studs ²³	ii.	2	61
Dresser.....	v.	1	145	Intolerable (adv.)	i.	2	89	Ont-talk.....	i.	2	248	Super-dainty...	ii.	1	189
	iv.	1	166					Ont-vied.....	ii.	1	387	Swayed ²⁴	iii.	2	57
Ethics ¹²	i.	1	32	Jugs.....	Ind.	2	90	Over-leather.....	Ind.	2	13	*Taming-school	iv.	2	54, 55
Eye-sore ¹³	iii.	2	103	Junkets.....	ii.	2	259	Over-merry.....	Ind.	1	137	Third-borough ²⁵	Ind.	1	12
Fashious ¹⁴	iii.	2	53	Keep (sub.).....	i.	2	118	Parsley.....	iv.	4	101	Three-legged...	i.	1	61
Fives ¹⁴	iii.	2	55	Knit (sub.).....	iv.	1	96	Pent.....	i.	1	78	Trance ²⁶	i.	1	182
Flap-eared.....	iv.	1	160	Lampass.....	iii.	2	53	Pip.....	i.	2	31	Transmutation	Ind.	2	21
Frets ¹⁵ (sub.)...	ii.	1	150	Logger-headed	iv.	1	128	Pithy.....	iii.	1	68	Tripe.....	iv.	3	20
	ii.	1	153	Logie.....	i.	1	34	Pittance.....	iv.	4	61	Trunk (adj.)...	iv.	3	112
Frolic ¹⁶ (verb).	iv.	3	184	Longly.....	i.	1	170	Plash (sub.)...	i.	1	23	Undress.....	Ind.	2	119
*Full-gorged...	iv.	1	194	Loose-bodied...	iv.	3	134	Proceeders.....	iv.	2	11	Unexperienced	iv.	1	86
							135	Proud-minded	ii.	1	132	Upinked.....	iv.	1	156
Galluses.....	ii.	1	380	Lure ²⁰ (sub.)...	iv.	1	195	*Quick-witted..	v.	2	38	Valance.....	ii.	1	356
Gamut ¹⁷	iii.	1	67	Mad-brain (adj.)	iii.	2	10	Rayed.....	iii.	2	54	Velure.....	iii.	2	63
Girth ¹⁸	iii.	2	61	Mau ²¹ (verb.)...	iv.	1	196		iv.	1	3	Walnut shell...	iv.	3	90
Half-checked...	iii.	2	58	Mathematics.....	i.	1	37	Rope-tricks...	i.	2	113	Wentilly.....	i.	2	75, 76
*Hasty-witted...	v.	2	40		ii.	1	56, 82	Rose-water....	Ind.	1	56	*Wedding-garment	iv.	1	52
Hazel-twig....	ii.	1	255	Meacock.....	ii.	1	315	*Rush-candle..	iv.	5	14	Widowhood....	ii.	1	125
Headstall.....	iii.	2	59	*Mean-apparelled	iii.	2	75	Sail-maker.....	v.	1	80	Windgalls ¹⁴ ...	iii.	2	54
Hipped.....	iii.	2	49	Mercantante....	iv.	2	63	Scrivener.....	iv.	4	59	Workmanly....	Ind.	2	62
Horse-tail.....	iv.	1	97	Metaphysics....	i.	1	37	Shoulder-shotten	iii.	2	57	Yellows ¹⁴	iii.	2	55
				Mose.....	iii.	2	52	Skippet.....	ii.	1	341				
				Mother-wit....	ii.	1	295	Sleekly.....	iv.	1	94				
				Mothy.....	iii.	2	50	Slish ²²	iv.	3	90				
				Muscadel.....	iii.	2	174	Slit (verb)....	v.	1	124				
								Slow-winged...	ii.	1	208				
				*Narrow-prying	iii.	2	148	Smack (n kiss)..	iii.	2	180				
								Sold.....	iv.	1	145				
								Specialty.....	i.	1	20				
									i.	1	121				

¹² Ff. Q. read *cheekes*; but *ethics* (Blackstone's conjecture) is usually adopted.

¹³ Lucree, 295.

¹⁴ A disease of horses.

¹⁵ Lucree, 110.

¹⁶ Used as an adj. in *Mids. Night's Dream*, v. i. 391.

¹⁷ Occurs three times again, just below, in this scene.

¹⁸ Occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, 206.

¹⁹ Used as an adverb twice, *Timon*, i. i. 262, and *Othello*, iii. 4. 105.

²⁰ *Venus and Adonis*, 1027.

²¹ In the sense of "to tame" (a hawk).

²² In the phrase "slish and slash."

²³ *Pilgrim*, 366.

²⁴ The verb *sway* is used frequently by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense. Ff. Q. read here *sway*; but *swayed*—strained, Hamlet's conjecture, is generally adopted.

²⁵ Ff. Q. here read *headborough*. *Third-borough*, another form of *third-borough*, occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. i. 185.

²⁶ Lucree, 971, 1525.

V.

	Act	Sc.	Line
.....	iii.	2	56
.....	i.	1	31
.....	iii.	2	64
ity ..	ii.	1	189
.....	iii.	2	57
chool	iv.	2	54,55
ough ²⁵	iud.	1	12
ced ..	i.	1	64
.....	i.	1	182
ation	iud.	2	21
.....	iv.	3	20
(.)...	iv.	3	142
.....	iud.	2	119
need	iv.	1	86
.....	iv.	1	136
.....	ii.	1	356
.....	iii.	2	63
ell ..	iv.	3	66
.....	i.	2	75,76
garment	iv.	1	52
ol...	ii.	1	125
14...	iii.	2	54
ly...	iud.	2	62
.....	iii.	2	55

366.
rh *stey* is used fre-
Shakespeare in its
use. Ft. Q. read here
quod - strained, Han-
ecture, is generally
re read *headborough*.
h, another form of
h, occurs in Love's
est, i. 1. 183.
e, 374, 1595.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, Prince of Athens.

EGEUS, Father to Hermia.

LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, the Carpenter.

SNUG, the Joiner.

BOTTOM, the Weaver.

FLUTE, the Bellows-mender.

SNOUT, the Tinker.

STARVELING, the Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.

HERMIA, Daughter of Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.

PUCK or ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.

PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } Fairies.
MOTH, }
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other Fairies attending on Oberon and Titania.

PYRAMUS, }
THISBE, } Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns
WALL, }
MOONSHINE, }
LION, }

SCENE—Athens and a Wood not far from it.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Day 1. Act I.

Day 2. Acts II, III. and part of Scene 1, Act IV.

Day 3. Part of Scene 1, Act IV.: Scene 2, Act IV. and Act V.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Traditional.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first printed in 1600 in Quarto, with the following title:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub | *likely acted, by the Right honourable* | ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *servants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to | be soulede at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, | in *Fleetstreete*, 1600.

In the same year another Quarto appeared, the title being:

A | Midsommer nights | dreame. | As it hath beene sundry times pub | *likely acted, by the Right Honourable* | ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his | *servants.* | *Written by William Shakespeare.* | Printed by James Roberts, 1600.

The first Quarto was entered by Fisher on the Stationers' Register in October, 1600. Roberts' edition is not entered at Stationers' Hall; and, as it was followed by the editors of the first Folio, and contains more stage directions than Fisher's edition, it may probably have been a pirated reprint of Fisher's, made for the use of the players; for it is difficult to believe that Fisher's edition should have become so rare, before the first Folio was printed, that the editors were not able to avail themselves of it, had they wished to do so. The play is mentioned by Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, so that it must have been acted before 1598. This is all the direct evidence we have as to its date; but that it was among Shakespeare's early plays the internal evidence leaves little room for doubt. It has been supposed, by many commentators, that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was written expressly for some particular marriage festivities. Tieck and Ulrici thought that the nuptials, so honoured, were

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those of Lord Southampton; but Elze, Kurz, and Dowden think that it was written for the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Walsingham, the widow of Sidney, which took place in the early spring of 1590. It may be doubted, however, whether Oberon's song, at the conclusion of the play, has any connection with any other marriage ceremony than that of Theseus and Hippolyta. At any rate there is not the slightest external evidence to support this theory.

The remarkable description by Titania in ii. 1. 88-117 has been supposed to refer to some especially phenomenal weather which had recently occurred when this play was first produced. Stowe, in his *Annals*, records in the year 1594-5 a time of great dearth, when all the necessaries of life rose to an enormous price, consequent on the heavy rains which took place during May, June, and July, 1594, and in September of the same year. It is, probably, to this dearth that Titania's speech refers.¹ In fact the year 1595 may be approximately fixed as the date when this play was first produced; but it may have been earlier. The detailed descriptions of the country, flowers, &c., and the clowns' interlude, both point to its having been one of those plays, of which the plan, at least, was composed when Shakespeare's life at Stratford-on-Avon was fresh in his memory.

The well-known lines, v. 1. 52, 53:

The three three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary,

have been fixed upon by nearly all commentators as having special reference to some recent event. In the opinion of some this event

¹ See *Encyclopaedia to Stafford's Examination*, &c. New Shak. Soc. Publications (Series vi. No. 3, p. xiv.), where the extracts from Stowe, relating to this dearth, are given.

was the death of Spenser; but as this occurred on January 16th, 1599, the allusion must have been inserted after the play was first produced, if they refer to the death of the author of the Fairy Queen. The poem which Spenser called *The Tears of the Muses* appeared in 1591; and it is to that these allusions are thought by some to refer. The most probable explanation is that they refer to the death of Greene, who died in the autumn of 1592. Greene parades the fact, on the title-page of his works, that he was *Magister Artium atque Universitatis*; so that the words "Learning late deceased in beggary" would certainly describe his death, which took place, in the utmost misery and want, in a London attic. The words, v. l. 54:

This is some satire, keen and critical

would seem to imply that the death, of whomsoever it might be, was not regarded by Shakespeare with any feelings of reverent sorrow, such as would be occasioned by the death of one whom he respected and loved. It is certain he could not have entertained such feelings for Robert Greene. Other circumstances that may guide us in determining the date of the play are—first, the fact that a new edition was published, in 1595, of North's Translation of Plutarch, containing the life of Theseus, to which Shakespeare may have been indebted for some details concerning Theseus mentioned in this play. Secondly, that Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which first appeared in a complete form in 1567, and was afterwards reprinted five times between that date and 1593—in the latter year two reprints appeared—containing, as it did, the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, may have suggested to Shakespeare the subject of the Interlude.¹

This play seems to have been one of the most early original plays of Shakespeare. There is no story or older dramatic work, as yet discovered, upon which it could be founded. It does not appear that Shakespeare owed anything, not even a hint, much less the ground-work of the story, to the Knight's Tale in

Chaucer; no doubt he took some of the incidents of the Interlude from "The Legend of Tisbe of Babylon" in the older author's *Legends of Fair Women* (Chaucer's Minor Poems, vol. ii. pp. 285-291).

The popularity of this play in Shakespeare's time gave rise to the publication of several works suggested by the fairy portion of this play: (1) A play (probably) mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, as written by Henry Chettle, under the date 7th September and 9th September, 1602, called *Robin Goodfellowe*; (2) A ballad called "The Mad Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of *Indebted*," London, printed for H[enry] G[ifford] circa 1630." This is the same ballad printed by Percy (*Reliques*, pp. 198-501), and attributed to Ben Jonson without any apparent authority. (3) A tract published in 1628 under the title of "Robin Good Fellow; His Mad Pranks, and Merry Jests," &c. (Printed in two parts, 1628.) On the other hand, it has been thought that Shakespeare might have been indebted for the name of Oberon, and for the idea of the Fairy Court, to Robert Greene's drama "The Scottish Historie of James the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Entermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram King of Fayeries" printed in 1598; but, except the name of the King of the Fairies, there does not seem anything in common between the two plays. It appears, however, that "Oberon and Titania had been introduced in a dramatick entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1591, when she was at Elvetham in Hampshire; as appears from A Description of the Queene's Entertainment in Progress at Lord Hartford's, &c. printed in 4to, in 1591" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 337). It is possible that from this source Shakespeare took some of the names in his piece.

STAGE HISTORY.

This play must have been more popular in Shakespeare's time, and during the first half of the seventeenth century, than it was during the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. John Gee, in 1624, alludes to it: "As for flashes of light, we might see very cheape in the Comedie of *Pyramus* and

¹ For some account of various stories and poems on the subject of Pyramus and Thisbe, published in the 16th and 17th centuries, see note 44.

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Thisbe, where one comes in with a Lanthorne and Acts *Mooneshine*" (New Shreds of the old Snare, &c., 1624, pp. 17, 20).

In 1630 John Taylor, the Water Poet, mentions it as if it were a popular play: "I say as it is applawsefully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer nights dreame. If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and shew our simple skill" [Epistle prefixed to "Sir Gregory Nonsense; his news from no place." Works (collected by himself), 1630. Folio. First piece in the Second Part]. Many people think that this play is the one referred to in the following order made by Commissary-general John Spencer in 1631: "Likewise wee doe order that Mr. Wilson because hee was a speciall plotter and Contriver of this busines and did in such a beutishe Manner act the same with an Asses head, therefore he shall vppon Tuisday next from 6 of the Clocke in the Morning till sixe of the Clocke at night sitt in the Porters Lodge at my Lord Bishoppes house with his feete in the stockes and Atttyred with his Asse head and a bottle of haye sett before him and this superscription on his breast;

Good people I have played the beast
And brought ill things to passe
I was a man, but thus have made
Myselfe a Silly Asse."

Lambeth MS. 1030, art. 5, p. 3.

But there is some doubt whether this does refer to the character of Bottom; for, elsewhere, Spencer speaks of the play as a comedy "contrived" by "one Mr. Wilson" [See Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse, p. 354 (note)].

The popularity of this play, after Shakespeare's death, is further confirmed by the fact that it was one of the plays, portions of which were converted into "Drolls," and represented during the Protectorate in spite of the ordinance of the Long Parliament against stage plays. Kirkman (1673) says in his work on "Drolls and Farces:" "When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest, and Comedies, because the Vices of the Age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert our selves with

were these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called *Bottom the Weaver*, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such Title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like."¹ The exact title of the "Droll," which is printed in Part II. of the above-mentioned work, was "The merry conceited Humours of Bottom the Weaver." This "Droll" appears to have been printed alone as a comedy in 1661.

It is one of the plays which Pepys witnessed; but not with any great admiration, as is evident from the following account he gives of it (under date 29th September, 1662): "To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever see again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life" (vol. ii. p. 51).

The next mention of the piece we find is in Downes' *Roscius Anglicanus*, as: "The Fairy Queen, made into an Opera, from a Comedy of Mr. Shakespear's." The music being by Purcell, the dances by Priest. This piece was produced in 1692; and, according to Downes: "The Court and Town were wonderfully satisfy'd with it; but the expences in setting it out being so great, the Company got very little by it" (p. 57). Genest gives a condensed account of the plot and *scenario* of this piece (see vol. ii. pp. 25, 26), from which we extract the following particulars: "Act 5th—The Duke, Egeus &c. enter—the four lovers wake and go out to be married—Bottom wakes and speaks his soliloquy—the Clowns enter and go through the last scene of the original 4th Act—

The Duke and the serious characters re-enter—and afterwards the Fairies. Oberon tells the Duke he will feast his eye and ear—Juno appears in a machine—the Peacocks spend their tails and fill the middle of the Theatre—the scene changes to a Chinese Garden—a Chinese man and woman sing—6 Monkeys dance &c. &c.—Oberon and Titania speak a sort of Epilogue." Genest adds some-

¹ All the above quotations are taken from Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse*.

what inconsistently: "On the whole this play does not differ materially from the original; several slight changes are made in the dialogue—the character of Hippolita is omitted—Thesens' speech about 'the poet's eye' &c. is sadly mutilated—a great deal of machinery singing and dancing are introduced."

On 29th October, 1716, an operetta, by Leveridge, taken from this play, was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The author says: "I have made bold to dress out the original in Recitative and Airs after the present Italian mode." The only characters introduced from Shakespeare are those which figure in the Interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe. Certain musical spectators, called Semibreve, Crotchet, and Gamut, are introduced. Leveridge appears to have played Pyramus and Prologue. Genest remarks: "One thing is very badly managed—Bottom &c. who in the 1st scene are represented as about to act the Mask, do not really act in it" (vol. ii. p. 605).

On 3d February, 1755, a new English opera, called *The Fairies*, was produced at Drury Lane, the dialogue of which was taken from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with about twenty-seven songs added. The clowns are omitted altogether. For this judicious concoction Garrick is believed to have been responsible; at any rate he wrote the prologue. It was acted about nine times according to Genest. Two Italians, Signor Carioni, as Lysander, and Signora Passarini, as Hermia, appeared in the piece, and, according to Wilkinson, contributed greatly to what success it had.

The next representation of this piece seems to have taken place, at Drury Lane Theatre, on 23d November, 1763. Of this version of Shakespeare's play Genest says: "it was acted but one night—it is a bad alteration of the original—nearly the whole of the Mock Play is omitted, and Shakespeare's piece is turned into a sort of Opera with 33 songs." Garrick was responsible for this precious tribute to Shakespeare's genius; though Colman got the credit of it for some little time. On 26th November it was cut down to an afterpiece, "Thesens and all the serious characters" being omitted. In this shape it was acted several times during the season

1763, 1764; and revived at the Haymarket Theatre on 10th July, 1777, when Parsons played Bottom.

The next record we find of any representation of this play is on 17th January, 1816: "Not acted 50 years, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in 3 Acts." The cast included Liston as Bottom, Emery as Quince, Miss Stephens as Hermia, Miss Foote as Helena, and Miss Sara Booth as the Puck. The version was by Reynolds. Genest (see vol. viii. pp. 545, 546) sums up his account of it thus: "Yet this alteration does Reynolds no credit—it is so far better than that of 1763, as he has about 16 songs instead of 33—he has also restored the mock Tragedy, and some other passages of the original" (p. 548).

In our time this play was included in Phelps' series of revivals at Saddlers' Wells Theatre. It was produced with Mendelssohn's music, and the most artistic scenery, dresses, &c., by Charles Kem, on 15th October, 1856. Harley played Bottom, and Mr. Frank Matthews was Quince; but the revival was chiefly remarkable for the fact that Puck was played by Miss Ellen Terry, that most charming of all actresses, within our own recollection, who have made Shakespeare's heroines live on—more on the stage.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This is the only play of Shakespeare's, besides the *Tempest*, in which supernatural or non-human characters are introduced as taking an important part in the dramatic action.¹ For we cannot include the disembodied spirits or ghosts introduced in Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VIII., Julius Cæsar, or the pagan deities in *Cymbeline* and *Pericles*, or the apparitions in *Macbeth*, as characters essential to the action of those plays. A comparison of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with the *Tempest* will serve to show us, better than any amount of essays, the enormous advance which Shakespeare made in intellectual and dramatic power during the period that he was writing for the

¹ Of course the ghost of Hamlet's father, supernatural because he is a ghost, but essentially human in the interest which surrounds him, must be excepted.

INTRODUCTION.

stage. How much more subtle, from a mere psychological point of view, how much more effective, from a dramatic point of view, are Ariel and Caliban, compared with Oberon and Titania and even Puck; to say nothing of the fairy supernumeraries who figure in this play! It is somewhat remarkable that though Shakespeare has represented the Fairies, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, as beings of diminutive size, he has endowed them with all the weaknesses, and vices, we may almost say, of human nature. How infinitely inferior in conception is Puck to Ariel! The earlier creation is simply the embodiment, poetical to a certain degree, of the Robin Goodfellow who figured as a mischievous elf in so many old women's tales. The latter creation is an ethereal if not spiritual being, whose intense yearning for liberty, the characteristic of all pure creatures, is so pathetic. Some writers have pointed out the contrast between the vulgar clowns who furnish the comic element of this play, and the fairy beings who make such sport of the human lovers, and, it may be added, of each other. But, granting that the tiny elves, who minister to Bottom's wants, are more refined than his fellow-actors in the *Int. Role*, yet, as regards the highest moral qualities, there is surely little to choose between the fairies and the mortals in this play. Oberon and Titania are perpetually quarrelling; and are actuated by as contemptible motives — indeed we may say by more contemptible ones — than Lysander and Hermia, or Demetrius and Helena. Puck is quite as successful in debasing the nature of Titania as he is in corrupting the fidelity of Lysander or Demetrius. Wrangling between the Fairy King and Queen is not a whit more dignified or refined than the quarrels of the human lovers. It is in the essentially human characters which he gives to the superhuman beings in this play, that the evidence of Shakespeare's earlier work is manifested, quite as much as in any defects in the construction or language of the play. The constant use of rhyme must be regarded as incidental to the nature of the subject, and not as indicative of the author's being still in a state of transition as regards the management or form of his verse.

As far as the human characters of this play are concerned, with the exception of "sweet-faced" Nick Bottom and his amusing companions, very little can be said in their praise. Theseus and Hippolyta, Lysander and Hermia, Demetrius and Helena are all alike essentially uninteresting. Neither in the study, nor on the stage, do they attract much of our sympathy. Their loves do not move us; not even so much as those of Biron and Rosaline, Proteus and Julia, Valentine and Sylvia. If we read the play at home, we hurry over the tedious quarrels of the lovers, anxious to assist at the rehearsal of the tragic-comedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe." The mighty dispute, that rages between Oberon and Titania about the changeling boy, does not move us in the least degree. We are much more anxious to know how Nick Bottom will acquit himself in the tragic scene between Pyramus and Thisbe. It is in the comic portion of this play that Shakespeare manifests his dramatic genius; here it is that his power of characterization, his close observation of human nature, his subtle humour make themselves felt. Of pathos, in this play, there is little or none; in fact there is no room for it; but there would have been, had he written it later on in life, more enthusiasm, more powerful grasp of character in his mortal heroes and heroines, than there is at present. Of poetical language there is much, as there cannot fail to be in anything that Shakespeare wrote; but of his higher qualities we may say, in spite of the extravagant praise which has been bestowed by some critics upon this fairy-comedy, there is little to be found.

Recognizing, to its full extent, the grace and vivacity of Puck, we must still hold that Nick Bottom is the gem of this work. The youthful power of observation, shown in the Interlude of the Worthies in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is here matured. No more masterly portrait of good-humoured self-conceit has ever been drawn than that of Nick Bottom, "that most lovely gentleman-like man," ready to play the lover or the hero, Pyramus or Erastes, the Lion or the Wall; indeed, every character, animate or inanimate, which figures in this wonderful piece of "very tragical mirth." The unquestioning homage that is paid to him by his fellow

clowns, the almost reverential admiration in which they hold him, the implicit confidence in his talents which they display, are all wonderfully true to nature: they prove what a careful study Shakespeare had made of those heroes of a small village community who wield the power of an autocrat, with scarcely a murmur from the most dyspeptic rebel; partly in virtue of their physical and intellectual advantages, insignificant as both of these may seem relatively; mostly in virtue of an invincible good-humoured self-confidence, or rather self-conceit; good-humoured, because, being so perfectly pleased with itself, it can afford to be pleasant with others.

While insisting on the comparative ineffectiveness of this play from a dramatic point of view, we are not prevented from appreciating the many beautiful descriptive passages, the countless graceful touches, which render this work one of the favourite studies of those who love Shakespeare as a poet rather than as a dramatist; passages which linger sweetly in our memory, as we stroll through some woodland scene, greeting with loving eyes the wild flowers familiar to us from childhood, endeared to us by countless associations; and once peopled by our budding imaginations with some such fairy beings as those which waited on Titania and her "gentle joy." Although the lovers' quarrels, and the various complications which arise from the mistakes of Puck, or from the designs of Oberon, do not excite our sympathy when presented in action; yet they furnish us with very delightful reading. Nor can we fail to admire the skill with which the incongruous elements of Fairyland and Clownland—if we may use the expression—are blended together; and the subtle manner in which the difficulty of portraying the lives of immortal and superhuman beings is contrasted with the difficulty, experienced by the rude Athenian countrymen in their attempts at what we now call realism in the scenic portion of the Interlude which they present. The drawback, pointed out by Hazlitt and by many other critics, which besets *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a stage play, namely, that the Fairies, whom our imagination pictures as diminutive beings, have to be represented by men and women, will

always tend to render this play ineffective from an acting point of view.

Although this play cannot be called a pastoral drama, yet it is impossible to help comparing it with *The Sad Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which shares with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the honour of having suggested to Milton the most delightful of all his poems, *Comus*. Shakespeare has the advantage of his rivals in that dramatic insight, which taught him to blend with the Fairy story the humorous underplot in which Bottom and his companions are involved. But there is, perhaps, nothing in Shakespeare's play so beautiful in conception as the characters of the Satyr, of Amoret, and of Clorin in Beaumont and Fletcher's play; on the other hand there is no blot in Shakespeare's comedy like *Cloe*, the wanton shepherdess.

As to the name of the piece, it has been often pointed out that there is no reason why it should be called *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; for it is expressly stated that the action takes place in the beginning of the month of May; but, possibly, Shakespeare intended by the name, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to indicate that this comedy represented that curious mixture of incongruous elements which figure so often in dreams; and that it was the result of those recollections of a country life which come to a busy man, on a fine summer's day, in the midst of the turmoil of a town life. When Charles Lamb called out for a candle, in order that he might indite an ode to the sun, he was uttering something more than a paradox, something very near a great truth. There is little doubt that many of the most beautiful descriptions of country life have been written amid the dingy surroundings of a great city: we may well imagine that Shakespeare wrote this play in his modest room at Blackfriars; and that, amidst the odorous and unlovely surroundings, he recalled with a yearning affection the woods and flowers, and the many fanciful ideas that Nature and the country ever suggest to a poet's mind; objects and ideas in which he had taken, so often, a pure delight, when wandering in the beautiful neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon.



*Tit. Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.—(Act v. l. 46, 47.)*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athenz. A room in the palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! [she lingers¹ my desires,

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.]

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,²
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert³ and nimble spirit of mirth:

¹ *Lingers*, used transitively here; = prolongs.
² *Philostrate*, anglicized form of *Philostratus*; pronounced as a trisyllable.
³ *Pert*, lively.

Turn melancholy forth to funerals, — 11
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolyta, I would thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph,⁴ and with revelling.

Enter EGGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!⁵

The. Thanks, good Eggeus; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. —
Stand forth, Demetrius. — My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her. —
Stand forth, Lysander: — and, my gracious duke,

This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child: —

⁴ *Triumph*, public festivity.

⁵ *Duke* here means "leader," "commander."

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
rhymes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;
[Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love; and
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,¹ con-
ceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—mes-
sengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened² youth;
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart;]

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness;—and, my gracious
duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius, 40

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
[Immediately³ provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? he advis'd,
fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power 50
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.⁴
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind,⁵ wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my
eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judg-
ment look.]

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of⁶ your youth, examine well your
blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's
choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun; 70
[For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,⁷
To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless
moon.

Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy⁸ is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80
Unto his lordship,⁹ whose¹⁰ unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next
new moon,—

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he¹¹ would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life. 90

[*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Ly-
sander, yield

Thy crazed¹² title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my
love,

And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate¹³ unto Demetrius.]

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd;¹⁴ my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd— 101

⁶ Know of, question.

⁷ Mew'd, shut up.

⁸ Earthlier happy, i.e. more happy from an earthly
point of view.

⁹ Lordship, ownership, or perhaps conjugal authority.

¹⁰ Whose to whose. ¹¹ he, i.e. your father.

¹² Crazed, impaired, weak; literally, crushed, broken
down.

¹³ Estate, i.e. convey as an estate.

¹⁴ As well possess'd, as rich.

¹ Gawds, trinkets. ² Unhardened, susceptible.

³ Immediately, expressly.

⁴ The meaning is "to let the figure exist, or to destroy
it." ⁵ In this kind, in this respect, i.e. as a suitor.

If not with vantage¹—as Demetrius;
And, which is more than all these boasts
can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia;
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted² and inconstant man. 110

The. I must confess that I have heard so
much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke
thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,³
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate— 120
To death, or to a vow of single life.—

Come, my Hippolyta: [what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along;
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns your-
selves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.]
[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek
so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike⁴ for want of rain, which I could
well 130

Beteem⁵ them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever
read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

[*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthralld to
low,⁶

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

¹ If not with vantage, if not superior.

² Spotted, wicked. ³ Self-affairs, private business.

⁴ Belike, probably. ⁵ Beteem, give, allow.

⁶ To low, i.e. to one of low degree.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's
eyes. 140

Lys.] Or, if there were a sympathy in
choice,

War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary⁷ as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied⁸ night,
That, in a spleen,⁹ unfolds both heaven and
earth,

And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then, true lovers have been ever
cross'd, 150

It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and
sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's¹⁰ followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects¹¹ me as her only son. 160
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth¹² thy father's house to-morrow
night;

And in the wood, a league without the
town,

Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
By the simplicity¹³ of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers
loves;

⁷ Momentary, momentary.

⁸ Collied, black, smutted with coal.

⁹ Spleen, sudden fit.

¹⁰ Fancy's, i.e. love's.

¹¹ Respects, regards.

¹² Forth, from.

¹³ Simplicity, innocence.

[And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage¹ queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,]
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena. 179

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair:² O happy fair!

[Your eyes are lode-stars;³ and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour⁴ so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody. 189

Were the world mine, Demetrius being hated,⁵
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.⁶]
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill!

[*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me
love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection
move!]

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows
me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth
me.

[*Her.* His folly, Helen, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault
were mine!]

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

[Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!]

Lys. Heleu, to you our minds we will un-
fold;

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you
and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! 221
Keep word,⁷ Lysander: we must starve our
sight

From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Hermia.*
Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other-some can
be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she,
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he craves, doting on Hermia's eyes, 230
So I, admiring of his qualities:

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,⁸
Love can transpose⁹ to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguild,
As waggish boys in game¹⁰ themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where: 240
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,¹¹
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;

¹ Carthage, used here as an adjective.

² Fair, beauty.

³ Lode-stars, i.e. pole-stars.

⁴ Favour, features.

⁵ Hated, excepted.

⁶ Translated, transformed.

⁷ Keep word, keep faith.

⁸ Quantity, proportion (the value at which they are held).

⁹ Transpose, transform.

¹⁰ In game, in sport.

¹¹ Eyne, old plural of eye.

er see,
me:
do dwell,
into a hell;]
Is we will mu-

doth behold
glass, 210
bladed grass,—
still conceal,—
levis'd to steal.
ere often you

wont to lie,
counsel sweet.
I shall meet;
away our eyes,
er companies.
y thou for us;
Demetrius! 221
must starve our

leep midnight.
[Exit *Hermia*.
elena, adieu:
on you! [Exit.
other-some can

as fair as she,
thinks not so;
he do know;
mia's eyes, 230

no quantity,⁵
d dignity:
but with the

painted blind:
dgement taste;
needy haste;
ie a child,
egun'd.

selves forswear,
ery where: 241
ermia's eye,¹¹
was only mine;

at which they are
ose, transform.
old plural of eye.

And when this hail some heat from *Hermia*
felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense;¹
But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
To have his sight thither and back again.
[Exit.

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Quince's house.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.²

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all *Athens*,
to play in our interlude before the duke and the
duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the
play treats on; then read the names of the
actors; and so grow to a point.³ 10

Quin. Marry, our play is, *The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure
you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince,
call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters,
spread yourselves.⁴

Quin. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom,
the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for,
and proceed. 21

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
lantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true
performing of it; if I do it, let the audience
look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will

condole in some measure. To the rest; yet
my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play
*Ercles*⁵ rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to
make all split. [Reciting in exaggerated and
bombastic manner. 32

The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And *Phibbus*⁶ ear
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar

The foolish Fates. 40

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the
players.—This is *Ercles*' vein, a tyrant's vein;
a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must
love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman;
I have a beard coming. 50

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a
mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play
Thisby too, I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice;—"Thine, Thine;"—"Ah *Pyramus*,
my lover dear! thy *Thisby* dear, and lady
dear!" 7

Quin. No, no; you must play *Pyramus*:—
and, Flute, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 60

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play
Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus*' father: myself, *This-
by*'s father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's
part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written?
pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of
study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is
nothing but roaring. 71

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar,

⁵ *Ercles*, Hercules.

⁶ *Phibbus*, Phoebus.

¹ A dear expense, a reward dearly bought; or, perhaps,
reward which costs him much to give.

² Scrip, written list.

³ Grow to a point, come to a conclusion.

⁴ Spread yourselves, stand separately.

that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends; if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. [What beast were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.]

Quin. [Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. — But,] masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely² and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut how-strings³

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and a Peck.

Peck. How now, spirit! whither wander you!

Song.

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough mere,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;¹

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs² upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be: to

In their gold coats spots you see;

¹ Properties, i.e. stage properties.

² Obscenely, a blunder for obscenely.

³ Hold, or cut how-strings, i.e. whatever happens.

⁴ Sphere, orbit.

⁵ Orbs, i.e. the "fairy-rings" on the grass.

[Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dewdrops here

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou lord of spirits; I'll be gone:

Our queen and all our elves come here anon.]

Peck. The king doth keep his revels here
to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his
sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath;⁷

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling:

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Knight of his train, to trace⁸ the forests wild;

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,

Crowns him with flowers and makes him all

her joy:

⁶ Lob, clown.

⁷ Fell and wrath, fierce and angry.

⁸ To trace, wander through.

94
 her your straw-
 ny beard, your
 French-crown-
 w.]
 crowns have no
 y barefaced. —
 ts: and I am
 and desire you,
 ght; and meet
 e without the
 I we rehearse,
 shall be dogged
 es known. In
 of properties,¹
 y you, fall me
 100
 here we may
 courageously.

meet.
 ow-strings²
 [Exeunt.

favours,
 eir savours;
 here
 slip's ear.
 I'll he gone;
 me here anon.]
 me novels here

ot within his
 wrath;⁷ 20
 ant, bath
 dian king;
 geling;
 e the child
 e forests wild;
 e loved boy,
 makes him all

and angry.
 1.

And now they never meet in grove, or
 green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,¹
 But they do square,² that all their elves, for
 fear, 30
 Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.
Flid. Either I mistake your shape and mak-
 ing quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd³ and knavish
 sprite
 Callst Robin Goodfellow: are not you he

That fright the maidens of the villagery; 35
 [Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the
 quern⁴
 And bootless make the breathless housewife
 churn;]
 And sometime make the drink to bear no
 barm;⁵
 Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their
 harm!
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet
 Puck,

40



Fairy. Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.—(Act II, I, 39.)

You do their work, and they shall have good
 luck;

Are not you he?

Puck. I am, then speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
 [When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a tilly ful;⁶
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,⁶
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlap⁷ pour the ale. 50

¹ Sheen, brightness.

² Sheen, mischievous.

³ Shrewd, a hard-mill for grinding corn.

⁴ Quern, a hand-mill for grinding corn.

⁵ Barm, yeast. ⁶ Crab, crab-apple. ⁷ Dewlap, neck.

² Square, quarrel.

[The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale, 51
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bann, down topples
 she,

And "tailor" cries, and falls into a-cough;]
 And then the whole quire hold their hips and
 loffe,⁸

[And waxen⁹ in their mirth, and neeze,¹⁰ and
 swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.]
 But, room, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Flid. And here my mistress. Would that
 he were gone!

⁸ Luffe, laugh.

⁹ Waxen, get louder.

¹⁰ Neeze, old form of sneeze.

*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train;
from the other, TITANIA, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

Tit. What, jealous Oberon!—Fairies, skip hence:

[I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tit. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love¹
To amorous Phillida.] Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70
Your huskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at² my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

[Didst thou not lead him through the glim-
mering night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Egle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?] 80

Tit. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets³ to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs: [which falling in the land 90
Have every pelted⁴ river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents;⁵
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in
vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green
corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And crows are fatted with the murrion⁶ flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable: 100
The human mortals want⁷ their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases⁸ do abound:

[And thorough this distemperature⁹ we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set:] the spring, the sum-
mer, 111

The chiding¹⁰ autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase,¹¹ now knows not which is
which:

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate,¹² from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy, 120
To be my henchman.

Tit. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land lays not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
[Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;¹³
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming
gait 130

Following,—her womb then rich with my
young squire,—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.]

⁶ *Murrion*, old form of *murrain*; used here as an adjective, suffering from murrain. ⁷ *Want*, are without.

⁸ *Rheumatic diseases*, coughs and colds.

⁹ *Distemperature*, i.e. the difference between Oberon and Titania. ¹⁰ *Chiding*, profligate.

¹¹ *Increase*, produce.

¹² *Debate*, dispute.

¹³ *Embarked traders on the flood*, i.e. merchants embarked on the sea.

¹ *Versing love*, i.e. making love in verses.

² *Glance at*, hint at, imply censure of.

³ *Ringlets*, fairy rings.

⁴ *Pelted*, pelted.

⁵ *Their continents*, the banks that contain them.

ACT II, Scene I.

currier⁶ flock;
 with mud,
 nton green,
 ishable: 100
 winter here;
 nrol hlest:]
 ess of floods,
 e air,
 mnd:
 ure⁹ we see
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 son rose;
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heart at rest:
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But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you
stay?

Titu. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-
day.

If you will patiently dance in our round, 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your
haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with
thee.

Titu. Not for thy kingdom. Fairies,¹ away!
I shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit Titania with her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from²
this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remem-
ber'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back, 150
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,³
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their
spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw— but thou could'st
not—

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And lodg'd his love-shaft smartly from his
bow, 159

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry
moon,

And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

I fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's
wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee
once:

The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid, 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the
earth

In forty minutes.

[*Exit.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.

The next thing then she waking looks upon,—
[Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or ball, 180

On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,—]
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:

And ere I take this charm from off her
sight,

As I can take it with another herb,—

I'll make her render up her page to me.

But who comes here? I am invisible;

And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me
not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me. 190
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this
wood;

[And here am I, and wood⁴ within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.]

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted ada-
mant;⁵

But yet you draw not iron, though my heart
Is true as steel: leave you⁶ your power to
draw,

And I shall have no power to follow you.

[*Dem.* Do I entice you? do I speak you
fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 200
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And e'en for that do I love you the
more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

¹ Fairies, pronounced *faeries*, as a trisyllable.

² Thou shalt not from, i.e. thou shalt not go from.

³ Breath, voice.

⁴ Wood, mad, furious.

⁵ Adamant, i.e. loadstone.

⁶ Leave you, i.e. do you give

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike
me, 205
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.



Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not. — (Act II. I. 188.)

What worse place can I beg in your love,
And yet a place of high respect with me,
Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of
my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hcl. And I am sick when I look not on
you.]

Dem. You do impeach¹ your modesty too
much,

To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
[To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel² of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.]

Hcl. Your virtue is my privilege for that. 220
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect³ are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

[*Dem.* I'll run from thee and hide me in
the brakes,⁴

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hcl. The wildest hath not such a heart as
you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; 230
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies!]

Dem. I will not stay thy question;⁵ let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hcl. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex: 240
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

[*Exit Demetrius.*

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand⁶ I love so well. [*Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?

Puck. Ay, here it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,

¹ *Impeach*, bring into question.

² *Ill counsel*, evil suggestions.

³ *In my respect*, in my regard. ⁴ *Brakes*, thickets.

⁵ *Question*, discourse. He means he will not stop to
listen to her any longer.

⁶ *Upon the hand*, i. e. by the hand.

r modesty too

yourself
s you not;
light,
place,
rginity.]
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our face;
the night;
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the wood,
town, the field,
metrins!
on my sex: 220
en may do;
ot made to woo,
Exit Demetrius.
iven of hell,
o well. [Exit.
ere he do leave

I seek thy love.

come wanderer?

ace, give it me.
d thyme blows,

Brakes, thickets.
e will not stop to

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, 250
Quite over-canopi'd with hush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:¹
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
[And there the snake throws her enamell'd
skin,

Weed² wide enough to wrap a fairy in:]
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love 260
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Pack. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
[Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers³ in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice⁴ for their leathern
wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep
back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and
wonders
At our quaint⁵ spirits. Sing me now asleep;]
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Song.

First Fairy. You spotted snakes with double⁶
tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
10 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;

¹ Eglantine, sweet-brier.

² Weeds, canker worms.

³ Quaint, neat, pretty.

VOL. II.

⁴ Weed, garment

⁵ Rere-mice, bats.

⁶ Double, i.e. forked

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:

Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

First Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here; 20
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

Second Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well;
One aloof stand sentinel.

[Exit Fairies. Titania sleeps.

Enter OBERON, and squeezes the flower on
Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, 30
Pard, or hour with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Exit.

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering
in the wood;
And to speak troth,⁷ I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head. 40
[Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us
both;

One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth,
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my
dear,

Lie farther off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my inno-
cence!⁸

Love takes the meaning in love's conference,
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

⁷ Troth, truth

⁸ O, take the sense, &c. i.e. understand my innocent
meaning

So then two bosoms and a single troth, 50
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much heshrew my manners¹ and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet
friend:

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end! 61
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes
be press'd! [*They sleep.*]



Puck. And here the maiden, sleeping sound. (Act II. 2. 74.)

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve²
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! Who is here? 70
Weeds³ of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank⁴ and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Nearer this tick-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe,⁵
When thou wak'st, let love forbid 80
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet De-
metrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt
me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling⁶ leave me! do
not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies; 90
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.

[How came her eyes so bright? Not with
salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius

¹ *Manners, i. e. all manners.*

² *Approve, prove.*

³ *Weeds, garments.*

⁴ *Dank, damp.*

⁵ *Owe, own.*

⁶ *Darkling, in the dark.*

I a maid,
 night, sweet
 et life end! 61
 prayer, say I;
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 e all his rest!
 wisher's eyes
 [They sleep.



SA, running.
 me, sweet De-
 I do not haunt
 leave me! do
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 [Exit.
 his fond chase!
 is my grace.
 she lies; 90
 tive eyes.
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 way for fear:
 demetrius)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made my compare with Hermia's sphery¹
 eye?²]
 But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground! 100
 Dead! or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
 Lys. [Starting up] And run through fire I
 will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helen! Nature here shows art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy
 heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hcl. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
 What though he love your Hermia? [Lord,
 what though?³] 109

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
 Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not Hermia but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
 [The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season:
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
 And touching now the point of human skill,⁴
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will, 120
 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
 Love's stories written in love's richest book.]

Hcl. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
 born?
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
 That I did never, no, nor never can,
 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout⁶ my insufficiency?
 Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth,⁷
 you do,—

In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130
 But fare you well: perforce I must confess
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
 Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep
 thou there:

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
 Or, as the heresies that men do leave
 Are hated most of those they did deceive; 140
 So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
 Of all be hated, but the most of me!

And, all my powers, address your love and
 might

To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

Hcl. [Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help
 me! do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
 Ay me, for pity! what a dream was I, he!
 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear;
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150
 Lysander!—what, remov'd! Lysander!
 lord!—

What, out of hearing? gone! no sound, no
 word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves!⁸ I swoon almost with fear.
 No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death or you I'll find immediately.
 [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
 and STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

¹ Sphery, star-like. ² Eyne, old plural of eye.
 What thought i.e. what matters it?
³ Ripe not, i.e. do not ripen.
⁴ And touching now, &c. i.e. attaining now, &c.

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous
 convenient place for our rehearsal. This green
 plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake
 our tiring-house;¹⁰ and we will do it in action
 as we will do it before the duke.

⁶ Flout, mock. ⁷ Good sooth, i.e. in good truth
⁸ Prey—the act of preying.
⁹ Of all loves, for love's sake.
¹⁰ Tiring-house, dressing-room.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin,¹ a parlous² fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.³



Bot. I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver.—(Act iii. l. 22.)

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's

neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,⁴—"Ladies,"—or "Fair ladies,—I would wish you,"—or "I would request you,"—or "I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Both the moon shine that night we play our play!

¹ By 'r lakin. By our ladykin, meaning the Virgin Mary

² Parlous, old form of perilous; here great

³ In eight and six, i.e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

⁴ Defect, a blunder for effect

vice to make
and let the
do no harm
Pyramus is not
better assur-
can not Pyra-
this will put
21
a prologue;
and six.³



peak through,
t,—"Ladies,"
ish you,"—or
would entreat
le; my life for
ther as a lion,
am no such
men are;" and
name, and tell
er.
ut there is two
the moonlight
Pyramus and
51
that night we

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the
almshouse: find out moonshine, find out moon-
shine. 56

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement
of the great chamber window, where we play,
open, and the moon may shine in at the case-
ment.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a
bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he
comes to disfigure, or to present, the person
of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing:
we must have a wall in the great chamber;
for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did
talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall.—
What say you, Bottom? 68

Bot. Some man or other must present! Wall:
and let him have some plaster, or some loam,
or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall;
and let him hold his fingers thus, and through
that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whis-
per.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well.
Come, sit down, every mother's son, and re-
hearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when
you have spoken your speech, enter into that
brake;² and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What heupen home-spuns have we
swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? 80
What, a play toward!³ I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours
sweet,—

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — odours savours sweet:

So bath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played
here. [Aside; then exit. 50

Fla. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must

understand he goes but to see a noise that he
heard, and is to come again. 94

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of
hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier.

Most briskly juvenal⁴ and eke most lovely dew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. "Ninny's tomb," man; why, you must
not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyra-
mus; you speak all your part at once, ones
and all.—Pyramus enter: your cue is past; it
is, "never tire."

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet
would never tire.

*Re-enter Puck, waving his hand, and then re-
tires; and Bottom with an ass's head.*

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are
haunted.—Pray, masters! fly, masters!—
Help!

[Exit Quince, Snout, Flute, Snout, and
Starveling.]

[Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you bout a
round,

Through bog, through brook, through bush,
through brake, through brier; 110

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a homd,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar,
and burn,

Like horse, homd, hog, bear, fire, at every
turn. [Exit.]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a kna-
very of them to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what
do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head
of your own, do you? [Exit Snout. 120

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou
art translated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an
ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I

¹ Present, i.e. represent. ² Brake, thicket.
³ Toward, i.e. ready to be acted.

will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[Sings.

The onsel cock¹ so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle² with his note so true. 130
The wren with little quill,³ -

Titu. [Awakening] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [Sings]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer may;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Titu. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note; 141



Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.—(Act III. 1. 121.)

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; 142
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek⁴ upon occasion. 150

Titu. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit

enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn. 151

Titu. Out of this wood do not desire to go: Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

[I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;]
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, 159
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

[And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—]
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

¹ Ousel cock, blackbird

³ Quill, pipe

² Throstle, thrush.

⁴ Gleek, jest

Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COHWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDEED.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tit. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;

Heep in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
[Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,¹
With purple grapes, green figs, and mul-
berries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's
eyes,

To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
[To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:]

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily:—
I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cohweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good Master Cohweb; if I cut my finger,
I shall make bold with you.—Your name,
honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. [I pray you, commend me to Mistress
Squash,² your mother, and to Master Peasecod,
your father.] Good Master Peaseblossom, I
shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—
Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know
your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-
like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman
of your house: I promise you your kindred
hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire
you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced³ chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.⁴—
Here comes my messenger.

Enter PUCK.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule⁵ now about this haunted
grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in
love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches,⁶ rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day,
The shallowest thick-skinn of that barren sort,⁷
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nose⁸ I fixed on his head:

[Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic⁹ comes. When they him
spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,¹⁰
Or russet-pated choughs,¹⁰ many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky.]
So, at his sign, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
Our ponderous clods and help from Athens calls.

¹ Enforced, violated.

² In extremity, i. e. extremely.

³ Night-rule, night-sport.

⁴ Patches, low, common fellows.

⁵ Barren sort, dull company.

⁶ Nose, head: sometimes spelled noel.

⁷ Mimic, actor.

⁸ Choughs, jackdaws.

[Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them
wrong;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves,—some, hats;—from yielders all
things catch.] 30

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;

When in that moment,—so it came to pass,—
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could de-
vise,

But hast thou yet latch'd¹ the Athenian's
eyes

With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do!

Pack. I took him sleeping, that is finish'd
too,

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force² she must be
ey'd. 40

Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Pack. This is the woman, but not this the
man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you
so!

I lay breath³ so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee
worse,

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to
curse,

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day 50
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia! I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the
moon

May through the centre creep, and so dis-
please

Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes,
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;

[So should a murderer look, so dead,⁴ so
grim,

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so
should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern
cruelty:

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as
clear, 60

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where
is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me!

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my
hounds,

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me
past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him,
then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!]

O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave
touch! 70

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mis-
pris'd mood:⁵

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is
well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get there-
fore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I so: 80
See me no more, whether⁷ he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce
vein:

Here therefore for a while I will remain.

[So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender⁸ here I make some stay.]

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mis-
taken quite

⁵ Brave touch, i. e. brave stroke, noble exploit

⁶ On a mispris'd mood, in a mistaken anger.

⁷ Whether, pronounced here as a monosyllable.

⁸ His tender, his, i. e. sleep's offer.

¹ Latch'd, caught.

² Of force, of necessity.

³ Breath, language.

⁴ Dead, pallid

look, and so

h your stern

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ring sphere,

nder? where

give him me?

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mong men!]

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ood;

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and I get there-

me more:

rt I so: so

dead or no.

[*Exit.*

in this fierce

remain.

vier grow

a sorrow owe;

ce it will pay,

me stay.]

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

[*Of thy misprision¹ must perforce ensue* 90
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.²

[*Ob.*] About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find;

All fancy-sick³ she is, and pale of cheer,⁴

With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,— 100

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*



Ob. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience.—(Act iii. 2. 95, 96.)

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,

102

[*Squeezes the juice of flower on Demetrius' eyelids.*

Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

¹ *Misprision*, mistake.

² *Confounding oath on oath*, i.e. breaking one oath after another.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;

110

And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?

Ob. Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Stand aside; the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

[*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.] 121

³ *Fancy sick*, love-sick.

⁴ *Cheer*, countenance.

Enter HELENA and LYSANDER.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears;

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

[How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?]

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermias; will you give her o'er?

[Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
[Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.]

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye? Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

[That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, to me a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this *sedon* bliss!]

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

[Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls² to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,³
You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise⁴ my parts,

¹ *Eque*, the old form of the plural of *eye*.

² *Join in souls*, i.e. join heart and soul.

³ *Superpraise*, i.e. praise to excess.

Who am sure you hate me with your hearts.]

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

[With your derision? none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.]

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; he not so;
For you love Hermia, this you know I know;

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part,
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none;

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd.

And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it⁵ dear. —
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. [Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense.] Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him hide; —

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all your fiery oes and eyes of light.

⁴ *Trim* — pretty: (used ironically) ⁵ *Aby it*, pay for it.

the with your

Hermia;
Helena;
praise,
maid's eyes
noble sort
extort 160
ake your sport.]
rins; be not so;
know I know;
with all my

p my part,
quench,
ill my death,
ste more idle

Hermia; I will

is gone, 170
wise so; I'm d.
return'd,

not so,
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dear, —
yonder is thy

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mpense,] 180
ander, found;

ne to thy sound,
leave me so?

Whom love doth

Lysander from

ould not let him

s the night
s of light.

Why it, pay for it.

[Why seek'st thou me? could not this make
thee know, 180
The hate I bear thee make me leave thee so?]

Her. You speak not as you think: O, an
not be,

H.L. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me,
Injurious Hermia! most ingrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-
triv'd

To bait me with this fool's derision?
Is all the counsel that we too have shar'd
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us?—O, is all for nought!
All school-days' friendship, childhood's innoc-
ence?

[We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,¹
Have with our needles² created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both culling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition; 210
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crown'd with one crest.]
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
[It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.] 219
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

[*H.L.* Have you not set Lysander, as in
scorn,

To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius—
Who even but now did spurn me with his
foot

To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 220

¹ Artificial gods, i.e. creators in art. ² Needles, needles.

But by your setting on, by your consent? 221
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity rather than despise.



H.L. O, is all for nought?
All school-days' friendship, childhood's innocence?
—(Act iii. 2. 201, 202.)

Her. I understand not what you mean by
this.]

H.L. Ay, do, persevere; counterfeit sad looks,
Make months upon me when I turn my back;
[Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.]
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.



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Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
[My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.] 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

[*Seizing hold of Lysander to stop him.*

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

[*Dem.* No, no; he'll—sir, Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame¹ man, go!

Lys. [*Struggling to get loose from Hermia*] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose, 260

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?

Sweet love,—

Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out! Out, bathed medicine! hated poison, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

[*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive

A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

[*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.] 270

Her. [What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me? wherefore? O me! what means my love?]

Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:

Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

[And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt:]

Be certain, nothing truer; 't is no jest 280

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. [*Leaving hold of Lysander, and turning to Helena*] O me!—you juggler!² you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

[*Hel.* Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so! ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare Between our statures: she hath me'd her height; 290

And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,

Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;³ 300

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right⁴ maid for my cowardice:

Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,

Because she is something lower than myself, That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.]

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

² Juggler, here pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ Curst, shrewish, bad tempered. ⁴ Right, true.

while.
 Since night you
 gods forbid!—

my life;
 thee more.
 question, doubt:]
 no jest 280
 Helena.

ter, and turning
 juggler!² you

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m him?

Fine, I faith!

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puppet, you!

that way goes

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290

all personage,

prevail'd with

his esteem,

so low?

maypole? speak;

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into thine eyes.

you mock me,

ever curst;³ 300

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r than myself,

hark, again.]

e so bitter with

nia,

ellable.

⁴ Right, true.

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd
 you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth¹ unto this wood, 310

He followed you; for love I followed him;

But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

And follow you no farther: let me go;

You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that
 hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius. 320

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,

Helena.

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take
 her part.

[*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen and
 shrewd!

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. "Little" again! nothing but "low"
 and "little?"

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minims² of hind'ring knot-grass made;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby³ it.]

Lys. Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, check
 by jule.⁴

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil⁵ is 'long of
 you;

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I. 340

¹ Stealth, secret going.

² Minims, minims.

³ Aby, pay for.

⁴ Check by jule, i.e. side by side.

⁵ Coil, disturbance.

Nor longer stay in your earnest company. 341
 Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
 My legs are longer though, to run away.

[*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit.*

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mis-
 tak'st,

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mis-
 took.

Did not you tell me I should know the man
 By the Athenian garments he had on?

[And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
 That I have mounted an Athenian's eyes; 351

And so far am I glad it so did sort⁶

As this their jangling I esteem a sport.]

Obe. Then see'st these lovers seek a place to
 fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night:

[The starry welkin⁷ cover thou anon
 With drooping fog as black as Acheron,]

And lead these testy rivals so astray
 As one come not within another's way.

[Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;⁸ 361

And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,]

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty⁹ wings doth creep:

Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye:

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,

To take from thence all error with his¹⁰ might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this dream on 370

Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,

[And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,¹¹

With league whose date till death shall never

end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;

And then I will her charmed eye release

From monster's view, and all things shall be

peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
 haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,

⁶ Sort, result, turn out.

⁷ Welkin, sky.

⁸ Wrong, insult.

⁹ Batty, bat-like

¹⁰ His, its (the flower's).

¹¹ Wend, go.

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger!¹ 380
 At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here
 and there,
 Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits
 all,
 That in crossways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For fear lest day should look their shames
 upon,

They wilfully themselves exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
 night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 390
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.



Dem. Lysander! speak again:
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?— Act iii. 2. 394, 453

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay;
 We may effect this business yet ere day.]

[*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
 I will lead them up and down:
 I am fear'd in field and town:
 Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one. 400

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
 speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where
 art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight. 405

Puck. Follow me, then,
 To plainer² ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
 Speak! In some Where dost thou hide
 thy head?

Puck. Thou coward art thou bragging to
 the stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for
 wars,

¹ Aurora's harbinger, i.e. the morning-star.

² Plainer, more level.

from light,
black-brow'd

other sort:
ft made sport,
may tread, 390
ery-red,
blessed beams,
green streams.



ght. 400
flow me, then,
oring the voice.

s.
peak again:
t thou fled?
lost thou hide
n bragging to
u look'st for

And wilt not come? [Come, recerent; come,
thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defild 410
That draws a sword on thee.]

Dem.

Yes, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no man-
hood here. [Exit.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is
gone.

The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I: 415
I followed fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come,
thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st
thou not? 421



Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,—(Act iii. 2. 442.)

Dem. [Abide me,¹ if thou dar'st; for well I
wot² 422

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.]
Where art thou now?

Puck.

Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. 430

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious
night,

Abate thy horns! Shine comforts from the
east,

That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,

¹ Abide me, wait for me.

² Wot, know.

Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

[Pack.] Yet but three! Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, erst and sad;
Cupid is a knavish lad, 410
Thus to make poor females mad.]

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. [Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with
briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.]
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[Lies down and sleeps.]

Pack. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply 150
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown: 420
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all
shall be well. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,
HELENA, and HERMIA *lying asleep.*

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other
Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry
bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,¹
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle
joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.
—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur,
get you your weapons in your hand, and kill
me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a
thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the
honey-bag. [Do not fret yourself too much
in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur,
have a care the honey-bag break not: I would
be loath to have you overflow with a honey-

bag, signior.] Where's Monsieur Mustardseed? 18

Mas. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf,² Monsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mas. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help
Cavalery³ Peaseblossom to scratch. I must to
the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am
marvellous hairy about the face; and I am
such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me,
I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my
sweet love? 30

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music.
Let's have the tongs and the bones.

[Rough music.]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st
to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could
nunch your good dry oats. Methinks I have
a great desire to a bottle⁴ of hay: good hay,
sweet hay, hath no fellow.

¹ *Coy*, caress.

² *Neaf*, fist or hand, sometimes spelt *neif*.

³ *Cavalery*, for *cavalero*.

⁴ *Bottle*, truss.

Titu. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek

The spr'els' hoard, and fetch thee thence new mits. 40

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition¹ of sleep come upon me.

Titu. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways² away.—

[*Exeunt fairies.*]

[*So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist; the female ivy so*

Enrings the bawky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!] 50

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Puck.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin.

See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

[*Seeking sweet favours³ for this hateful fool,*

I did upbraid her and fall out with her;

For she his hairy temples then had rounded⁴

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, 50

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,

Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.]

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,

And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes:

[*And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp*

From off the head of this Athenian swain; 50

That he, awaking when the other do,

May all to Athens back again repair,

¹ *Exposition*, a blunder for disposition.

² *All ways*, in all directions.

³ *Favours*, nosegays of flowers.

⁴ *Rounded*, encircled.

And think no more of this night's accidents, }
But as the fierce vexation of a dream. 74 }
But first I will release the fairy queen. }

Be as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's dower

Hath such force and blessed power,

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Titu. My Oberon! what visions have I seen! 81

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Titu. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.

[*Titania, in all; and strike more dead Than common sleep of all these five⁵ the sense.*]

Titu. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.]

[*Puck takes the ass's head off Bottom, and flies away.*]

Obe. Sound, music! [*Soft music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me, 90

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers lie.

Now thou and I are new in amity,

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly⁶

Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair posterity:

[*There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be*

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.]

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,⁷ 100

Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Titu. Come, my lord; and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals, on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Horns winded within.*]

⁵ *These five*, i.e. these five sleepers.

⁶ *Solemnly*, ceremoniously.

⁷ *Sad*, grave.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEGUS, and Train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation¹ is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward² of the day, 110
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear 119
Such gallant chiding;³ for, besides the groves,
The skies, the mountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,
So flew'd,⁴ so sanded,⁵ and their heads are
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessa-
lian bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
bells,

Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: 131
Judge when you hear.—But, soft! what
nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
asleep;

And this, Lyseander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egens; is not this the day 140
That Hermia should give answer of her
choice?

¹ Observation, i.e. of the ceremonies of the first of May.

² Vaward, forepart.

³ Chiding, continual noise; used here of the hounds in full cry.

⁴ Flew'd, having large hanging clumps.

⁵ Sanded, sandy-coloured.

Ege. It is, my lord.

112

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wa— them with
their horns.

[*Exit an Attendant. Horns are heard
within. Lyseander, Demetrius, Helena,
and Hermia wake and start up.*]

Good morrow, friends.—Saint Valentine is
past:

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now!

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*]

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies;

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from jealousy,

To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? 150

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,— for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—

I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens where we might
Be without peril of⁶ the Athenian law;—

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, upon his head.— 159

They would have stol'n away; they would,

Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,

[You of your wife and me of my consent,—

Of my consent that she should be your wife.]

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

And I in fury hither followed them,

Fair Helena in fancy⁷ following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what
power,— 169

But by some power it is,— my love to Hermia,

Melted as melts the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd,

Which in my childhood I did dote upon;

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena. [To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:

⁶ Without peril of, beyond the reach of danger from.

⁷ In fancy, in love, moved by love.

112

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 others, Helena,
 start up.

Valentine is

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ernia;

h of danger from.

But, like in sickness, did I loathe this
 food;

But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, 180

And will for evermore be true to it.]

Ther. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:

of this discourse we more will hear anon.—

Egeus, I will overbear your will;

For in the temple, by and by, with us

These couples shall eternally be knit;

And, for the morning now is something
 worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away with us to Athens! three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. 190

Come, my Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and
 Train.*]

[*Dem.* These things seem small and undis-
 tinguishable,

like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with
 parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,

Mine own, and not mine own.]

Dem. But are you sure

That we are well awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you
 think

The duke was here, and bid us follow him? 200

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta,

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the
 temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's fol-
 low him;

And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call

me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most

fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince!

Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker!

Starveling! God's my life, stol'n hence, and

left me asleep! I have had a most rare

vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of

man to say what dream it was: man is but an

ass, if he go about to expound this dream.

Methought I was—there is no man can tell

what. Methought I was,—and methought
 I had,—but man is but a patch'd fool,¹ if he
 will offer to say what methought I had. The
 eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man
 hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste,
 his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report,
 what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince
 to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be
 called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no
 bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of
 our play, before the duke; peradventure, to
 make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at
 her death. [*Exit.* 225]

SCENE II. Athens. A room in Quince's house.

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
 STARVELING.*

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is
 he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt
 he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd:
 it goes not forward,² doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a
 man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus
 but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any
 handicraft man in Athens. 10

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he
 is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say "paragon:" a paramour
 is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNOUT.

Snout. Masters, the duke is coming from the
 temple, [and there is two or three lords and
 ladies more married:] if our sport had gone
 forward, we had all been made men.

[*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath
 he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could
 not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke
 had not given him sixpence a day for playing
 Pyramus, I'll be 'scor'd; he would have de-
 served it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or no-
 thing.] 24

¹ A patch'd fool, a fool in a particoloured coat.

² Goes not forward, does not take place.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?¹

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Tiet your



Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what — (Act iv. 2. 27.)

apparel together; [good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps;] meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion

pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go, away!

[*Exeunt.* 46]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may² believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact;³ One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,

¹ *Hearts*, i.e. good fellows.

² *May*—can.

³ *Compact*, composed.

se wonderse
all you, I am
every thing,

an.
at I will tell
l. Get your



ing out for the
actors, eat no
to utter sweet
to hear them
to more words:
[*Exeunt.* 46]

fairy boys
seething brains,
prehend
prehends.
poet
t:³
hell can hold,
r, all as frantic.

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: 11
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-
thing

A local habitation and a name,
[Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told
over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;²
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.³

The. [Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and
HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your
bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances
shall we have,

[To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?]
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? [Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?]
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment⁴ have you for
this evening?

What masque? what music? [How shall we
leguile 40

The lazy time, if not with some delight?]

Phil. There is a brief⁵ how many sports are
ripe:⁶

¹ Fear, object of fear. ² Constancy, consistency.

³ Admirable, to be wondered at.

⁴ Abridgment, pastime.

⁵ Brief, list.

⁶ Ripe, ready for performance.

Make choice of which your highness will see
first.

[*Presenting a paper, which, at a sign from
Theseus, Lysander takes and reads from.*

Lys. [*Reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to
be sung

By an Athenian ennuet to the harp."

The. We'll none of that; that have I told
my love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—

Lys. [*Reads*] "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

The. That is an old device; and it was
play'd 50

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—

Lys. [*Reads*] "The thrice three Muses mourn-
ing for the death

Of Learius, late deceas'd in beggary."

The. That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting⁷ with a nuptial ceremony.—

Lys. [*Reads*] "A tedious brief scene of young
Pyramus

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous⁸ strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten
words long, 61

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

[But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted:]

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

[Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must con-
fess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.] 70

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toild⁹ their unbreath'd¹⁰ mem-
ories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;

⁷ Sorting, agreeing.

⁸ Wondrous, pronounced as a trisyllable.

⁹ Toild, exerted.

¹⁰ Unbreath'd, unpractised.

It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
[Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel
pain,

To do you service.]
The. I will hear that play;

For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in:—and take your places,
ladies. [*Exit Philostrate.*

[*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness over-
charged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.]

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this
kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mis-
take: 90

[And what poor duty would, but cannot
do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks¹ have pur-
posed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When I have seen them shiver and look
pale,

Make periods² in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; 100

And in the modesty of fearful³ duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.⁴]

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is
address'd.⁵

The. Let him approach.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

¹ Clerks, scholars.

² Periods, full stops.

³ Fearful, full of fear.

⁴ To my capacity, in my opinion

⁵ Address'd, ready.

Enter QUINCE as Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill, 110

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as uninding⁶ to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight

We are not here. That you should here repent
you,

The actors are at hand, and by their show,

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.⁷

[*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a rough
colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral,
my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to
speak true. 122

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue
like a child on a recorder;⁸ a sound, but not
in government.⁹

The. His speech was like a tangled chain;
nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd.] Who
is next?

[*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, WALL,
MOONSHINE, and LION.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this
show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 130

This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sun-
der;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are con-
tent

To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

Presenteth Moon-shine; for, if you will know,

By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight¹⁰ by name, 140

The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,¹¹

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Amos comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:

⁶ Mending, intending.

⁷ Stand upon points, i.e. mind his stops.

⁸ Recorder, a kind of flageolet.

⁹ Not in government, not with any control over it.

¹⁰ Hight, is called

¹¹ Fall, let fall.

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain 151
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion,
and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may,
when many asses do.]

Enter SNOOT, as WALL.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
[And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,]
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly. 161
[This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth
show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:]
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,¹
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to
speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

Enter BOTTOM, as PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd² night! O night with hue so
black! 171

O night, which ever art when day is not!

O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot! —

[And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

That stand'st between her father's ground and
mine!]

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eyne! [*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for
this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see. 180

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,
should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "De-

ceiving me" is Thisby's cue; she is to enter
now, and I am to spy her through the wall.
You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.
Yonder she comes.

Enter FLUTE, as THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my
laments, 190

For parting my fair Pyramus and me!

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

[*Pyr.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
grace;

And, like Linander,³ am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen,⁴ till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus⁵ to Procrus⁶ was so true. 200

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.]

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's⁷ tomb meet me straight-
way?

This. "Tide⁸ life, 'tide death, I come without
delay. [*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

[*The.* Now is the wall down between the
two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are
so wilful to hear without warning.] 211

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I
heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination
amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and
not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than
they of themselves, they may pass for excellent
men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon
and a lion. 221

³ *Linander*, Leander.

⁴ *Helen*, a mistake for *Hero*.

⁵ *Shafalus*, Cephalus.

⁶ *Procrus*, Procris.

⁷ *Ninny's tomb*, i.e. *Ninus'* tomb.

⁸ *'Tide*, happen.

¹ *Sister*, left.

² *Grim-look'd*, grim-looking.

Enter SNEG, as the LION, and STARVELING, as MOONSHINE, with bundle of faggots, lantern, and dog.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The sunniest monstrous mouse that creeps on
floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Sung the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;

For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
science. 251

[*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord,
that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot
carry his discretion; and the fox carries the
goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry
his valour; for the goose carries not the fox.
It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us
listen to the moon. 252

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon
present;

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his
head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are
invisible within the circumference.]

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon pre-
sent;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest:
the man should be put into the lanthorn. How
is it else the man i' the moon? 252

[*Dem.* He dares not come there for the
candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.¹

Hip. I am weary of this moon: would he
would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of dis-
cretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in
courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.]

Lys. Proceed, Moon. 250

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you
that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in
the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush;
and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lan-
thorn; for all these are in the moon. But,
silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter FLUTE, as THISBE.

This. This is old Nimmy's tomb. Where is my
love?

Lion. [Roaring] Oh— [Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion. 270

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well mons'd, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Dem. And then came PYRAMUS.

Enter BOTTOM, as PYRAMUS.

Pgr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. 280

But stay, O spite!

But k, poor knight,

What lful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come, 290

Cut thread and thrum;²

Quil, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear
friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pgr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:

Which is no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with
cheer.

Come, tears, confound; 300

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap;³

Where heart doth hop;—[Stabs himself.]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

² *Thrum*, the small tuft at the end of a warp.

³ *Pap*, pronounced *paup*; and *hop*, doubtless, was also
pronounced *haep*.

My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light; 300
Moon, take thy flight: [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die, [*Dies.*

[*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

[*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

[*The.* With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.]

[*Hip.* How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover!

[*The.* She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play. 321

Re-enter THISBE.

[*Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

[*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for



A Dance.—[Act v. 1 369.]

a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

[*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

[*Dem.* And thus she moans, videlicet:—] 330

[*This.* Asleep, my love!
What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead! A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

[*These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:*

Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.]

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore!
With shears bis thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword; 350
Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

And, farewell, friends;— [*Stabs herself.*

Thus Thisbe ends:—

Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

[*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

[*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

[*Bot.* [*Starting up*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will

¹ Shore, i.e. shorn.

it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company! 361

Tha. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 't is almost fairy time.¹ 371
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguild
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, 380
All with weary task fordone.²
[Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:]
And we fairies, that do run 390
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their Train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite 400

Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
[To the best bride-bed will we, 410
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious,³ such as are
Despised in nativity, 420
Shall upon their children be.]
With this field-dew consecrate,⁴
Every fairy take his gait;⁵
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.*]

Puck. If we shadows have offended, 430
Think but this, and all is mended,—
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream.
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
[And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unlearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,⁶ 440
We will make amends ere long;]
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*]

³ *Prodigious* = monstrous. ⁴ *Consecrate*, consecrated.

⁵ *Take his gait*, take his way.

⁶ *The serpent's tongue*, i.e. being hissed

¹ *Fairy time*, midnight. ² *Fordone*, overcome.

NOTES TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1 Line 1: *Now, fairies!* — OLYTA. — Shakespeare followed Chaucer, who himself introduced the Thesoida of Boccaccio, in making *Hippolyte* (properly Hippolytè), and not her sister Antiope, the wife of Theseus.

2 Line 4: *she lingers my desires.* — For the transitive use of this verb compare Richard II. ii. 2. 71, 72:

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Compare also Grim the Collier of Croydon, iii. 1:

I can no longer *linger* my disgrace.

—Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 447.

The *young man* would not succeed, presumably, to the property till the life interest of the *step-dame* or *dowager* ceased.

3 Line 6: *Long WITHERING OUT a young man's revenue.* — This expressive phrase Warburton sought to alter by substituting *wintering on*. For an instance of this phrase, compare Chapman's Homer's Iliad (book iv. line 528):

There the goodly plant lies *withering* out his grace.

—Works, vol. i. p. 100.

4 Line 10: *NEW-BENT in heaven.* — Qq. and Pf. read *Now-bent*.

5 Line 11: *Philstrate.* — This was the name assumed by Arcite in Chaucer's Knightes Tale (line 1430):

And *Philstrate* he sayde that height.

—Works, vol. i. p. 217.

6 Line 13: *Awake the PERT and nimble spirit of mirth.*

Pert formerly used in a good sense = "smart." It was probably connected with the French *appert*. Cotgrave gives *Godinet*, "Pretti, dapper, feat, *pert*;" and *Acounter* he explains: "To make jolly, *peart*, quaint, comely."

7 Line 15: *The pale COMPANION is not for our pomp.* — Dr. Grey (vol. i. p. 41) gives an anonymous conjecture: "I am apt to believe the author gave it, '*That pale companion*,' which has more force." If Theseus intends to personify *melancholy*, this conjecture seems most probable; but the meaning may be: "The pale melancholy fellow is not for our festivities." *Companion* appears often to have been used contemptuously, as we use *fellow*.

8 Line 19: *With pomp, with TRIUMPH.* — *Triumph* is explained by Schmidt as "a public festivity or exhibition of any kind, particularly a tournament." In this sense it occurs frequently. Compare Hl. Henry VI. v. 7. 43.

With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comic shows.

The title-page of Heywood's Londoni Speculum runs thus:

Londoni Speculum: or,
Londoni Mirror, Express in sundry Triumphs,
Pageants, and Showes, at the foundation of
the right Honourable Richard Feun, into
the Maiority of the Famous and
farre renowned City LONDON.

—Works, vol. iv. p. 301

9 Line 27: *This man hath WITCH'D the bosom of my child* — Qq. F. 1 read "*This man hath BEWITCH'D.*" F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 "*This hath BEWITCH'D.*" The reading in the text is Theobald's emendation. *Bosom* is used here as = heart, the seat of the affections. Compare A Lover's Complaint (line 254):

The broken *bosoms* that to me belong.

10 Line 32: *And stol'n the impression of her FANTASY* — Various explanations of this somewhat obscure line are given. The construction is certainly difficult; but it seems clearly to mean "And stealthily impressed her imagination;" but Schmidt explains *fantasy* here as meaning *love-thoughts*. Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 30, 31:

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy *fantasy*!

where, on examining the context, *fantasy* seems equivalent to "love." Indeed *fantasy* = fancy, which is often used for "liking."

11 Lines 44, 45:

Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

By a law of Solon's, parents had absolute power of life and death over their children, but Shakespeare here anticipates the great lawgiver's code. The second line is surely enough to justify the belief that Shakespeare was, for some time, in an attorney's office.

12 Line 51: *wanting your father's VOICE.* — i.e. your father's approval. Compare All's Well, ii. 3. 58-61:

this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use.

13 Line 71: *For aye to be in shady cloister MEW'D* — For the meaning of *mew* see Romeo and Juliet (note 136). *To mew* meant originally "to moult" (= French *muer*), and a *mew* was a place where hawks were kept while moulting. This sense of the word survives in *mews*, a stable, said to be so called from the Royal *mews*, which were originally the buildings where the Royal falcons were kept (see Pennant's London, p. 151).

14 Lines 76-78:

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withereth on the virgin thorn,
Grove, lives, and dies in single blessedness

Compare Sonnet liv. (lines 5-12):

The canker-blooms (*i.e.* dog-roses) have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show;
They live unwoo'd and unexspect'd fade,
Due to themselves.— Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

Walker gives a passage from Erasmus' Colloquies (Colloq. Proci et Puellæ): "Ego rosam existimo feliciorum, quæ marescit in hominis manu, delectatus interim et oculos et nares, quam quæ senescit in frutice."—Edm. 1683, p. 186. ("I think the rose happier, which withers in the hand of man, meanwhile delighting both eyes and nostrils, than that which grows old in the fruit.") The similarity of idea is certainly remarkable; it is possible Shakespeare may have been acquainted with the Colloquies of Erasmus, either in the original, or in some translation.

15. Line 80: *Ere I will yield my VIRGIN PATENT up*.—The Clarendon Press Ed. explain this phrase thus: "my privilege of virginity and the liberty that belongs to it." Compare Othello, iv. 1. 208, 209: "If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her *patent* to offend."

16. Line 81: *Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke*.—So Q₄ and F. 1; but F. 2 reads "to whose unwish'd yoke." For a similar omission of the preposition compare Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 93, 94:

That vulgar give boldst titles,

i.e. "give boldest titles" to.

17. Line 92: *Thy CRAZED title to my certain right*.—To *craze* meant originally "to break." Compare The Chanones Yemannes Tale:

I am right siker, that the pot was *crazed*.

—Book iii. line 1640.

Chapman uses the word in the sense of "broken," "damaged":

And Phobus to invade it, with his shield

Receiv'ing Hector's bruised and *crazed* pow'rs.

—Iliad, book xv. (argument).

18. Line 98: *I do ESTATE unto Demetrius*. This word, *estate*, is only used as a verb in Tempest, iv. 1. 85 (followed by *on*), and in the following passage, in As You Like It: "all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I *estate* upon you" (v. 2. 12, 13).

19. Line 110: *Upon this SPOTTED and inconstant man*.—Compare Richard II. (iii. 2. 133, 131):

terrible hell make war

Upon their *spotted* souls for this offence!

Compare also The Distracted Emperour (v. 3):

One that your *spotted* synns make odious.

—Bulfinch's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 251.

20. Line 113: *self-affairs*.—For similar compounds of *self*, compare *self-breath*, Troilus and Cressida (ii. 3. 182); *self-danger*, Cymbeline (iii. 4. 149).

21. Line 125: *our nuptial*.—The singular number is used intentionally by Shakespeare; only F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have *nuptials*. Compare Tempest, v. 1. 398:

Where I have hope to see the *nuptial*;

where F. 1 reads *nuptiall* and the later Folios *nuptials*.

22. Line 131: *BETWEEN them from the tempest of my eyes*.—Shakespeare only uses this word once elsewhere, namely, in Hamlet, i. 2. 140-142:

so loving to my mother,
That he might not *betwixt* the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

There it certainly means "permit," "allow." Various authors use it in various senses. Thus Golding, in his Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, uses it as "deign":

yet could he not *betwixt*

The shape of any other bird than eagle for to seeme.

Spenser uses it as "grant." See Fairy Queen, book ii. canto 8, st. 19:

So would I, said th' Enchanter, glad and faine
Betwixt to you this sword, you to defend.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 7.

23. Line 132: *AY ME! for aught that I could ever read*.—Q₄ read *Eigh me*; F. 1 omits the words altogether; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *Hee me*, which reading Hunter defends on the ground of its having "a point and pathos even beyond what the passage, as usually printed, possesses" (New Illustrations, vol. i. p. 288). Rolfe says: "Here as elsewhere many editors print *Ah me!* a phrase which Shakespeare nowhere uses" (Rolfe's Edm. p. 128). In Rom. and Jul. v. 1. 10, F. 1 and Q. 2 have, certainly, *Ah me!* and so, apparently, have all the other copies.

24. Line 136: *O cross! too high to be enthral'd to LOW*.—Q₄ and Ff. read "to LOVE;" the emendation is Theobald's.

25. Line 145: *in the COLLIED night*.—Grose in his Provincial Glossary gives "*Colley*, the black or soot from a kettle," as used in Gloucestershire. Compare Ben Jonson's Poetaster (iv. 3): "thou hast not *collid* thy face enough" (Works, vol. ii. p. 482).

26. Line 146: *That, in a SPLEEN, unfolds both Heaven and earth*.—*Spleen* means a sudden outburst of some passion, generally of rage or malice; but the *spleen* was supposed to be also the seat of laughter (see note 174, Love's Labour's Lost). Compare King John, ii. 1. 448, 449:

With swifter *spleen* than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open.

And, again, in same play, v. 7. 49, 50.

27. Lines 147, 148:

And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"

The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

Decidedly a reminiscence of the lines in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 119, 120:

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, "It lightens."

28. Line 151: *It stands as an EDICT in destiny*.—For the *edict* on *edict* compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 11:

Our late *edict* shall strongly stand in force.

29. Line 167: *To do observance to a morn of May*.—For this particular expression, *To do observance*, compare the following extract from Chaucer's "Knightes Tale" (lines 1499-1502):

And Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theseus the supier principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the mery day,
And for to don his *observance* to May, &c.,

A full account of the various customs, partly pagan, partly early-Christian, and partly traditional, formerly observed on the first of May, will be found in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (pp. 117, 118). The jovial and charitable Stubbles thus alludes to them: "Against May . . . all the young men and maidens, olde men and wiues, run gadding one night to the woods, groves, hills, & mountains, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes; & in the morning they return, bringing with them birch & branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall" (Stubbles' Anatomy of Abuses; New Slak. Soc. Publications, Series VI Nos. 4 and 6, p. 149). Some of the old customs yet survive, happily, in parts of the country; and the so-called "sweeps," who go about dressed up in our large towns on May-day, are the descendants, however unworthy, of the old May Morris-dancers.

30. Line 170: *By his best arrow with the golden head*.—Cupid was supposed to have two kinds of arrows: the one, tipped with gold, caused love; the other, tipped with lead, repelled love. See Ovid. *Metam.* (book i. lines 469-471):

fugit hoc, facit illo Amor;
 Quod fugit, aurum est, et conspile fulget auro;
 Quod fugit, obtusum est, et habet sub arumline plumbum.

So in *Twelfth Night* i. 1. 35-37:

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the black of all affections else
 That live in her.

Mr. Watkiss Lloyd (Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. xi. No. 271, p. 182) has a note on this passage, which is too long for quotation here; the gist of which is that he proposes to transpose lines 171, 172, holding that line 172 should follow line 170, because that refers to the *arrow with the golden head*.

31. Line 173: *the Carthage queen*.—Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*, ii. 2:

Now, a tear;
 And then thou art a piece expressing fully
 The Carthage queen.

—Works, vol. i. p. 9.

32. Line 182: *Demetrius loves your fair*.—Compare *Sonnet* xvi. (line 11):

Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,

33. Line 183: *Your eyes are lode-stars*.—All the poets, from Chaucer to Spenser, seem to use the word *lode-star* as a great compliment when applied to his mistress by a lover. Sir John Maundeville thus describes the *lode star*: "In that Land, we in many other becomde that, no man may see the Sterre transmontane, that is clept the Sterre of the See, that is unmevabe, and that is toward the North, that we clepen the *Lode Sterre*" (Maundeville's Travels, Balliwell's Edn. p. 189).

34. Line 191: *The rest I'd give to be to you* TRANSLATED. —Compare Coriolanus, ii. 3. 195-197:

so his gracious nature
 Would think upon you for your voices, and
 Translate his malice towards you into love.

35. Line 215: *Upon FAINT primrose-beds*. Does the epithet apply to the colour or to the odour of the primrose? I believe to the colour. *Pale* is Milton's epithet for the *primrose*; see his Song on May Morning:

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the *pale* primrose.

Shakespeare uses *pale* and *faint* together more than once. Compare King John, v. 7. 21:

I am the yfnet to this *pale faint* swan.

The *pale* colour of the *primrose* suggests the idea of paleness; the lighter coloured flowers look as if, in their struggle with the cold of early spring, they had grown weak and faint.

36. Line 216-219:

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel SWEET,
 There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
 And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and STRANGER COMPANIES.

In order to restore the rhyme Theobald altered the *sweet* of Qq. and Ft. in line 216, to *sweet*, and *strange companions*, in line 219, to *stranger companies*. Nearly all editors adopt this emendation.

37. Line 226: *other some*.—Written as one word in Qq. and F. 1. It means others. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 193, 194: "Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; *other some*, he is in Rome."

38. Line 231: *ADMIRING of his qualities*.—This would now be a vulgarism; but Shakespeare uses *of*, not unfrequently, after the participle, e.g. Lear, ii. 1. 41: "Mumbling of wicked charms."

39. Line 249: *If I have thanks, it is a dear expense*.—Stevens explains: "it will cost him much, (be a severe constraint on his feelings,) to make even so slight a return for my communication" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 191).

ACT I. SCENE 2.

40. Line 2.—*Bottom*, no doubt, was so called by Shakespeare from a "*bottom of thread*." Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 138: "beat me to death with a *bottom* of brown thread." Compare also The Martyr's Souldier (i. 1):

and the good Fates,
 For ought we see, may windle upon your *bottom*
 A thread of excellent length.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 175.

41. Line 3: *according to the scrip*.—The word *scrip* here does not mean a bag or wallet, as it does in the well-known passage in the Gospel of St. Luke xii. 35: "When I sent you without purse, and *scrip*, and shoes, lacked ye anything?" The word in the text is written variously *script*, *serit*, *serite*, *seripe*, and is derived from the Latin *scriptum* through the French *escript* or *eserit*. For an example of its use in the sense merely of a written document see Holland's *Pliny*, book vii. chap. xxv. p. 168 (speaking of Julius Caesar): "But herein appeared his true haughtiness of mind indeed, and that unmatchable spirit of his, That when upon the battell at Pharsalia, as well the ensifers and caskets with letters & other writings of Pompey, as also those of *Scipios* before Thapsus, came into his hands, he was most true unto them, & burnt al, without reading one *script* or scroll."

42. Line 4: *Here is the scroll*.—The close occurrence of this word after *scrip* seems to point to the fact, that Shake-

speare had in his mind the passage quoted above from Holland's *Phly*. *Scroll* means generally any paper rolled up; but more especially a schedule or list. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 2. 201, 202: "Do you set down your name in the *scroll* of youth," &c.

43 Line 10: *and so grow to a point*.—So Qq.; F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read: "grow on to a point;" F. 4 "grow on to *ap-point*." There is no need for altering the text of the Quartos. Compare Peele, *Arraignment of Paris*, ii. 1: "Our reasons will be infinite, I know,
Unless unto some other *point* we grow."

—Works, p. 37.

44 Lines 11–13: *The most lamentable comedy, &c.*—Compare the title-page of Cambyzes (Dodsley, vol. iv.): "A lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambyzes King of Persia, from the beginning of his kingdom unto his death." By Thomas Preston. "Imprinted" by John Alde, u. d. It was licensed to John Alde in 1549–50—republished about 1585.) In his *Memoranda on A Midsummer Night's Dream* (pp. 25, 26) Mr. Halliwell-Phillips says: "The story of Pyramus and Thisbe was very familiar to an Elizabethan audience, not merely in translations of Ovid, but as having been told in prose and verse by numerous English writers of the sixteenth century. It is related in the *Boke of the Cyté of Ladies*, 4to, 1521; and in a very rare poetical work, *La Comusance d'Amours*, printed by Pynson. William Griffith, in 1562–3, obtained a 'license for pryncing of a booke intituled *Pyramus and Thisbe*,' published in quarto for T. Hackett. The history of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, 'truly translated,' is given in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, and in *A Handefull of Pleasant Delities* by Clement Robinson, 1584, there is 'a new sonnet of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.' Dunston Gale, in 1596, wrote a poem called *Pyramus and Thisbe*, the earliest known printed edition of which appeared in 1617. There is no allusion in it to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The story is also told in the *Silkwormes and their Flies*, by T. M. 4to. Lond. 1599, in verse; in *Topsell's Historie of Four-footed Beasts*, 1607, p. 472; and it would appear from a passage in *Gayton's Notes upon Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 16, that there was an old popular chap-book history of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, it being mentioned in company with the *Unfortunate Lover* and *Argalus and Parthenia*."

45 Lines 14, 15: *A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry*.—Compare the title-page of Skelton's "Mag-uyffence, A goodly interlude and a merry denyssed and made by mayster Skelton poete laureate late deceasyd," n. d. (probably printed in 1529 or 1530).

46 Line 18: *Answer as I call you*.—Stamton suggested that Shakespeare may have been "referring to the plays and pageants exhibited by the trading companies of Coventry, which were celebrated down to his own time, and which he might very probably have witnessed. The last of these performances recorded in the list which the late Mr. Thomas Sharpe published from the City Leet-books, took place in 1591." . . . "the combination of trades which played together was often remarkably like that of the operatives of Athens in this drama." . . . "In 1492 'it is ordeyned that the Chamdelers and Cookes of

this Cite shall be contributory to the Smythes of this Cite;' and in subsequent years Bakers were added to the Smiths, the Barbers to the Grocers, and the Shoemakers to the Tanners."

47 Lines 29, 30: *I will condole in some measure*.—We do not now use the verb to *condole* absolutely = "to lament," as it is used here. There is no need to say that "Bottom of course blunders;" because this use of *condole* was far from unusual. Compare *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 783 (quoted in *Richardson's Diet.*):

That she (Mylomene) her sweet pathetike voice may frame
In doleful dittie to condole the same.

Compare also the use of the substantive *condolement* by Shakespeare:

but to persevere
In obstinate conceitment is a course
Of impious stubbornness. — Hamlet, i. 2. 92–94

48. Lines 31, 32: *I could play Fables rarely, or a part to TEAR A CAT IN*.—There is an old play of *Hercules*, in two parts, by Martin Slaughter, which is mentioned in *Henslowe's Diary*, first on 7th May, 1595, again on 20th, 23d, and 28th of that month; and on 16th May, 1598, £7 was apparently paid to Martin Slaughter for five books including two parts of *Hercules*. In *Greene's Groats Worth of Wit* (New Shak. Soc. Shakespeare Allusion Books, Series iv. No. 1 p. 23) there is apparently an allusion to this play: "The twelue labours of *Hercules* have I terribly thundred on the stage." Day's *He of Gulls* commences with a scene between Three Gentlemen and the *Prologue* (i. e. the actor who speaks the prologue), in the course of which occurs the following dialogue:

[*Third Gentleman*.] . . . no, give mee a stately pend historie, as this: *The rugged windes with rude and ragged ruffes, &c.*
[*Second Gentleman*.] He apout, meece Fastian! I had rather heare two good handle iests then a whole play of such *teare-cat* thunder-claps.

[Works, p. 6 of play.]

And in *Histrion-Mastix* (act v.):

Sirrah, is this you would rend and *tear the cat*
Upon a stage, and now march like a drownd't d. d.
Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 73.

49 Line 32: *to make all split*.—Originally a nautical expression. Rolfe quotes from Taylor, the Water Poet's works: "Some ships beare so great a sayle, that they beare their masts by the boord and make *all split againe*." Compare *Greene's Never Too Late*: "as the Mariners say, a man would have thought *al would have split againe*" (First part, sig. a 3, edn. 1631). For its use in a figurative sense, compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, ii. 3: "Two roaring boys of Rome, that *made all split*" (Works, vol. i p. 87).

50 Lines 33–40.—Printed as prose in Qq. and Ff. and with the punctuation confused. Stamton is right, most probably, in supposing that they were so printed, purposely to indicate that Bottom ignored all sense and rhythm; but we have printed them as verse, following nearly all the editors, and Charles Kean's acting version. Whether the verses are an actual quotation, or a burlesque of some portion of a play then well known, is doubtful.

51 Line 44: *the bellows-blower*.—Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, thus describes a bellows-

Synthes of this
are added to the
the Shoemakers

e measure.—We
lightly = "to be
need to say that
this use of *con-*
rion for Magis-
(L.):
e may frame

caudament by

ever

use

lambert, i. 2, 92-94

paraph, or a part

y of Hercules, in

is mentioned in

again on 20th,

th May, 1598, £7

er for five books

Greene's Groat's

the Allusion Books,

ly an allusion to

we have 1 terribly

ulls commences

and the Prologue

in the course of

ely pend historie, as

uffer, &c.

at I had rather hear

ch far-out thunder-

orks (p. 6 of play)

he cat

w'd rot,

spere, vol. ii. p. 72.

ally a nautical ex-

the Water Poet's

sayle, that they

all split againe,"

as the Mariners

would have split

For its use in a

Fletcher's Scorne,

me, that made all

mender: "he is a *bellows-mender*, allowed, who hath the looking to all of their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs, keeps them in breath, during pleasure" (Works, vol. viii. p. 47). Steevens says he was one who had the care of organs, regals, &c.

52. Lines 51, 52: *you shall play it in a MASK, and you may SPEAK as SMALL as you will.*—It appears to have been the custom on the stage, when all the female characters were played by men, for any man who had an uncompromisingly male physiognomy, if cast for a woman's part, to play it in a mask. As women wore masks in society more frequently than they do now—the masks nowadays being either moral ones, or composed of superficial cosmetics—there was nothing unusual in this. *To speak small* was to speak in a treble voice. Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 49: "She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman."

53. Line 55: "*Thisue, Thisue*,"—Printed in Qq. and Ff. in italics, as if it were a proper name, a mistake for *Thise*; but the Clarendon Press Edit. are probably right in their conjecture that *Thisue* = *thously*. *Thisue* is a common word in Northern dialects for "in this manner."

54. Lines 65, 66: *You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisue's father.*—Neither of these characters appears in the Interlude as acted before Theseus. Quince plays the Prologue, and Snout plays *Wall*. Mr. Furnivall suggests that this alteration "was due to Quince's second thoughts and Bottom's suggestion at the rehearsal, iii. 1. 60-73" (New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877-79, Series I. No. 7, p. 428).

55. Line 72: *Let me play the lion too.*—This touch is a masterly piece of characterization. In making Bottom anxious to play nearly every part of the cast, Shakespeare was not satirizing professional actors so much as the rude and vulgar amateurs, who represented the characters in the Interludes and Entertainments which were performed at village festivals, or in the homes of the nobility.

56. Lines 74, 75: *I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."*—Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, in his Memoranda on A Midsummer's Night's Dream (p. 11), gives an extract from Tate's farce of Cuckold's Haven, or an Alderman no Conjuror, 1685: "Sec. . . . Then there's the Lion, Wall and Moonshine, three heroic parts; I play'd 'em all at school. I roar'd out the Lion so terribly that the company call'd out to me to roar again."

57. Line 84: *I will AGGRAVATE my voice so.*—Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 176, where Mrs. Quickly says: "I beseech you now, aggravate your choler," meaning, of course, exactly the opposite, viz. *moderate*.

58. Line 96: *orange-tawny.*—Used below, iii. 1. 129: With *orange-tawny* bill, referring to the bill of the cock blackbird. Compare Trial of Chevalry, i. 3: "he wears a white Searfe in his hat and an *Orange tawny* feather upon his arme" (Bulwer's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 278).

59. Lines 96, 97: *your PURPLE-IN-GRAIN beard.*—This

colour was apparently a kind of scarlet. Cotgrave gives under *au grain*, "Scarlet, or *Purple in grain*." It may be noted that all the colours mentioned by Bottom, are light colours, yellow, or red. *Red* beards appear to have been fashionable; and it was the custom for men to dye their beards as women did their hair. Compare Ram Alley (1611), l. 1:

Tof. . . . What colour'd beard comes next by the window?

Adri. A black, madam, I think.

Tof. I think not so;

I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion,

—Dodsley, vol. x. p. 278.

Possibly the *red* beard was adopted as the fashionable colour, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, whose hair was *red*.

60. Line 97: *French-crown colour.*—Ff. have *colours'd*. It means a bright golden yellow, the colour of a French gold crown piece. There is a double meaning in *French-crown*, of which Quince takes advantage.

61. Line 111: *OBSCENELY and outrageously.*—The sense given to *obscurely* in the footnote is probably the one intended, though the words, *obscurely*, *obscurely*, are not very similar in sound. In Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 145, Costard seems to use the word by a blunder for *seculy*:

When it comes so smoothly off, so *obscurely*, as it were, so fit.

Possibly Bottom also meant to say *seculy*.

62. Line 114: *hold, or cut bow-strings.* This phrase, apparently a proverbial one, has not, apparently, been found in any other author. Capell's explanation is the one generally adopted: "When a party was made at duets, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase: the sense of the person using them being, that he would 'hold,' or keep promise, or they might 'cut his bowstrings,' demolish him for an archer." The only passage which seems to contain a similar expression is in The Ball (comedy by Chapman and Shirley, 4to. 1639):

Scutilla. . . . have you devices

To jere the rews?

Lucia. All the regiment on 'em, or He break my bowstrings.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

63. Lines 3-5:

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

O'er park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

Johnson quotes from Drayton's Nymphidia, or Court of Fairies, a passage clearly imitated from this:

Thorough brake, thorough brier,

Thorough muck, thorough mire,

Thorough water, thorough fire.

There is also a slight resemblance in the Ballad of Robin Goodfellow given in Percy's Reliques, series iii. book ii. p. 499. *Thorough* is the reading of Q. 1: Q. 2 and Ff. read *through*; the metre requires the former.

64. Line 7: *Swifter than the moon's sphere.*—Qq. and Ff. read *moon's*; but the genitive *moones* is necessary for the metre, unless we adopt Steevens' conjecture *moony*. Compare note 191, Love's Labour's Lost. A most interesting paper, on this passage, by Mr. Furnivall will be found in New Shak. Soc. Transactions, 1877-79, pp.

431-450. The expression in our text is unintelligible to our modern notions of astronomy; for we know that the moon moves, and not her sphere; but, in Shakespeare's time, astronomers divided the heavens into a number of spheres revolving round the Earth as a fixed centre. Mr. Fournival thus describes the system: "The Earth (with four crescents or eccentrics circling it) is the centre. Round it are a hollow spheres, of the 7 Planets (1-7), the Fixt Stars or Firmament (8), and the *Primum Mobile* (9):

1. The Moon	4. The Sun	7. Saturn
2. Mercury	5. Mars	8. The Fixt Stars
3. Venus	6. Jupiter	9. Primum Mobile

and in or on each of the seven lower spheres was a planet fixt, and was whirled by that sphere right round the earth in 24 hours, the driving power being the *primum mobile*." Marlowe (See Doctor Faustus, ii. 2 (Works, p. 115)) allows only nine spheres, while Milton (Par. Lost, iii. 181-183) has ten. Professor Masson in his edition (vol. i. p. 35) gives a full account of that system of the universe.

65 Line 9: *To dew her who upon the green* i.e. to keep fresh the "fairy rings," as those green circles, found on hillsides and in meadows, were called. They were of two kinds: one, a green circle surrounded by a bare circumference; but these were formed by the bad fairies. Titania and her subjects were responsible for those bright green circles which we may see, even nowadays, where there is any stretch of grass land. They are said to be caused by some fungus that grows in a circle, and, dying down, makes the grass come up richer and greener than that on either side of it. I have examined many of these fairy rings, but never could find any trace of the fungus.

66. Line 10: *The cowslips tall her pensioners be*.—Queen Elizabeth had a body of pensioners which corresponded to our Queen's gentlemen-at-arms. They were a body chosen from young men of rank, and selected for their physical rather than their intellectual advantages.

67. Line 13: *In those FRECKLES live their snarls*.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 49:

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover.

Shakespeare evidently loved the cowslip as nearly all children and poets do—and had observed the spots inside the modest bells. Compare Cymbeline, ii. 2. 37-39, where Iachimo, in describing the marks on Imogen's bosom, notes:

On her left breast
A mole *couque spotted*, like the crimson drops
T' the bottom of a cowslip.

68. Line 15: *And hating a pearl in every cowslip's ear*.—This line was imitated in the anonymous play called The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll (iii. 5), printed in 1600, but acted some time before that:

When the light Fairies daunt upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leafe an orient *pearle*.
—Bulwer's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 136.

The resemblance can hardly be accidental.

69. Line 16: *Farewell, thou lob of spirits*.—*Lob* is a singular term applied to Puck. I am inclined to suspect some corruption in the text; for *lob* is given as synonymous with *bebeok*—"a clumsy stupid fellow;" and

certainly Puck was neither. The Fairy may mean the word in the sense of "urchin," "mischievous lad;" or she may use it as a term of contempt, Puck being of more clumsy make than the other Fairies, and being looked down upon by the Queen Titania's attendants as a clownish fellow. In Grim the Collier of Croydon, Robin Goodfellow uses this word (iv. 1):

Well, here in Croydon will I first begin

To frolic it among the country *lobbs*.

—Dodsley, vol. viii. p. 424.

In all the passages but one, in which I have found the word, it evidently means a country *lob*. In Peele's Old Wives' Tale it seems used as a term of contempt, in the following passage, "*Lob* be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny" (Works, p. 455).

70. Line 23: *She never had so sweet a CHANGELING*.—The superstition about fairies and elves stealing children seems to have been widely distributed in all European countries; but in the Scandinavian and the Scottish fairy mythology it was an article of belief, which survived up to a comparatively recent period. The child was stolen before baptism; and an elf of hideous wizenized appearance, and a malignant disposition, put in its place. If anyone had the courage to put the elf-child on the fire, previously shutting up all outlets such as doors, windows, and even the chimney, the fairies would come to the rescue of their burning brat; and, if called on in God's name, restore the stolen child (see Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. pp. 325, 326). In the German folklore it is generally the devil who seeks to buy, or to obtain children. *Changeling* is used here in its first sense of "a child changed for another;" it is generally applied to the substituted fairy-child, but here it is used of the stolen human child.

71. Line 25: *to TRACE the forests wild*.—Compare Milton's Comus (lines 422, 423):

And, like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd hearths.

Spenser uses *trace* as equivalent to "travel." See Fairy Queen, book iv. c. viii. st. 34:

How all the way the Prince on footpace *trac'd*.

Chaucer uses the noun *trace*—a path; (Canterbury Tales, Prologue, line 176):

And held after the newe world the *trace*

72. Line 30: *But they do square*.—Sherwood (1650) gives "*To square* (or disagree) *Desacorder, riuter*." Richardson explains it: "to set out broadly, in a position or attitude of offence or defence, (*se quarrer*), of defiance," still used in French—to strut, look bold. Richardson quotes: "And when he gave me the bishopric of Winchester, he said he had often *squared* with me, but he loved me never the worse" (State Trials, Gardiner, 5 Edw. VI. an. 1551). We still use, colloquially, the expression "to *square* up to a man," especially in boxing.

73. Line 35: *the maidens of the VILLAGERY*.—Q. 1 has *villageres*: Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 *villagres*; F. 4 *villagres*. It is the only instance known of the word's occurrence. It is generally held to mean, as Johnson defines it, "a district of villages," or simply "a village and its outlying houses."

74. Lines 40, 41:

*Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.*

This seems to refer to the superstition, which forms the groundwork of many fairy and folk-lore stories, that elves *do their work* for those whom they favour. Even the more important elves seem to have been industrious. *Puck* seems originally to have meant a fiend or devil; so that the epithet *sweet* was a great compliment.

75. Line 42: *I AM, thou speak'st aright*.—I had inserted the words *I am* before seeing Dr. Johnson's note in the Variorum Edn. The line is very incomplete without some such words being inserted.

76. Line 17: *a gossip's bowl*.—Originally a christening cup; *gossip* meant primarily nothing more than a godfather or godmother; being derived from *god-sib* (relationship). In the Roman Catholic Church when the banns are read out in church, among the impediments mentioned is "spiritual relationship," or the relationship between a godchild and its sponsors. As christenings were made occasions for social gatherings and friendly chats, *gossips* came to mean people, either men or women, but more especially the latter, who met together to talk about the local news, &c. So in French *connaissance* has come to mean "trivial or idle talk," "gossip," from *con-metre*, godmother; which, as French says (English Past and Present, pp. 204, 205, 4th edn.), "has run through exactly the same stages as its English equivalent."

77. Line 50: *her withered DEW-LAP*.—Qq. and Ff. have *develap*; properly used only of cattle, meaning the loose skin which hangs from their throats, and "which laps or licks the dew in grazing" (Imperial Diet). Thesens describes his hounds (iv. 1, 127):

Crook-kneel'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian hinds.

78. Line 51: *The wisest AUNT*.—*Aunt* is not here used, as it is frequently in the old comedies, in a bad sense—a bawd. Mr. Grant White says that, in New England villages, good-natured old people are still called "aunt" and "uncle" by the whole community. Among the negroes in the Southern states the words are commonly so used, as everyone will remember who has made the acquaintance of the immortal "Uncle Remus" and "Aunt Dinah." Occasionally in England, one hears the word "aunt" applied to some old lady, a great friend of the family but no relation.

79. Lines 54, 55:

*And "TAILOR" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and LOFFE.*

This is a very vivid description. Johnson says: "The custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board" (Var. Edn. vol. v, p. 208). This explanation must be taken for what it is worth; and no commentator gives any other. I have not been able to find any mention of such a custom elsewhere. Perhaps Halliwell is right in thinking the expression "one of contempt, equivalent to *thief*;" he quotes Pasquil's Night-Cap (1612):

VOL. II.

Thieving is now an occupation made,

Though men the name of *Tailor* doe it give.

Qq. and Ff. have *effe* and *loffe* at the end of these lines. The pronunciation of *loffe* seems always to have been very uncertain. Compare Marston's Parasitaster or The Fawne (act iv.): "another has vow'd to get the consumption of the lungues, or to leve to posteritie the true orthography and pronunciation of *laughing* (Works, vol. ii. p. 71).

80. Line 56: *And WAXEN in their mirth*.—Farmer conjectured *goxen* or *gecen*—"to hiccup;" but no change is necessary; *waxen* is the old plural, and makes very good sense.

81. Line 58: *But, room, room, fairy!*—Qq. and Ff. *But room, fairy*, making a very awkward and defective line. Johnson would read *fairy* as a trisyllable, but that does not improve matters. We have preferred to repeat the word *room* as being the most probable and the simplest emendation. *Room* is only used elliptically in four other passages; three times in Julius Caesar (iii. 2, 170-172, and v. 4, 16); and once in Love's Labour's Lost (v. 2, 703), "*Room for the licensed worthies!*" Compare the Disobedient Child:

Room, I say; room, let me be gone.

—Doubtless, vol. ii. p. 289.

82. Line 60.—*Oberon*, more properly *Auberon*, said to be derived from "*L'auhe du jour*" (see Drake, vol. ii. p. 337, note). *Titania* was a name given to Diana by Ovid (Metamorphoses, iii. 173) as sister of Sol, the sun. For the source whence Shakespeare took the name *Titania*, see Introduction (p. 422).

83. Lines 66-68.—Shakespeare does not seem to have had any legendary authority for Oberon's flirtations. Do not these lines rather militate against the idea of Oberon and Titania being such very diminutive people? Could a mamikin hope to impress the amorous *Philida*? Again, Oberon's retort on Titania seems to imply that she was capable of inspiring a passion in that prototype of all Don Juans, Thesens. Perhaps these fairies were supposed to possess the power of assuming the human shape and size; or, what is more likely, to Shakespeare they were so entirely creatures of the imagination that they never assumed to his mind's eye any concrete form.

84. Line 69: *the farthest STEEP of India*.—Q 1 reads *steppe*; Q 2 and Ff. all read *steep*. *Steppe* certainly seems to be a blunder of Q 1. What did Shakespeare know of *steppes*, and why should *India* represent to him nothing but the plains of Central Asia? Surely to Shakespeare, as to Milton, *India* was the land of mountains more than of plains. The *Inde* of Maundeville, like the *India* of the Greeks and Romans, included all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. *Steppe* never occurs in Shakespeare, nor in any contemporary writer; indeed it is doubtful if the word were known at that time. Yet some editors retain this word, simply because it is found in the first quarto, in face of the fact that *sleep* in iii. 2, 85 is printed *slippe*. Compare Milton's Comus, lines 138-140:

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,

85 Line 75: *GLANCE at my credit*.—Compare Julius Caesar, I. 2. 323, 324:

wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at.

86. Line 78: *From PERIGENIA, whom he RAVISHED*.—Shakespeare doubtless got this name, as well as those in the two following lines, from North's Plutarch, where this young woman is called *Perigotina*. She was the daughter of Stimla. She fled from Theseus into a grove of rushes and "wild Sperage" (asparagus), entreating them to hide her. She afterwards bore to Theseus a son, called Menalippus (see North's Plutarch, edn 1674, p. 4). *Ravished* in P. 1 is printed *ravish'd*; but it is better to retain the final *ed* here, for the sake of the metre.

87. Line 79: *fair EGLES*.—Q1 and F1 have *Egless*. In North's Plutarch it is *Egless*: "And they blame him much also, for that he so lightly forsook his Wife *Ariadne*, for the love of *Egless* the Daughter of Panopæus" (Edn, 1674, p. 12).

88. Line 82: *the middle summer's spring*—i.e. the commencement of midsummer, "when trees put forth their second, or, as they are frequently called, their *midsummer* shoots" (Heuley, Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 211).

89. Line 81: *By PAVED FOUNTAIN or by rusky brook*.—The Clarendon Press Ed. say that *paved fountain* here means: "a fountain with pebbly bottom; not artificially paved, for a fountain of this kind would scarcely be frequented by fairies." But were not springs, in retired spots, often *paved* with small bricks in order to prevent the water soaking away?

90. Line 85: *Or in the BEACHED MARGENT of the sea*.—Compare Timon of Athens, v. 1. 219:

Upon the *beached* verge of the salt flood.

Beached means "formed by a beach," "consisting of a beach." Milton uses the form *margin* in Comus, line 232:

By slow Meander's *margin* green.

Compare Rom. and Jul. I. 3. 85, 86:

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the *margin* of his eyes.

1. Lines 89, 90:

As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs.

Compare Lear, ii. 4. 168, 169:

Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun.

92 Lines 94, 95:

and the green corn
Hath cutt'd ere his youth attain'd a BEARD.

Compare Sonnet XII. 7, 8:

And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly *beard*.

93. Lines 98, 99:

The *nine men's morris* is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green.

Nine men's morris, or *merelles*, also called *fivepenny morris*, is a game thus described by Cotgrave: "The boyish game called *Meris*, or *five-penny Morris*; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawns,

or men made of purpose, and leamed *Merelles*." A full description of this game will be found in Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, book iv. chap. II. pp. 317, 318. The board consisted of three concentric squares, each square having nine places or dots for the men, one at each corner, and one in the middle of each side. Lines connected the three corresponding holes in each square. "The manner of playing is briefly this: two persons, having each of them nine pieces, or men, lay them down alternately, one by one, upon the spots; and the business of either party is to prevent his antagonist from placing three of his pieces so as to form a row of three, without the intervention of an opponent piece." . . . "The rusties, when they have not materials at hand to make a table, cut the lines in the same form upon the ground, and make a small hole for every dot. They then collect . . . stones of different forms or colours for the pieces, and play the game by depositing them in the holes in the same manner that they are set over the dots upon the table." In a note given in the Var. Ed. (vol. v. p. 213) James says: "These figures are by the country people called *Nine Men's Morris*, or *Meris*; and are so called because each party has nine men. These figures are always cut upon the green turf or leys, as they are called, or upon the grass at the end of ploughed lands, and in rainy seasons never fail to be *clunked up with mud*." The game is still played in some parts of the country. Douce says, on the authority of Dr. Hyde, that the game was "likewise called *nine-penny*, or *nine-pin miracle*, *three-penny morris*, *five-penny morris*, *nine-penny morris*, or *three-pin*, *five-pin* and *nine-pin morris*, all corruptions of *three-pin*, &c. *merels*." Hyde Hist. Nerdilundii, p. 202" (Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 114).

The *quaint mazes*, Steevens says, "alludes to a sport still followed by boys; i.e. what is now called *running the figure of eight*" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 214). The Clarendon Press Ed. (p. 91) quote: "But I have seen very much more complicated figures upon village greens, and such as might strictly be called mazes or labyrinths. On St. Catherine's Hill, Winchester, 'near the top of it, on the north-east side, is the form of a labyrinth, impressed upon the turf, which is always kept entire by the consoling of the sportive youth through its meanderings' (Milner, History of Winchester, ii. 155)."

94. Line 101: *The HUMAN MORTALS want their winter HERE*.—The expression, *human mortals*, has given rise to an interesting inquiry as to whether Oberon and Titania, and all their fairy subjects, were supposed to be immortal or not. Some commentators have thought that the qualification of *mortals* by the adjective *human* implies that Titania distinguished herself to a race of mortals; that is to say, beings subject to death, and so she distinguished men and women by calling them *human mortals*; but in line 135 below, in speaking of her friend the mother of the changeling boy, she says:

But she, *being mortal*, of that boy did die.

This would certainly seem to imply that Titania held herself to be immortal. That some fairies were held to be mortal is clear from the well-known story, given in the Fairy Tales of All Nations, in which the fairy king is murdered by a band of conspirators, the scene of the murder

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having been beautifully illustrated by the late Richard Hoyle. In the Quip-Molest, by Ritson (1788), there is a long note on this subject, in the course of which he maintains, quite rightly, that Shakespeare's fairies were immortal; and he says (page 12) that the fairies of Shakespeare and the common people are immortal, and were never esteemed otherwise. That this was certainly not the case as regards the Scottish fairies, is proved by an extract from Craik's essay on fairies given by Drake, vol. ii. p. 338.

Instead of *later* HERE, Theobald, followed by Hammer and Mason, proposed to read *winter* HERE. Malone says *their winter* "may mean those sports with which country people are wont to beguile a winter's evening, at the season of Christmas."

95 Line 104: *PALE in her anger, washes all the air.*—Compare Rom. and Jul. ii. 2, 4, 5:

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief.

In Hamlet, I. i. 118, the moon is called "the moist star." Every one must have seen the moon when she is pale-coloured and blurred with a faintly luminous mist, in which state she is generally called by country people "a wet moon." This appearance of the moon is one of the most unfailing precursors of rainy weather.

96 Line 105: *That RHEUMATIC DISEASES do abound.*—Malone says: "*Rheumatic diseases* signified in Shakespeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c." (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 216). In Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History, book xix. chap. xxiii. par. C. we find: "And these are supposed to be singular for those fluxes and catarrhes which take a course to the belly and breed fluxes, called by the Greeks *Rheumatismus*;" and the phrase occurs several times "fluxes of humours which the Greeks call *Rheumatismus*."

97 Line 106: *And thorough this DISTEMPERATURE see*—Steevens refers *distemperature* to the disturbance of the elements; but Malone, and most commentators, explain it as in our foot-note. Compare Pericles, v. 1. 27:

Upon what ground is his *distemperature*?

where it means disturbance of mind from grief. In the Dumfries Knight (1698), i. 1, the word is used in the sense of mental agitation caused by love:

But I am now resolv'd, and this sad hour
Shall give an end to my *distemperature*.

—Doddley, vol. x. p. 116.

In I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 28-35 Shakespeare seems to use it figuratively—in diseased state of the earth:

oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,
At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this *distemperature*,
In passion shook.

So that Steevens may be right after all; but the context of the whole speech seems to show that Titania refers all the unusual and disagreeable phenomena to the dissensions between her and Oberon.

98 Line 109: *And on old Hiems' THIN and icy crown.*—Qq and Ff read (substantially) *skin*. They conjectured

chill; but Tyrwhitt's emendation *thin* is usually adopted by all editors. For a similar use of *thin* compare Richard II. iii. 2. 112, 113:

White-beards have arid their *thin* and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty.

But the strongest argument in favour of *thin* is that you could not well hang a chaplet on a man's *skin* or beard.

99. Line 112: *The CHILDRING autumn.*—Pope substituted *chiding*; but the text is right. Compare Heywood's Golden Age, iii. 1:

I *chided* in a cave remote and silent.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 44.

Holt White says: "*Chidding* is an old term in botany, when a small flower grows out of a large one: 'the *chidding* autumn,' therefore means the autumn which unseasonably produces flowers on those of Summer. Florists have also a *chidding* daisy, and a *chidding* seabianth." (See Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 220).

100 Line 114: *By their INCREASE.*—Compare Sonnet xevii. lines 6, 7:

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime.

101. Line 121: *To be my HENCHMAN.*—The derivation of this word is uncertain. Skeet explains it as from A. Sax. *hengest*, a horse, and *man*. The derivation from *hantch* and *man*, because the pages stood by their lord's *hantch*, or side, is ridiculously fanciful. Sherwood explains "*A henchjoyn, or hench-boy.*" Page d'honneur; *qui marche devant quelque Seigneur de grand autorité.*"

102. Line 123: *retress.*—In Qq. and Ff. printed *rotresse* both here and below (line 162). We have retained this form of the word, as it suits the metre best, in preference to the later form *rotaves* usually printed by modern editors.

103. Line 127: *th' EMBARKED traders to THE FLOOD.*—For this position of the participle compare Thion of Athens, iv. 2. 13:

A dedicated beggar to the air.

Shakespeare uses *the flood* = the sea, in Merchant of Venice, I. 1. 10:

Like signors and rich burghers on *the flood*.

104. Line 129: *And grow big-bellied with the WASTON WIND.*—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 15, 16:

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hing'd and embraced by the *strumpet wind*.

105. Line 138: *How long within this wood intend you STAY?*—i.e. to *stay*. For the omission of the *to* before the Infinitive, compare Lear iv. 5. 35:

I pray, *desire her* call her wisdom to her.

106. Line 140: *dance in our BOY'S.*—A *round* was what we call a country-dance, in which all took hands in one figure at least, and danced in a circle. *Sellenger's Round*, or *St. Leger's Round*, was a favourite country-dance. Compare Spenser's Faery Queen, book I. c. vi. st. 7:

A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a *round*.

107. Line 144: *Not for thy kingdom. Fairies, away!*—Qq and Ff read: *Not for thy fairy kingdom.* Steevens

proposed to omit *fairy*, which is redundant and spoils the metre. Pope substituted *Elves* for *Fairies*, which is a very plausible emendation, except that there is no other instance in the play of Oberon or Titania addressing their attendant subjects as *elves*; though Titania alludes to them as such. With regard to *Fairies* being pronounced as a tri-syllable, it is in 1. 2. 1 as *The Fairy land*, &c.

108. Line 146: *she . . . from this grove.*—For a
elliptical *us* compare *land*, 1. 2. 821:
"If *his* *the* *us*, *h* your heard."

109. Line 150: *And hear . . . mermaid on a dolphin's back.* Warburton's rhapsody on this passage is well known, in which he identifies Mary Queen of Scots with the mermaid. The beautiful passage below (lines 157–163) undoubtedly refers to Queen Elizabeth; but the mermaid and *delphon* were probably a recollection of the entertainment given at Kenilworth in 1575, which Lancham thus describes in his letter to "his good friend, Master Humphrey Mart": "At this fete the display of fireworks was grand, . . . of stars comenent, streams and hail of fiery sparks" (p. 17); then there was *The Lady of the Lake* "with her two Nymphs floating upon her moveable Islands, Triton, on his mermaid skimming by;" and *Arion* "riding aloft upon his old friend the dolphin," &c. "began a delectable ditty of a song well fitted to a melodious noise," &c. (pp. 45, 46, Reprint, 1821).

110. Line 151: *harmonious BREATH.*—For the use of *breath*, as the singing voice, compare *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 20, 22: "I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a *breath* to sing, as the fool has."

111. Lines 160–168:

*It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it LOVE-IN-ILLENES.*

The pansy or heart's ease seems to have been called by many names. Gerard, in his *Herbal* (edn. 1577, p. 785), says it is called "In English Harts ease, Pansies, *Live in Illness*, call me to you, and three faces in a hood." The name *Love-in-Illness* seems to have been a corruption of *Live-in-Illness*. The idea of its being *purple with love's wound* seems to be Shakespeare's invention. Milton, in *Lycidas* (line 141), describes it as "the pansy freak'd with jet." Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 155, 156:

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of *love in illness*.

112. Line 175: *I'll put a girdle round about the earth.*—This seems to have been a common expression. It occurs in Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* (i. 1):

And as great Seamen vsing their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep imissible pathes,
In tall ships richly built and rid with brasse,
To put a girdle round about the world.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 6.

113. Line 190: *The one I'll SLAY, the other SLAYETH me.*—Qq. and Ff. read *stay* and *stayeth*. The emendation is a conjecture of Dr. Thirlby's, adopted by Theobald, and by nearly all subsequent editors.

114. Line 192: *And here am I, and wood within this*

wood.—It is probable that a wretched pun is intended here. The word *wood*—mad, frantic, here and elsewhere in Shakespeare, is spelt *woode* by some editors; but Chaucer has both *woode* and *wood*; and Spenser only the latter; while all the old editions, except Q. 1 have *wood*. The word is from the A. Sax. *wood*, and is akin to *Woden* or *Odin*, the German and Scandinavian war-god.

115. Lines 195–197:

*You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, THOUGH my heart
Is true as steel.*

This passage presents many difficulties, though the commentators have passed it over, except for some remarks on *adamant*. We have adopted Lettsom's conjecture *though*, in line 196; the reading of Qq. and Ff. being *for*, of which it is difficult to unke my sense. We must take *adamant* here to mean "loadstone;" but what sense is it for Helena to say "You draw me, you hard-hearted loadstone, yet you do not draw iron, for my heart is true as steel?" If *for* "because," the passage is nonsense; for the loadstone would draw *steel* if it would draw *iron*. What she means to say is "You draw (attract) me to you as the loadstone does iron, but I am not iron, though my heart is true as steel;" i.e. as the context shows us, "I am not hard and resolute as iron, for if you cease to attract me I shall cease to follow you. If we retain *for* we must take it as *for all*, i.e. "in spite of all."

As to *adamant*, the Imperial Diet, in giving the second sense of the word as "Loadstone or magnet," justly remarks, "It is not easy to see why the word should have assumed this meaning." There is no doubt it has this meaning. The quotations given in Nares, especially the one from Du Bartas, leave no doubt on that point. But the way in which the confusion arose was probably this: *adamant* was originally the diamond, from the Greek *ἀδάμαντ*, a name first given to the hardest metal, probably steel; and then used for the hardest stone, the diamond. In Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr* (New Shak. Soc. Publications, Series viii. No. 2, p. 101), we find:

The *Adamant*, a hard adamant stone,
Impossible, and not for to be broken,
Being placed neere a great bigge barre of Iron,
This vertue hath it, as a speccall token,
The *Loadstone* hath no power to draw away
The Iron barre, but in one place doth stay.

In Holland's Translation of Pliny's *Natural History* (book xxvii. chap. iv. par. 30) is the following: "Moreover, there is such a naturall amitie between Diamonds and Loadstones, that if it (*i.e.* diamond or *adamant*) be laid near to a peece of yron, it will not suffer it to be drawn away by the *loadstone*; nay, if the said *loadstone* be brought so near a peece of yron, that it have caught hold thereof, the *Diamond*, if it come in place, will cause it to leave the hold and let it go." But above (par. 11), he says: "for this unchangeable vertue that it hath, the Greekes have given it the name *Adamas*." Is not it possible that, what between the great hardness of the *loadstone*, which made the name *adamant* appropriate to it, and the fact that the diamond, or *adamant*, had such a singular influence over iron, the exact sense of the word became confused between the two substances, and it

him is intended
and elsewhere
stars; but I have
only the latter;
have none. The
to Woden or
god.

my heart

though the com-
some remarks
om's conjecture
and Ft. is long for,

We must take
what sense is it
ard-hearted bond-
heart is true as
is nonsense; for
ould draw iron,
tract) me to you
iron, though my
at shows us, "I
If you cease to
If we retain for
of all "

giving the second
magnet," justly
ord should have
bought it has this
es, especially the
that point. But
is probably thus:
from the Greek
metal, probably
the diamond,
y Shak. Soc. Pub-
ind;

ie,
ie,
are of iron,
en,
draw away
cloth stay.

Natural History
following: "More-
between Diamonds
or *adherent*) be
not suffer it to be
he said *loadstone*
at it have caught
a place, will cause
nt above (par. 11),
that it hath, the
mas." Is not it
hardness of the
ut appropriate to
adherent, but such
sense of the word
of success, and it

came to be applied, indifferently, both to the loadstone
and to the diamond; and perhaps oftener to the former
than to the latter?

116. Line 202: *And 'TIS for that do I love you the more.*
—Q₁ and Ft. have the mangled form even; but the rhythm
demands that it should be pronounced as a monosyllable,
and it is better to print it so for the guidance of the
reader. That *even* was often intended to be pronounced
as a monosyllable, though not elided, is clear. Compare
Milton's *Comus* (line 773):

In unsuperfluous even proportion

117. Line 208: *That worsen's place.*—So, Shakespeare is
fond of the double comparative. Compare *Hamlet*, iii.
1. 157:

O, throw away the *worsen* part!

118. Line 220: *My virtue is my privilege for that.*—
Q₁ and Ft. read:

Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is, &c.

in which case *for that* must be taken to mean "inasmuch
as," or "because." But surely the punctuation given in
our text makes better sense and rhythm. The correction
was first made by Tyrwhitt, and is adopted by nearly all
editors. It is incredible that in so early a play we should
find such a weak ending as would be necessitated by the
punctuation of Q₁ and Ft. for *that*. Helena means to
say: "Your virtue is my justification for exposing my
virginity to such risk." Compare *Two Gent. of Verona*,
ii. 1. 159, 160.

119. Lines 221-226.—The plea, in the first three lines,
certainly seems as if amplified from the two lines quoted
by Johnson from Tibullus:

Tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et lucis solis tibi turbata locis;

which may be translated:

Even in black night
Thou giv'st me light

And solitary wastes thouapest with a crowd.

With the latter four lines compare *H. Henry VI.* iii. 2.
360-362:

A wilderness is ignominious enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself.

120. Line 249: *To die UPON THE HAND I love so well.*—
This is a curious idiom to which an exact parallel cannot
be found in Shakespeare. We may compare *Much Ado*,
iv. 1. 125:

When he shall hear she died *upon his words*.

But there the sense of *upon* may be "immediately after."
The passage most nearly resembling that in our text, as
far as construction goes, is found in Beaumont and
Fletcher's *Chances*, i. 9:

Give me dying,
As lying ought to lie, *upon* mine enemy.
—Works, vol. i. p. 429.

There *upon* has decidedly the sense of *by*.

121. Lines 247, 248:

Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?
Puck. Ay, HERE it is.
Obv. I pray thee, give it me.

We have adopted *here*, Lettson's proposed emendation as
given in Dyce's notes. Q₁ and Ft. read:

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, *there* it is.

Obv. I pray thee, give it me.

It is obvious that, according to that reading, Oberon
welcomes Puck after he has addressed him a question;
and that Puck seems to give the flower before Oberon
asks for it. The very slight alteration makes better
sense of both scenes.

122. Line 249: *I know a bank WHEREON the wild thyme
blows.*—Q₁ and Ft. read *where*, for which Pope substituted
whereon. Malone says *where* is a dissyllable in this
passage. It is much more likely that *there*, or *time* as
Q₁ and Ft. spell it, was pronounced as a dissyllable. I
can find no instance of *where* being used as a dissyllable;
but *whether* is often used as a monosyllable *where*. It
seems a pity to spoil the rhythm of this well-known
line by pedantic adherence to an original text which
contains many obvious blunders.

123. Line 250: *oxlips*, i.e. the *Primula elatior*, better
known as a cottage-garden flower than as a wild one.
Shakespeare mentions it once again only, in *Winter's Tale*,
iv. 4. 125, 126:

bold oxlips and

The crown imperials

Oxlips are comparatively rare now in England, at least
in a wild state. The only time I ever found them growing
in my abundance was on a bank in Woodchester Park, in
Gloucestershire, among violets; they prefer thickets,
unlike the cowslips, which are most abundant in meadows.

124. Line 251: *Quite over-canopied with LUSH woodbine.*
—Q₁ and Ft. read "*luscious* woodbine." Pope omitted
quite, for the sake of the metre, but Theobald's emenda-
tion *lush* is the most satisfactory solution of the diffi-
culty; it being a word used by Shakespeare in *Tempest*,
ii. 1. 52: "How *lush* and *lush* the grass looks!" If we
retain *luscious* we must read the line as an Alexandrine.
For *woodbine* see below note 255. iv. 1. 47.

125. Line 252: *eglantine*.—The sweet-brier. See *Cym-
beline*, iv. 2. 224, 224:

The leaf of *eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

The only other passage in which it is mentioned by Shake-
speare. Milton apparently took the *sweet-brier* and the
eglantine to be different plants. See *L'Allegro* (lines
47, 48):

Through the *sweet-brier*, or the *rose*,
Or the twisted *eglantine*.

Cotgrave gives: "Alghantier: m. An *eglantine*, or sweet-
brier tree."

126. Line 255: *And there the snake throws her ESAM-
EL'D skin.*—The epithet *esamell'd* is very well chosen,
as descriptive of the skin of the common snake (*Natrix
torquata*), which resembles old enamel work in colour
and texture. The cast skins are often found in such spots
as that here described by Shakespeare.

127. Line 257: *I'll STREAK her eyes.*—The verb *streak*
very aptly describes the action of applying any liquid to

the eye, which is generally done in a thin *streak* as it were.

128 Line 266: *More fond on her.*—Compare Sonnet LXXXIV. 14:

Being *fond* on praise, which makes your praises worse.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

129. Line 1: *Come, now a ROUND-DEL.*—A *roundel* means here probably the same as *round* in ii. 1. 140 (see note 106 above). It generally means a *roundelay* or "song in which the first strain is repeated." Ben Jonson uses the word *roundel*, apparently, for the *ring* or *round place* made by such fairy dances in the grass. See Tale of a Tub, ii. 1:

To shew your pomp, you'd have your daughters and maids
Dance o'er the fields like faies to church, this frost.
I'll have no *roundels*, I, in the queen's paths. —Vol. vi. p. 154.

130 Line 3: *Some to kill CANKERS in the musk-rose buds.*—*Cankers* here are "canker-worms," a kind of grub which infests roses, and destroys them by eating into the bud. Compare Milton's Lycidas, line 46:

As killing as the *canker* to the rose.

131. Line 4: *recre-mice.*—The use of *recre-mouse*, as the name for a bat, still survives in the West of England. It is derived from the A. Sax. *hr'raun*, "to agitate;" and therefore has much the same meaning as *flutter-mouse*, a common name for a bat in various parts of the country.

132. Line 7: *At our quaint spirits.*—The adjective *quaint* has many meanings. It is derived from the Latin *coquitus* through the old French word *coûit*, which Cotgrave thus explains: "*Quaint*, comely, neat, fine, spruce," &c. It is difficult to assign to the word its exact meaning here. Shakespeare applies it to Ariel in the Tempest, i. 2. 317: "*My quaint Ariel.*" Perhaps the word "smart," in its various senses, comes nearest the synonym for it here. In Peck's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay *quaint* seems to be used as—awkward:

A farmer's son, that never was so *quaint*,
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.

—Works, p. 157.

And a little further on, in the same piece, it is used as—neat, pretty:

Not whilst I may have such *quaint* girls as you,
—Works, p. 158.

133 Line 11: NEWTS, and BLIND-WORMS, *do no wrong.*—It is impossible to imagine two animals more harmless than the two here named. The newt, of which there are four British species, is entirely devoid of any means of hurting man; and the most formidable looking species, the common warty newt, is only dangerous to tadpoles and the smaller species of its own family. The *blind-worm* or *slow-worm* (*Anguis fragilis*) is thus described by Bell in his British Reptiles (p. 44): "Its habits are extremely gentle and inoffensive. Even when handled roughly, it rarely attempts to bite; and when it is irritated so as to induce it to seize upon the finger, the teeth are so small as scarcely to make an impression." This ridiculous belief that the *blind-worm* is venomous still survives among the country people in most parts of England.

134 Line 13: *Philomet, with melody.*—The legend of Philomela, the daughter of Pandion, being transformed into a nightingale, and lamenting in song her sad change, is well known. Her sister Procne became a swallow. It is a misfortune that the pathetic story of Philomela perpetuates the erroneous notion that the *female* nightingale sings. See note 138, Rom. and Jul.

135. Lines 30, 31:

*Be it OUNCE, or eat, or bear,
PARD, or boar with bristled hair.*

Of the quadrupeds mentioned in these two lines the *ounce* (*Felis unciæ*), and the *pard* [*Felis pardus* (the panther), or *Felis leopardus* (the leopard)], were neither of them natives of Europe, at least, during the historic period. Pliny speaks of the *ounce* or *once* as a foreign animal: "The *Ounces* be likewise taken for strange and foreign, and of all four-footed beasts they have the quickest eye and see best" (book xxviii. chap. viii. p. 316). But Shakespeare's fairies were citizens of the world; and though neither the *ounce* nor the *pard* were ever seen near Athens, he did not think it necessary to be particular about the geographical distribution of the animals he introduced in connection with his fairies.

136. Line 49: *Two bosoms INTERCHAINED with an oath.*—FF. read *interchanged*, a reading which most editors reject, though it may possibly be the right one. But the considerations which have induced us to adopt *interchained* (the reading of Qq.) are these: (1) it is more consonant in sense with line 47:

—my heart unto yours is *knit*;

and (2) *bosom*, though used as = "desire" (see Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 139), or as = "innmost thoughts" (see Othello, iii. 1. 58), seems never to be used for "the affections" themselves. Shakespeare would scarcely have said "We have *interchanged* bosoms." The objection to *interchained* is, not that it occurs only in this passage, but that it is not to be found in any other writer ancient or modern, as far as I can discover.

137. Line 54: *Now much BESHREW*—i.e. "much mischief come to." *Beshrew* is generally used as a mild and, sometimes, as a playful form of imprecation. *Shrew* and *beshrew* are both derived from the shrew-mouse (through the A. Sax. *seredura*). This harmless animal was credited by our forefathers with most malignant qualities. Bell, in his British Quadrupeds (Edn. 1874, p. 145), quotes the following description of the *shrew-mouse* from Edward Phillips's New World of Words (1658): "A kind of Field Mouse of the bigness of a Rat and colour of a Weasel, very mischievous to cattle; which going over a beast's back, will make it lame in the eline; and the bite of it causes the beast to swell at the heart and die." Gilbert White, in his Natural History of Selbourne, part ii. letter xxviii., gives an interesting description of how a *shrew-ash* was made; that is, an ash whose twigs or branches were held to remedy the injuries inflicted by a *shrew-mouse* (see Bell's Edn. vol. i. pp. 191, 192).

138. Line 77: *NEARER this hick-hore, this kill-courtesy*—Qq. and FF. read (substantially):

Near this lack-hore, this kill-curtisie.

The legend of being transformed into a swan, and her sad change, and the swallow. It is of Philomela per-male nightingale

hair.

Two lines the *parvus* (the pau- were neither of ing the historie as a foreign ani- strange and for- have the quick- (iii. p. 316). But the world; and were ever seen y to be particular he animals he in-

with an oath. which most editors ight one. But the to adopt inter- (1) it is more con-

re" (see Measure at thoughts" (see ed for "the affec- d scarcely have The objection to in this passage, her writer ancient

-i.e. "much mis- sed as a mild and, ation. *Shrew* and w-mouse (through al was credited it qualities. Bell, p. 145), quotes the use from Edward "a kind of Field our of a Weasel, ing over a beast's and the bite of it and die." Gilbert rme, part ii. letter n of how a *shrew*- fellows or branches icted by a *shrew*- (2).

his kill-courtesy —

tesis.

Q 1 has *kill-courtesy*. Many attempts have been made to amend the rhythm and metre, which are certainly both very faulty in the original text, unless we read the line:

Near this lack-lōve, this kill-courtesy.

But the spelling of *kill* *courtesy* forbids the idea of reading *courtesy* as a dissyllable. The emendation in our text is Walker's, and is adopted by Dyce. It gives a line of ten syllables, but a rhythmical line; and is preferable to omitting the second *this*. *Neater* has much more force than *near*, considering lines 57-60 above, in Hernia's speech.

139. Lines 80, 81:

let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.

Compare *Macbeth*, i. 3. 19, 20:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid.

140. Line 86: *O, wilt thou DARKLING leave me!*—Compare *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1529, "we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight dark-ling" (Dodsley, vol. vii. p. 358); and *Lear*, i. 4. 237: "So out went the candle, and we were left darkling."

141. Line 104: *Nature here shows art*.—Q1. read: *Nature shewes arte*; F. 1 "Nature her shewes art;" F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: "Nature here shews art," which seems much the most sensible reading; it is better than Malone's emendation: "Nature shews her art," which, at first, we were inclined to adopt, as most editors have done. But *Nature* has no *art* strictly speaking; the two are generally spoken of as opposites, at any rate as very different things; and therefore the reading of the text seems the most probable, since for *Nature* to show *art* is an exceptional circumstance.

142. Line 119: *And touching now the point of human still*.—This line is explained by Stevens: "my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection." *Lysander* is talking in the exasperatingly affected style, so often found in Shakespeare's early work, the style which aims at "conceits;" probably he means that his love has so ripened his mind that he now has attained the *point*, or complete development of human intelligence, inasmuch as his reason is now master of his will.

143. Line 154: *Speak, OF ALL LOVES!*—Compare *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 118, 119: "But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves."

ACT III. SCENE 1.

144. Line 8: *BULLY Bottom*.—*Bully* was used as a familiar term of address, and meant little more than "jolly companion." In fact, it seems to have been originally used among boon companions; and afterwards to have acquired its present meaning of an overbearing hectoring fellow; then by a process of degradation, common in many words, it came to be applied to a coarse and cruel coward. The derivation is very uncertain; some connect it with "bull," "bellow;" others with Middle High German *buode*, "brother," "dear friend;" others with Dutch *bulteren*, "to bluster." Halliwell (Dict. Archaic and Provincial Words) says *bully-bottom* meant a courtesan.

Shakespeare never uses it in an offensive sense. Compare *Henry V.* iv. 1. 48: "I love the lovely *bully*," where Pistol uses it of the king; recalling his qualities as a boon companion before he put on virtue and the crown together. As an instance of its use simply in the sense of "companion," or "comrade," compare Dicke of Devonshire, ii. 1. "Captain: 'Twas well done of all sides, *Bullys*" (*Bullen's Old Plays*, vol. ii. p. 28).

145. Line 14: *By'r takin*.—With this corrupted form of "by our Lady" compare *ifakins* = "in faith" or "by my faith." The Rev. C. H. Kemard informs me that at Atherton, in Warwickshire, the country people still commonly use another corruption of the oath "by our Lady," *by'r Lady*, which they pronounce *birbiddy*.

146. Line 16: *when all is done*.—i.e. after all. Compare *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 30, 31: "Excellent! why this is the best fooling, *when all is done*."

147. Line 21: *and, for the MORE BETTER assurance*.—The double comparative is used by Shakespeare commonly enough, and was not considered a vulgarism in his time. Compare *Tempest*, i. 2. 19, 20:

nor that I am more better
Than Prospero.

148. Line 28: *I'll not the ladies be AFEBD of the lion!*—The form *afeard* for *afraid* is generally used by Shakespeare as a provincialism, or at least as a colloquialism, as it is here. But it is also used in poetic passages; e.g. in *Julius Caesar*, ii. 2. 66, 67:

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be *afeard* to tell graybeards the truth?

149. Line 33: *a lion among ladies*, &c. —Malone says: "There is an odd coincidence between what our author has here written for Bottom, and a real occurrence at the Scottish court in the year 1594. Prince Henry the eldest son of James the First was christened in August in that year. While the king and queen, &c., were at dinner, a triumphal chariot (the frame of which, we are told, was ten feet long and seven broad) with several allegorical personages on it, was drawn in by 'a black-moore.' This chariot should have been drawn in by a *lyon*, but because his presence might have brought some fear to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have moved his tameness, it was thought meet that the Moore should supply that room. —A true account of the most triumphal and royal accomplishment of the baptism of the most excellent, right high, and mighty prince, Henry Frederick, &c., as it was solemnized the 30th day of August, 1594. *scv.* 1603" (*Var. Ed.* vol. v. pp. 245, 246).

150. Line 44: *it were pity of my life*.—i.e. "it were a sad thing for my life." We have the same expression in *Measure for Measure*, ii. 1. 77: "*it is pity of her life*, for it is a naughty house;" and compare *Othello*, iv. 1. 206, 207: "but yet the *pity of it*, Iago! O Iago, the *pity of it*, Iago!"

151. Line 78: *according to his CUE*.—This technical word, still in common use in the theatre, whatever its derivation, was first jocularly applied, no doubt, by some actor to the last words of the speech which are the signal for

the next player to begin to speak. It must have passed into general use on the stage, in this sense, by Shakespeare's time, for he uses it very frequently. Some authorities derive it from French *quene*, a tail; but, independently of the fact that *quene* was never used, in this sense, in French, and that Latin was the language invariably used in all stage directions in plays before Shakespeare's time, it is much more probable that the derivation quoted by Wedgwood is the right one: "Q, a note of entrance for actors, because it is the first letter of *quando*, when, showing when to enter and speak.—C. Butler, Eng. Gram. 1634, in N. and Q. Aug. 5, 1865." Minshew explains it: "A *qu*, a term used among stage-players, à Lat. *qualis*, i.e. at what manner of word the actors are to begin to speak, one after another hath done his speech." In a passage in Richard III. iii. 4. 27, 28:

Had not you come upon your *cue*, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,

the Folios print the word *Q*, the Quartos *ken*. When parts are copied out in MS. and given to actors, they only contain the *cues* for the speeches, and no more of the dialogue except the actor's own part.

152. Line 81: *a play TOWARD*. Compare As You Like It, v. 4. 35, 36: "There is, sure, another flood *toward*, and these couples are coming to the ark."

153. Line 97: *Most briskly JUVENAL*.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 83: "my tender *juvenal*." The only other passage in which Shakespeare uses it is in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 22: "the *juvenal*, the prince your master." It is an affected word, the use of which Shakespeare evidently intends to ridicule.

154. Line 105: *If I were FAIR, THISBY, I were only thine*.—Malone would punctuate this line:

If I were *fair* Thisby, I were only thine,

which, undoubtedly, makes better sense; but Bottom was probably intended to blunder in his delivery of the line.

155. Line 110: *Through bog, THROUGH BROOK, through bush, through brake, through brice*.—We have adopted Lettson's proposal to add *through brake*, on the ground that it might easily have been omitted from the likeness of *brook to brake*. Without some such emendation the line is defective.

156. Lines 111-114. Compare the Ballad of Robin Goodfellow already mentioned:

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turne me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O're hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirly, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

—Percy's Reliques, book ii. p. 499.

157. Line 120: *you see an ass-head of your own, do you?*—Bottom here uses a common phrase of the day, all unconscious of the fact that he has himself *an ass's head* on his shoulders. Johnson proposed to add to Snout's

speech: *an ass-head*; but that is quite unnecessary, and would destroy the humour of the situation.

158. Line 123: *The ONSEL cock*.—By this Shakespeare, undoubtedly, means the *blackbird*, the male being distinguished by his yellow beak, "gamboge yellow" according to Yarrell. The name *onsel* is now only applied to the ring-*onsel* (*Turdus torquatus*), and the water-*onsel*, or dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*). The Qq. have *woosel*, the Ff. *woosel*.

159. Line 131: *The wren with little QUILL*.—Compare Milton's Lycidas, line 188:

He touch'd the tender steps of various quills.

The meaning of the word, given in our foot-note, is more probably right than that given by Schmidt, viz. "wing-feather." For so small a bird the wren has rather a loud song. Shakespeare mentions this little bird very often.

160. Line 134: *The PLAIN-SONG cuckoo gray*.—*Plain-song* in music means the plain-chant in which parts of the mass are sung by the priest at high mass. It also means plain melody without any variation or accompaniment: "The cuckoo, as long ago remarked by John Heywood (Epigrams, Black Letter, 1587), begins to sing early in the season with the interval of a minor third; the bird then proceeds to a major third, next to a fourth, then a fifth, after which its voice breaks, without attaining a minor sixth. It may, therefore, be said to have done much for musical science, because from this bird has been derived the minor scale, the origin of which has puzzled so many; the cuckoo's complaint being the minor third sung downwards" (Harting's Ornithology of Shakespeare, pp. 150, 151). Chaucer in The Cuckoo and Nightingale (line 118) makes the cuckoo say:

For my song is both true and *plaine*.

—Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 187.

Yarrell describes the colour of the cuckoo: "the head, neck, back, and upper tail-coverts *bluish grey*. . . "thin, neck and upper part of the breast, *ash grey*." *Grey* is decidedly the prevailing colour; but the long white-tipped tail, and the lower part of the white breast and belly "barred transversely with lead *grey*," are perhaps the most conspicuous points in the bird's plumage. (See Yarrell's British Birds, vol. ii. p. 188.)

161. Line 137: *who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 94:

Will you set your wit to a fool's?

162. Line 150: *I can GLEEK upon occasion*.—There is no doubt that the word *gleek* implies an element of satire, and means something more than a simple jest. Shakespeare uses the verb only here, and in Henry V. v. 1. 78, 79: "I have seen you *gleeking* and gallant at this gentleman." The substantive occurs twice; in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 123:

Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his *gleeks*!

and in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 116 (see note 195 of that play). In Cotgrave under *quene* we find " REGARDER de la quene de l'œil. To leer, *gleek*, or look askew." This serves to point the connection between this word and *glance*.

unnecessary, and on.

this Shakespeare, male being discoloured yellow "according to the water-ouzel, or water-hen, the Ff.

QUILL. — Compare

as quills.

foot-note, is more mild, viz. "wing-hairs rather a long bird very often.

so grey. — Plain in which parts of which mass. It also on or accompanied by John (7), begins to sing in minor third; the next to a fourth. s, without attaining the said to have se from this bird origin of which has being the minor thology of Shakespeare and Night-

aint. ens, vol. iii. p. 187. cuckoo: "the head, grey . . . Chin, h grey." Grey is the long white-breast and grey," are perhaps 's plumage. (See

so foolish a bird!

14: 187

caution. — There is an element of sarn a simple jest. and in Henry V. v. and galling at this twice; in I. Henry

Charles his glocks!

the note 195 of that and "Regarding the book askew." This en this word and

163. Line 173: *And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.*— This is of course wrong, as far as natural history is concerned; the light being situated in the tail of the female insect, one of the few wingless females among the Coleoptera, and the only one that has no *elytra* or wing-cases. The glow-worm can extinguish her light at pleasure, and is, in appearance, an insignificant grub-like insect of a depressed shape. The male, which is a dull-looking beetle, can also at pleasure emit a light, but much fainter.

164. Line 174: *To have my love to bed and to arise.*—See note 15, Taming of the Shrew.

165. Line 182 et seq. — With this dialogue between Bottom and the fairies compare the Maydes Metamorphosis (attributed to Lilly), act ii.:

3. *Fay.* You shall have most dainty Instruments, sir,

4. *Mop.* I pray you, what might I call you?

5. *Fay.* My name is Penny.

6. *Mop.* I am sorry I cannot parse you.

7. *Fris.* I pray you sir what might I call you?

8. *Fay.* My name is Cricket.

9. *Fris.* I would I were a chimney for your sake.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 128.

166. Line 185: *I shall desire you of more acquaintance.*

For this somewhat unusual construction, compare Chapman's *An Humorous Dayes Mirth*:

I do desire you of more acquaintance. —Works, vol. i. p. 55.

167. Lines 186, 187: *if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.*—The practice of putting a cobweb on a cut finger still finds favour among country people. It is doubtful whether the remedy is a very efficacious one; as the amount of dirt introduced into the wound does more harm than the styptic power of the cobweb does good.

168. Lines 190, 191: *commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother.*—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 165-167: "Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a *squash* is before 'tis a peacock."

169. Line 206: *Tie up my love's tongue.*—Qq. and Ff. have *lovers*: the emendation is Pope's.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

170. Line 5: *night-rule.*—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 150-152: "Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this *meivll rule*." The word *night-rule* has been supposed to be a contraction of *night-revel*, or, as it would be written in those days, *night-reach*. Halliwell quotes the Old Statutes of London given by Stowe: "No man shall, after the houre of nine at the night, keep any *rule*, whereby any such sudden outry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray," &c.

171. Line 13: *THICK-SKIN of that BARREN SORT.*—Shakespeare uses the word *thick-skin* only in one other passage, in Merry Wives, iv. 5. 1, 2: "What wouldst thou have, *boon*? what, *thick skin*?" Nares quotes from Warner's "Albions England," vi. 30:

That he, so foul a *thick-skin*, should so fair lady catch.

Bishop Hall, Satires i. uses it as an adjective:

For *thick-skin* ears and undiscerning eye.

Thick-skinned is used nowadays only in the sense of being wanting in sensitiveness; but in the 32th chapter of book xl. of Pliny's Natural History (Holland's Translation, s. 346) the use of the word *thick-skin*, as it is employed by Shakespeare, is explained: "Some measure not the fineness of spirit and wit by the puritie of blond; but suppose that creatures are brutish, more or lesse, according as their *skin* is, *thicker* or *thinner* . . . And hereto they bring men also, as a *proove*, who are *thicke skinned*, and more brawnie; for to be more grosse of sence and understanding." Pliny does not seem to agree with this idea, for he adds: "as who would say, that Crocodiles were not very witty and industrious, and yet their *skin* is *hard* yough."

As to the use of the word *sort* for "company," there are many instances to be found in which this sense fits the word; but it is doubtful whether, in all these instances, the sense of *kind*, or *species*, or *race*, would not meet the requirements of the case equally well. Compare, however, II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 276, 277:

the lord ambassador

Sent from a *sort* of tankers to the king,

and Spenser's Fairy Queen, book vi. canto 9, st. v.:

There on a day, as he pursued the chace,

He chanced to spy a *sort* of shepheard groomes,

—Works, p. 115.

For *barren*=dull, or brainless, compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 44-46: "for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of *barren* spectators to laugh too."

172. Line 19: *And forth my MIMIC comes.*—Q. 1 reads *Mimick*; Q. 2 *Mimnuck*. Some commentators have tried to make sense of these unaltered mistakes. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *Mimnick*, F. 4 *Mimick*. Malone quotes two passages from Becker in which *mimick* is used: actor; one being in Satiromastix, where Tucca says, addressing Horace (Ben Jonson): "thou hast forgot how thou ambles (in leather pith) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Ieronimoes part, to get service among the *Mimickes*" (Works, vol. i. p. 229).

173. Line 21: *RUSSET-PATED choughs.*—The jackdaw, and not the Cornish chough or red-legged crow, is the bird referred to here. The head of the jackdaw about the ear-coverts and neck is *grey*; and *russet* meant not *red*, but *grey* or *brown*, the colour of undyed wool, in most cases; although sometimes it was loosely applied. In Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. ix. Nos. 227 and 233, will be found two long notes by me on this subject; and in No. 299 a note by Professor Newton; and in 6th Series, vol. x. No. 290 a most generous acknowledgment by Mr. W. Aldis Wright that I am right in my contention that the jackdaw, and not the Cornish chough, is here referred to. Of the passages proving that *russet*=*grey*, it will be sufficient to quote Colgrave, who gives under: "*Gris*: *Gray*, light-*russet*, grizzle, ash-coloured," &c.

174. Line 25: *And, at our STAMP.* Johnson proposed to read, in accordance with Theobald's conjecture, "And,

at a *stump*," quoting a passage from Drayton's *Nymphidia* (edu. 1631, p. 184):

A *stump* doth trip him in his pace,
How comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his cave,
Amongst the briars and brambles.

—Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 260.

But the objection that Puck was too small to *stump* is not a valid one; we have, iv. 1. 90, 91:

Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And *rock* the ground whereon these sleepers lie.

Ritson quotes from Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 85: "Our grandams maides were wont to set a boll of milke before menbers, and his cousin Robin Good fellowe, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and—that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid or good wife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid anie clothes for him besides his messe of white bread and milke, which was his standing fee. For in that case he saith, What have we here? Hemton, hanten, here will I never more tread nor *stampen*." That a diminutive being could *stamp* to some purpose, will be admitted by those who have not forgotten their fairy lore, in the instance of Rumpelstiltskin.

175. Line 36: *yet LATCH'D*.—Shakespeare uses the word *latch* in the same sense—catch in Macbeth, iv. 3. 193-195:

But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not *latch* them.

And we find in Holland's *Pliny* (book viii. chap. 24, p. 208), in a description of the ichneumon: "In sight he sets up his tale, and whips about, turning his tale to the enemy, & therein *latcheth* and receiveth all the strokes of the Aspis." *Latching* is given by Grose—"infecting" in Northern dialects.

176. Line 48: *Being O'ER SHOES in blood, plunge in THE deep*. Compare Two Gent. of Verona, i. 1. 24:

For he was more than *over shoes* in love,

where it means "moderately deep," being contrasted with *over boots* in the following line. Compare also Heywood's *A Woman kild with Kindness*:

Come, come, let's in,
Once *ore shoes*, we are strait in our head in shame.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 135.

Coleridge proposed to read *knee deep*, a suggestion adopted, quite unnecessarily, by Dyce and other editors.

177. Lines 53-55:

and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so DISPLEASE

Her brother's nuptial with the Antipodes.

These lines are not very intelligible. It is pretty certain *displease* is a corruption of the text. I had noted as a conjecture *dis-ease*, i.e. "render uneasy" (used by Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*, i. 3. 117) before I knew that Hamner had proposed the same emendation. I cannot make any sense of *displease*; *displace* would seem a more natural word to use; but it does not rhyme with *Antipodes*. Dr. Amundale suggests, very ingeniously, *dis-ease* = "to deprive of," "to dispossess;" a word used by Spenser and Drayton. For this use of *with*, compare Richard II. iii. 2. 43:

Whilst we were wand'ring *with the antipodes*.

178. Line 57: *So should a murderer look,—so DEAD, so grim*.—Compare II. Henry IV, i. 1. 70-72:

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so *dead* in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night.

179. Lines 72, 73:

for with DOUBLER tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

See above, note 133.

180. Line 74: *on a mispris'd mood*.—Steevens thought this meant "in a mistaken manner." But *mood* is used for "anger" frequently by Shakespeare, e.g. in *The Two Gent. of Verona*, iv. 1. 51:

Who, in my *mood*, I stabb'd unto the heart.

181. Lines 80, 81:

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

These lines are printed in Qq and Ff. (substantially) thus:

And from thy hated presence part I; see me no more,
Whether he be dead or no.

The emendation, which is a necessary one, was first made by Pope, and has been adopted by all subsequent editors.

182. Lines 84-87.—It must be confessed there is an incongruous, prosaic and legal character about these lines which smells of an attorney's office. Note especially the word *tender* used, in its legal sense, of the offer, to be made by sleep, to visit the weary eyelids of Demetrius.

183. Lines 92, 93:

Then fate o'er rules; that, one man holding truth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

The meaning of these lines is somewhat obscure. What Puck intends to say is "that fate o'er-rules chance here; for the chance is that, for one man true to his oath in love, one finds a million who are false to it." That may possibly be a corruption of the text for some other words; or, perhaps—"in that," or "seeing that."

184. Line 97: *With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear*.—The use of the singular verb here is quite in Shakespeare's style; and editors should not substitute the plural, only because of the apparent grammatical error. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 69, 70:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

The idea that *sighs* cost the sigher so much of his blood was prevalent in Shakespeare's time. Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 61:

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;

and again just below in same play, line 63:

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs.

185. Line 113: *Pleading for a LOVER'S FEE*.—According to Halliwell the *lover's fee* was a specific reward of three kisses. He quotes an old MS. ballad:

How many sales slutt;
Why, three, sales Matt,
For that's a mayden's fee.

186. Line 127: *Bearing the badge of faith*.—Steevens says: "This is said in allusion to the *badges* (i.e. family

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crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 266). He quotes from The Tempest:

Mark but the *badges* of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. —v. 1. 267, 268.

187. Line 141: *This PRINCESS of pure white, this seal of bliss!*—Hammer altered *princess* to *pureness*, while Collier's Old Corrector, misled by *seal*, coolly substituted *impress*. Lettsom proposes *purest*. Perhaps the most likely emendation, were any needed, would be *Empress*; but no change is necessary. Stevens quotes Sir Walter Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana, where the pine-apple is called "The *princess* of fruits." In Grimm's Household Tales, No. 146, The Turnip; I find a similar use of *princess*: "one turnip grew there which . . . seemed as if it would never stop growing so that it might have been called the *princess* of turnips, for never was such an one seen before."

188. Line 150. *But you must join in souls to mock me too.* There would not seem to be any difficulty about this phrase, which is explained in the foot-note; yet there have been various emendations made, of which Hammer's in *flouts* is perhaps the most ingenious, and Warburton's *insidents* the most improbable.

189. Line 157. *A TRIM exploit.*—For a similar ironical use of *trim* compare I. Henry IV. v. 1. 137: "what is that humour? air. *A trim* reckoning!"

190. Line 171: *My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd.*—This is Johnson's emendation. Qq. and Ff. read *to*. The instances of the peculiar use of *to* by Shakespeare, quoted in the Clarendon Press Series Edn. (p. 117), do not satisfy me that it was ever used in the sense of "remaining with" which *sojourn* implies; besides, it is highly probable that, in this case, the *to* of the next line caught the transcriber's eye.

191. Line 175: *thou ABY it dear.*—*Aby* is the reading of Q. 1, and is worth preserving as an old word, which is not a form of *abide* but a different word altogether; being derived from the "A. Sax. *abigean* to buy back, to pay for," sometimes written *aby* (see Imperial Dict. *sub voce*). Qq. and Ff. read *abide* here. Two instances of the occurrence of this word in old plays may be given. In *Thersites*:

They shall *aby*! Litterly the coming of such a guest.
—Dodsley, vol. i. p. 406.

And in *Soliman and Perseda* (act v.):

Thou shalt *aby* for both your treacheries.
—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 362.

192. Line 183: *Than all yon fiery OES and eyes of light.* By *oes* are meant "circles." Shakespeare uses the word *o* for a circle in Henry V. i. Prologue, 12-11:

or may we cram
Within this wooden *O* the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

Stevens quotes from Davies' *Microcosmos*, 1805, p. 233:

Which silver *oe*. and spangles over-ran.

Halliwell says (on the "mewhat insufficient authority of a MS. Bodl. 160) that the *eyes* were sometimes called

1. Abye (in original).

oes. Be this as it may, there is little doubt a pun is intended here on *o's* and *i's*.

193. Line 201: *O, is all forgot?*—Qq. and F. 1. read: *O, is all*: F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *O, and is all*. We were at first inclined to adopt Spedding's conjecture "*O, is it all*," which seems the most probable one for supplying the deficiency in the metre; but on mature consideration, all the attempts to make the line metrically complete weaken the sense of it. The *O* is here a prolonged exclamation, and the hiatus in the metre is filled by the emotion of the actress. (See Richard II. note 152.)

194. Line 202: *All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence.*—For a similar use of the word *childhood*, compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 144: "I urge this *childhood* proof." As a parallel to the beautiful passage which follows, descriptive of the friendship of two school-girls, it is interesting to compare the following passage in The Two Noble Kinsmen (i. 3), a play attributed to Shakespeare and Fletcher; but in which, with due respect to the positive opinion expressed by many able critics, I believe Shakespeare had little or no share. At any rate the following lines are much more in Fletcher's style than in that of Shakespeare:

but I

And she (I sigh and spoke off) were things innocent,
Loved for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their ignorance; our souls
Did so to one another: What she liked,
Was then of me approved; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, lo! then but beguiling
To swell about the blossom she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-like,
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd on
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, (rather dwell on)
And sing it in her slumbers.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 557

195. Lines 212-214:

*So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.*

Douce's explanation of this passage is probably the best: "It may be doubted whether this passage has been rightly explained, and whether the commentators have not given Shakespeare credit for more skill in heraldry than he really possessed, or at least than he intended to exhibit on the present occasion. Helen says, 'we had two seeming bodies, but only one heart.' She then exemplifies her position by a simile:—'we had *two of the first*, i.e. *bodies*, like the double coats in heraldry that belong to man and wife as *one person*, but which, like *one single heart*, have but *one crest*.'" (Illustrations, p. 129).

196. Line 237: *Ag, do, persevere.*—Q. 1 reads *I doe, Persever*,—which reading Hunter defends, explaining thus: "Hermia says,

I understand not what you mean by this;

to which Helena replies in a grave and serious tone, *I do!*" (New Illustrations, vol. i. p. 296).

Persever is always used by Shakespeare with the accent on the second syllable; the modern form *persevere*, with the accent on the last syllable, does not occur.

197. Line 257: *Away, you ETHIOPE!*—Hermia was a brunette, and therefore he calls her an *Ethiopia*; brunettes being at a discount in Queen Elizabeth's reign. See Love's Labour's Lost, note 132; and compare iv. 3. 268 of that play:

And *Ethiopes* of their sweet complexion crack,
in which the king compares the brunette Rosaline to an *Ethiopia*.

198. Lines 257, 258:

No, no; HE'LL—SIR,

Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow.

Q. 1 has:

No, no; heels

Seem to break loose;

Q. 2 "No, no, he'll seem to break loose" (as one line); while Folios read: "No, no, sir, seem to break loose" (as one line). We have adopted Malone's arrangement. Demetrius is going to say to Hermia: "No, no; he'll not let you leave hold of him;" when he stops suddenly and, turning to Lysander, says ironically: "Sir, seem to break loose," &c. Jackson's conjecture: "he'll not stir" is not the most probable; and before seeing it I had noted that as a suggested emendation. But, possibly, the Cambridge editors are right; a line, or two, may have dropped out of the text.

199. Line 272: *O me! what MEANS my love?*—We have adopted, as Stannion and Singer have, the very sensible emendation of the Collier MS. Qq. and Fl. all read: "what *news* my love." Q. 1 has the sentence printed thus: "O me, what *news*, my love?" But none of the other old copies, as far as I am aware, have any stop after *news*. Any one acquainted with MSS. of Shakespeare's time will admit how easily *means*, or *meanes* might be mistaken for *news* or *newes*. The Clarendon Press Ed. explains *what news?* "what has happened? what is the matter?" and compare i. 1. 21, where Theseus addresses Egeus, who has just entered: "what's the *news* with thee?" and Hamlet, i. 2. 42, where the King, after addressing the Lords of the Council as it were, turns to Laertes and says:

Am I now, Laertes, *what's the news* with you?

After examining these and the many other passages in which the phrase *What news?* or *What news with you?* occurs, I cannot find a single instance in which it is not addressed to some person who has only just appeared on the scene, and who may be expected by the speaker to have some message or matter of importance to communicate. In many cases it exactly corresponds to our modern phrase, so common in everybody's mouth when greeting a friend whom one has not seen for some little time: "Well, *what's the news* with you?" But Hermia, in this speech, is under the influence of strong emotion. She is shocked at Lysander saying that he hates her. Is it likely, under such circumstances, that she would employ such a colloquial phrase as *What news?* Were

she less in earnest, less deeply wounded, and playing the part of an indignant coquette, whose philanderings had been discovered, she might say: "What new-fangled notion is this of your hating me?" But she is too much in earnest to play with words. The exclamation *O me!* is not one of skittish and affected suspense; it is a cry of real mental anguish; and I cannot think anyone with a due sense of dramatic fitness would admit the reading *what news?* in the sense accepted by all the commentators. Even if a note of exclamation be substituted for that of interrogation, it does not get rid of the objection urged above.

200. Line 282: *you CANKER-BLOSSOM!*—There can be no doubt that *canker-blossom* here means, not the *blossom* eaten by the *canker*, or caterpillar, but the *canker*, or caterpillar, which eats the *blossom*. Hermia means, not that Helena is the *blossom* which looks fair without, but is within decayed by the ravages of the *canker*; she means to denounce her as the *canker* that has secretly destroyed the *blossom* of Lysander's love for her.

201. Line 292: *And with her personage, her tall personage.* This line has a peculiar rhythm; it must be read thus:

And with her *personage*, her tall *personage*,

the accent, with a slight pause, being on *tall*. Read by the ordinary rules of metre the accent would fall on the second syllable of the second *personage* thus:

And with her *personage*, her tall *personage*.

202. Line 321: *Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, HELEN.*—Qq. and Fl. read *Helena*. We have the form *Helen* more than once in this scene, e.g. lines 137, 251. The trisyllabic ending is not found in Shakespeare's earlier plays; and, for that reason, we read with Walker, *Helen*.

203. Line 329: *of hind'ring knot-grass made.*—It is doubtful whether there is intended here any reference to the traditional property of *knot-grass* (*Polygonum aviculare*), alluded to in the following passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle (ii. 2): "and say they should put him in a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*; he would never grow after it" (Works, vol. ii. p. 80). As Ellacombe points out in his Plant Lore of Shakespeare (p. 101) the epithet *hind'ring* may be otherwise explained: "Johnstone tells us that in the north, 'being difficult to cut in the harvest time, or to pull in the process of weeding, it has obtained the sobriquet of the 'Devil's-fingels.' From this it may well be called 'hind'ring,' just as the *Oenone*, from the same habit of catching the plough and harrow, has obtained the prettier name of 'Rest-harrow.'"

204. Line 335: *Thou shalt AVE it.*—See above, note 191. There is no reason to think that the word here is an abbreviated form of *abide*.

205. Line 379: *For night's swift DRAGONS.*—Compare Cymbeline, ii. 2. 48: "Swift, swift, you dragons of the night." According to Drayton (The Man in the Moon, 331) Phœbe (Diana) had a chariot drawn by *dragons*; he represents her as calling down "the *Dragons* that her

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—See above, note 191. e word here is anab-

DRAGONS.—Compare you dragons of the e Man in the Moon, awn by dragons; he e Dragons that her

chariot drawe;" and compare Milton's II Penserose (line 59):

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke.

205. Lines 351, 352:

At whose approach, ghosts, round ring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards.

Compare Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, stanza xxvi:

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skir'd Fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

207. Line 353: *That in crossways and floods have burial*. Suides were, as is well known, formerly buried at cross-roads with a stake through the heart. Steevens has the following obscurely worded note on this passage: "The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. That the waters were sometimes the place of residence for damned spirits, we learn from the ancient hi. L. romance of Syr Eglamour of Artoys, no date:

"Let some preest a gospel saye,
"For dome of fendes in the fode,"

—Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 281.

208. Line 354: *Already to their wormy beds are gone*.

Compare Milton's poem On the Death of a Fair Infant (line 51):

Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed.

209. Line 357: *black-brow'd night*.—Compare Rom. and Jul. iii. 2. 20: "come, having, black-brow'd night."

210. Line 359: *I with the MORNING'S LOVE have oft made sport*.—Probably Oberon means by the *morning's love* Cephalus, the lover of Aurora. He claims here to be exempt from the rule which compelled all spirits and ghosts to retire to their homes at dawn, for he had *made sport*, or hunted with Cephalus. Milton, therefore, was wrong in making his fairies disappear with the ghosts (see above, the quotation in note 206).

211. Line 361: *Even till the EASTERN GATE, all fiery*.—Compare Milton again, I. Allegro (lines 53, 60):

Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state.

Milton seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the language of this play, which must have been a great favourite of his, at any rate in his youth.

212. Lines 418, 419:

Come, then gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy GRAY light.

Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 166:

But, lo! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
wears russet, as has been pointed out above, note 173, means gray.

213. Line 426: *Thou shalt buy this dear*. Compare II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 140:

Too true; and bought his clothing very dear.

There is no need to read *by for aby* as Johnson proposed to do.

214. Line 461: *Jack shall have Jill*.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 881, 885.

Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

215. Line 2: *While I thy AMIABLE cheeks do COY*.—*Amiable*, which is now only used of persons, and referred to moral beauty, formerly was used of beauty in inanimate objects. In its modern use it rather means *lovable* than *beautiful*. Compare Milton's Paradise Lost, book iv. lines 250, 251:

Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable.

For *coy* used in the sense of "to coress," compare Peele's Arraignment of Paris, iii. 1:

Lo, yonder comes the lovely nymph, that in these Ida vales
Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and coy's him in the dales!

—Works, p. 350.

216. Lines 11-14: *and kill me a RED-DIPPED HUMBLE-BEE on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the HONEY-BAG*.—What Shakespeare meant by the epithet *red dipped* is doubtful; many of the *humable-bees* (of the genus *Bombus*) have the lower half of the abdomen bright-coloured; one of the commonest species (*Bombus lapidarius*) has the three last abdominal segments bright red. One of the *Apathi*, a genus of bees much resembling the *Bombi*, but parasitical on various members of that race, has the upper part of the leg red. As few people, who are not entomologists, know exactly what the *honey-bag* is, it may be as well to quote from Kirby and Spence's Entomology the description of that receptacle. "The tongue of a bee is not a tube through which the honey passes, nor a pump acting by suction, but a real tongue which laps or flicks the honey, and passes it down on its upper surface, as we do, to the mouth, which is at its base concealed by the mandibles. It is conveyed by this orifice through the oesophagus into the first stomach, which we call the *honey-bag*, and which, from being very small, is swelled when full of it to a considerable size" (vol. ii. p. 177). Shuckard in his British Bees (p. 316) says, speaking of humble-bees: "Foxes, weasels, field-mice, all prey upon them, and, like schoolboys, often destroy the bee for the sake of its *honey-bag*."

217. Line 25: *Cavalery Peaseblossom*.—Q₁ and F₁ read *Cobweb*, an evident mistake, as *Cobweb* has already been despatched on his errand. The emendation was Grey's suggestion. Q₁ and F₁ have *Cavalery*; F₂, F₃, F₄ print *Cavalero*.

218. Line 31: *I have a reasonably good EAR IN MUSIC*.—Bottom was a weaver, and weavers were supposed to be musical, and given to singing. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 1. 145, 146: "I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing."

219. Line 32: *Let's have the TONGS and the MOWS*.—F₁ have here a stage-direction *Musick's Tongs, Rurall Musick*.

The *tongs* were played by a *key*; the *bones* were played in the same manner as they are by nigger minstrels nowadays.

220. Line 23: *Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat*. This line is printed as prose in Globe edn. though all Titania's speeches are in verse. *Desirest* is not elided in F. 1; but it is almost certain this line was intended for verse, the non elision of *desirest* being accidental.

221. Line 36: *a BOTTLE of hay*. In the north a bundle, or truss of hay, is still called a *bottle*; the use of the word is preserved in the proverb: "to look for a needle in a bottle of hay." Cotgrave gives: "Boteler. To bottle, or bundle up; to make into bottles, or bundles." Chaucer uses the word in the Prologue to the Manciple's Tale (line 16863):

Although it be not worth a *bottle* hey.

A curious use of the word is found in Thersites:

I promise you this is as worthy a knight,
As ever shall breed out of a *bottle* late.

Douglas, vol. i. p. 411.

That is probably a roundabout way of calling Thersites (the knight referred to) an ass.

222. Line 40: *The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee THENCE new nuts*. Qq. and Ff. omit *thence*, which probably was overlooked by the transcriber, or by the printer, on account of its likeness to *thee*. The emendation is Hamner's.

223. Lines 47, 48:

So doth the WOODBINE the sweet HONEYSUCKLE
Gently ENTWIST.

On this passage much has been written by commentators. The chief difficulty is in the word *woodbine*, which is used by Shakespeare only in two other passages; viz. in ii. 1. 251:

Quite over-canopied with lush *woodbine*,

where it evidently means *honeysuckle*; and in Much Ado, iii. 1. 39, speaking of Beatrice:

Is couched in the *woodbine* coverture,

which, from lines 8, 9 above, we learn was:

Where *honeysuckles*, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter.

We must either suppose, with Stevens, that the *sweet honeysuckle* is in opposition to *woodbine*, and that *entwist*, as well as *curlings*, governs the *barky fingers of the clut* in line 49; or that it stands alone, the object being understood; or we must take *woodbine* here to be a different plant to *honeysuckle*. There is no doubt that *woodbine* was and is commonly used, in some parts of the country, for the *Convolvulus arvensis* or the *Convolvulus sepium*, both common plants in our hedge-banks, and both climbing plants much slighter than the *honeysuckle*, which is a shrub and often has a thick woolly stem. A passage from Ben Jonson's Vision of Delight (a Masque presented at court in 1617) is quoted as explaining the difficulty:

Behold!

How the blue *bindweed* doth itself unfold
With *honeysuckle*.

— Works, vol. vii. p. 308.

Bindweed being taken to be the same as *woodbine* in this passage; and Gifford, in his note on this passage, dog-

matically says: "The *woodbine* of Shakspeare is the blue *bindweed* of Jonson; in many of our counties the *woodbine* is still the name for the great *convolvulus* (*scie*)" (Works, vol. vii. p. 308). Now, in the first case, there is no *convolutus*, native to Great Britain, which has blue flowers. There are only three indigenous species, and they are all white or pink; the great *Convolvulus* or *Convolvulus sepium* being white. Undoubtedly *bindweed* is the common popular name for *convolutus*; but it was and is also used of other plants, e.g. in Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History (bk. xxvii. chap. ix. vol. ii. p. 281) we find a description of the qualities of "Running Buckewheat or *Bindweed*," a common weed, the Latin name of which is *Polygonum Convolvulus*, known as *black bindweed*. It is also used, vol. i. p. 481, of the plant called in Latin *Smilax*, the chapter (bk. xvi. chap. xxxv.) being headed: "Of the *Bind-weed*, or ivy called *Smilax*;" and again, book xxiv. chap. x: "Furthermore, the *Bindweed* *Smilax*, known also by the name of *Nicephorus*, resembleth ivy, but that it hath smaller leaves" (vol. ii. p. 190). In Prior's Popular Names of British Plants (p. 21) we find the blue *bindweed* of Jonson explained as *Solanum Dulcamara* or *bitter-sweet* (the woody nightshade), a very common plant in all our hedgerows. But that plant is not a climbing one, and I doubt if Prior's explanation is correct. If we examine the passage in the Vision of Delight, we shall find that the lines, quoted above, are part of a description of the Tower of Zephyrus, in which all kinds of flowers are supposed to be collected; the whole passage reads thus:

Behold!

How the blue *bindweed* doth itself unfold
With *honeysuckle*, and both these intwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine,
To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.

Works, vol. vii. p. 308.

Now the jessamine is certainly not a native of Great Britain; and we may justly conclude that by the blue *bindweed* Jonson meant the beautiful purple *convolvulus*, so common in all our gardens, which is a creeping plant, and will grow almost anywhere. On the whole, considering the lax use of the word *woodbine*, we must take it to mean some other plant than the *honeysuckle*, probably the *Convolvulus sepium*.

224. Lines 48, 49:

the female ivy so
ENTWINE the barky fingers of the clut.

The ivy is called *female* because it always requires support, and wedds itself, as it were, to its husband tree. *Earrings* may have, as Stevens suggests, some reference to the interchange of rings which took place, in old times, always at the betrothal of two lovers. Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 150-152:

A contract of eternal bond of love,

Strengthen'd by interchanging of your rings.

For the simile, more implied than expressed here, of a parasite plant being married to the tree which supports it, compare Milton's Paradise Lost, book v. lines 215-217:

or they led the vine

Is not her clasp; she, *oppress'd*, about him twines
Her marriageable arms.

225. Line 54: *Seeking sweet FAVOURS*.—So Q. 1 and F. 4. In Q. 2, F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 the reading is *succours*. For *favours* in the sense of love-tokens, compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 134: "And change you *favours* too;" and again line 136. Titania was evidently seeking flowers. Dyce quotes: "These [fair women] with syren-like allurement so enticed these quaint spirits, that they bestowed all their flowers upon them for *favours* (Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, sig. B 2, ed. 1620)."

226. Line 59: *round and ORIENT pearls*.—Mr. Aldis Wright says, in his note on this passage (Clarendon Press series, p. 129): "The epithet appears to be originally applied to the pearl and other gems as coming from the *orient* or east, and to have acquired the general sense of bright and shining from the objects which it most commonly describes. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, l. 546:

Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With *orient* colours waving."

But he also quotes from The Passionate Pilgrim, line 133:

Bright *orient* pearl, black, too timely shaded!

where it certainly seems to have only the sense of "coming from the east."

227. Line 78: DIAN'S BUD *o'er Cupid's flower*.—Dian's bud here is supposed to refer to the *Vitis Agnus castus* (Linn.), a plant belonging to the order *Teybentaceae*, which is thus described by Pliny, book xxiv. chap. ix.: "There is a kind of tree named *Viter*, not much different from the Willow, in regard of the use that the twigs be put unto, as also of the leaves which resemble those of the Willow in outward shew, but that their smell is more pleasant and odoriferous: the Greeks, some call it *Lygos* others *Agnos*, *CHAST*; for that the dames of Athens, during the feasts of the goddess *Ceres*, which were named *Thesmophoria*, made their pallets and beds with the leaves thereof, to coole the heat of lust, and to keep themselves *chast* for the time" (Holland's Translation, vol. ii. p. 187). It is mentioned by Chaucer in the Flower and the Leaf (lines 471-477):

"See ye not her that crowned is" (quoth she)
"All in whiter"—"Madam" (quoth he) "yes;
That is Diane, goddess of chastite,
And for because that she a maiden is,
In her hand the branch she beareth this,
That *agnus castus* men call properly;
And all the ladies in her company."

—Minor Poems, vol. iii. p. 223.

Cupid's flower is the pansy (*Viola tricolor*). See note 111.

228. Line 87: *Than common sleep of all these FIVE the best*.—Q. F. 1, F. 2 read "sleep; of all these, *five*;" F. 3, F. 4 "sleep; of all these *five*." The emendation is Theobald's; but was also suggested by Dr. Thirlby. The *five* sleepers are, of course, Helena, Hermia, Lysander, Demetrius, and Bottom.

229. Line 90: *Sound, music!*.—After line 86 the FF. have *Music still*; which is equivalent to *still or soft music*, and does not mean, as Collier supposed, that the music was to continue playing till Puck spoke, and then not to sound again till Oberon spoke. Titania calls for music, and the stage-direction is put immediately after her line, in order that the musicians might be ready. Their cue to

begin playing would be Oberon's words: *Sound, music!* In all the old MS. plays, as in our modern ones, the entrance of a new character, or of any number of supernumeraries, is always marked before their actual cue for coming on, in order that the prompter, or stage-manager, may see that they are ready to come on. In the same way, if any "property" is required, it will always be found marked, in the margin, a little time before it is wanted. Many of these stage-directions will be found, in the printed Quartos of the old plays, to have been introduced into the text by the blunders of the copyist or the printer. The instruments used for *still music* would be, probably, recorders or flutes, and perhaps some stringed instruments; while, for military or hunting music, drums and trumpets, or horns, would be used. Dyce is undoubtedly right in supposing that, at this point, a dance of some kind was introduced.

230. Line 107.—After this line in the FF. is a stage-direction: *Sleepers Lye still*.

231. Line 110: *the VAWARD of the day*.—This word (a form of *van-guard* = vanguard) is used by Shakespeare, in its literal sense, in Henry V. iv. 3. 129, 130:

My lord, most humbly on my knees I beg
The leading of the *vaward*.

And, metaphorically as here, in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 199, 200: "and we that are in the *vaward* of our youth, I must confess, are wags too."

232. Line 112: *Uncouple in the valley; let them go*.—Q. and FF. read:

Uncouple in the *western* valley; let them go,

making a very awkward and unrhymical line; an Alexandrine being quite out of place here. We have preferred to omit *western*, instead of *let them*, as Pope does. There seems to be no particular meaning in "the *western* valley." The *mountain*, in line 114 below, is not particularized.

233. Line 117: *I was with Hercules and Cadmus once*.—Rather a strange mixture, Hippolyta, Hercules, and Cadmus; but Shakespeare did not trouble himself about chronology much, mythical or historical.

234. Lines 118, 119:

they bay'd the BEAR

With hounds of Sparta

Hammer, whom Dyce follows, substituted *boar* for *bear*, quite unnecessarily. Shakespeare mentions the *bear*, among the objects of the chase, in Venus and Adonis (line 884); and in The Winter's Tale (iii. 3) Antigonus is killed by a *bear*, which is being hunted. Shakespeare uses the verb *to bay*, which properly signifies "to bark," as "to bring to bay." Compare Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 204: "Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart." For *hounds of Sparta*, which were considered of most excellent breed, compare Ben Jonson, Entertainment at Althorpe (The Satyr):

Better not Acteon had;

Th' dog of Sparta breed, and good,
As can *ring* within a wood.

—Works, vol. vi. p. 478.

For the last line, compare below, line 123; *ring* being evidently an allusion to the bell-like sound of the hound's cry.

235. Lines 121, 122:

*The skies, the MOUNTAINS, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry.*

Q₁ and F₁ read *fountains*. How *fountains* could be supposed to echo a *cry*, I do not know. The obvious correction *mountains* was inserted by Theobald from an anonymous source. Crete is a very mountainous island.

236. Line 126: *With ears that sweep away the morning dew*.—Compare Heywood's *Brazen Age*, II. 2:

*the fierce Thessalian hounds
With their flugge eares, ready to sweep the dew
From the moist earth.*

—Works, vol. III. p. 150.

The credit of giving this quotation correctly (it having been wrongly transcribed by Steevens) belongs to Mr. Aldis Wright.

237. Line 128: *match'd in mirth like bells*.—Compare Day's *Ile of Gulls*, II. 2: "Dianetas, were thine eares euer at a more musically banquet? How the *honnals mounthes, like bells*, are tuned one vnder mother" (Works, p. 33 (of play)). and *The Martyr'd Souldier*, III. 1: "A packe of the bravest *Spartan* Dogges in the world; if they do but once open and spend there gabble, gabble, gabble it will make the Forest echoe as if a *Ring of Bells* were in it; admirably flew, by their eares you would take 'em to be slinging boyes" (Bullen's *Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 202).

238. Lines 157, 158:

*where we might
Be without perill of the Athenian law.*

Q. 1 reads:

*where we might
Without the perill of the Athenian law.*

Q. 2, F. read:

*Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the perill of the Athenian law.*

The emendation in our text is Hamner's, by which the violent ellipsis of Q. 1, and the unmetrical line of the other old copies, are both avoided.

239. Line 178: *But, like an sickness*.—Q₁ F₁ read "a sickness;" the emendation is Farmer's conjecture.

240. Lines 196, 197:

*And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.*

Helena says above (lines 194, 195):

*Metinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.*

To which Helena answers:

*So metinks:
And I have found, &c.*

Meaning that Demetrius, to her eye, partakes of this double nature, being like a jewel which is *now* her own, but lately seemed not to be her own. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, III. 2. 20:

And so, though yours, not yours.

241. Lines 213-215.—Is the forgetfulness of Bottom here genuine; or is he ashamed to confess, even to himself, a thing so humiliating to his self-conceit as that he had thought himself, for a time, an ass with a real ass's head?

I am inclined to believe that his unwillingness to mention the exact nature of his dream is due to the latter cause.

242. Line 225: *I shall sing it at her death*.—Theobald very ingeniously proposed "after death," i.e. Bottom, having been killed in Pyramus, would come to life again and sing the ballad. But, as his mind is full of "The most lamentable Comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe," he means, most probably, after Thisbe's death.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

243. Line 14: *a thing of NAUGHT*.—Q₁ and F. 1 have of NAUGHT; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 of SAUGHT. There is no doubt that Flute understands the word *pyramus* in its worst sense, and therefore since, as Mr. Aldis Wright points out, *naught* and *saught* are etymologically the same, the two different senses of the word being distinguished by the spelling, it is better to adopt the spelling which indicates the sense intended. Compare *Richard III.* I. 1. 97-99:

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her &c.

The humour of these few sentences of dialogue (lines 1-14) is excellent. Note the genuine high opinion the speakers have of Bottom's talents; there is no jealousy of his admitted superiority. The touch of Flute's correcting the mistake of Quince, who has hitherto exercised a kind of managerial authority over the company, is very good.

244. Lines 19, 20: *Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life*.—This speech evidently refers to some real case of an actor having been pensioned, or a good performance, by Queen Elizabeth. Steevens says that Thomas Preston, the title-page of whose *Quintus Shakespeare* has already been noticed in the title of "The most Lamentable Comedy," &c. "acted a part in John Flitwise's play of *Dido* before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge, in 1564; and the Queen was so well pleased, that she bestowed on him a pension of *twenty pounds* a year, which is little more than a *shilling* a day" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 307).

245. Line 29: *I can to discourse wonders*.—Compare *Two Gent. of Verona*, III. 1. 59:

I am to discourse with thee of some affairs.

246. Line 39: *our play is preferred*.—Generally explained by the commentators as meaning "is preferred, or offered for acceptance;" as we talk of "preferring a request." But has it not more probably the sense of "preferred to the dignity (of being acted before the Duke)?" Compare *Richard III.* iv. 2. 82:

And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

247. Line 4: *such seething brains*.—Compare *Winter's Tale*, III. 3. 61, 65: "Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" In that passage *boiled* means overheated; but in the passage quoted by Malone from the *Tempest*, v. 1. 60, it has a different signification, and means "sodden" (with the

lignness to mention to the latter cause.

death.—Theobald
enth," i.e. Bottom,
come to life again
and full of "The
is and Thisbe," he
death.

Q₁ and F. I have of
there is no doubt that
r in its worst sense,
Wright points out,
by the same, the two
distinguished by the
thing which indicates
of III. l. 1, 97-98:
ought to do.
I tell thee, fellow,

of dialogue (lines 1-
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John Btwise's play
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which is little more
v. p. 397).

ders.—Compare Two
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1.

—Compare Winter's
these boiled brains
hant this weather?"
anted; but in the pas-
sage, v. 1. 60, it has
"sodden" (with the

mailed fumes). Dellius, very aptly, quotes *Macheth*, II. 1.
38, 39

A false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.

213. Line 8: *Are of imagination all compact*.—See note
78, *Comedy of Errors* (II. 2. 22). Marlowe uses the word,
in this sense, in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, II. 2:

A man compact of craft and perjury.

—*Works*, p. 257.

249. Line 34: *Between our after-supper and bed-time*.
Q₄ have "or after supper;" and neither in Q₄ nor Ff
are the two words connected by a hyphen. There is little
doubt that the two words are not meant to express
simply "the time after supper," as Schmidt explains them;
but the banquet or dessert taken *after supper* in another
room, and called *revere-supper*, or *rear-supper*. Harrison
mentions this supplementary meal in his Description of
England, book II. chap. vi.: "Heretofore there hath bene
much more time spent in eating and drinking than com-
mingle is in these daies, for whereas of old we had
breakfasts in the forenoon, benegerages, or mitions after
dinner, and thereto *revere suppers* generally when it was
time to go to rest (a tale brought into England by hardie
Calanias)" (New Shak. Soc. Publications, part I. p. 102).
Compare Richard III. iv. 3. 31 (according to the first six
Quarto edns.):

Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at *after-supper*,

where Ff. read "AND *after-supper*." That *after-supper*
was a recognized word we find from Cotgrave, who gives
under "*Regouillonner*," To make a *revere supper*, steal
an *after supper*." (It will be observed that the words are
not hyphenated in Cotgrave.)

250. Line 38: *Here, mighty THESEUS*.—Ff. give EGEUS
as the name of the speaker, the same actor having prob-
ably played both parts.

251. Line 39: *Say, what ABRIDGMENT have you for this
evening?*—Compare *Hamlet*, II. 2. 439: "look, where my
abridgment comes;" where the word is used in a double
sense. It came to mean "an entertainment" in the sense
of something that *abridged* the time, or made it to appear
short. But Stevens thinks *abridgment* might mean "a
dramatic performance which crowds the events of years
into a few hours." Perhaps the word may have acquired
the sense of "an entertainment," because of being neces-
sarily short, "brief, but not tedious." Stevens says *abate-
ment*, in northern dialects, means "an entertainment."

252. Line 42: *There is a BRIEF how many sports are
ripe*.—For *brief* in the sense of "a list," compare Antony
and Cleopatra, v. 2. 138, 139:

This is the *brief* of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of.

Q₂ and Ff. have *ripe* instead of *ripe*; probably a mis-
print.

253. Line 44.—In Q₁ Theseus reads out from the paper
himself; but we have followed Ff. which give the read-
ing of the list of entertainments to Lysander, a much
more effective arrangement, as far as the stage require-
ments are concerned.

254. Lines 52, 53.—See Introduction, pp. 421, 422.
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255. Line 59: *That is, and wondrous strange*
show.—The proposed emendations of this passage are as
numerous and ingenious as the words themselves. Almost
every commentator seems to have thought it his duty to
propose some alteration in the text, but not one appears
to have noticed that the expression *wondrous* is
used by Shakespeare in many passages, in which
I. 5. 164:

O day and night, but this is *wondrous strange*!

And in III. Henry VI. II. 1. 33:

'T is *wondrous strange*, the like yet never heard of;

and that, as the text stands, it makes sufficiently good
sense. It is quite true that *hot fee* presents a perfect
antithesis, and that *wondrous strange show* does not,
but what are the two corresponding phrases in the former
line?

Merry and tragical, tedious and brief:

Now *merry* and *tragical* are absolutely opposed; but
tedious and *brief*, though, as a rule, opposites, are not
necessarily so. For it is quite possible to be *brief* and
yet to be *tedious*, in the sense of being wearisome. We
all remember the story of the clergyman, who, having
preached a short sermon before Canning, asked the great
statesman his opinion of it afterwards: "What did you
think of my sermon?" "Well, it was not long." "No,"
the clergyman answered, "I was afraid of being *tedious*."
"But," answered Canning, "you were *tedious*." The
word *strange* has many meanings; and one of them is
that which is contrary to the nature of the person or
thing to which it applies. One of the synonyms for
strange, given in Cotgrave, is *revers*; and surely we get
from that word, very nearly, the meaning of "that which
is contrary to itself."

256. Line 69: *Made mine eyes water*.—Supply *It* before
made. For examples of a similar elliptical construction,
compare As You Like It, I. 1. 2: "*bequeathed* me by
will;" i.e. (he) bequeathed, &c.; and Merchant of Venice,
I. 1. 98:

If they should speak, *would* almost damn those ears,
where *would*—(they) would.

257. Line 70: *The passion of loud laughter*.—See note
175, Love's Labour's Lost.

258. Line 74: *their UNBREATH'D memories*.—See note
212, Love's Labour's Lost.

259. Lines 81-83.—It may be noted that, although
Shakespeare ridicules these entertainments and inter-
ludes, which were presented by the rustic amateurs before
great people, yet he, at the same time, furnishes the best
and most generous defence of them; and teaches us how
such simple-minded, if ridiculous, efforts should be
treated by all persons of good breeding. Compare with
this passage and the subsequent one (lines 89-92) the
speech of the Princess in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 516-
521. Indeed, the whole of this scene may be compared
with the portion of that scene which relates to the per-
formance of the Interlude of The Nine Worthies, and the
comments of the spectators.

260. Lines 91, 92:

And what poor duty *would*, but cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

This is certain
 looking that Shake-
 cent use of *certain*,
 time in old English
 from Wykyn de

lamentable blede,

bloody breast

on an affection in
 century, of which
 be given.

is—So in Gollings'

ripen therein a *crany*
 full not mark of a r
 not lone espiet
 way thereby

rat olim,
 is utriusque;
 param;
 sis amantes;

—Mithras, iv. 65-66.

partition that ever
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 fication, was to be
 is, undoubtedly, a
 what extravagant
 the wall, has been
 of the much simpler
 Collier MS. It is a
 ity be a blunder for
 "the *reall* is down
 that there was a
 down between the
 ce between them is

"can end." We know that, from time immemorial, neigh-
 bours have not always been the best friends.

271 Lines 214-216. This speech of Theseus should serve
 as a motto, and as a philosophical consolation, to those
 who, in search of amusement, are induced to witness a
 more or less inadequate performance. So little scope is
 left in our theatres nowadays to the imagination of an
 audience, that they must not complain if, to keep that
 quality from rusting, they have to exercise it in *imagining*
 the acting.

272 Line 227: *No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.*—Qq
 ff. read "A lion fell." Some editors retain the old read-
 ing, and give instances, such as the following from Sonnet
 xlii. 9, 10.

But my five wits nor my five senses can
 Discerned one to dishonour from serving thee,

where *nor*, which applied to both members of the sentence,
 is omitted before the first. But the *no* before *lion's dam*
 seems to point to *no*, and not *a*, as the right reading
 before *lion*; for which reason we have adopted Rowe's
 emendation.

273 Line 229: *'T were pity on my life.*—See above, note
 150.

274 Line 213: *This lantern doth the horned moon*
present.—Douce thinks *horned* "refers to the material of
 which the lantern was made" (p. 121). Very possibly; but,
 from Theseus' speech below (lines 246, 247), it is evident
 the reference was also to the horns of the *new* or *crescent*
moon, which, of course, when it is half moon or more,
 are hidden "within the circumference."

275. Line 219: *Myself the MAN 'T THE MOON do seem to*
 —Rolle says: "Grimm (Deutsche Mythologie, p. 412)
 informs us that there are three legends connected with
 the Man in the Moon: the first, that this personage was
 Isaac carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice;
 the second, that he was Cain; and the third, taken from
 the history of the Sabbath-breaker in the Book of Num-
 bers" (xv. 32). The man was stoned to death for his
 offence.

276 Line 254: *it is already IN SCUFFE.*—See Love's La-
 bour's Lost, note 166.

277 Lines 263, 264: *this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush;*
and this dog, my dog.—In Ben Jonson's Masque, "News
 from the New World," two *Herbals* are relating to *Fae-*
lor how Poetry has sent "a servant of hers in search of
 truth" to the *Moon*, to which *Factor* answers: "Where?
 which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the
 bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it;" and, in the
 next speech but one, the second *Herbal* answers: "These
 are stale ensigns of the stage's *man in the moon*, delivered
 down to you by musty antiquity" (Works, vol. vii. p. 255).
 Possibly there was a reference intended to this scene.

278 Lines 275, 276:

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd
 Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Arranged according to Spedding's suggestion. In Qq and
 ff the order is reversed. Stevens, quite unnecessarily,
 adopts Farmer's conjecture:

Dem. And so comes Pyramus
 Lys. And then the MOON VANISHES.

279 Line 270: *For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering*
gleams.—Qq and F 1 read *beams*, which is most probably
 a mistake. F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *stream*; but *gleams* is Knight's
 proposed emendation, adopted by Staunton and others.
 It suits the alliterative character of the line better than
streams.

280 Line 291: *Cut thread and THREW.*—Nares explains
threw: "The tufted part beyond the tie, at the end of
 the warp, in weaving; or any collection or tuft of short
 thread." Compare Merry Wives, iv. 2. 80: "her *thrummed*
kat," i. e. a hat made of weavers' tufts or *thumms*.

281 Line 285: *Which is—no, no—which was the fairest*
dame. Bottom would seem to have forgotten some part
 of this line; for the metre is not complete without the
 interpolated correction, and all the other lines of this
 "most lamentable comedy," whatever their poetic merit,
 do at least seem. This line would read without the cor-
 rection:

Which is the fairest dame,

a line grievously deficient in syllables. But, probably, the
 line was meant to stand as it does in the text of the
 "most lamentable comedy;" the touch of Pyramus for-
 getting, for the moment, that his love, believed to be
 dead, must be spoken of in the past, and not in the
 present tense, was taken to be one of the supposed poet's
 great points.

282 Lines 326-328: *he for a man, God warrant us; she*
for a woman, God bless us.—Omitted in ff, perhaps on
 account of the statute of James I. prohibiting the use of
 the name of God on the stage.

283. Line 330: *And thus she means, videlicet.*—Qq. ff.
 read *means*. The emendation is Theobald's. *Videlicet* main-
 tained that *means* here = *menes*; to *menes* or *menes*, is a
 word still used in Scotch as = to *mean* or *lament*.

284 Line 360: a BERGOMASK dance.—Hammer explains
 that this "is a dance after the manner of the peasants of
Bergomasco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venet-
 ians. All the buffoons in Italy affect to imitate the
 ridiculous jargon of that people; and from thence it be-
 came also a custom to imitate their manner of dancing"
 (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 333). He means *Bergamo*, the people
 of which appear to have been sometimes called *Bergo-*
maschi. Colgrave gives "*Bergamasque*;" and Florio gives
 "*Bergantino*, a Zane in a Comedy." I think Mr. Aldis
 Wright is not quite correct in saying that "Th. Italian
Zanni (our '*zang*') is a contraction for *Giovanni* in the
 dialect of *Bergamo*, and is the nickname for a peasant
 of that place" (Oxford Press Ed. p. 114). *Zane* is given
 by Florio as "the name of *John* in some parts of *Lom-*
bardy, but commonly used for a silly John." &c. *Zanni*
 Florio gives us "*Attebini* . . . Canting, cunning-catchers;"
 and I believe the use of *Zane* (in the above sense) is by
 no means confined to *Bergamo* and its neighbourhood.

285. Lines 378-380.—Compare the following speech in
 Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellicia (iii. 3), ob-
 viously imitated from the passage in our text:

Now harkes the wolfe against the full cheere's moon;
 Now Lyons half-claw'd entrails roare for food;

Now croakes the Toad, at midnight rowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose
Impur'd spirits to revell on earth. — Works, vol. i. p. 111.

286. Line 391: *By the TRIPLE Hecate's team*. — *Hecate* is called *triple* because of her threefold sovereignty in heaven, on earth, and in hell. Compare Drayton, *The Man in the Moon*, 476-478:

So the great three most powerfull of the rest,
Phoebe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
Her dominion in heaven, in earth and hell.

287. Lines 419, 411:

*To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be.*

Steevens gives from "Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household" the regulations to be observed at the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed at the marriage of a princess: "All men at her coming in to bee voided, except women, till shee bee brought to her *bedd*; and the man both; he sitting in his bedd in his shirte, with a gowne cast about him. Then the Bishoppe, with the Chaplaines, to come in, and *blesse the bedd*: then every man to avoide without any drinke save the two estates, if they liste, privily (p. 129)." (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 338). Doorce gives the form, to be used on this occasion, from the *Sacra Missal*. — Owing to the festivities on the wedding night being lately prolonged, in 1577, according to Doorce, the Archbishop of Paris ordained "that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should for the future be performed in the day time, or at least *before supper*, and in the presence only of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations." (p. 124).

289. Line 419: *Not mark PRODIGIOUS*. — Compare King John, iii. 1. 45-47:

I all of encompassing fables and sightless shams,
I, one, foolishly, crooked, sooty, *prodigious*,
Patch'd with foul noises and eyes-outflowing marks.

289. Line 422: *With this field-dew CONSECRATE*. — Compare, for this form of "consecrated," Sonnet lxxix. 6:

The very part was *consecrate* to thee.

290. Lines 424, 425:

*And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace.*

The ceremony of blessing all the rooms in an "apartment," or house, is still preserved in some Roman Catholic countries. At Naples, in recent years, every Easter, a priest used to come round to all the houses with holy water and an aspergillus, and bless the several rooms. Chaucer gives a form of this blessing of a house (not the canonical one) in *The Miller's Tale*, 3480-3485:

On fourre ladies of the houses aboute,
And on threswold of the dore withoute.
Jhesu Crist, and Scent Benedight.
Basse this hous from every wickid wight,
Fro the nightes mare, the wite Fater-moster

291. Lines 436, 427:

*And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.*

In Q₁ and Ff these lines are transposed. We have followed Stannton's arrangement.

292. Line 440: *Not to scape the SERPENT'S TONGUE*. — Steevens quotes J. Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1697: "But the nymph, after the custom of distressed tragedians, whose first act is entertained with a *sauvy salutation*, &c." (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 341).

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

75. ii. 1. 12: I AM, *thou speak'st aright*. So Dr Johnson.
232. iv. 1. 112: *Uncouple in the valley*; let them go.

Note

260. v. 1. 91, 92:
*And what poor duty would, BUT cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.*

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

177. iii. 2. 53-55:
*and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so DIS-EASE
Her brother's amiable with the Antiquates*
So Hammer

Note

198. iii. 2. 257, 258:
*No, no; HE'LL NOT STIR;
Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow*
So Jackson.

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CONSECRATE.—Com-
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ERPENT'S TONGUE.—
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LL NOT STIR;
ou would follow;
So Jackson.

WORDS PECULIAR TO A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed in F. 1 as two separate words.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Ally	(iii. 2 175)	Eternally	iv. 1 186	Maypole	iii. 2 296	Roundel	iii. 2 1
After-supper	v. 1 31	Fancy-free	ii. 1 164	Mimic	iii. 2 19	Rusily	ii. 1 81
Barky	iv. 1 49	Fancy-sick	iii. 2 186	Minimus	iii. 2 329	Russet-pated	iii. 2 21
Barn	ii. 1 38	Filly-dew	v. 1 132	Misgraffed	i. 1 137	Sanded	iv. 1 125
Bashfulness	iii. 2 286	Flewed	ii. 1 46	Misprised ¹⁰	iii. 2 71	Schooling (sub.)	i. 1 116
Batty	iii. 2 365	Flewed	iv. 1 125	Moans ¹¹ (verb)	v. 1 330	Screeching	v. 1 383
Bean-fed	ii. 1 45	Foal	ii. 1 46	Momentary	i. 1 113	Scrip	i. 2 3
Bedabbled	iii. 2 143	Fowler	iii. 2 20	Moonbeams	iii. 1 176	Self-affairs	i. 1 113
Bed-room	ii. 2 51	Freckles	ii. 1 13	Murion ¹²	ii. 1 97	Shrewishness	iii. 2 304
Behowl	v. 1 379	Frolic (adj.)	v. 1 394	Musk-rose ¹³	ii. 2 3	Silently	iii. 1 200
Bellows mender	i. 2 14	Gloriously ¹⁴	iii. 2 106	Mustard-seed ¹⁵	iii. 1 163	Smaltly	ii. 1 159
Bellows	(iv. 1 207)	Governess	ii. 1 103	Neerz	ii. 1 50	Sphery	ii. 2 37
Bergomask	v. 1 360	Grim-looking	v. 1 171	Night-rule	iii. 2 5	Starry	iii. 2 356
Big-bellied	ii. 1 129	Gruest-wise	iii. 2 171	Night-tapers	iii. 1 172	Steep ¹⁷ (sub.)	ii. 1 40
Bodles (verb)	v. 1 14	*Hard-handed	v. 1 72	Night-wanderers ¹⁸	ii. 1 39	Straw colour	i. 2 95
Bottle (of nay)	iv. 1 36	Hasty-footed	iii. 2 200	Note	iii. 2 17	Superpraise	iii. 2 153
Bouncing (adj.)	ii. 1 70	Henchman	ii. 1 121	Notably	v. 1 368	(verb)	
Brisky	iii. 1 97	*Hoary-headed	ii. 1 107	*Orange-tawny	i. 2 190	Thorn-bush	v. 1 263
Brown	v. 1 396	*Home-spun	iii. 1 79	Once (animal)	ii. 2 30	Throttle	v. 1 97
Bu-skined	ii. 1 71	*Honey-bag ¹	iv. 1 13	Out-sleep	v. 1 372	Thrum	v. 1 291
Canker-blossom	iii. 2 282	Imprinted ²	i. 1 50	Over-canopied	ii. 1 251	Tide (verb)	v. 1 295
Cawing	iii. 2 22	Insufficiency ³	ii. 2 128	Over-full	i. 1 113	Tipsy	v. 1 48
Chaplet	ii. 1 110	Interchained	ii. 2 49	Over-ripe	iii. 1 197	*Tiring-house	iii. 1 5
Childing	ii. 1 112	Jole	iii. 2 338	Panselblossom ¹⁶	iii. 1 165	Tongs	iv. 1 32
Chink ¹	iii. 1 66	Kill-courtesy	ii. 2 77	Plaster (mortar)	iii. 1 70	Transfigured	v. 1 21
Church way	v. 1 389	Knot-grass	iii. 2 329	Prevailment	i. 1 35	Timeable	(i. 1 184)
Churn (verb)	ii. 1 37	Lack love	ii. 2 77	*Primrose-beds	i. 2 215	(iv. 1 129)	
Coy ² (verb)	iv. 1 2	Light ⁷ (adv.)	v. 1 401	Purple-in-grain	i. 2 97	Unbreathed	v. 1 71
Crammied	v. 1 159	Lighter-heeled	iii. 2 415	Quern	ii. 1 36	Undistinguish-	ii. 1 100
Crescent (sub.)	v. 1 216	Lily-white ⁸	iii. 1 95	Red-lipped	iv. 1 12	able	(iv. 1 192)
Crook-knee'd	iv. 1 127	Live (adj.)	ii. 1 172	Rere-mice	ii. 2 4	Unearned	v. 1 439
Crossways	iii. 2 383	Loh	i. 1 16	Rough-cast	v. 1 132	Unhardened	i. 1 35
Death-counter-	iii. 2 364	Loke stars ⁹	i. 1 183	(v. 1 162)		Unhedy	i. 1 237
Feiting	iii. 2 364	Loffe	ii. 1 55	Ver-ling	iii. 1 71	Ver-ling	ii. 1 67
Devilish holy	iii. 2 129	*Long-legged	ii. 2 21	Villagery	iii. 1 35	Villagery	iii. 1 35
Dewberries	iii. 1 169	*Love-in-filiness	ii. 1 108	Vixen	iii. 2 324	Wane (sub.)	v. 1 258
Dewlap	ii. 1 50	*Love-juice	iii. 2 37	Wane (verb)	ii. 1 56	Waven (verb)	ii. 1 56
Dugbills	iii. 2 187	(iii. 2 89)		Wild-tow ¹⁹	iii. 1 33	Withering ¹⁹	i. 1 6
Dunings	iv. 1 49	Love-shafts	ii. 1 159	Wood-birds	iv. 1 145	Wormy	iii. 2 381
Twist	iv. 1 48	Love-tokens	i. 1 29	Wrath (adj.)	ii. 1 20		

¹ Occurs four times in v. 1, lines

133, 178, 194. *Choke* money.

² Occurs in *Rome* and *Jed*, i. 5, 119.

³ In the sense of "to excess."

⁴ Verb occurs in *Coriolanus*.

⁵ "To consent with reluctance."

⁶ Venus and Adonis, 807.

⁷ Occurs twice again in same

scene, lines 16, 17; and in the

singular, iii. 1, 171.

⁸ Venus and Adonis, 531.

⁹ *Sonn.*, cl. 2.

¹⁰ Venus and Adonis, 1098.

¹¹ Venus and Adonis, 1053.

¹² *Lucrèce*, 178.

¹³ In the sense of "mistaken;"

used twice (As You Like It, i. 1,

375; i. 3, 192) in the ordinary sense.

¹⁴ *Lucrèce*, 877; *Sonn.*, xxx, 8.

¹⁵ *Maroon* is the reading of

Qq. and Ff.; *Marrain*, the more

modern form of the word, occurs

frequently.

¹⁶ Occurs again, iv. 1, 3; and in

plural, ii. 1, 292.

¹⁷ Occurs four times again: in

iii. 1, 193, 196; and in iv. 1, 18, 20.

¹⁸ Venus and Adonis, 825.

¹⁹ Occurs again four times: in

iii. 1, 103, 192; and in iv. 1, 3, 7.

²⁰ See note 49.

²¹ *Ilful* *fool* occurs in *Twelfth*

Night, iv. 2, 55, used generally;

where it is not hyphenated by many

modern editors.

²² In transitive sense.



KING RICHARD II.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

F. A. MARSHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, }
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, } meles to the King.

HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt;
afterwards King Henry IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKLEY.

SIR JOHN BUSHY.

SIR WILLIAM BAGOT, }
SIR HENRY GREEN, } servants to King Richard.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

LORD MARSHAL.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

CAPTAIN of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

LADY attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom,
and other Attendants.

SCENE AND HISTORIC PERIOD.

The Scene is laid in England and Wales; and the Historic Period is from 29th April, 1398,
to the beginning of March, 1400.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Daniel, comprises fourteen days.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1. — Interval.

Day 2: Act I. Scene 2. — Interval.

Day 3: Act I. Scene 3. — Interval.

Day 4: Act I. Scene 4; Act II. Scene 1. — Interval.

Day 5: Act II. Scene 2. — Interval.

Day 6: Act II. Scene 3. — Interval.

Day 7: Act II. Scene 4; Act III. Scene 1.

Day 8: Act III. Scene 2. — Interval.

Day 9: Act III. Scene 3. — Interval.

Day 10: Act III. Scene 4. — Interval.

Day 11: Act IV. Scene 1; Act V. Scene 1. — Interval.

Day 12: Act V. Scenes 2, 3, and 4. — Interval.

Day 13: Act V. Scene 5. — Interval.

Day 14: Act V. Scene 6.

¹ We have adopted the arrangement of the characters, as to precedence, given in the Cambridge Edition, in

accordance with the suggestions of Mr. George Russell French.

KING RICHARD II.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

FOUR editions in Quarto of this play were published before the date of the first Folio, 1623. It appears that the Tragedy of Richard II. was entered on the Stationers' Register by Andrew Wise on 29th August, 1597; the full title-page of this edition (Quarto) being:

The Tragedie of King Ri- | chard the Se-
cond. | *As it hath bene publikely acted* |
by the right Honourable the | *Lords Chamber-*
laine his Ser- | uants. | LONDON. | Printed by
Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and | are
to be sold at his Shop in Paules church yard
at the signe of the Angel. | 1597 | (Q. 1).

The next edition (Q. 2) was published in 1598, when the author's name was first added: "*By William Shakespeare.*" The third edition (Q. 3) was published in 1608:

Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Lowe*, and are
to be | sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard,
at the signe of the Foxe. | 1608. |

Of this edition there was a second issue in the same year with the following title-page:

The | Tragedie of King | Richard the Se-
cond: | with new additions of the Parlia- |
ment Scene, and the deposing | of King
Richard, | As it hath been lately acted by the
Kinges | Maiesties Seruantes, at the Globe. |
By *William Shakespeare.* | At London, |
Printed by W. W. for *Mathew Lowe*, and are
to | be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard,
at the Signe of the Foxe. | 1608. |

A fifth edition (Q. 4) was published in 1615: the title-page was substantially the same as that of the second issue of the last edition, except that it is stated to be "Printed for *Mathew Lowe.*"

The Cambridge Editors say: "Each of these Quartos was printed from its immediate predecessor. The third however contains an

important addition, found in all the extant copies of Q. 3, amounting to 165 lines, viz. act iv. sc. 1, lines 154-318. This is what is meant by 'the new additions of the Parliament Scene' mentioned in the title-pages of some copies of Q. 3, and in that of Q. 4. These 'new additions' are found also in the first and following Folios, and in Q. 5. The play, as given in the first Folio, was no doubt printed from a copy of Q. 4, corrected with some care, and prepared for stage representation. Several passages have been left out with a view of shortening the performance. In the 'new additions of the Parliament scene' it would appear that the defective text of the Quarto had been corrected from the author's MS. For this part therefore the first Folio is our highest authority: for all the rest of the play the first Quarto affords the best text." (Cambridge Edn. vol. iv. page ix.)

The fifth edition (Q. 5), 1634, was printed from the Second Folio; but, as the Cambridge Editors remark: "its readings sometimes agree with one or other of the earlier Quartos, and in a few cases are entirely independent of previous editions." The title-page is substantially the same as that of the two last editions except that it was "Printed by John Norton."

Shakespeare seems to have taken his material chiefly from Holinshed's Chronicles, which he follows indeed very closely; for some touches he may have been indebted to Hall. Messrs. Clark and Wright, in their preface to this play (Clarendon Press Series), say that it is evident that Shakespeare "used the second edition of Holinshed, published in 1586-7, from the fact that the withering of the bay-trees (ii. 4. 8) is recorded in that edition alone, and not in the first of 1577."

It seems to be the opinion of most editors that there were at least *two* other plays on

KING RICHARD II.

the same subject, besides Shakespeare's. Mr. Stokes in his work on the Chronological order of Shakespeare's plays mentions a third entitled: "*The Tragedy of Richard II.*, concluding with the murder of the Duke of Gloster at Calais," which was reprinted in 1870.¹ The first of these two plays is thought to have been the one acted in 1601, on the afternoon preceding the day of the rebellion of Essex, in the presence of Sir Gilly Merrick and others of the followers of Essex. In the State Paper Office the following document is preserved:—

"The exam. of Angustyne Phillippes, servant unto the L. Chamberlyne, and one of his players, taken the xviiith of Februarij, 1600[1], upon hys othe.

"He sayeth that on Fryday last was senyght, or Thursday, 8^e Charles Pryce, or Jostlyne Pryce, and the L. Montegle, with some thre more, spake to some of the players, in the presens of thys exam^t to have the playe of the deposing and kyllyng of Kyng Rychard the Second to be played the Saterday next, promysing to geve them x^{ls} more then their ordinary to play yt; when this exam^t and hys fellowes were determyned to have played some other play, holdyng that play of Kyng Rychard to be so old, and so long out of yous (use), that they should have small or no company at yt. But at thaire request, this exam^t and his fellowes were content to play it the Saterday, and have theise x^{ls} more then thaire ordinary for yt, and so played yt accordyngly.

Augustine Phillipps.

Ex per Jo. Poplam.

Edw. Anderson.

Edw. Femer.²

I confess, that, from the last document quoted, I cannot see why the play alluded to should not have been that of Shakespeare, which is supposed to have been written about 1594; and at any rate to have been acted some time before it was first published. Surely, in 1601, to actors who were in the habit of playing three or four different pieces every week, this play might have seemed "old and long

out of use;" and, however high may be the opinion held by some critics of Richard II., it must be confessed that it is one which from its deficiency in dramatic interest was likely to be shelved when it had ceased to have any particular political application.³

Messrs. Clark and Wright maintain that "it is certain the play represented at Merrick's instigation was not Shakespeare's play." [Preface to Richard II. (Clarendon Press Series), page 5.] They add: "And it would be difficult to conceive any play less likely to serve the ends of the conspirators than this of Shakespeare even with the deposition scene, in which the sympathies of the audience during the later acts are powerfully attracted to the unfortunate King. And besides, the conspirators were most anxious to disclaim any attempt upon their Sovereign's life." But that Queen Elizabeth was often compared with Richard II. is quite clear; and the displeasure which she showed at Sir John Hayward's publication of his History of the First Year of the Reign of Henry IV. for which he was censured by the Star Chamber, and committed to prison, proves how touchy she was upon this subject.³ It is also highly probable that the lines, iv. 1. 154-318, which are said in the second issue of the

² For the special political application which Richard II. must have had when first written, see the paper by the late Richard Simpson on the Politics of Shakespeare's Historical Plays. (New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874, Pt. 2, pp. 406-11.)

³ Staunton says in his Introduction to this play that Queen Elizabeth "in a conversation with the accomplished William Lamballe, twelve months afterwards, on the occasion of his presenting her with his pandect of her Rolls in the Tower, when, looking through the records, she came to the reign of Richard II. she remarked: 'I am Richard II. know ye not that?' Lamballe replied, in allusion to the Essex attempt, 'Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gent, the most adorned creature that ever your Majesty male;' to which her Majesty rejoined: 'He that will forget God, will also forget his benefactors: this tragedy was played 40⁰⁰⁰ times in open streets and houses.'" The authority given for this quotation in Collier's edition (vol. iii. p. 212) is Thorpe's *Costumale Reffense* (p. 89). I failed to find the passage in Thorpe's Works at the British Museum; but, granting that Elizabeth was accurate, the statement that this tragedy had been played 40 times "in open streets and houses" might be considered by Messrs. Clark and Wright, and those who agree with them, as tending to prove the tragedy could not have been Shakespeare's Richard II.

¹ See below, pp. 333, 334.

INTRODUCTION.

Third Quarto to have been new additions, were part of the original play of Shakespeare; but were suppressed in the former editions on account of their being likely to give offence to Queen Elizabeth. It seems to me that the purposes of the co-conspirators of Essex would have been sufficiently served by the representation of Shakespeare's play, even though it did not exactly foreshadow their scheme; and the more so, perhaps, because the sympathies of the audience were invited in favour of the deposed and murdered king, since that very fact would seem to acquit them of any disloyal intention; while the references in the earlier portions of the play to fiscal oppressions, and the evil influences of favourites, would recall to the audience those grievances which the people of England had suffered, and were then suffering, under Queen Elizabeth's rule. In the State Trials, vol. vii. page 60, according to Tyrwhitt (see Var. Ed. Preface to Richard II. vol. xvi. p. 5), occurs the following passage: "The story of Henry IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merriek and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of Henry IV. The players told them that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve; and Sir Gilly Merriek gives forty shillings to Phillips the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."¹ Surely Shakespeare's play of King Richard II. answers quite closely enough to this description; while the mistake of calling it "the play of Henry IV." is one that might be easily made, considering that Bolingbroke is the real hero of the play; that it *was* a mistake is evident from the fact that Bacon, in his "Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex and his complices against her Majesty and her Kingdoms," calls it "the play of deposing King Richard the Second;" and Augustine Phillips, in his Declaration (quoted above), calls it "the play of the deposing and

kylling of Kyng Rychard the Second." The only fact therefore that really militates against the theory that the play represented was Shakespeare's Richard II. is the fact that Phillips describes it as "so old and so long out of use." But is it not likely that a fellow-player of Shakespeare might be guilty of a little exaggeration on such a subject, and might not be sorry to take the opportunity of depreciating his fellow-actor's play? On the whole, then, I confess I cannot see any proof that the play represented at Merriek's instigation was not Shakespeare's; while, from the description given of it, there is every reason to suppose that it was.

With regard to the second play on the subject of Richard II. its existence appears only to be known from the Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, who witnessed at the Globe Theatre, 1611, a play called Richard II. which he says began with Wat Tyler's rebellion. From the points in the play noted by Forman, and the names of the characters which he gives, it is evident that this play could not have been Shakespeare's. In some respects it seems to have been based upon the old play of *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593 (see Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v.); but a great many of the incidents mentioned are not found in that play; and it does not seem to have treated of the deposition and death of Richard II. but of the events in the earlier part of his reign.

A brief account of the Play "*The Tragedy of Richard II.*" referred to in the Notes as the "*Egerton MS. Play.*"—This play, which is contained in a volume of MS. plays, originally in the Egerton Library and now in the British Museum, deserves some special notice. It is evidently a copy which was used in the playhouse, and contains many stage directions in the margin. Eleven copies of it were printed by Mr. Halliwell; but it is almost impossible to obtain one; and I am indebted to his kindness for the use of his own copy. It is printed *verbatim* and *literatim* from the MS.; and therefore, as the very defective punctuation and spelling are religiously preserved, it is difficult, even from the printed copy, to form a fair idea of the merit of the play. But that it does

¹ This seems to be part of the Attorney General Bacon's speech at the trial.

KING RICHARD II.

possess considerable merit in the variety of its incidents and characters, and in its humour and satire, will be plain to anyone who will take the trouble to read it through. There is nothing, as far as I can ascertain at present, to indicate its authorship. The events treated of are, principally, those which occurred in what may be called the middle portion of King Richard's reign; and, as it ends with the murder of Gloucester at Calais, it does not embrace any portion of the period of Shakespeare's play. The hero is "plain Thomas" of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, whose character is represented in a far more favourable light than that in which it is regarded by most historians. The sequence of historical events is utterly disregarded; but, as a vivid picture of some of the abuses—especially those relating to fiscal matters—which distinguished the reign of Richard II. the play has, perhaps, even some historical value. It commences with an unsuccessful attempt to poison the king's uncles at a banquet. This is followed by a scene between Tressilian, Green, and Bagot. It is somewhat remarkable that both of the latter, and Bushy, are very prominent characters in this play; although, at that period of his reign, they do not seem to have exercised any very particular influence over the king; nor are they mentioned by any of the chroniclers until after the successful conspiracy which resulted in the removal of Gloucester. The coronation of Queen Anne follows; then we have the scene in which the king claims the right to rule alone, as having attained his majority. In the third act the king takes his queen, Anne, to see his sumptuous hall at Westminster; then we have a very amusing scene descriptive of the mode of collecting those blank charters to which Shakespeare alludes more than once. The fourth act contains the arrangement for the farming of the kingdom to Green, Bagot, Bushy, and Serrope; and the plot, successfully carried out by the king and his minions, for seizing Gloucester and conveying him to Calais. The fifth act contains the murder of Gloucester; and a scene, in which some liberties are taken with history, representing the death of Green, among other incidents, in a battle between the king and

his followers on the one side, and his uncles on the other. The last act is not quite complete; but the missing portion must be very small and, probably, unimportant. For a more detailed account of this very interesting play, I must refer to my paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, April 10th, 1885. The result of the discussion which followed was an unanimous agreement, on the part of those who had examined the MS., that the play was undoubtedly later than Shakespeare's, and probably as late as 1630.

As for its literary merits, it will suffice to say here that the blank verse contains many spirited passages; and that, although it never rises to any high level of poetry, there is much vigorous writing, and no little dignity and rough pathos, in some of the speeches assigned to Woodstock. The prose portions of the play are distinguished by more pregnant wit than is generally found in anonymous plays of this period.

STAGE HISTORY.

Richard II. never seems to have been popular upon the stage. It always laboured under the disadvantage of being too exclusively political a play; and this disadvantage seems to have interfered with its production at the theatre, long after the time when one would have thought that its political allusions could have had any personal application. Meres mentions it (in *Palladis Tamia*) amongst Shakespeare's tragedies which had made his name famous before 1598. It was one of the plays which Captain Keeling allowed to be acted before him on board his ship *The Dragon*, on September 30th, 1607 (see *Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse*, p. 79). Sir Henry Herbert mentions it as having been acted on June 12th, 1631; it was one of the plays presented for his half-yearly benefit. The following is the extract, quoted by Malone, referring to this circumstance: "Received of Mr. Shauke, in the name of the kings company, for the benefit of their summer day, upon y^e second daye of Richard y^e Seconde, at the Globe, this 12 of June, 1631,—5*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*"

Dryden in his preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, or *Truth Found Too Late*, 1679, praises

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very highly the speech describing Bolingbroke's entry into London (act v. sc. 1. lines 23-36); but it does not appear whether Dryden had ever seen the play acted.

The first record we have of any attempt to revise it after the Restoration, was at the Theatre Royal, in 1681, when Nahum Tate brought out a very free adaptation of this play, which he called the *Sicilian Usurper*; the names of the characters were all changed; but in spite of this precaution, and the numberless alterations, omissions, and additions, made chiefly with the object of inculcating in the play lessons of loyalty, we learn that "it was silenced on the third day;" the authority at court, answering to our Lord Chamberlain, having suppressed it without taking the trouble to read it, according to Tate's plaintive account: "I confess I expected it would have found protection from whence it received prohibition; and so unquestionless it would, could I have obtained my petition to have it perused, and dealt with according as the contents deserved, but a positive doom of suppression, *without examination*, was all that I could procure—for the two days in which it was acted, the change of the scene, names of persons, &c., was a great disadvantage—I called my persons Sicilians, but might as well have made them inhabitants of the World in the Moon." [See Genest (vol. i. p. 294), where a very interesting account of the alterations, &c., made by Tate is given.] For forty years this play seems to have been unacted, till Theobald tried his hand at mutilating it. His version was produced on December 10th, 1719, at Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was acted seven times; Richard II. being played by Ryan, Bolingbroke by Leigh, and the Queen by Mrs. Bullock. Genest says, "With the exception of some speeches which he has judiciously transposed, he omits the 1st and 2d acts of the original play—he lays the scene the whole time at, or before, the Tower." Theobald, like Tate, seems to have tried his hand at converting York into a consistently loyal character, but with a very poor success. As a specimen of Theobald's additions, Bolingbroke, finding Richard dying, says in a burst of poetical remorse:

Ha! Richard! how came this?

to which the King replies:

Question it not;
Content, that all thy fears with me lie bury'd—
Unriv'd, wear the crown. O Isabella! (*dies.*)

On February 6th, 1738, "by desire of several ladies of quality" Shakespeare's play of Richard II. was produced at Covent Garden; Delane playing the part of the King, Ryan that of Bolingbroke, Mrs. Horton the Queen. On this occasion the scene of the lists at Coventry seems to have been represented with some attempt at historical accuracy. According to Genest: "this revival was acted 10 times, and about 4 times in the next season."

No great actor¹ seems to have thought of again reviving this play, until, in 1815, Edmund Kean appeared (on March 9th) at Drury Lane, in a version by Wroughton, announced as "with considerable alterations and additions from the writings of Shakspeare." On this memorable occasion Richard II. was played by Kean, Bolingbroke by Elliston, the Queen by Mrs. Bartley; and we find an addition to the *Dramatis Personæ* in the shape of "Blanche (with a song)," in which character Miss Poole appeared. If I mistake not, Wroughton was the prompter of the theatre; and a wonderful *alta proclama* he seems to have succeeded in making. Amongst the plays he laid under contribution were Henry VI. Parts II. and III., Titus Andronicus, King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Troilus and Cressida, and I know not what others. To students of Shakespeare this wonderful piece of mosaic tragedy must have been a real treat; especially the scene in which "the Queen is discovered reclined on a sofa, and one of her ladies sings an air—the Queen in her last speech speaks 5 lines from Titus Andronicus" (Genest, vol. viii. p. 453). I wonder that Kean could have consented to appear in such

¹ Genest says (vol. iii. p. 554): "Garrick had once resolved on its revival; but his good sense at last overpowered his ambition to raise it to the dignity of the acting list. Garrick's chief expectations from it, as he himself confessed, would have been founded on scenery displaying the magnificence of our ancient barriers."

I do not know what authority Genest had for this statement. I can find no reference to such an intention in Davies' or Fitzgerald's life of Garrick.

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a dreadful mutilation of Shakespeare; but he does not seem to have achieved any great success in the character although the play was acted thirteen times. In the same year Macready appeared as Richard II. at Bath (on January 26th), in what appears to have been Shakespeare's own play slightly abbreviated. Genest says: "the play was gotten up at some expense and was well acted: it was however performed but twice, and that to bad houses."

The last important revival of this play was that produced by the late Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre, on March 12th, 1857. The play was magnificently put upon the stage and, on the whole, very well acted; but the great attraction was the so-called "historical episode" interpolated between act iii. and act iv, in which the entry of Bolingbroke and Richard II. into London, as described by the Duke of York in act v, was represented in action. A "dance of itinerant fools," introduced into this scene, was a great success. I am afraid many more people went to see the "historical episode" and the "dance of itinerant fools" — most of them very pretty — than would have been attracted by Shakespeare's play without such gorgeous additions.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This play has been very much praised by some critics. Coleridge, indeed, would assign to it the first place among Shakespeare's historical plays. It seems to me that, from whatever point of view we regard it, it is one of his weakest plays. Certainly it contains some fine speeches, but it contains also many tedious and weak passages written in rhyme — the work, as I believe, of a very inferior hand to Shakespeare's. As a play for the stage, Richard II. is deficient in plot and in character. There is scarcely any female interest, for the Queen is little more than a shadow. If Bolingbroke was intended to be the hero, his gross hypocrisy alienates from us all the sympathy which his gallantry might otherwise excite.

Richard himself is a weak, inconsistent character, as he is presented to us in the first two

acts. Both from what he says and from what he does, no less than what other characters tell us about him, we cannot but hold him to be at once mean and profligate. In act i. sc. 1 he affects a tenderness for his uncle John of Gaunt's feelings, and professes to remit four years of the son's banishment in deference to the father's sorrow; but in act ii. sc. 1 his conduct towards the same John of Gaunt when he is dying is simply brutal. He displays a petty vindictiveness which is thoroughly feminine, and a gross selfishness which seems the only masculine thing about him. One might forgive him some lack of affection for his uncle; but one can scarcely forgive the indecent haste with which, before the breath is almost out of the noble old man's body, this epicene King seizes his "plate, coin, revenues and moveables." It is true that when King Richard finds himself deserted by most of his professed adherents, and betrayed by others, he gives vent to some very fine sentiments, which might fittingly come from the mouth of a king who, although guilty of misgovernment, was making a brave stand against his enemies; but Richard is doing nothing of the sort. Certainly luck is against him; the Welsh army, on whose support he relied with, perhaps, too much confidence, is hastily broken up under a misunderstanding. That arch-hypocrite York, after talking a great deal about his loyalty, betrays, in the most dastardly manner, the solemn charge which had been placed in his hands as regent. The laborious professions of tenderness for Richard's feelings and respect for his person which Bolingbroke utters, could scarcely have deceived him even in his weakest moments; but, in spite of the beautiful speeches that he makes, Richard *does* nothing either brave, or noble, or dignified, in the presence of his misfortunes. He vacillates between picturesque despair and spasmodic self-assertion: his sorrow is more that of a discarded mistress than of a dejected king. At the very end, when he is weakly resigning his undoubted rights as sovereign, he is full of fine sentiments, which he utters in eloquent language; but of the true dignity, which Charles I., for instance, showed in the face of his enemies, he has none. The spirit of his father flares up in him, for a mo-

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ment, when he is attacked by Exton and his small band of assassins; indeed, it may be said of Richard of Bordeaux, as has been said of many more weak-natured persons placed by fate in high positions:

" Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it."

Sympathy with such a character is surely insufficient to sustain the interest of a play so weak as this. It might have been better for dramatic purposes, but less true to nature, if Shakespeare had either ignored Richard's faults entirely, or had unscrupulously blackened Bolingbroke's character. That the latter ever intended anything else, in spite of his protestations and oaths, than seizing the kingdom for himself, no one can doubt, judging at least from what he says and does in this play; but one might have forgiven him that, if he had not thought fit to assume, with such ostentatious hypocrisy, consideration and respect for his lawful sovereign whom he was resolved to depose. Nor does one like Henry Bolingbroke any the better, because he plays that very old trick of ambitious men who hate their rivals, and yet have neither the courage nor the shamelessness—if one may call it so—openly to murder them, but drop cunning hints in the presence of those who they know will execute their intentions; and then, when the deed is done, and their enemy is out of their way, with a rancorous assumption of outraged virtue, they endeavour to wash their hands of blood-guiltiness.

Of the other characters in the play little need be said. Except the time-serving, plausible York, they are all more or less commonplace. Not a gleam of humour—no, not even in the character of the Gardener—serves to relieve the picture. To compare such a play as this with King John or Henry IV. or, indeed, with any of the other historical plays, except the first part of Henry VI., is an idle task. What is there in Richard II. that can touch the wonderful pathos of Constance; the admirable wit and audacity of the Bastard; the sardonic strength and titanic villainy of Richard III.; to say nothing of that masterpiece, Henry V., every page of which

abounds in touches of genius which we look for in vain in this play?

Much emphasis has already been laid upon the political character of this play; and, perhaps, in estimating it as a dramatic work it is only fair to consider that Shakespeare, when compiling it from Holinshed, with or without the aid of an older play on the same subject, had in his mind more the writing of a political satire in a dramatic form, than the construction of a strong play from historical material. Although we have no letters, nor essays, nor journals of Shakespeare's—nothing but his poems and dramatic works, by which to read the history of his intellectual growth—yet we know that he must have been not only a close observer of human nature and life, but a patient gatherer of all materials at his command for the study of human character. The history of the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth must have been tolerably familiar to him, at least from oral tradition; and it is probable that, in writing Richard II. he was thinking of those spasmodic conversions and convulsive attacks of loyalty, to which many statesmen and courtiers fell victims in those two reigns.

The character of York, certainly, when studied closely, excites our contempt and detestation; but it may be that, in the very gross inconsistencies which he displays—at one moment rebuking his sovereign with dignified courage for his many faults, the next accepting from that sovereign the very greatest position of trust as regent of the kingdom; betraying that trust shortly afterwards, at the same time that he launches stern rebukes against the rebel Bolingbroke; lost in admiration at the majestic appearance of his lawful sovereign in the midst of his misfortunes (iii. 3. 66-71), while making himself, shortly after, the complaisant bearer of that sovereign's unwilling resignation, and urging him, it would almost seem, to that dishonourable course; finally, throwing himself into a paroxysm of virtuous indignation because he finds his son has been plotting against the successful usurper; clamouring for the blood of that son, unmoved by the sight of the weeping mother who pleads for his life, though that mother was his own

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wife;—it may be that, in this revolting monster of inconsistency, Shakespeare deliberately designed to draw a man whose moral character was so weakened by old age, or by inherent blemishes, that he was unable to make up his mind to be either a loyal subject, or an honest rebel. If we accept York as a political satire, and not as a dramatic character with whom we are supposed in any way to sympathize, we must admit that he is a very masterly creation, and one to whom it would be easy to find a parallel in more modern history. Certain it is that every one who has attempted

to deal with Richard II. as a work for the stage, has felt it absolutely necessary to modify the character of York; because his inconsistencies, however true to nature, present most insuperable difficulties in actual representation on the stage.

If, therefore, we accept Richard II. as a political satire cast in a dramatic shape, we can give it very high praise; but, as a drama appealing to human sympathies and human passions, it can never take any high rank among its great author's works.

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Mar. Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.—(Act I. S. II.)

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room in Windsor Castle.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, with
other Nobles and Attendants.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd
Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, mor-² he thou
sounded him,

If he appeal² the duke our ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,¹⁰
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that
argument.

On some apparent³ danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.

¹ *Plain bond*

² *Apparent, manifest.*

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³ *Appeal, impeach.*

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence:
face to face,¹⁵
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will
hear

Th' accuser and the accused freely speak:

[*Exit some Attendants.*]

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*Re-enter Attendants with BOLINGBROKE and
Norfolk.*

Boling. May many years of happy days
befal²⁰

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's³ happi-
ness;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;⁵
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

³ *Other's, to other's.*

⁵ *Come, come on.*

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First,—heaven be the record to my speech!—

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering¹ the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live; 10
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I
move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn²
sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my
zeal:

[Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain; 50
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:]
First, the fair reverence of your highness
enrals me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his
throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,—
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,—
I do defy him, and I spit at him; 60
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
[And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable;³
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.]

¹ *Tendering*, cherishing.

² *Right-drawn*, drawn in a right cause.

³ *Inhabitable*, i.e. uninhabitable.

Boling. [Throwing down his glove] Pale
trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king; 70
[And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to ex-
cept.]

If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn,⁴ then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse
devise.

Nor. [Taking up the glove] I take it up; and
by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my
shoulder,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not fight,⁵
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
bray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us⁶
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall
prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
nobles,

In name of lendings⁷ for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd⁸ employ-
ments, 90

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—

[Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—]

That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this kind,

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—

[That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,
Suggest⁹ his soon-believing adversaries, 101

And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Shin'd out his innocent soul through streams¹
of blood:]

⁴ *Pawn*, i.e. his gage, or glove which he had thrown
down.

⁵ *Light*, dismount.

⁶ *Inherit us*, make us possess.

⁷ *Lendings*, loans.

⁸ *Lewd*, wicked.

⁹ *Suggest*, prompt, set on.

ACT I. Scene 1.

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Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries, 104
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;]
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

[*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution
soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?—

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his
face, 111

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander¹ of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar!

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,—
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partial-
ize² 120

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.]

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
liest.

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburst I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear³ account, 130
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster's
death,—

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—

[*For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly⁴ begg'd 140
Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.]
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,*

A recreant and most degenerate traitor: 144
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot.

[*Throws down his glove, which
Bolingbroke picks up.*

To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whercof, most heartily I pray 150
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd
by me;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
[*This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;]*
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your
son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become
my age: 160

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's
gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

[*Gaunt.* When, Harry, when?⁵
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there
is no boot.⁶]

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at
thy foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my
shame:

[*The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
That lives, despite of death, upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.]*
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd⁷ here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd
spear, 171

[*The which no balm can cure but his heart-
blood*

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:—
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take
but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,]

¹ *Slander* here = slanderer, disgracer.

² *Partialize*, make partial.

³ *Dear*, pressing.

⁴ *Exactly*, i.e. precisely; without omitting any detail.

⁵ *When*, here used as an expression of impatience.

⁶ *There is no boot*, there is no use (in refusing).

⁷ *Baff'd* (pronounced *baffel'd*), i.e. abused, reviled.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
[A jewel in a ten-times barr'd-up chest— 150
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.]
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done;
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble 191
wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive¹ of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mow-
bray's face. [Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day: 199
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
[Since we can not atone² you, we shall see
Justice design³ the victor's chivalry.]
Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. *London. A room in the Duke of
Leicester's palace of the Starry.*

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS
OF GLOSTER.*

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's⁴
blood⁵

Doth more solicit me than your exclams,⁶
To stir against the butchers of his life!

¹ Motive, the tongue.

² Atone, reconcile.

³ Design, show by a sign or token.

⁴ Woodstock, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.

⁵ The part I had, &c., i.e. the relationship I bore to Gloucester.

⁶ Exclams, exclamations.

But since correction lieth in those hands— 4
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spar?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? 10
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one
root;

Some of those seven are drid'd by nature's
course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,

One flourishing branch of his most royal
root, 15
appears for once

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
faded, 20

By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bel, that
womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd
thee,

Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model⁷ of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair: 29
In sud'ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:

That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is rude cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own
life, 35
shall I?

The best way is—to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's sub-
stitute,

His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrong-
fully,

⁷ Model, image.

Let heaven revenge; for I may never live
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?¹

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight;
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast;
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A catiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch. [Yet one word more; grief bomdeth where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:]
I take my leave before I have begun,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Ah, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Complain myself*, a French idiom—*me plaindre*.

SCENE III. *Gloucester Green, near Coventry.*
Lists set out, and a throne. Herald, Attendants, &c.

Enter the LORD MARSHAL and the DUKE OF AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,²

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, who takes his seat on the throne; GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and others, who take their places. Then enter NORFOLK, defendant, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause,
Mar. In God's name and the king's, say

who thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms.

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;

Who hither come, engaged by my oath,—
Which God defend a knight should violate!—

Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,

Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
[And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:]

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*

² *Bold* is here an adverb = boldly.

The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, appellant, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder knight in arms,

Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated¹ in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him² in the justice of his cause. 30

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous, 39
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

[He takes his seat.]

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,

Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.

[Flourish of trumpets. Bolingbroke rises, and kneels to the King.]

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

[Farewell, my blood;³ which if to-day thou shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear:]
As confident as is the falcon's flight 61

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
[To Lord Marshal] My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;

*[Not sick, although I have to do with death,
Bathurst, young, and cheerily drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret⁴*

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:]

[To Gaunt] O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

*[Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—]*

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
*[That it may enter Mowbray's waxen⁵ coat,
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt.
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.]*

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!

*[Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,⁶ 80
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:]*

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, live!

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!⁷ *[He takes his seat.]*

Nor. *[Kneeling to the King]* However God or fortune cast my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:

*[Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroull'd enfranchisement, 90
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—]*
Most mighty liege,—and my companion
peers,—

³ *My blood*, my blood-relation.

⁴ *Regret*, salute.

⁵ *Waxen*, penetrable as wax.

⁶ *Redoubled*, pronounced *redoubled*, as a quadrillable.

⁷ *To thrive*—make me to thrive or succeed

¹ *Plated*, clad in plated armour.

² *Depose him*, take his evidence or deposition

f to-day thou
e thee dead.
ofane a tear
ray's spear:]
ght 61
ray fight.—
rd, I take my
Amurle;
o with death,
ing breath. —
reet¹
he end most
author of my
egenerate, 70
me up
ad, —]
thy prayers;
lance's point,
waxen² coat,
ohn o' Gaunt,
son.]
se make thee
xecution;
bled,³ so
e casque
:]
valiant, live!
Saint George
takes his seat.
However God
ing Richard's
man;
heart
nd embrace
isement, 80
celebrate
lversary.—]
y companion

table as wax.
as a quadri-
rative or succeed

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest 65
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely¹ I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye,—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*Flourish of trumpets. The King and
the Lords return to their seats, and
the Combatants mount their horses.*

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby, 100

Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry
amen.

Mar. [*To an Officer*] Go bear this lance to
Thomas, Duke o' Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,
and Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign, and him-
self,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve²

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;

[Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending³ but the signal to begin.]

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward,
combatants. [*A charge sounded.*

Stay, stay, the king hath thrown his warder⁴
down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and
their spears, 115

And both return back to their chairs again:—
[*To the Lords*] Withdraw with us: and let the
trumpets sound [*They go to take up*

While⁵ we return⁶ these dukes what we decree,
[*A long flourish. The Combatants dis-
mount, and resume their chairs.*

Draw near, [*To the Combatants*] *Re-appearing*
— *Stance*

¹ Securely, certainly, surely.

² Approve, prove.

³ Attending, awaiting.

⁴ Warder, the trancheon carried by the king.

⁵ While, until.

⁶ Return, report to.

And list what with our council we have done,
For that⁷ our kingdom's earth should not be
soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for⁸ our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
swords;

[And for⁹ we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 120

With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's
cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd
drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful
bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair
peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's
blood;]

Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 130

Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Boling. Your will be done: this must my⁹

comfort be,—
That sun that warms you here shall shine on
me;

And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate 135

The dateless limit of thy dear⁹ exile;
The hopeless word of — "never to return"

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life. ✓
Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness'
mouth:

[A dearer merit,¹⁰ not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hands.] ✓

⁷ For that, in order that.

⁸ Dear here = heart-paining

⁹ For, because.

¹⁰ Merit, reward.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego: 160

And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
[Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have engag'd¹ my
tongue,

Doubly portenallid with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me,
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170
Too far in years to be a pupil now:]

What is thy sentence then but speechless
death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath?

[*K. Rich.* 1: boots thee not to be compas-
sionate:]²

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

No.] Then thus I turn me from my coun-
try's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[*Going.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath
with thee. [*Norfolk returns to King.*

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,— 180
Our part therein³ we banish with yourselves,—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall,—so help you truth and
God!—

Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret,⁴ nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advis'd⁵ purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill 189
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. [Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

¹ Engag'd, imprisoned.

² To be compassionate, to appeal to compassion.

³ Our part therein, i.e. the duty or allegiance you owe
to us.

⁴ Regret, salute one another.

⁵ Advis'd, concerted.

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:]
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul. 200

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life, ✓
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence! ✓
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do
know;

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue,—
Farewell, my liege,—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
eyes

I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect 209
Hath from the number of his banish'd years

Pluck'd four away. [*To Bolingbroke.*] Six
frozen winters spent, ✓

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
word!

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Grant. I thank my liege, that in regard of
me

He shortens four years of my son's exile;

But little vantage shall I reap thereby;

For, ere the six years that he hath to spend 215
Can change their moons and bring their times
about, 220

My oil-dr'd lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

[My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years
to live.

Grant. But not a minute, king, that thou
canst give;

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
morrow;

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage; 230

Thy word is current with him for my death,
But deal, thy kingdom cannot buy my
breath.]

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good
advice,

de away with
threat to
twice us

our flesh,
in this hand:]
y the realm;
not along
e soul. 200
I were traitor,
ook of life, ✓
from hence!
ou, and I do

g shall rue.—
y can I stray;
orld's my way.
[Exit.
lasses of thine

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ish'd years
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ng, that thou

sullen sorrow,
at not lend a

me with age,
image; 210
or my death,
not buy my

d upon good

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict¹ gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to
four? 215

[*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in di-
gestion sour. *NS*

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth² his fault I should have been more
mild:

A partial slander³ sought I to avoid, 211
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;



Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?—(Act I. s. 233, 254.)

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.
[*K. Rich.*] Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle,
bid him so:

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt King Richard and train.*
Ann. Cousin, farewell: what presence⁴ must
not know, 219
From where you do remain let paper show.

¹ *Party-verdict*, a verdict in which he took part.

² To smooth, to palliate.

³ A partial slander, i.e. a reproach of partiality.

⁴ *Presence*, personal interviews.

Mow. My lord, no leave take I; for I will
ride, 251

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard
thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of
you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

[*Gaunt.* Thy grief is but thy absence for a time. ✓

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that
time.

Ghost. What is six winters? they are quickly gone. 250

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten. ~~As a light breeze makes a~~

Ghost. Call it a travel¹ that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Ghost. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem as foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make

Will but remember me what a deal of world² I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not have a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief?]

Ghost. All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee, 275

But thou the king; woe doth the heavier sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

[Go, say, — I sent thee forth to purchase³ honour,

And not — the king exil'd thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime;

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st;

Suppose the singing-birds musicians,

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence⁴ strew'd, 280

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more

Than a delightful measure or a dance;]

For gnawing⁵ sorrow hath less power to bite

The man that mocks at it and sets it light.⁶

¹ A travel, i.e. a journey: there is probably some pun intended on the words *travel* and *travail*.

² What a deal of world, i.e. what a long distance.

³ Purchase, acquire.

⁴ Presence, presence-chamber.

⁵ Gnawing, growling.

⁶ Sets it light, makes light of it.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantastic⁷ summer's heat?

O, no! the apprehension⁸ of the good 290

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rattle more

Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Ghost. Come, come, my son, I'll bring⁹ thee on thy way:

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can, 305

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman. ✓

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Hereafter.* A room in the King's castle.

Enter from one side KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN; *from the other* the DUKE OF AUMERLE.

K. Rich. We did observe, Cousin Aumerle, How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed? ✓ *rich & aum*

Aum. Faith, none for me;¹⁰ except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,

Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted with him? 310

Aum. "Farewell;" *making face on w'd;*

And, for¹¹ my heart disdained that my tongue should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief, That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

⁷ Fantastic, i.e. that exists only in fancy.

⁸ Apprehension, imagination. ⁹ Bring, accompany.

¹⁰ For me, on my part. ¹¹ For, because.

Marry, would the word "farewell" have
lengthen'd hours
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of "farewells;"
But since it would not, he had none of now.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 't is
doubt,¹
When time shall call him home from banish-
ment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of
smiles, — *and this - making fun -*

And patient underbearing² of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him. 30
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
friends;"

As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go
these thoughts. —

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ire-
land, —

Expedient³ manage⁴ must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your highness' loss. 40

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this
war: 12

And, for⁵ our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand; if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank char-
ters;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are
rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of
gold; 50
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's
mind

To help him to his grave immediately! 60

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:

Pray God we may make haste, and come too

late! *Laughter*

All. Amen.

[*Elevat.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A room in Ely House,
Holtborn.

JOHN OF GAUNT sick on couch; the DUKE OF
YORK, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, and
others standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may
breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unsta'd⁶ youth?

¹ Doubt, matter of doubt. ² Underbearing, enduring

³ Expedient, expeditious.

⁴ Manage, management; settled plans. ⁵ For, because.

Fork. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
your breath; 3

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying
men

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

[Where words are scarce, they are seldom
spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their
words in pain.

⁶ Unsta'd, fickle.

He that no more must say is listen'd more
 Than they whom youth and ease have taught
 to glose;¹ 10
 More are men's ends mark'd than their lives
 before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,²
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance more than things long
 past:]

Though Richard my life's counsel would not
 hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear:³
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering
 sounds,

[*As*⁴ praises of his state; then there are found
 lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
 The open ear of youth doth always listen; 20
 Report of fashions in proud Italy,
 Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
 Limp after in base imitation,

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
 So be it new, there's no respect⁵ how vile,—
 That is not quickly buzz'd⁶ into his ears!]

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.⁷

[Direct not him whose way himself will choose:
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath will
 thou lose.] 30

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new
 inspir'd,

And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

[Small showers last long, but sudden storms
 are short:

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
 Witheager feeding food doth choke the feeder:]
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

- This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, 41
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this 50
 England,

[This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd by⁹ their breed and famous by⁹ their
 birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,—
 For Christian service and true chivalry,—
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear
 land,]

Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out—I die pronouncing it—
 Like to a tenement, or pelting¹⁰ farm: 60

[England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
 siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
 shame,

With inked blots and rotten parchment bonds;]
 That England, that was wont to conquer
 others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE,
 BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WIL-
 Loughby.*

York. The king is come: deal mildly with
 his youth;

For young hot colts, being rag'd,¹¹ do rage the
 more. 70

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lan-
 caster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man! how is't with
 aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. [O, how that name befits my compo-
 sition!¹² *unhappy* — vs *ky. a theme*

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

¹ To glose, to flatter. ² Close, cadence.

³ Undeaf his ear, make his ear no longer deaf.

⁴ As—namely. ⁵ There's no respect, i.e. no one cares.

⁶ Buzz'd, whispered.

⁷ Wit's regard, the view of the intellect.

⁸ Envy = malice.

⁹ By = on account of

¹⁰ Pelting, paltry.

¹¹ Rag'd, aggravated, provoked.

¹² Composition, bodily state.

silver sea,
a wall.
use,
ier lands;
his realm, this
50
of royal kings,
mons by⁹ their

r from home,—
chivalry,
a Jewry,
Mary's Son;
this dear dear

h the world,
neing it—
" farm: 60
triumphant sea,
k the envious
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EN, AUMERLE,
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2 how is't with

fits my compo-
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n being old:
ditions fast;
at is not gaunt?
have I watch'd;

account of
ravated, provoked.

Watching breeds leanness, 'leanness is all
gaunt;

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon, 70
Is my strict fast. I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits¹ nought but
bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely² with
their names? *mocking*

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock
itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with
those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that
die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou
flatter'st me. 80

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the
sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see
thee ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I see
thee ill;]

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
[And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.]
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophetic eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy
shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
[Which art possess'd³ now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease; 110
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?]
Landlord of England art thou now, not king;

¹ Inherits, possesses, contains. ² Nicely, fancifully.
³ Possess'd, mad, possessed by a devil: there is a play
upon the word *possess'd*.

Thy state of law⁴ is bondsman to the law; 114
And thou

K. Rich. [Pointing at Gaunt] A lunatic lean-
witted fool.

Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly⁵ in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent
shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's
son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;—
[That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd: 130
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair hefal in heaven 'mongst happy
souls!—

May be a precedent and witness good 130
That thou respect'st not⁷ spilling Edward's
blood:]

Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with
thee!

These words hereafter thy tormentor, he!— 140
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:

Love they⁸ to live that love and honour have.
[Gaunt is borne off on couch by Attendants,
followed by Northumberland.]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sul-
lens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. Beseech your majesty, impute his
words 111

To wayward sickness and age in him;
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's
love, so his; *Sacrum*
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

⁴ State of law, legal status or condition.
⁵ Great Edward's son, i.e. the Black Prince, Richard's
father. ⁶ Roundly, without check

⁷ Respect'st not, heedest not.
⁸ Love they, i.e. let them love.

Re-enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him
to your majesty. 147

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said;
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bank-
rupt so! 151
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal
woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so
doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.¹
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars;



Gaunt. Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
Love they to live that love and honour have.—(Act II. 1. 147, 148.)

We must supplant those rough rug-headed²
kerns,³

Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they have privilege to live.

And for⁴ these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

[*York.* How long shall I be patient? ah,
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banish-
ment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face,—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons, 171

Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,

In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;

But when he frown'd, it was against the
French,

And not against his friends; his noble hand 179

Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won;

His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O Richard! York is too far gone with grief, 186
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?]
York. O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.

¹ Must be, is yet to come.

² Rug-headed, rough-headed.

³ Kerns, light-armed foot-soldiers

⁴ For, because.

must be bank-
151
ends a mortal
est falls, and so
ge must be.¹
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ereign's face.—
's sons, 171
Wales, was first:
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re between.
's the matter?]
O my liege,
ot, I, pleas'd
at withal.

Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands 180
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
[Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
Time

His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue¹ to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession? 190
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!—]
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
[Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,]
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick² my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into
our hands big-headed-destinied
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while: my liege,
farewell: 211
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
[But by³ had courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.]

[Exit.
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wilt-
shire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely House
To see⁴ this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself, 219
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we
part; does well who ask for him
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Aumerle,
Bushy, Green, and Bagot.
[North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster
is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is
duke.

Will. Barely⁵ in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her
right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break
with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal⁶ tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him
ne'er speak more 230
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Will. Tends that thou'ldst speak to the
Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards
him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.]
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such
wrongs are borne
[In him, a royal prince, and many moe 240
Of noble blood in this declining land.]
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our
heirs.

[Ross. The commons hath he pill'd⁷ with
grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he
fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their
hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks,⁸ benevolences,—I wot not what: 250
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd
he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in
wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm
in firm.]
Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a
broken man.

what can we do

¹ Enstue, follow. ² Prick, spur, incite.
³ By, concerning. ⁴ To see, to look to

⁵ Barely, only. ⁶ Liberal, free, unfettered.
⁷ Pill'd, pillaged.
⁸ Blanks, promises to pay certain contributions, the
amount being left in blank.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth
o'er him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish
wars; 259

His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

See country
of hen R.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate
king!

But, [lords, we hear this fearful tempest
sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike¹ not, but scenery² perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must
suffer;

And unavoided³ is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so;] even through the hollow
eyes of death 270

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as
thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumber-
land:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be
bold.

North. Then thus: I have from Port le
Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, [Rainold Lord
Cobham,

[The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel] 280
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Thomas Ram-
ston,

40 R.

John Norbury, Robert Waterton, and Francis
Coint,

rebelhan
in R.

All these] well furnish'd by the Duke of
Bretagne

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of
war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,⁴
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

¹ Strike, i.e. strike or lower our sails.

² Scenery, i.e. in our false security.

³ Unavoided, unavoidable.

⁴ Expedience, expedition

[Perhaps they had ere this, but that they
stay⁵ 289

The first departing of the king for Ireland.]
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

[Imp out⁶ our drooping country's broken
wing,

Redeem from broking pawn⁷ the blemish'd
crown, put Eng to its once high st

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,]

Away with me in post to Ravenspur;]
But if you faint,⁸ as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to
them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse,⁹ and I will first
be there. [Exeunt. 300

SCENE II. A room in Windsor Castle.

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much
sad:

You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain¹⁰ a cheerful disposition.¹¹

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please
myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it
grieves. 12

More than with parting from my lord the
king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,

Which¹² shows¹³ like grief itself, but is not so;
[For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;]

⁵ Stay, await.

⁶ Imp out, repair.

⁷ Broking pawn, the pawnbroker.

⁸ Faint, faint-hearted.

⁹ Hold out my horse, if my horse hold out.

¹⁰ Entertain, maintain.

¹¹ Disposition, mood.

¹² Which=each of which.

¹³ Shows, looks.

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for Ireland.]
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[*Exeunt.* 300

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7 BAGOT.

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ief hath twenty

f, but is not so;
blinding tears,
my objects;

t, repair.

old out.
sposition, mood.
shows, looks.

Like perspectives, which rightly¹ gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty, 20
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to
wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but
shadows
Of what it is not.] Then, thrice-gracious
queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not:
more's not seen; 25

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward
soul

Persuades me it is otherwise: how'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad, 30

As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I
think,—



Queen. I cannot but be sad,—(Act II. 2. 30.)

Makes me with heavynothing faint and shrink.

[*Bushy.* 'Tis nothing but conceit,² my gra-
cious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less;³ conceit is still
deriv'd

From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'T is in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.] 40

¹ *Rightly*, from the front.

² *Conceit*, fancy.

³ *'T is nothing less*, i.e. It is anything but (that).

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty! and well
met, gentlemen.

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope
he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good
hope:

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not
shipp'd?

Green. [That he, our hope, might have
retir'd⁴ his power,

⁴ *Retir'd*, withdrawn.

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:]
The English of Bolingbroke repeals¹ himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd 50
At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah, madam, 't is too true: and that
is worse,—

The Lord Northumberland, his son young
Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Wil-
longhby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to
him.

Bashy. Why have you not proclaim'd North-
umberland,
And all the rest revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of Wor-
cester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke. 61

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to
my woe.

Queen ²⁰ *peer for* 14
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bashy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hauler me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death, 70
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers² in extremity.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged
neck:

O, full of careful³ business are his looks!

Enter YORK.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable
words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts:

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the
earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and
grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit
made;

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I
came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which
way it will!—

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side,—

[*To the Servant*] Sirrah, get thee to Phashy, to
my sister Gloster; 90

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell your lordship; I came by to-day, and
call'd there;—

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't, kneave!

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess
died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of
woes 103

Come rushing on this woeful land at once!

[I know not what to do: I would to God,— 100
So my untruth⁴ had not provok'd him to it,—

The king had cut off my head with my
brother's;⁵—

What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ire-
land?—

How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray,
pardon me.—]

[*To the Servant*] Go, fellow, get thee home,
provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.

[*Exit Servant.*

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?—If I
know how or which way to order these affairs,
thus disorderly thrust into my hands, never

¹ Repeats, recalls.

² Lingers, causes to linger.

³ Careful, anxious.

⁴ So my untruth, &c., i.e. provided that my disloy-
alty, &c.

⁵ My brother's, i.e. Gloster's.

esses, care, and
ave far off, so
an lose at home;
is land,
upport myself:
at his surfeit
at flattered him.

gone before I

go all which

monous cold,
ford's side,—
ce to Plashy, to
90
ousand pound:

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by to-day, and

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what a tide of

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head with my

tel'd for Ire-

e these wars?—

ld say,—pray,

get thee home,

at is there.

[Exit Servant.

ter men?—If I

er these affairs,

y hands, never

that my disloy-

e. Gloucester's.

believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—the one
is my sovereign, whom both my oath and duty
bids defend; the other, again, is my kinsman,
whom the king hath wrong'd, whom con-
science and my kindred bids to right: well,
somewhat we must do. [To the Queen] Come,
cousin, I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go
muster up your men, and meet me presently
at Berkley.—I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit; all is uneven,¹²⁰
And every thing is left at six and seven.¹

[Exeunt York and Queen.
[Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go
to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in
love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons:
for their love

Lies in their purses; whose empties them 130
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally
condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do
we,

Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well,

I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle:

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little
office²

The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go long with us? 140

Bagot. No;

I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Forewell: if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet
again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back
Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he under-
takes

Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans
dry:

¹ At six and seven, in confusion.

² Office, service.

Where one on his side fights, thousands will
fly.

Forewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.]
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley
now!

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire:

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draws out our miles, and makes them wear-
some;

And yet your fair discourse hath [been as
sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspur to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your com-
pany,

Which, I protest, hath very] much beguild
The tediousness and process³ of my travel:

[But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to
have

The present benefit which I possess;

And hope to joy⁴ is little less in joy

Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath
done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.]

Boling. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.—But who comes
here?

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, 21
Sent from my brother Worcester, whenceso-
ever.⁵

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have
learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

³ Process, long course.

⁴ To joy, to enjoy.

⁵ Whencesoever, i.e. from whatever place he may come.

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resoly'd when last we spake.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

North. But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied
there;

Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot

Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,

I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;

Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm

To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure

I count myself in nothing else so happy

As in a soul remembring my good friends;

And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,

It shall be still thy true love's recompense;

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir

Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by you tuft of trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;

And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;

None else of name and noble estimate.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues

A banish'd traitor: all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty.—But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you—

Boling. [Intercepting angrily] My answer is— to Lancaster;

And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning

To raise one title of your honour out:

To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—

From the most gracious regent of this land,

The Duke of York, to know what pricks² you on

To take advantage of the absent time,³
And fright our native peace with self-born

arms.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;

Here comes his grace in person.

Enter York attended.

My noble uncle! [Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceivable⁴ and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle

York. Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor me me;

¹ Which, i.e. my treasury.

² Pricks, spurs.

³ The absent time, i.e. the time of the king's absence.

⁴ Deceivable, deceptive.

I am no traitor's nucle; that word "grace"
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust¹ of England's
ground?
But then, more "why?"—why have they dar'd
to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
— still thinks Boling is guilty

Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
[Com'st thou because th' anointed king is
hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,



York. Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time.—(Act II. 3. 110, 111.)

Resen'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of
men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand
French,—
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, châstise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my
fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:] ✓

Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving² arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd
Hereford;
But as I come, I come for³ Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent⁴ eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

¹ A dust, i.e. a particle of dust.

² Braving, defiant.

³ For as.

⁴ Indifferent, impartial.

A wandering vagabond; my rights and royal-
ties

¹²⁰ Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifths! Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
[You have a son, Anne's brother, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs¹ and chase them to the
bay.]

I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave;
My father's goods are all distrain'd;
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
abmisd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon² to do him
right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are
made great.

Fork. My lords of England, let me tell you
this:—

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving³ arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his com-
ing is

But for his own; and for the right of that:—
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that
oath!

Fork. Well, well, I see the issue of these
arms:

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:⁴

¹ His wrongs, those who wrong him.

² It stands your grace upon, i.e. it is your grace's duty.

³ Braving, defiant.

⁴ Ill left, insufficiently provided with the necessities of
war.

But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attack⁵ you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle, ¹⁶⁰
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,⁶
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

Sal. It may be I will go with you:—but
yet I'll pause;

For I am loath to break our country's laws, ¹⁶⁵
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past
care. ¹⁷⁰ [Exit.

Marches & descends
[Enter a Welsh Captain] A camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY and a WELSH CAPTAIN.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd
ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
Welshman:

The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will
not stay. ¹⁷⁵ [Exit.]

The hay-rees in our country are all wither'd,
At 1 meters fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change; ¹⁸⁰

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rapine and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well as our Richard the king is dead.

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy
mind

I see thy glory, like a shooting star, ✓

⁵ Attack, arrest.

⁶ Complices, accomplices.

ve me life,
ake you stoop
e king;
a to you
e you well;
e castle, 100
ight.

we will accept:
go with us
y is hebl
uplices,⁹
wealth,
and pluck away.
with you:—but

untry's laws, 100
come you are:
with me past
[*Exeunt.*

Wales.

SH CAPTAIN.

we have stay'd

en together,
in the king;
elves: farewell.
r, thou trusty

dence in thee.
s dead; we will

re all wither'd,
ars of h—en;
y on the earth,
hisper fearful

lance and leap,
y enjoy,
war:
r fall of kings.
gone and fled,
ing is dead.

eyes of heavy

star, ✓ }

accomplices

Fall to the base earth from the firmament! 20
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing¹ storms to come, woe and unrest:

Thy friends fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly² to thy good all fortune goes.
[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Bolingbroke's camp at Bristol.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, with Bushy, and GREEN, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part³ your
bodies—

With too much urging⁴ your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy⁵ gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied⁶ and disfigur'd clean;⁷ 10
You have, in manner,⁸ with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself— a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign
clouds, 20

Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,⁹
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
You can my own windows torn my household
coat¹⁰

Raz'd¹¹ my house, leaving me no sign,
Save my¹² tunicous and my living blood,

¹ Witnessing, foretelling. ² Crossly, adversely.

³ Part, quit. ⁴ Urging, dwelling upon.

⁵ Happy, fortunate.

⁶ Unhappied, made unfortunate, ruined.

⁷ Clean, completely. ⁸ In manner, i.e. in a manner.

⁹ Signories, manors.

¹⁰ Household coat, the coat of arms emblazoned on the windows.

¹¹ Imprec, a device with motto.

To show the world I am a gentleman.

This and much more, much more than twice
all this,

Condemn you to the death.—See them de-
livered

To execution and the hand of death. 30

Bosby. More welcome is the stroke of death
to me

Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, fare-
well.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take
our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them
dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others,
with the prisoners.*

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated;¹²
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;¹³
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dis-
patch'd 40

With letters of your love to her at large.¹⁴

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle,—I am, my
lords, away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and after¹⁵ holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales—a castle
in view.*

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD,
the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Sol-
diers, with colours.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at
hand?

Aum. Yea, my good lord. How brooks
your grace the air,

¹² Entreated, asked.

¹³ Commends, greetings.

¹⁴ At large, expressed at length.

¹⁵ After, afterwards.

After late tossing on the breaking seas? 3

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep
for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again. —
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in
meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, to
And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous
sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee;
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;



Ann. How looks your grace the while,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again. (Act III. 2. 2. 5.)

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder, 20
Whose double tongue may with a mortal¹
touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies. —
Mock not my senseless conjuration;² lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that
made you king

Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be em-
bra'd,

[And not neglected; else, if heaven would, 30
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,]
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

¹ Mortal, deadly.

² My senseless conjuration, i.e. my adjuration addressed
to a senseless thing (the earth).

Ann. He means, my lord, that we are too
remiss; 33

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,³
Grows strong and great in substance and in
power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable⁴ cousin! knowest
thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad un-
seen,

In murders and in outrage bloody here; 40
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty
hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

³ Security, carelessness.

⁴ Discomfortable, giving no comfort; discouraging.

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves!

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin,
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd¹
To lift shrewd² steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay³
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards
the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near⁴ nor farther off, my gracious lord.

Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state:

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd and fled.

Anon. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side; so

For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Anon. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a pany subject strikes
At thy great glory.— Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn.—
But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepar'd:

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.⁵

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so:

Revolt our subjects! that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God as well as us:

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless senes

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

Thy very headsmen learn to bend their bows

¹ The balm, i.e. the consecrated oil.

² *Press'd*, i.e. impressed (for military service).

³ *Shrewd*, sharp.

⁴ *Near* = nearer.

⁵ The worst, &c. the worst (that) thou canst unfold is worldly loss.

Of double-fatal yew against thy stat;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat; both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a
tale so ill. 121
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is
Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke.

Scroup. Peace have they made with him in-
deed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 130
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting
my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than
Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make
war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroup. Sweet love, I see, changing his pro-
perty.¹

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom
you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying
wound,

And lie full low, gray'd in the hollow ground.

Jam. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of
Wiltshire dead? 111

Scroup. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their
heads.

Jam. Where is the duke my father with his
power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no
man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 150
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model² of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd; some slain in
war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have de-
pos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping
kill'd; 159

All murder'd:— for within the hollow crown
That rounds³ the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic
sits,

Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath,⁴ a little scene,

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,⁵—

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and— farewell,
king! 170

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and
blood

With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while;
I live with bread like you, like you feel want,

Like you taste grief, need friends: subjected
thus,

How can you say to me, I am a king?

Cor. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their woes,

But presently⁶ prevent the ways to wail. 179
[To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your
foe;

And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to
fight;⁷

And fight and die is death destroying death;]

² Model, mould, pattern.

³ Rounds, surrounds. ⁴ A breath, a brief time.

⁵ Self and vain conceit, i.e., vain self-conceit

⁶ Presently, immediately.

⁷ To fight, i.e., to you if you fight.

¹ His property, its natural quality.

the ground? 150
 the Bolingbroke's,
 down but death,
 barren earth
 er to our bones.
 the ground,
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ust yourself.
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stroying death;

death, a brief time
 a self conceit

at

Where¹ fearing dying² pays death servile
 breath.] 185

Am. My father hath a power; inquire of
 him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well:—proud
 Bolingbroke, I come
 To change blows with thee for our day of
 doom.

This ague fit of fear is over-blown; 190
 An easy task it is to win our own.—
 Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his
 power!

[*Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
 sour.*]

Scroop. [Men judge by the complexion of
 the sky

The state and inclination of the day:
 So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.]
 I play the torturer, by small and small³
 To lengthen out the worst that must be
 spoken: 199

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
 And all your northern castles yielded up,
 And all your southern gentlemen in arms
 Upon his party.

K. Rich. Then hast said enough.—
 [*To Annerle*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which
 didst lead me forth

Of⁴ that sweet way I was in to despair!
 What say you now? what comfort have we
 now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210

That power I have, discharge; and let them
 go

To ear⁵ the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none:—let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Am. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his
 tongue.

¹ Where, whereas.

² Fearing dying, dying in a state of fear.

³ Small and small, i.e. by little and little.

⁴ Of - out of. ⁵ To ear, to till

Discharge my followers: let them hence away,



K. Rich. Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.—(Act III. 2. 213, 214.)

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair
 day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Wales—before Flint Castle.*

Flourish of trumpets. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, and Forces.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn

The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;

Richard not far from hence hath bid his head.
York. It beseem the Lord Northumberland

To say "King Richard:"—alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been, 10

Would you have been so brief with him, he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head,¹ your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,

Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and dare not oppose

Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

What, Harry! welcome: will not this castle yield? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,

Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king; King Richard lies 25
Within the limits of you lime and stone:

And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike² it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lords, 31

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of

parle

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:³

Henry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart

To his most royal person; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that my banishment repeal'd, 40

And lands restor'd again, be freely granted;

If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of

blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50

[*Northumberland and others advance to the castle with trumpets.*

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,

That from this castle's tatter'd⁴ battlements

Our fair appointments may be well pern'd.

[*Methinks King Richard and myself should meet*

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.] 60

¹ Taking so the head, i.e. so taking away Richard's chief title of king.

² Belike, probably.

³ Deliver, proclaim

⁴ Tatter'd, broken.

Richard lies 25
and stone;
Annerle, Lord

leryman
not learn.
op of Carlisle.

31
ient castle;
the breath of

deliver;³

King Richard's

faith of heart
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ing water;
earth I rain
not on him.] 60,

er, proclaim

March on, and mark King Richard how he
looks.

*Parte without, and answer within. Then a
glourish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD,
the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP,
and SALISBURY.*

Percy. See, see, King Richard doth himself
appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are
bent

To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.¹

[*York.* Yet looks he like a king: behold,
his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe, 70
That any harm should stain so fair a show!]

K. Rich. [*To Northumberland*] We are
amaz'd; and thus long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence!

If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, so
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have
done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, — my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown. 80
Tell Bolingbroke — for yond methinks he
stands —

That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face,²
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. [The king of heaven forbid our lord]
the king 101

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! No, thy thrice noble cousin]
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy
hand;

And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods, —
[Currents that spring from one most gracious
head, —

And by the buried hand of warlike Gamut,
And by the worth and honour of himself, 110
Comprising all that may be sworn or said, —]

His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lined royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend³ to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

[This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;]
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.] 120

K. Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the
king returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.¹ —

[*Northumberland and so it returns to
Bolingbroke.*

[*To Annerle*] We do debase ourselves, cousin,
do we not,

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? 130

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
gentle words

Till time lend friends, and friends their help-
ful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this
tongue of mine,

² The flower of England's face, i.e. the flowery surface
of England.

³ Commend, give up.

¹ Commends, greetings, compliments

That laid the sentence of dread banishment 131
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth!¹ O that I were as
great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!

[Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee
scope to beat, 140

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and
me.]

Ann. Northumberland comes back from
Bolingbroke.

[*Northumberland and suit again
approach the castle-walls.*

K. Rich. What must the king do now?
must he submit?

The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? O God's name, let it go:

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,

[My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,] 150

My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,² where subjects'

feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;

And buried once, why not upon my head?—
[Ammerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted

consin! 150

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge³ the summer

corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us⁴ a pair of graves

¹ *Sooth*, flattery.

² *Some way of common trade*, i.e. some road of much
traffic.

³ *Lodge*, lay; beat down flat (as the wind does).

⁴ *Fretted us*, worn for us.

Within the earth; and, therein laid, — "There"
lies

Two kinsmen digg'd⁵ their graves with weep-
ing eyes."

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I
see.] 170

I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.—

[*To Northumberland*] Most mighty prince,
my Lord Northumberland,

What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

You make a leg,⁶ and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
attend

To speak with you; may it please you to come
down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glis-
tering Phaethon,

Wanting the manage of⁷ unruly jades.

[In the base court? Base court, where kings
grow base, 180

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down, court?
down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks
should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly,⁸ like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.]

Enter KING RICHARD and Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.

[*He kneels down.*

My gracious lord,—
K. Rich. Fair consin, you debase your

princely knee 190

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had⁹ my heart might feel your love

Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, consin, up;—your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least [*Touching his own head*],
although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for
mine own.

⁵ *Digg'd*—who digged.

⁶ *Make a leg*, i.e. make a bow, or curtesy.

⁷ *Manage of*, contrivance of

⁸ *Fondly*, foolishly.

⁹ *Me rather had*, i.e. I had rather

laid,—"There"
ves with weep-

—Well, well, I

170

at me,—

mighty prince,

will his majesty

Richard die?

oke says ay.

court he doth

se you to come

ome; like glis-

ly jades.

rt, where kings

180

do them grace.

? Down, court!

omitting larks

out from above.

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d grief of heart

a frantic man:

tendants below.

esty.

He kneels down.

u debase your

190

with kissing it:

at feel your love

ur courtesy.

s up, I know,

his own head],

w.

I come but for

courtesy.

only, foolishly.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am
yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted
lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well de-
serve to have,

200

That know the strong'st and surest way to
got.—

201

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;



K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth's proud with kissing it.—(Act III. 3. 190, 191.)

For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on¹ towards London:—cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Langley. The Duke of York's
garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in
this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

¹ Set on, lead forward.

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'T will make me think the world is
full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in de-
light,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in
grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

10

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me¹ the more of sorrow; 11
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I need not to repent;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.²

Lordy. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst
thou weep. 20

Lordy. I could weep, madam, would it do
you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping
do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.
But, ladies, stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto³ a row of pines,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; woe is fore-run with⁴ woe.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

[*Queen and ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks, 20

Which, like murrin children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
[Give some supportance⁵ to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth;
All must be even in our government.]

You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a
pale, 40

Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm state,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots⁶ disorder'd, and her wholesome
herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

¹ Remember me, remind me.

² To complain, to lament.

³ *Unto*, against, i.e. (I'll wage) my wretchedness against
a row of pines.

⁴ With, by.

⁵ *Supportance*, support.

⁶ *Knots*, fancifully arranged flower-beds.

Gard.

Hold thy peace:

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter, 50

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshir, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. — O, what pity
is it

That he had not so triump'd and dress'd his
land

As we this garden! [We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-
trees,

Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself: —
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to
taste

Their fruits of duty.] All superfluous bran-
ches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall
be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubt⁷ he will be; letters came last
night

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings. 71

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through
want of speaking! [*Coming forward.*]

Then, — [*She pauses, as if half-choked by her
emotion.*]

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares

Thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing
news!

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of curs'd man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than
earth,

⁷ *Tis doubt*, i.e. no doubt

fold thy peace;
order'd spring
the fall of leaf;
ending leaves did
50
fold him up,
Bolingbroke,
Bushy, Green.

and Bolingbroke
— O, what pity
and dress'd his
time of year
of our fruit-

and blood,
and itself: 60
rowing men,
ear, and he to
perfluous bran-

nghts may live:
come the crown,
quite thrown
the king shall

ly, and depos'd
ters came last

Duke of York's,
71

death through
coming forward,
[choked by her
emotion]
ess this garden,

this imploring

suggested thee
d man?
ard is depos'd?
er thing than

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and
how,
Can'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou
wretch. 80

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news; yet what I say is true.

King Richard, he is in the mighty hold 83
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are
weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,



Queen. Say, where, when, and how,
Can'st thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch. — (Act III. 4. 79, 80.)

Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so; 90
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble misfortune, that art so light
of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Boling-
broke?

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Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never
grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, e'en for ruth,¹ here shortly shall be
seen

In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *London. Westminster Hall.*

The Parliament assembled. On the right side of the throne (which is empty) are the Lords Spiritual; on the left, the Lords Temporal; the Commons below.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AMMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

[*Boling.* Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death,
Who wrought it with the king,¹ and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless² end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Ammerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Ammerle, I know your daring tongue

Seems to misgivy what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,³

I heard you say, "Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restless English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;⁴
Adding withal, how best this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Amm. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,⁵
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, [*Throwing down his glove*]
the manful seal of death.

That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though bring all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up. 30

Amm. Excepting ours, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on⁶ sympathy,⁶
There is my gage, Ammerle, in gage to thine;

[*Throws down his glove.*

By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and van'ting thy spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deni'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Amm. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day. 41

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Amm. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Ammerle, thou liest: his honour is as true

In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage;

[*Throwing down his glove.*

To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Amm. An if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel. 50
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I task thee to the like, forsworn Ammerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;

[*Throwing down his glove.*

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Amm. Who sets me⁶ else? by heaven, I'll throw at all; [*Throws down his other glove.*

¹ Wrought it with the king, i.e. worked upon the king's mind to bring it about. ² Timeless, undimly.

³ England, pronounced here as a trisyllable

⁴ Stand on, insist on

⁵ Sympathy, equality (of rank)

⁶ Sets me, challenges me.

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember
well 60

The very time Ammerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence¹
then;

And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven it-
self is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,

That it shall render vengeance and revenge,

Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull: 69

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;

[*Throws down his glove.*]

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly² dost thou spare a forward
horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,

And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,

To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Ammerle is guilty of my true appeal:

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say, 80

That thou, Ammerle, didst send two of thy
men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Am. Some honest Christian trust me with
a gage,

That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down
this, 81

[*Throwing down his hood.*]

If he may be repeal'd,³ to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under
gage

Till Norfolk be repeal'd; repeal'd he shall be,

And, though mine enemy, restor'd again

To all his lands and signories: when he's re-
turn'd,

Against Ammerle we will enforce his trial. 90

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be
seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field, 91

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross

Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;

And toild with works of war, retir'd himself⁴

To Italy; and there at Venice gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,

Under whose colours he had fought so long. 100

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,

Your differences shall all rest under gage

Till we assign you to your days of trial.]

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to
thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with will-
ing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields

To the possession of thy royal hand: 110

Ascend his throne, descending now from him;

And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the re-
gal throne. [*Takes his place on the throne.*]

[*Car.* Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,

Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.

Would God that any in this noble presence

Were enough noble to be upright judge 118

Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would

Learn⁵ him forbearance from so foul a wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king!

And who sits here that is not Richard's sub-
ject?

Thieves are not judg'd⁶ but they are by to
hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;

And shall the figure of God's majesty,

His captain, steward, deputy-elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,

Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,

And he himself not present! O, forbend it,
God,

That, in a Christian climate,⁷ souls refin'd 130

¹ In presence, in the presence-chamber.

² Fondly, foolishly.

³ Repeal'd, recalled from banishment.

⁴ Retir'd himself, withdrew.

⁵ Learn, teach.

⁶ Judg'd, condemned.

⁷ Climate, region.

Should show so heinous, black, obscene¹ a deed! 131

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages grow for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind con-
found;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you
"woe!"

North. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for
your pains, 150
Of capital treason we arrest you here,—

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the com-
mons' suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in com-
mon view

He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.² [*Exit.*

[*Boling.* Lords, you that here are under
our arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of an-
swer.

[*To Carlisle.*] Little are we beholding³ to your
love, 160

And little look'd for at your helping hands.]

*Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and Officers
bearing the crown and sceptre.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a
king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

Which with I reign'd? I hardly yet have
learn'd 165

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee;
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me

To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours⁴ of those men: were they not
mine?

Did they not sometime cry "all hail!" to
me? 169

[*So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found traitor in all but one; I, in twelve thou-
sand, none.*

God save the king!—Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me,—]
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke. 170

K. Rich. Give me the crown. [*The crown is
brought to Richard, who takes it in his
hand, turning it upside down.*] Here,
cousin, seize the crown;

On this side my hand, and on that side yours
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes⁵ two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water.

That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on
high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to
resign. 179

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my
griefs are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with
your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my
cares down.

[*My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.*]
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend⁶ the crown, yet still with me they
stay.

¹ *Obscene*, foul.

² *Conduct*,—conductor.

³ *Beholding*, beholden.

⁴ *Favours*, faces.

⁵ *Owes*, owns.

⁶ *Tend*, attend.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no, no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself:

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,¹
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;²
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:



K. Rich.

Here, cousin, seize the crown.—(Act IV. 1. 181.)

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!

[Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!]

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!

God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—

What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes

[Offering a paper.

Committed by your person, and your followers,

Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel
out

My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,²

There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

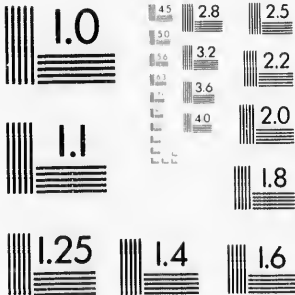
¹ *Balm*, the holy oil of consecration.

² *If thou wouldst*, i.e. wouldst read over a list of thy own deeds.



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Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—

[Nay, all of you that stand and look upon, Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself, —

Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates 210 Have here deliver'd me to my sour¹ cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin.]

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;

And yet salt water blinds them not so much But they can see a sort² of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest;

For I have given here my soul's consent

T' undeck the pompous³ body of a king; 250

Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,

Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord, —

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught⁴ insulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title, —

No, not that name was given me at the font, —

But 'tis usurp'd: — alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself!

O that I were a mockery king of snow, 260

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops! —

Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,

An if my word be sterling yet in England,

Let it command a mirror hither straight,

That it may show me what a face I have,

Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. [Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell! 270

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied. 272

K. Rich. They shall be satisfi'd; I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read. —

[Takes the glass and looks in it for a little time.

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds? — O flatt'ring glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity, 280

Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,

And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers. —

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? ha! let's see:

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;

There lies the substance; and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 300

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, my fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! ¹³ I am greater than a king;

For when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

¹ Sour, bitter.

² Sort, company.

³ Pompous, stately.

⁴ Haught, haughty.

not then be sat-
272
d'd: I'll read

indeed
d that's—my-
a glass.

will I read,—
looks in it for a

sorrow struck
of mine,
!—O flatt'ring

city, 280
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chold roof
as this the face
cholders wink!
many follies,
Bolingbroke?
face;

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f this sport, 290
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that again.
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me the way
ll beg one boon,
you no more.

y fair cousin,
um greater than

atterers
g now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from
your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the
Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers¹ are
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords,
and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly
set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 320

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle,
the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here be-
held. 321

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet
unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise.— 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:

Come home with me to supper; I will lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day.]

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to
the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is
the way

To Julius Caesar's ill-erected² tower.

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth

Have any resting for her true king's queen.—

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,

My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,

That you in pity may dissolve to dew, 9

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

Enter RICHARD and Guard.

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's

tomb,

And not King Richard; thou most beauteous
inn,

¹ *Conveyers*, "to convey" often meant "to steal;" so by
conveyers he means thieves.

² *Ill-erected*, i.e. erected under evil auspices.

Why should hard-favour'd³ grief be lodg'd in
thee, 14

When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman,
do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are

Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim Necessity, and he and I 21

Will keep a league till death. [Hie thee to
France

And cloister thee in some religious house:

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,

Which our profane hours here have stricken
down.]

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape
and mind

Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke
depos'd

Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with
rage 30

³ *Hard-favour'd*, ugly.

To be o'er-power'd;¹ and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, 32
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts!



K. Rich. Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead.—(Act v. l. 37, 38.)

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught
but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence
for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou
tak'st,

¹ To be o'er-power'd, at being overpowered.

As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;²
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their
griefs;³

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
[For why,⁴ the senseless brand will sym-
pathize⁵

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.] 50

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke
is chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder
where-withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;⁶ 61
And he shall think that t' on, which know'st
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped
throne.

[The love of wicked men converts⁷ to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy⁸ danger and deserved death.]

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.

Take leave, and for you must part forth-
with. 70

K. Rich. Doubly livore'd!—Bad men, you
violate

² Betid, passed.

³ To quit their griefs, i.e. to requite their grievous tales.

⁴ For why, because.

⁵ Sympathize, used here transitively.

⁶ Helping him to all, i.e. seeing that you have helped him to all. ⁷ Converts, changes. ⁸ Worthy, merited.

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tell thee tales

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o their beds:
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g tongue,
e out;
me coal-black,
ing.] 50

and others.
f Bolingbroke

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know again,
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is one, or both,
d death.]
ead, and there

ust part forth-
70
Bad men, you

their grievous tales.

you have helped
Worthy, merited.

A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and
me, 72

And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss¹ the oath 'twixt thee and
me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.—
[Part us, Northumberland; I towards the
north.

Where shivering cold and sickness pines² the
clime;

My wife to France; from whence, set forth in
pompe,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.]

Queen. And must we be divided? must we
part? 81

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king
w'h me.

North. That were some love, but little
policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let
me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make
one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
[Better far off than, near, be ne'er the
near.] 90

Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with
groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
means.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
way being short,

And pierce the way out with a heavy heart.]



York. With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"—(Act v. 2. 10, 11.)

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in
grief:

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and doubly
part;

Thus give I mine,⁴ and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no
good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.

[*They kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this
fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Unkiss*, unmake by a kiss.

² *The near*—the nearer.

³ *Pines*, makes waste.

⁴ *Mine*, i.e. my heart.

SCENE II. *A room in the Duke of York's palace.*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two consins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?¹

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried "God save thee,
Bolingbroke!"²

You would have thought the very windows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"³
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus;—"I thank you, countrymen:"⁴

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly⁵ bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard; no man cried "God save him!"⁶

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;⁷
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—

His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,⁸—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.

But heaven hath a hand in these events,

To whose high will we bound our calm contents.⁹

To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Ammerle.

York. Ammerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AMMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Amm. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:

God knows I had as lief⁵ be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well⁶ in this new spring of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?⁷

Amm. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Amm. If God prevent not, ay; I suppose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Amm. My lord, 't is nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it: I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Amm. I do beseech your grace to pardon me: It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

¹ *Leave*, leave off.

² *Idly*, carelessly.

³ *Patience*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

⁴ *Contents*, plural for the singular *content*.

⁵ *Had as lief* = would as soon.

⁶ *Bear you well*, i.e. conduct yourself with prudence.

⁷ *Triumphs*, tournaments.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean
to s — 63
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
"Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd
into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he
with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a
fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aunt. Beseech you, pardon me; I may not
show it. 70



York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.—(Act v. 2. 71.)

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[He plucks the document out of Aumerle's
bosom, and reads it.
Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord? 73
York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy, what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my
horse.— [Exit Servant.
Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my
troth,
I will appeach¹ the villain.
Duch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman. 80

Duch. I will not peace.²—What is the mat-
ter, son? 81
Aunt. Good mother, be content; it is no
more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
York. Bring me my boots:—I will unto the
king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him,³ Aumerle.—Poor boy,
thou art amazed.
[To Servant] Hence, villain! never more come
in my sight.
York. Give me my boots, I say. [Exit Servant.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

¹ *Approuch*, inform against.

² *Peace*, i.e. keep peace. ³ *Him*, i.e. the servant.

Have we more sons? or are we like to have? 90
Is not my teeming date¹ drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have taken the sacrament,

[*Striking the document with his hand.*
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none; 99
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would approach² him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, nursery woman! 110
[*Exit.*

Duch. After, Ammerle! mount thee upon
his horse;

Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away,
be gone! [*Eccent.*

[SCENE III. Windsor. A room in the castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?

'Tis full three months sin, I did see him last:— 2

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,³
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support 11
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
the prince,
And told him of those triumphs held⁴ at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both 20

I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder years may happily bring forth.—
But who comes here?

Enter AMMERLE hastily.

Amm. Where is the king?

Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Amm. God save your grace! I do beseech
your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. [*Eccent Percy and Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Amm. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, 20
My tongue cleave to the roof within my month,

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?

¹ Teeming date, i.e. period of child-bearing.

² Approach, inform against.

³ Frequent, used intransitively (only in this passage).

⁴ Held, to be held.

If on¹ the first, how heinous e'er it be, 31
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Ann. Then give me leave that I may turn
the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[*Annerle rises, and locks the door.*]

York. [*Within*] My liege, beware: look to
thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[*Drawing.*]

Ann. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast
no cause to fear.

York. [*Within*] Open the door, secure,² fool-
hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke unlocks the door, and after-
wards locks it again.*]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show. 50

Ann. Remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
mise pass'd:

I do repent me; read not my name there;

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'T was, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold con-
spiracy!—

O loyal father of a treacherous son! 60
Thou sheer,³ immaculate, and silver foun-
tain,

From whence this stream through muddy pas-
sages

Hath held his current, and defild himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing⁴ son. 60

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his
shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.



Ann. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.—(Act v. 3. 30-32.)

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 70
Or my share'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within*] What ho, my liege! for
God's sake, let me in.

¹ On, of. ² Secure, careless. ³ Sheer, pure.

⁴ Digressing, transgressing.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes
this eager cry? 75

Duch. [*Within*] A woman, and thy aunt,
great king: 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:

A beggar begs that never begged before,

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious
thing,

And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the
"King," 80

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[*Annette unlocks the door.*]

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.¹

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted
man!

Love loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou
make here? 85

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me,
gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Ana. Unto² my mother's prayers I bend my
knee.

York. Against them both my true joints
bended be.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his
face; 100

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from
our breast:

He prays but faintly and would be denied;

We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they
grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them
have

That mercy which true prayers ought to
have. 110

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, "stand up;"
Say "pardon" first, and afterwards "stand
up."

As if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
"Pardon" should be the first word of thy
speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say "pardon," king; let pity teach thee how:

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so
meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, "par-
don-ne moy."³

Duch. [*To York*] Dost thou teach pardon par-
don to destroy? 120

Ah, my sour⁴ husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!—

[*To Bolingbroke*] Speak "pardon" as 't is cur-
rent in our land;

The chopping⁵ French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue
there;

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do
pierce,

Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 130

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon
me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,
and the abbot.

³ *Moy*, the old form of *moi*, pronounced so as to rhyme
with *destron*.

⁴ *Sour*, bitter.

⁵ *Chopping*, i.e. changing one meaning for the other.

¹ *Confound*, destroy. ² *Unto*, in addition to.

hypocrisy;
tegrity.
; then let them

prayers ought to

110

up.

say, "stand up;"

terwards "stand

tongue to teach,

st word of thy

I till now;

teach thee how:

short as sweet;

king's months so

king; say, "par-

each pardon par-

120

ard-hearted lord,

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set thy tongue

e than thine ear;

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" to rehearse.

up.

not sue to stand;

in hand. 130

God shall pardon

a kneeling knee!

k it again;

not pardon twain,

g.

With all my heart

h thou art.

y brother-in-law,

meed so as to rhyme

bitter.

uing for the other.

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the
heels.—

Good uncle, help to order¹ several powers 110
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are;

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell:—and, cousin mine, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you

true.

Duch. Come, my old son: I pray God make

thee new. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Another room in the same.

Enter Sir Piers of Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what
words he spake,

"Have I no friend will² rid me of this living
fear?"

Was it not so?

Serv. These were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he; he
spake it twice,

And urg'd it³ twice together,—did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly¹ look'd
on me;

As who should say, "I would thou wert the
man

That would divorce this terror from my heart;"

Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:

I am the king's friend, and will rid² his foe. 11

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Pomfret Castle.

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may
compare

This prison, where I live, unto the world;

And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,

I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer't out.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,

My soul the father; and these two beget

¹ To order, to marshal. ² Will, i.e. who will.

³ Urg'd it, laid stress on it.

⁴ Wistly, earnestly.

⁵ Rid, remove.

A generation of still-breeding⁶ thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours⁷ like the people of this world, 10
For to thought is content. [The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd



K. Rich. how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, thy ragged prison walls.—(Act v. 5. 19-21.)

With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, "Come, little ones," and then again,
"It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye,"
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails

⁶ Still-breeding, constantly breeding.

⁷ Humours, dispositions.

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs: 20
Of this hard world, my ragged¹ prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves;
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge² their shame,
That³ many have,⁴ and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.] 30

Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penny
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing: [but whate'er I
am,

Nor I, nor any man that but man is 35
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be cas'd
With being nothing. — Music do I hear? [*Music.*
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check⁵ time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering
clock: 50

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they
jar⁶

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my
heart,

Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and
groans,

Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock. 60

This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have help madmen to their
wits,

In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch⁷ in this all-hating world.]

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad⁸ dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
king, 72

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes⁹ master's face.
O, how it yearn'd¹⁰ my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd! 80

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,
gentle friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proud as if he had disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on
his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble? would he not fall
down,

Since pride must have a fall,—and break the
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, 90
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,

¹ Ragged, rough. ² Refuge, find a refuge for.

³ That, i.e. in the thought that. ⁴ Have, i.e. have sat.

⁵ Check, rebuke. ⁶ Jar, tick.

⁷ Brooch, an ornamental buckle worn in the hat.

⁸ Sad, grave. ⁹ Sometimes, formerly.

¹⁰ It yearned, it grieved.

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and no more;
ndmen to their
ise men mad.
gives it me!
ve to Richard
-lating world.]

Stable,

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at that sad⁷⁰ dog
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ould he not fall

—and break the

usurp his back?

I rail on thee, 90

d by man,

ot made a horse;

ic an ass,

worn in the hat.

s, formerly

Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing¹ Boling-
broke. 94

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keeper. [To the Groom] Fellow, give place;
here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou
wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keeper. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do. 99

Keeper. My lord, I dare not: Sir Piers of Ex-
ton, who lately came from the king, commands
the contrary.



K. Rich. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own hand.—(Act v. 5, 110, 111.)

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster
and thee! 103

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.]

Keeper. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in
this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's in-
strument.

[Snatching an axe from a Servant, and
killing him.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another Servant. Then Exton
strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy
fierce hand 110

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's
own hand.—

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here
to die. [Dies.]

[Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd;—O, would the deed were
good!]

¹ Jauncing, i.e. fretting the horse to make it prance.

For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell. 117
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial
here.] [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. A room in Windsor Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, with
other Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news
we hear
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Gloucester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all
happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Speneer, Blunt, and
Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discours'd in this paper here. 10
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for
thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be
forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

[Enter PERCY, and the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of
Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,

Hath yielded up his body to the grave; 21
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend
room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.]

Enter EXTON, with persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I pre-
sent 30

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou
hast wrought

A deed of slander,¹ with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did
I this deed

Boling. They love not poison that do poison
need,

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40
The guilt of conscience take thou forthly labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of
night,

And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me
grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen² black incontinent;³
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, 49
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here:
In weeping over this untimely bier. [Exeunt.

¹ A deed of slander, i.e. a deed which will give and
for slander against me.

² Sullen, gloomy. ³ Incontinent, immediately.

ACT V. Scene 6.

the grave; 21
hide
of his pride.
doom:—
some reverend
it joy thy life;
free from strife:
hast ever been,
have I seen.]

carrying a coffin.

this coffin I pre-

breathless lies
enemies.
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with, my lord, did

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all of woe,
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at I do lament,
continent;³

ly Land, 49

y guilty hand:—
mourning here;
y bier. [Exeunt.

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ent, immediately.

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE KING RICHARD II.



NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. RICHARD II. was the second son of Edward, commonly called the Black Prince, the eldest son of Edward III. and Philippa or Philippine, daughter of William, Count of Hainault. Edward the Black Prince married Joan, known as the Fair Maid of Kent, widow of Sir Thomas Holland, one of the original Twenty-five Knights of the Garter, and only daughter and heir of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent (who was beheaded in 1330), the youngest son of Edward I., by his second wife, Margaret, the daughter of Philip III. and sister of Philip IV. of

France. Holinshed says that Joan "was also wife unto the erle of Salisbury, and divorced from him" (vol. ii. p. 676). She bore her husband two sons, Edward, who died at Bordeaux, when only seven years old, in 1372; and Richard, born at Bordeaux, January 6th, 1366. On the "eight of June, being Trinitie sundaie" (according to Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 703), the Black Prince died. Edward III. immediately made young Richard, then in his tenth year, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester and Cornwall. The king survived his eldest son little more than a year, dying on June 21st, 1377. He had previously made the ambitious John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, governor of

the kingdom. The people were very jealous of the influence of this nobleman, and not without reason; for there is little doubt that he tried all he could to induce the king to pass over the daughter of his elder brother, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and to make him the next heir after Richard.

The young king was crowned on July 16th, 1377; but it was not till twelve years afterwards, on May 8th, 1389, that he can be said to have begun to reign. In the interim his two uncles, the Duke of Lancaster, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, practically governed; though a Council of Twelve had been appointed by the Lords to hold the supreme power during the king's minority. There is no doubt that much of the evil reputation which attaches to the reign of Richard II. is due to the grasping ambition and vindictive cruelty of his uncles. This play treats only of the events of the last two years of Richard's unhappy reign. The year before the play opens, 1397, the Duke of Gloucester had been murdered (see note 37); and, as Mr. Russell French remarks in his *Shakspeariana Genealogica*, it was this "deed of crime which in a great measure led the way to the complications, and final catastrophe, recorded in the drama" (p. 21). Richard was twice married; first, on January 11th, 1382, to Anne of Bohemia, known as The Good Queen Anne, daughter of Charles IV., Emperor of Germany. She died without issue on June 7th, 1394. In November, 1396, he married Isabel, who was then in her tenth year. The date of King Richard's death is generally fixed on the 14th February, 1400, St. Valentine's day; but the exact date, and the manner of it, are both uncertain (see note 317).

2. JOHN OF GAUNT (or Ghent), so called from the town in which he was born, in 1340, Duke of Lancaster, was the fourth son of Edward III. The first mention we find of him in history is as accompanying his father-in-law, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, and his brother Lionel, in the fleet which was prepared for the purpose of attacking the coast of Normandy in 1355. Next we find him, as Earl of Richmond, accompanying his father to Calais in the Michaelmas of the same year. Holinshed (vol. ii. p. 456) says: "This yeare also, about Michaelmasse, the king having summoned an armie to be readie at Sandwich, passed over to Calis with the same. There went over with him his two sonnes, Lionell of Antwerp earle of Vister, and John of Gant earle of Richmond." In May, 1359, he married his cousin, the Lady Blanch, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, at Reading, having obtained a dispensation from the pope. In the same year he distinguished himself, in the company of his father and his brothers, Lionel and Edmund, at some "solemn iusts enterprised at London" (Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 671). At this time he was still known as Earl of Richmond; but on the death of his father-in-law Henry, Duke of Lancaster, in 1361, he succeeded to his titles of Earl of Derby and Duke of Lancaster. He accompanied the Black Prince in his expedition into Spain in 1367, and commanded the first division of his army. He was sent by his father in 1369 in command of an army into France to oppose the Duke of Burgundy. In 1370 his wife Blanch died. In the same year he took part in the siege of

Limoges; and was left Governor of Aquitaine by the Black Prince during his visit to England. In 1372 he married Constance, eldest daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile; his brother Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, marrying her sister Isabel about the same time. Shortly after this marriage he returned to England, and assumed the title of King of Castile in right of his wife. In July, 1373, he was again sent over to Calais with an army. He reached Bordenx at Christmas in the same year, when peace was concluded; and in July, the following year, he returned to England. He was one of the commissioners appointed to arrange a treaty of peace with France on behalf of the King of England at Bruges, 1375. In 1376 the House of Commons made a complaint against the Duke of Lancaster, Lord Latimer, Alice Percers, and others; and they all appear to have been banished the court; but, after the death of the Black Prince, in June of the same year, they were recalled to court; and the Duke of Lancaster being appointed Governor of the Realm, continued so till the end of his father's reign. Having taken Wiclif under his protection, he supported him in his trial before the Archbishop of Canterbury in the next year, 1377. In the course of the trial he addressed a very rude speech to Courtenay, Bishop of London; the people took the bishop's part, attacked the duke's palace in the Savoy, reversed his arms, as if he had been a traitor, and would have killed him if they could have caught him. John of Gaunt did not forget this insult; and for some time there was ill blood between him and the citizens of London. The dispute between them was put an end to by the young king Richard, in 1377. In 1394, Constance, the second wife of John of Gaunt, died about the same time that the Good Queen Anne died, and also the wife of Henry Bolingbroke. In 1396 the duke married Catherine Swynford, "widow of Sir Otes Swynford, and eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir Payn Roet, Knight, Guelme King at Arms" (French, p. 25). The marriage gave great offence, as she had lived with him as his mistress. The children he had by her before his marriage were legitimated under the name of Beaufort, one of the duke's castles in Anjou, where they were born. "Time-honoured" John of Gaunt seems to have maintained the chief power in the kingdom for the first twenty years of his nephew's reign. In 1396 he had been made Duke of Aquitaine. After the death of the Duke of Gloucester, in 1397, the Duke of Lancaster and his brother, the Duke of York, assembled an army of their dependants with the intention of revenging their brother's death; but they were reconciled to the king before any collision could take place. The banishment of Bolingbroke in 1398 showed that the king did not forget his grudge against his uncle; and how little good feeling he bore him was further manifested by the unjustifiable seizure of his goods immediately after his death, which took place at the Bishop of Ely's place in Holborn early in the following year, 1399. John of Gaunt was the friend and patron of Chaucer, whose wife was a sister of Catherine Swynford.

3. EDMUND OF LANGLEY (so called from his birthplace, Langley, near St. Albans), Duke of York, the fifth son of Edward III., was born in 1341. He married first Isabel,

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

Dramatis Personae.

Dramatis Personae.

Dramatis Personae.

Aquitaine by the land. In 1372 he married the daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, at the same time. He was sent to Calais with an army in the same year. In July, the following year, he was one of the plenipotentiaries of a treaty of peace between England and France. He made a complaint to the king, Alice Perceval, who had been banished by the Black Prince, and recalled to court; he was appointed Governor of Calais in his father's reign. He supported the king at the battle of Tewkesbury in the trial he administered, Bishop of Durham, attacked the king's part, as if he had killed him if they did not did not forget the dispute between the king and his wife of John of Gaunt. In the Good Queen Margaret's play, Bolingbroke. In the widow of Bolingbroke, co-heir of the king at Arnis" (French, p. 25). As she had lived with him under the name of Alice, where they were in Gaunt seems to be the kingdom for the reign. In 1390 he had the death of the Duke of Lancaster and he led an army of their revenge. Their brother to the king before the punishment of Bolingbroke did not forget his little good feeling he was by the unjustifiable for his death, which was in Holborn early in Gaunt was the wife was a sister of

youngest daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, by whom he had one daughter, Constance, married to Thomas le Despencer, Earl of Gloucester, who is the 'Spencer' mentioned in act iv. sc. 6, beheaded for his adherence to King Richard; the two sons of Edmund of Langley's first marriage were, Edward, who is the 'Ammerle' of this play, and Richard of Coningsburg, who is the 'Earl of Cambridge' in King Henry V., and who married Anne Mortimer" (French, p. 23). She was the sister of Edmund Mortimer, the rightful heir to the crown after the death of Richard II. Edmund of Langley was known in early times as the Earl of Cambridge, and was created Duke of York in 1355. In history, his character is generally represented as that of a man of indolent nature, fond of the chase, and of an easy disposition. Malone quotes Hardyng's Chronicle (MS. Harleian, No. 601, Fol. 147):

That Edmonde, bight of Langtry, of good chere
Glede and mery, and of his owne ay lyved
Withouthyn wronge, as chronicles have breved.
When al lordes went to counsels and parlement,
He wolde to hounes and also to howkyng.

—Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 47.

Daniel thus describes him:

Langley; whose mild Temperance
Did tend unto a calmer Quietness.

—Civil War, bk. i. st. xxv.

In the Egerton MS. play (act ii.) Richard first calls him (Reprint, p. 23):

The counterfeit relenting duke of york.

But shortly afterwards (p. 25) he speaks of him thus:

But Yorke is gentle, myght and generous.

Bearing in mind the development of York's character in Shakespeare's play, the inconsistency of the two passages just quoted is worth noticing. At the accession of Henry IV, he retired to his palace at King's Langley, and died in 1402.

4. HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford. Henry of Bolingbroke (so called from his birthplace, Bolingbroke Castle in Lincolnshire), son of John of Gaunt by Blanch, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster. He was born in 1366, and was therefore of the same age as King Richard. It appears that they were rivals in childhood as through life. French says (p. 26) "Richard accused his cousin of having drawn sword upon him even in his queen's chamber, and Bolingbroke told the king that the people believed him to be the son of a priest, and not of the Black Prince." (See note 275.) He was created Earl of Derby by Richard II., in 1385, and Duke of Hereford in 1397. He married, in 1385, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford. He was one of the five lords appellant in 1397.

5. EDWARD PLANTAGENET, eldest son of the Duke of York, was created Earl of Rutland in 1386, and Duke of Ammerle (Albanarle) in 1397. He appears to have been always plotting and intriguing against some one or other. He took a very prominent part in the overthrow of the Duke of Gloucester in 1397, and was, indeed, suspected of being implicated in the murder of that nobleman. He accompanied King Richard in his unfortunate expedition to Ireland in 1399; and it was owing to his urgent persuasions that the king delayed crossing over to England immediately he received the news of Bolingbroke's landing at Ravenspur. The consequence of this delay was that, after waiting a fortnight, the army collected at Conway for the king disbanded, when all hopes of Richard saving his crown were destroyed (see note 187). Ammerle was, however, soon plotting against Bolingbroke. He was degraded by Henry IV. to his former rank of Earl of Rutland; but was subsequently restored to favour and succeeded his father as Duke of York, under which name he will be found among the Dramatis Personae of Henry V. He was killed at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. On the occasion of the lists held at Coventry for the decision of the appeal between Bolingbroke and Norfolk, Ammerle was acting as Lord High Constable.

6. THOMAS MOWBRAY, created Earl of Nottingham, 1383, and Duke of Norfolk, 1397, in virtue of his descent from Edward the First's younger son, Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England. His grandfather, John de Mowbray, married the Lady Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, and sister of the first wife of John of Gaunt. His father, the fourth Lord Mowbray, married Elizabeth Segrave, only daughter and heir of John, Lord Segrave, by his wife, Margaret Plantagenet, Duchess of Norfolk, the eldest daughter of Thomas of Brotherton; so that this Thomas Mowbray was doubly connected with the Plantagenet family. He was one of the five lords, who, in conjunction with the Duke of Gloucester, accused Robert Vere, Duke of Ireland, and other favourites of the king, of treason; in the same year, 1388, Richard in a proclamation acquitted them of treason, and took both parties, accusers and accused, under his protection. The five lords, who were called lords appellant, of whom Bolingbroke was one, ultimately gained the day, and their enemies were attainted of treason by what was known as the Wonderful Parliament in 1388; and Tresilian, chief-justice, and others were executed. At the instance of the Dukes of Lancaster and York, the king and the five lords were reconciled in 1390; but Mowbray seems to have separated himself from the Duke of Gloucester's faction, for he was sent as Earl Marshal by the king to Calais, after the arrest of the Duke of Gloucester, as Holinshed says (vol. ii. p. 837), "to make the duke secretlie awake." It is doubtful, however, whether Mowbray really had any share in the death of Gloucester, although there was some question as to attempting to punish the earl marshal for his supposed complicity in that mysterious crime. In 1398, at the Parliament held at Shrewsbury, Henry Bolingbroke accused Mowbray of treason. It is at this point that the play commences. Norfolk died in 1399 (see note 202). By his second wife, Elizabeth Fitzalan, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, who was executed in 1397, he had two sons, Thomas, the Lord Mowbray of the Second Part of King Henry IV., and John Mowbray, who was restored to his father's dignity as Duke of Norfolk, and who is grandfather of the Duke of Norfolk in the Third Part of King Henry VI. His eldest daughter, Margaret, married Sir Robert Howard. Their son is the "Jockey of Norfolk" in Richard III.

7. THOMAS HOLLAND, Earl of Kent. He was the "third Earl of Kent, son of Thomas, second earl, by his wife,

Mice Fitzalan, eldest daughter of Richard, ninth Earl of Arundel, and grandson of Sir Thomas Holland, K.G., and Joan, "Fair Maid of Kent" (French, p. 39). He was therefore nephew of King Richard II., and brother to the second wife of Edmund, Duke of York. Lingard, by a mistake (vol. iii. p. 329), calls him the king's uterine brother, confusing him with the Earl of Huntingdon; the latter was the king's uterine brother, and uncle to this Thomas of Holland, who was created Duke of Surrey, September 29th, 1397. He was the only one who ever bore this title. Holinshed, in giving an account of the execution of the Earl of Arundel in 1397, mentions among the six great lords who were present: "Nottingham (that had married his daughter), Kent (that was his daughter's son)" (vol. ii. p. 841). He was degraded by Henry IV., at his accession, to the rank of earl; and joining in the plot against that king with the Earl of Salisbury, he was executed by the people of the town of Cirencester about the beginning of the year 1400 (see note 328).

8. **EARL OF SALISBURY.** Sir John de Montacute, third Earl of Salisbury of that surname, the son of Sir John de Montacute, one of the heroes of Cressy, was descended from Edward I. through his maternal grandfather, Ralph de Monthermer, who married the Princess Joan of Acres, daughter of that monarch. He was a supporter of the Lollards and Wickliffites. He was charged by Lord Morley (October 29th, 1399) with having betrayed the secrets of the Duke of Gloucester to King Richard; gages were interchanged between the appellant and defendant, but nothing came of it. Salisbury joined in the rebellion of some of the lords against Henry IV., and was executed by the populace at Cirencester, in January, 1400. His son Thomas, who was restored to the honours forfeited by his father's rebellion, was the valiant Earl of Salisbury in Henry V. and in the First Part of Henry VI. From this Earl of Salisbury's younger brother, Sir Simon de Montacute, the present ducal house of Manchester is descended.

9. **LORD BERKELEY.** Wrongly called by some editors *Earl of Berkeley*; the rank of *earl* not having been granted to the family till the reign of Charles II. This Lord Berkeley was Thomas, the fifth baron, descended from the feudal lords of Berkeley Castle, county of Gloucester. He married Margaret de Lisle, only daughter of the last Lord de Lisle. They had one daughter, Elizabeth, who married Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Lord Berkeley was one of the four sureties for Lord Morley when he accused Lord Salisbury in the Parliament of 1399. See above, note 8.

10. **BUSBY.** Sir John Busby, or, as he is sometimes called, Bussy, was speaker of the House of Commons in 1397. He was one of the twelve commissioners to whom the power of both Houses of Parliament was delegated in 1398. It was mainly owing to his instigation that the Earl of Arundel was condemned to death, and the Archbishop of Canterbury exiled in 1397. Holinshed thus describes him: "sir John *Busby*, a knight of Lincolnshire, accustomed to be an exceeding cruel man, ambitious and conceited beyond measure" (vol. ii. p. 839). He was executed in August, 1399.

11. **BAGOT** was Sir William Bagot, and was sheriff of the county of Leicester in 1382-1383. French says: "He escaped from Bristol Castle, and joined the king in Ireland, but on his return was committed by Henry IV. to the Tower, whence he was released November 12, 1400, and being received into favour, served again in Parliament." . . . "Bolingbroke, the night before his intended combat with Mowbray, lodged at Sir William Bagot's manor-house at Baginton, a short distance from Gosford-green, near Coventry" (p. 33).

12. **GREEN** was Sir Henry Green, son of Sir Henry Green, Justice of the King's Bench, in the reign of Edward III. He is first mentioned in connection with the horrible death of the Carmelite friar who, in 1383, accused the Duke of Lancaster of treason. This friar was committed to the charge of Lord John Holland, the king's half-brother, and was by him, and Sir Henry Green, brutally murdered in prison before any judicial inquiry into the truth of his statements (see Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 763). Green, Bagot, and Busby were the three prosecutors who "set forth the king's greenances" (Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 839). Holinshed says (p. 843) they were all three "knights of the Bath, against whom the commons undoubtedly bare great and private hatred." In the Egerton MS. play, *Green* is killed by the Earl of Arundel and Sir Thomas Cheney after the murder of Gloucester. He was, in reality, executed with Busby at Berkeley Castle in 1399.

13. **EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.** He was the son of Henry Percy, who was the son of the third Baron Percy of Alnwick, one of the heroes of Cressy. He married Mary Plantagenet, youngest daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster. He was created Earl of Northumberland at Richard's coronation in 1377. He took a prominent part in Bolingbroke's rebellion; but afterwards, with his son Hotspur and others, rebelled against Bolingbroke who had then become Henry IV. After the death of his son at the sanguinary battle of Shrewsbury on July 21st, 1403, by a submission not very honourable to himself, he obtained pardon, and was restored to his estates. But in May, 1405, in conjunction with Archbishop Scrope, Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal (son of the Duke of Norfolk mentioned in this play), Northumberland again raised the standard of rebellion. This time the attempt was quite abortive, and in conjunction with Lord Bardolf he escaped to Scotland, where he led a precarious life, till on February 10th, 1408, having again appeared in arms, he was killed at the battle of Bramham Moor, near Tadcaster.

14. **HENRY PERCY**, surnamed Hotspur. This is the Henry Percy who is so important a character in I. Henry IV. It will be better to deal with his history when we come to that play.

15. **LORD ROSS.** William de Ros succeeded his brother John, who was the sixth Baron. He was the son of Thomas de Ros, the fifth Baron, who married Beatrice Stafford, eldest daughter of Ralph, Earl of Stafford, &c. French says (p. 39): "He was summoned to Parliament from 1394 to 1413. Henry IV. rewarded his services by appointing him Lord Treasurer of England, and a K.G. He stood very high in that monarch's favour, and died at

and was sheriff of the French says: "He and the king in Ireland by Henry IV. to November 12, 1400, and again in Parliament before his death at Sir William short distance from

of Sir Henry Green, sign of Edward III. with the horrible in 1383, accused the prior was committed and, the king's half-brother, brutally that inquiry into the death, vol. ii. p. 763. three prolocutors who (Holmshed, vol. ii. they were all three in the commons murdered." In the Exeter of Arundel and Sir Gloucester. He was, in the castle in 1399.

He was the son of third Baron Percy of . He married Mary Henry, Earl of Lancaster, Northumberland and took a prominent part towards, with his son last being broke when the death of his son on July 21st, 1403, he to himself, he ob his estates. But in Archbishop Scrope, of the Duke of Northumberland again raised the attempt was with Lord Bardolf he a precarious life, till in appeared in arms, Ham Moor, near Tad-

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succeeded his brother He was the son of who married Beatrice Earl of Stafford, K.G. named to Parliament and his services by England, and a K.G.'s favour, and died at

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

Belvoir in 1114. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Arundell, and his male line ended in his grandson, Edmund de Ros, who died unmarried in 1508."

16. LORD WILLOUGHBY. William de Willoughby, fifth Baron Willoughby de Eresby, was summoned to Parliament from 1396 to 1409, in which year he died.

17. LORD FITZWATER. Walter Fitzwater, or Fitzwalter, fifth Baron Fitzwalter, was descended from Robert Fitzwalter, the general of the Barons confederated against King John, and styled by them "Marshall of the Army of God and the Church." This Baron Fitzwalter died in 1407. He married Joan, daughter of Sir John Devereux, the sister and heir of John, second Baron Devereux, uniting by that alliance the two families of Fitzwalter and Devereux. Holmshed, speaking of the accusation of treason against the Duke of Armerle, says (vol. iii. p. 5): "The lord Fitzwater herewith rose up, and said to the king, that where the duke of Armerle excuseth himself of the duke of Gloucesters death, I say (nath he) that he was the verie cause of his death, and so he appealed him of treason, offering by throwing downe his hood as a gage to proue it with his bodie."

18. BISHOP OF CARLISLE. This was "Thomas Merk, or Merkes, who had been a Benedictine monk at Westminster, and was appointed to the see of Carlisle in 1397. He was much employed in secular matters both at home and abroad. His was the only dissentient voice raised in Parliament against the deposed Richard being sentenced to secret and close imprisonment; and he was deprived of his bishopric, and sent to the Tower for his attachment to his ill-fated master" (French, p. 38). "He was committed to the Tower, but was liberated on the 23d of June, 1400, and delivered into the custody of the Abbot of Westminster. He was pardoned and allowed to go at large on 25th Nov. 1400. On 13th Aug. 1404, he was presented by the Abbot of Westminster to the rectory of Totenham in Gloucestershire, and probably died about the end of the year 1409, as his successor in the living was instituted 13th Jan. 1409-10 per mortem Thomæ Merkes" (Le Neve's Fasti, ed. Hardy, vol. iii. p. 237 (Clarendon Press Edn. p. 158)). According to Bishop Kennet, it was to the vicarage of Sturminster-Marshall, in Dorsetshire, that Thomas Merk was appointed by King Henry IV. He enjoyed a very high reputation; and, according to French (p. 38): "It is expressly stated in the writ for his enlargement, dated at Westminster, November 28, 1400 (Rymer's Foedera), that Thomas Merk, late Bishop of Carlisle, was pardoned on account of the excellence of his character."

19. ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER. This ecclesiastic has generally been supposed to have been William of Colchester; but French (p. 34) thinks that "the abbot who took part in the latter scenes of this play was his successor, Richard Harbouden, or Harweden." Dart in his History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, after speaking of the date of the death of William of Colchester, which he states was uncertain, says: "Richard Harbouden is next nam'd, of whom we know nothing certain, but during this interval of Darkness I find the

year before the Deposition of Richard II. the Abbot of Westminster attending Richard II. into Ireland, and after his Return appointed with others to go to him in the Tower, concerning his Resignation; and soon after concern'd at his Usage, join'd with the Dukes of Exeter, Surrey, and Armerle, &c. the Bishop of Carlisle, and principally the Abbot of Westminster, had an uncommon aversion to Henry IV., for that when the Earl of Darby, he had declared the Clergy had too much, and the King too little; but I rather think out of a true Loyalty to release their captiv'd Sovereign, but this being discover'd and several executed the Abbot fled from his Monastery, and dying of an Apoplex, escap'd publick Execution. This Harbouden I take to be the Man whom the Monks privately buried without Tomb or Inscription; nor do we know in what part of the Church they laid him probably, for Fear; but as I am not certain, I leave it doubtful" (vol. ii. p. xxxii. ed. 1742). This passage is quoted by French but with many inaccuracies. I have transcribed it from Dart's work. As French gives it, it makes perfect nonsense; and it must be confessed that, even when correctly quoted, it is far from intelligible. The writer apparently means to say that this Richard Harweden joined in Armerle's conspiracy, not so much out of hatred to Henry IV. as from a feeling of loyal sympathy for the deposed and imprisoned Richard. When the conspiracy was discovered, the abbot fled; and afterwards died a natural death from apoplexy. This tallies to a certain extent with Shakespeare's account (v. 6. 19-21):

The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave.

It would appear that there is a great discrepancy between the different authorities as to the date of William of Colchester's death; and, on the whole, it seems most probable that the Abbot, mentioned in this play, was Richard Harbouden. Both Grafton and Rapin agree that this Abbot of Westminster, who played such an important part in Armerle's conspiracy, died suddenly of a fit; and this corresponds both with Shakespeare's account, and with that given by Dart, of Harbouden's death. If the Abbot of this play was William of Colchester, it is, as French points out, very unlikely that he would have been allowed to escape unpunished, and to continue in the enjoyment of his high office for fourteen years after his having taken part in such a conspiracy. It is also remarkable that none of the historians mention that William of Colchester died either a violent, or a sudden death.

20. LORD MARSHAL. As Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was Earl Marshal, the Duke of Surrey (see above, note 48) acted as Lord Marshal in the lists at Gosford Green, near Coventry.

21. SIR STEPHEN SCROPE. He was the son of Henry le Scrope, first Baron Scrope or Scrope of Masham. He had been distinguished as a soldier, and served in France and Flanders. He was strongly attached to King Richard II.; but after that monarch's unhappy death he was taken into favour by Henry IV., who appointed him Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland under the young Prince Thomas of Lancaster. He defeated the Irish on several occasions,

and died Feb. 10, 1408, at Tristram's, where the Irish parliaments were sometimes held" (French, p. 43). His eldest son Henry is the Lord Scroop of Henry V.

22. **SIR PIERS OF EXTON.** Of *Sir Piers of Exton* little seems to be known. Holinshed speaks of him as "one called Sir Piers of Exton" (vol. iii. p. 14). In the description of the death of Richard, part of which we have quoted in note 320, he thus relates Sir Piers's share in that tragedy: "After Richard had slain four of his assailants, 'Sir Piers being halfe disarmed herewith, leapt into the chaire where king Richard was wont to sit, while the other foure persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber. And in conclusion, as king Richard trauesed his ground, from one side of the chamber to an other, coming by the chaire, where sir Piers stood, he was felled with a stroke of a pollax which sir Piers gaue him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life, without giuing him respite once to call to God for merce of his passed offenses. It is said, that Sir Piers of Exton, after he had thus slaine him, wept right bitterly, as one stricken with the pricke of a gillie conscience, for murdering him, whome he had so long time obeyed as king."

He was probably a near relation of Sir Nicholas Exton, Sheriff of London in 1385, who opposed Richard II. in Parliament, and succeeded Sir Nicholas Brembre as mayor in 1386 (see French, p. 45).

23. **QUEEN.** This was Richard's second wife (see above, note 1). French says (p. 46): "Isabel of Valois was the eldest daughter of Charles VI., and was crowned Queen of England, January 7, 1387. After the death of Richard, Henry IV. endeavoured to obtain her hand for his son, the Prince of Wales, but her family declined the alliance, and she became in 1408 the wife of her cousin, Charles D'Angoulême, afterwards Duke of Orléans; she died Sept. 13, 1419, soon after giving birth to a daughter, Joan, who married John II., Duke of Alençon, son of the prince who was slain at Agincourt, after his encounter with Henry V."

24. **DUCHESS OF YORK.** The Duchess of York was not the mother of Anne, but the second wife of Edmund Langley, Duke of York (see above, note 3). She was Joan Holland, third daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Kent, and granddaughter of Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent. French (p. 47) says: "This duchess, surviving her husband, by whom she had no issue, married secondly the 'Lord Willoughby' in this play," (being) "his second wife; thirdly Henry, the 'Lord Scroop' in King Henry V.; and fourthly Sir Henry Bromblete, Lord de Vesey, whose daughter, Margaret Bromblete, married the 'Young Clifford' in the Third Part of King Henry VI."

25. **DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.** She was the widow of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., of whom there has been so frequent mention. She was the Eleanor de Bohun who was the daughter and co-heiress of Humphrey, Earl of Hereford. She had one son and three daughters. The son died unmarried in 1399. The eldest daughter, Anne Plantagenet, married Edmund Stafford, fifth Earl of Stafford, who was slain at Shrewsbury; and their son Humphrey Stafford was created Duke of Buckingham, and is one of the

characters in the Second Part of Henry VI. Shakespeare supposes her to have died at Plashy. She really died at Barking, whither she had retired after the death of her husband, and was buried at Westminster Abbey, where a monumental brass tablet to her memory may still be seen.

26. **LADY attending on the Queen.** French (p. 48) says: "The chief lady attached to the young queen's household was the 'Lady of Concy,' Mary, daughter of the Princess Isabel, daughter of Edward III., who married Angelram de Concy, created Earl of Bedford, &c. After the Lady of Concy was dismissed in disgrace, King Richard placed his young wife in the care of his niece, Eleanor Holland, widow of Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, and she accompanied Queen Isabel on her return to France."

ACT I. SCENE I.

27. Line 1: *time-honour'd*.—Not elided in F. 1. The line presents no difficulty in scansion if the final *ed* be pronounced; but, as it is a well-known and often quoted line, it is better to print it as usually given. As Malone has pointed out in his note, men were called *old*, at this time, whom we should consider only middle-aged. John of Gaunt was only fifty-eight years old at the time this play commences (1398).

28. Line 2: *according to thy oath and band*.—The word *band* was spelt indifferently *band* or *band*; for instances of the latter in Shakespeare, compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 49, where the spelling of the word is used for the sake of a pun; and 1. Henry IV. iii. 2. 157, "the end of life cancels all *bands*."

29. Line 3: *Henry Hereford thy bold son*.—*Hereford* is written *Hereford* in all Qq. and Ff. (except Q. 5 and F. 4), so that it was evidently pronounced as a dissyllable. Daniel, in his poem The Civil War, uses the same form of the word (book i. stanzas lix. ix. &c.).

30. Line 4: *the boist'rous late appeal*.—i.e. the accusation brought by Bolingbroke against the Duke of Norfolk, in the parliament at Shrewsbury, on January 30, 1398.

31. Lines 10-11:

*If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?*

An Appeal of Battle was, according to Favine (quoted by Staunton), an accusation wherein "it is the purpose of one party to call another by the name of a villain before the bench of justice." The "appellant or appellant" had under the old French law of *Appeals*, to give security for the payment of a fine of threescore pounds, and damages to each person whom he *appealed* to the same amount, in the event of his failing to prove his accusation. The person *appealed* might either disprove the accusation by evidence, or might support his own denial by single combat, either with the *appellant* or with some deputy.

32. Line 20: *May many years of happy days befall*.—Qq. Ff. omit *May*: the emendation is Pope's.

33. Line 23: *'Till the heavens, envying earth's good hap*.—The Ed. of Clarendon Press Series, and Rolfe say that,

VI. Shakespeare
She really died at
the death of her
Abbey, where a
may still be seen.

French (p. 48) says:
Queen's household
er of the Princess
married Ingleham
i. After the Lady
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Eleanor Holland,
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and Rolfe say that,

in this line, the accent must be on the second syllable of *envying*; but surely the rhythm does not require this; the usual accent on the first syllable makes a more harmonious line.

34. Lines 41–46.—Poderidge says [Lectures upon Shakespeare, &c. (edn. 1849), vol. i. pp. 170, 171], "the rhymes in the last six lines well express the preconcertedness of Bolingbroke's scheme, so beautifully contrasted with the vehemence and sincere irritation of Mowbray." Surely this is very far-fetched. The rhymed lines are, as we know, characteristic of Shakespeare's earlier style; certainly these six are among those which make us suspect that Shakespeare worked, partly, from an older and inferior play. It may be well to note that, in the historical account, Bolingbroke's conduct in accusing the Duke of Norfolk was far from creditable to him. The conversation took place between them when riding together on the road from Brentford to London; and, according to Bolingbroke's own account, the purport of it was that the duke did not trust the king's assurances of friendship towards either of them; but believed that he intended to "destroy them both" for their share in some of the previous events of Richard's reign. "Two days before the opening of the session (at Shrewsbury) the Duke of Hereford had obtained a general pardon under the great seal for the treasons, misprisions, and offences that he had ever committed" (Lingard, vol. iii. p. 374). His conduct certainly showed caution, coupled with the grossest treachery towards his friend, who had been speaking to him in confidence.

35. Lines 58, 59:

*Setting aside his high blood's royalty,—
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,—*

We have printed the latter line as if it were a parenthesis. None of the commentators seem to find any difficulty in it; but it certainly is not very intelligible as usually printed. Norfolk is turning towards Bolingbroke in speaking the words: "*Setting aside*," &c.; then he stops, and turns with a reverent salutation to Richard:

And let him be no kinsman to my liege,

i.e. "and consider him, for the moment, as no kinsman of yours, my liege." That this is the meaning is proved by King Richard's speech below (lines 115–123). No doubt the Duke of Norfolk felt a difficulty in accusing a cousin of the king's, so roundly, of treason.

36. Line 95: *for these EIGHTEEN years*.—That is since 1381, the year in which the rising under Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, &c. took place. It was also the year when Parliament made serious attempts to restrain the royal prerogative.

37. Line 100: *That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death*.—Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham, the youngest son of Edward III., was created Duke of Gloucester in 1355. The manner of his death is uncertain. In the Egerton MS. play, Thomas of Woodstock is the hero; he is called "plain Thomas," and is represented as remarkable for his plainness of speech; he is taken prisoner by a stratagem, at his own house, and carried off to Calais by Lapoole, the governor of that place. Acting on instructions from Richard, Lapoole has Gloucester

killed in prison by two murderers, who knock him on the head, then strangle him, and finally smother him with a feather-bed; afterwards arranging his body so as to make it appear he died a natural death. Richard, however, while overwhelmed with grief at the death of his queen (Anne of Bohemia), is struck with remorse, and wishes to recall the orders given to Lapoole, but it is too late. Lingard takes an unfavourable view of Gloucester's character, and doubts if the evidence of his murder, and especially of Richard's complicity in it, is to be relied on. It is certain that Norfolk, then Earl of Nottingham and Earl Marshal, was at Calais, and that Gloucester was in his charge; but whether the confession of John Hail, made in the first year of the reign of Henry IV., which is the only direct evidence of a murder having been committed, is to be relied on, is very doubtful.

38. Line 106: *To ME for justice*.—Bolingbroke here sets himself up as the avenger of his uncle Gloucester; he seems to have been one of the few members of the royal family who did not take any part in the proceedings against the duke. His father, the Duke of Lancaster, pronounced against Gloucester the judgment of treason. But Henry had another right to act as revenger of his uncle's death, for his wife was sister of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester (see above, note 3).

39. Line 131: *Since last I went to France to fetch his queen*.—He had been joined (in 1395) with the Earl of Rutland (Aumerle) in an embassy to demand the hand of Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI., then about eight years old. The marriage took place in November, 1396.

40. Line 157: *Our doctors say this is no MOUTH to bleed*.—Fl. Q. 5 read *time*; but the allusion is to the almanacs, where particular seasons were pointed out as the most proper time for being bled; generally spring and autumn. As a fact, the events narrated in this scene took place in the month of April.

41. Line 165: *That lives, despite of death, upon my grace*.—Printed by Q₄ and Fl.:

Despite of death that lives upon my grave.

The transposition of the words is a very slight alteration which makes the sense much clearer; it was first suggested by Seymour (Remarks, vol. i. p. 249). Bishop Wordsworth seems to think he was the first to venture on it. (See Shakespeare's Historical Plays, vol. ii. p. 95.)

42. Line 170: *I am dis-rail'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here*.—According to Toffet (see Var. Ed. vol. xv. p. 16). *Hollished* thus explains *baffling*: "*Baffling* is a great disgrace among the Scots and it is used when a man is openly perjured, and then make of him an image painted, reversed, with his heels upward, with his name wondering, crying, and blowing out of him with horns." Compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 113: "an I do not, call me a villain and baffle me."

43. Lines 176–181.—With these lines compare Iago's well-known speech, Othello, iii. 3. 155–161:

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: &c.

44. Line 186: *Cousin, throw down your gage*.—So Fl. and Q. 5. The other Quartos all read *throw up*; a reading

retained by the Edl. of Clarendon Press Series (p. 80) on the ground that "*thow*" means "relinquish" and "is more appropriate than the latter, which is specially used for the act of defiance." But surely as above (line 161) Gamut says:

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

And King Richard adds (line 162)

And, Norfolk, throw *down* his.

And again (line 164), "Norfolk, throw *down*," the meaning is "throw down the gage you have in your hand." Letterson would substitute *his* for *your*, but that is unnecessary.

45. Line 187: *from such FOUL sin.*—Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, Q 4 read *deepe*: Ff. and Q 5, substantially, *foul*; which seems the preferable epithet.

46. Line 189: *Or with pale BEGGAR-FEAR impeach MY HEIGHT*—So Q 1, Q 5, F. 1, F. 2; *beggar-fear* meaning "fear that makes me a beggar or suppliant, for his (Norfolk's) forgiveness." Q 2, Q 3, Q 4 read *beggar-fave*: F. 3, F. 4 *beggar'd fear*.

Impeach my height means "lessen my dignity;" *impeach* is derived from the French *empêcher*, and means, originally, "to hinder," then "to accuse," because, perhaps, the object of an accusation is "to hinder" the accused from committing more crimes. The two senses of the word are here more or less blended.

47. Line 199: *upon ST. LAMBERT'S DAY*—i.e. September 17th.

48. Line 204: *MARSHAL, command our officers at arms.*—The Duke of Norfolk was Earl Marshal; but, as he was himself to answer Bolingbroke's appeal, a deputy (Thomas Holland, Earl of Surrey) was appointed to act in his place.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

49. Line 1: *Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood.*—In the Egerton MS. play the Duke of Gloucester is always called *Woodstock*. But for the context, this line might have a double meaning; for Lancaster was certainly privy to the proceedings against his brother. In the Egerton MS. play, Lancaster assures the Duchess of his determination to avenge his brother in the following passage:

We will revenge our noble brother's wrongs;
And force that wanton tyrant to reveal
The death of his dear uncle, harmless *Woodstock*,
So traitorously betray'd.

—Halliwell's Reprint, p. 81.

50. Line 7: *Who, when they see.*—Altered by Pope to *it sees*, and by Stevens to *he sees*, very unnecessarily; heaven is often used as a plural noun. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 173-175:

but *heaven* hath pleas'd it so
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be *their* scourge and minister.

51. Line 11: *Edward's seven sons.*—They were (1) Edward the Black Prince, born 1330, died 1376; (2) William of

Hatfield, 1336-1341; (3) Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence, 1338-1368; (4) John of Gaunt, 1340-1399; (5) Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, 1341-1402; (6) William of Windsor (died young); (7) Thomas of Woodstock, 1335-1397.

52. Line 35: *to SAFEGUARD thine own life.*—This verb is used once again by Shakespeare, in Henry V. i. 2. 176:

Since we have locks to *safeguard* necessities.

53. Line 53: *A CAITIFF RECREANT*.—Caitiff is, without doubt, derived from the Latin *captivus*; it is used by Wiclif in his version of the Bible (Eph. iv. 8) "*He ledde caitiffe caitif*." The French form of the word is *chétif*, in Italian *cattivo*; both originally meaning "captive," and then coming to mean "wretched," "bad;" just as *cattif* has come to signify "a mean wretch." *Recreant* is used by Chaucer in the special sense of one who flies from battle: "he that despoileth him, is like to the coward champion *recreant*, that lieth withouten nede" (The Persones Tale, vol. iv. p. 79). It also means one that yields himself to his adversary, which sense it bears here.

54. Lines 58, 59.—This simile is, undoubtedly, taken from the bounding of a tennis-ball.

55. Line 69: *at PLASHY visit me.*—*Plashy* (now spelt *Pleshy*), between Chelmsford and Dunmow, in Essex, was the seat of Thomas of Woodstock, in virtue of his office as Lord High Constable. It was here that Richard himself arrested his uncle in July, 1397. In the Egerton MS. play, *Plashy* is thus described:

this house of *plashy*, brother,
Stands in a sweete and pleasant ayre, fith;
Tis neere the Thames, and circled round with trees
That, in the summer, serue for pleasant fans
To coole yee; and, in winter, strongly breake
The stormy winde that else would nippe yee too.

Halliwell's Reprint, p. 43.

Plashy is certainly some distance from the Thames.

56. Lines 68, 69:

*But empty lodgings and UNFURNISH'D walls,
Unpeopled OFFICES.*

The tapestry was hung on the walls by hooks, so that it was easily taken down when the family were away. The word *offices* had the same peculiar sense, in Shakespeare's time, that it has now; namely, the pantry, kitchen, cellars, &c., and they were always on the ground-floor. Compare Timon of Athens, II. 2. 167, 168:

When all our *offices* have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders.

57. Line 70: *And what bear THERE.*—So all Qq. and Ff. except Q 1, which reads *cheere*; a reading defended by Malone, with singular infelicity, as justified by the *offices* in the preceding line. But surely, as the Camb. Edl. point out, the antithesis between line 67:

Alack, and what shall good old York *there* see,

and this line, "*and what bear there*," is too marked to admit of a doubt that Q 1 is wrong in this instance.

58. Line 73: *Desolate, DESOLATE.*—Collier's MS. Corrector substituted *desperate* for the second *desolate*, which does not remedy the unrhymical nature of the line. 1

11 have altered the punctuation in all quotations from the Reprint (which follows the MS. *edition* and *variation*); there being scarcely any stops, and what few there are, for the most part wrongly employed.

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would propose *Desolate, ah!* *desolate*; but perhaps the ragged and deficient metre was here intentional.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

5. Line 3: **SPRIGHTFULLY** and *bold*.—For a similar omission of the adverbial termination, compare Richard III. iii. 4, 50:

His grace looks *cheerfully and smooth* to-day,
and Othello, iii. 4. 79:

Why do you speak so *startlingly and rash*?

60. Line 7: *Marshal, demand of yonder chawcion.* — Shakespeare seems to have given us most of the ceremonial observed on such occasions as this. Holinshed's description of the scene is very vivid, and shows that all the accessories were of the most splendid character. Indeed, knowing the passion of Richard II. for dress and showy display of all kinds, one is tempted to think that, though he had made up his mind not to let the appellant and accused really fight, he would not stop the ceremony lest he should miss such an opportunity of indulging his favourite taste. Holinshed tells us the king "entered into the field with great triumph," and that he had there "above ten thousand men in armour."

61. Line 20: *To God, my king, and MY succeeding issue.*
—So Q, 1, 2, Q, 3, Q, 4: Ff. Q 5 read *his*. It is very difficult to decide whether the latter are right, or not. Certainly one might, at the first glance, expect “*his*” (i.e. the king’s succeeding issue); nor do I think the fact that Richard had no issue, at this time, has anything to do with the question; for he was a young man, and when his child-queen grew up, he might easily have had children. But let us ask what were the three things to which Norfolk had to prove his “loyalty and truth.” To his God, his king, and the king’s lawful successors? Surely not; but to his God, his king, and his own high birth. If to meant “before,” or “to the satisfaction of,” there would be no difficulty. It is quite good sense that a man, in Norfolk’s position, should say “I will be loyal and true to my children, for I will not leave them a dishonoured name, which I should do if I did not defend myself against this accusation.” It seems to me that the reading *my* is partly justified, if indirectly, by lines 39, 40 below; where Holingshede says:

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to *me*.

He does not say "to King Richard and his successors." The emendation of FI. is, undoubtedly, very plausible; and the *my* might easily have been caught by the printer from the line above.

62. Line 26; *demand of*.—Q₁ and Ff. read *ask*; the reading in the text is Ritson's conjecture.

63. Line 28: Thus PLATED in habiliments of war.—Plated means clad in *plate* armour; compare Antony and Cleopatra, I. i. 4, "like *plated* Mars." Chain armour was not used after the reign of Edward III. except in certain parts of the armour.

64. Line 30: DEPOSE HIM *in the justice of his cause*.—This is the only instance, in Shakespeare, of the use of *depose* in the active sense of "taking a deposition"

C5, Lines 42, 43:

*On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to TOUCH THE LISTS.*

This prohibition shows that the *lists* were, probably, movable barriers which marked out the ground of the tournament. Strutt says (edn. 1851, p. 131): "It was a considerable time after the establishment of jousts and tournaments, before the combatants thought of making either *lists* or barriers; they contented themselves, says Meneestrier, with being stationed at four angles of an open place, whence they run in parties one against another. There were cords stretched before the different companies, previous to the commencement of the tournaments, as we learn from the following passage in an old English romance, among the Harleian manuscripts: 'All these thinges done thei were enthalld eche agaynst the other, and the corde drawn before eche partie, and when the tyme was, the cordes were entt, and the trumpettes blew up for every man to do his devoyr, *duff*'" (p. 132). As these pastimes were accompanied with much danger, they invented in France the double *lists*, whereby the knights might run from one side to the other, without coming in contact, except with their lances; other nations followed the example of the French, and the usage of *lists* and barriers soon became universal."

66. Lines 63, 64. Here we have two lines of blank verse coming, without any particular reason, in the middle of a passage written in rhyme. I cannot understand how any one, unacquainted with the Elizabethan drama, can read this speech, and not believe that Shakespeare either had an old play on this subject before him, when he wrote Richard II., or that it was one of his very earliest works which he afterwards partly rewrote. The speech concludes (lines 70-77) with a passage entirely in blank verse, which is quite worthy of Shakespeare at his best, and infinitely superior to most of the rhymed passages which occur so constantly in this play.

67. Lines 67, 68:

*Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The PAINTIEST last, to make the end most sweet.*

The practice of ending dinners and suppers with what was called a *banquet*, that is, a dessert of sweets, seems to have been characteristic of English entertainments. The Charendon Press Series Edd. quote very aptly from Bacon, "Let not this Parliament end like a Dutch feast, in salt meats; but like an English feast, in *sweet meats*." (Life and Letters, ed. Spedding, vol. iii. p. 215, note).

68. Line 73: *Add* PROOF *unto mine armour with thy prayers.*—*Proof* was used technically of armour, somewhat as we use it nowadays of spirits. "Armour of *proof*" was armour tested so as to resist a severe blow. Compare *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 512:

On Mars his artour forg'd for *proof* eterne :

and Macbeth, I. 2. 51: "Bellona's bridegroom, lay'd in
proof."

69. Line 83: *Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, lie!* Qq. and Fl. all read "*be valiant and lie!*" The emendation we have printed is, I think, preferable to Capell's, "*the valiant live!*" or to Pope's "*be brave and*"

live." The *and* is quite unnecessary; it makes the line hopelessly unrhymed.

70. Line 81: *My innocence and Saint George to thrive!*—i.e. "May my innocence prevail by the aid of St. George!" Q1 and F1 read *innocence*; Capell first suggested *innocency*, which makes the line perfect; perhaps *innocence* was sometimes pronounced as a quadrisyllable. The *Iliona* "St. George to thrive!" has been compared with the phrase: "St. George to borrow!" but the latter is quite different; *borrow*, in that case, is a substantive—"pledge," "security;" and the meaning of the expression is "St. George be my security!" The phrase occurs in Ralph Roister Doister (Dodsley, vol. iii. pp. 141, 147); a note to the first passage by Cooper wrongly explains "to borrow" as "to protect or guard;" quoting, as a parallel idiom, the line in our text.

71. Line 95: *As gentle and as jocund as To Jest*.—To *jest* had, in Shakespeare's time, among other meanings, "to take part in my merry-mo: king," and, especially, "to play in a masque." Farmer quotes from The Spanish Tragedie (act I.):

He promis'd us, in honour of our guests,
To grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*.
—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 33.

Schmidt explains *as to jest*—"as if I were going to a mock-fight."

72. Line 118: *the king hath THROWN HIS WARDER DOWN*.
In II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 125, 126:

O, when the king did *throw his warder down*,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw.

See Daniel's Civil War (book I. st. xli.):

The Combat granted, and the Day assign'd,
They both in Order of the Field appear,
Most richly furnish'd in all Martial Kind,
And at the point of Intercombat were;
When lo! the King chang'd suddenly his Mind,
Casts down his Warder, to arrest them there;
As if he advis'd a better Way to take,
Which might for his more certain Safety make.

Daniel says that Richard stopped the combat because he feared Bolingbroke, if victorious, would gain so much popularity as to become a dangerous rival (book i. stanza lxiii.).

73. Line 121: *Withdrew with us*.—Here Richard and the Lords of the Council withdrew to consult together as to the sentence on the two combatants. According to Holinshed the consultation lasted two hours, and the sentence was read by Sir John Bushy, the king's secretary. It may be stated that historians are not agreed as to the real cause of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk; but Daniel (Civil War, book i. stanzas lix.—lxi.) gives the explanation which is the most probable one; namely, that Bolingbroke had spoken freely to Norfolk his feelings about the oppression and misgovernment of Richard, that Norfolk had reported this to the king, and that in self-defence Bolingbroke then "appealed" Norfolk of treason. For the other account of the transaction see note 9. If Daniel's account is the true one, Bolingbroke's conduct appears in a much more favourable light.

74. Line 128: *Of CIVIL wars*. Q 1 has *cruell*; all the other old copies read *civil* (or *civill*). Malone, in a note

on this passage (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. pp. 30, 31), supports the reading of Q 1; but mentions that a copy of the Quarto, 1567 (Q. 1), "now before me" reads *civil*. The only other copy, besides Capell's, known to exist was that in the possession of the late George Daniel, which, as he informed the Camb. Ed., reads *cruell*.

75. Lines 129-133. These five lines are omitted in F1 and Q 5.

76. Line 140: *upon pain of LIFE*.—So Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, Q 4: "pain of death," F1, Q 5; the meaning is the same. Below (line 153) Q4 and F1 all read "upon pain of *life*." Holinshed has, in both cases, "pain of death."

77. Line 159: *The fly slow hours*.—So F 2: all the Qs, F 1, F 3, F 4 read *slow* (substantially) without a hyphen. It is with some reluctance that we adopt a reading which has only F 2 for its authority against all the Qs; but the mistake between *f* and *s* is so common, and so easily made, that the alteration is really a very slight one. *Fly slow* seems to be here a more appropriate expression, and a more forcible one than *slow*. Stevens quotes from Chapman's *Odyssey*, II. 164:

But when the fourth year came, and those *slow* hours
That still surprise at length dainties' craftiest powers.

But, surely, there the epithet has an appropriate significance which it lacks here. Malone compares the expression *thierish minutes* in All's Well, II. i. 1. 168, 169:

Or four and twenty times the *hour-glass*
Hath told the *thierish minutes* how they pass.

But Helena is, evidently, speaking of an *hour-glass* there, and *thierish* is an epithet which suits exactly the movement of the sand in an hour-glass.

78. Line 151: *thy DEAR exile*.—A similarly transposed sense of *dear* is not uncommon in Shakespeare. (See note 223, Love's Labour's Lost.) The way in which the word comes to have two contrary meanings is very simple; at first it means "precious," "a dear thing"—"that for which a high price has been paid;" then it comes to mean "held in great affection," "close to the heart;" and so to be used of anything that stirs the emotions, or touches the heart, whether pleasantly or painfully.

79. Line 159: *these FORTY years*.—This is a mistake; Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was not much more than thirty years old at this time.

80. Line 179: *Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands*.—The hilt of the sword, in these times, was made, whether purposely or not, in the shape of a cross; and to swear with one's hand upon such a sword was equivalent to swearing by the cross. Compare Hamlet, I. 5. 154: "swear by my sword."

81. Line 181: *OUR PART THEREIN see banish with your selves*. Richard here releases them from their allegiance while in exile. It was a point much disputed, among lawyers, whether a banished subject was released from his allegiance by the very fact of being banished. Shakespeare is here his own lawyer.

82. Line 193: *Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy*.—Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, Q 4, F 1 read *fare*; F 2, Q 5, F 3 *farre*. The sentence is rather obscure; but Ritson's explanation,

30, 31), supports the copy of the Quarto, *rid*. The only other list was that in the d, which, as he in-

s are omitted in Ff.

Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, Q 4: is the same. Below pain of life." Hol-rath."

So F 2: all the Qq. ally without a hy- we adopt a reading against all the Qq; so common, and so ally a very slight one. appropriate expression, or. Steevens quotes

these *stly* hours
radiest powers.

n appropriate signi- compares the expres- i. 1. 108, 109:

o's glass
how they pass.

an hour-glass there,
its exactly the move-

similarly transposed Shakespeare. (See the way in which the aniges is very simple; re thing" = "that for ;" then it comes to use to the heart;" and hirs the emotions, or bly or painfully.

—This is a mistake; , was not much more

sword *your banish'd* these times, was made, ape of a cross; and to sword was equivalent are Hamlet, i. 5. 154:

ee *banish with your-* from their allegiance rich dis-puted, among et was released from ing banished. Shake-

o mine enemy.—Q 1, Q 5, F 3, *farer*. The Ritson's explanation,

quoted by Byre, is probably the right one; "Norfolk [Do not think that I am speaking to you as a friend]—so far as a man may speak to his enemy."

83. Lines 204, 205:

*But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.*

The last line is explained, generally, by commentators "the king will *rue* his knowledge." But does not it mean "the king will *rue* what thou art?" Norfolk means to say, "God, thou, and I know what thou art—a traitor and the king will soon have cause to *rue* the existence of such a traitor."

84. Lines 209-211:

*thy sad aspect
With from the number of his banish'd years
Thuck'd four away.*

It was not the silent pleading of the father's grief, but the popular indignation at the sentence on Bolingbroke which made Richard shorten his time of exile. Daniel says (Civil War, book i. st. lxx):

*But yet such Mourn'ring of the Fact he hears,
That he is Gaa Four of the Ten English,
And Jaug'd him Six Years in Exile to live.*

85. Line 222: *Shall be EXTINCT with age and endless night*.—Shakespeare uses *extinct* only here, and in Hamlet, i. 3. 117, 118:

*these flames, daughter,
giving more light than heat, extinct in both.*

It is used in its proper sense—"extinguished" in both places.

86. Line 231: *Thy word is CURRENT with him for my death*.—The metaphor here is taken from the coinage, and the meaning is "Thy word is *current* with time—i.e. is accepted as an authentic equivalent *for my death*;" i.e. the sentence of my death."

87. Line 244: *I was too strict to make mine own away*—i.e. "I was too strict in the performance of my duty in consenting to the banishment of my son." (See line 234.) There is no historical authority, I believe, for making Lancaster assent to the sentence of exile on his son.

88. Line 266: *Est en as FOIL*.—Referring to the gold or silver leaf set behind a precious stone to enhance its lustre. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 236-239:

*And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.*

89. Lines 263-263.—These twenty-six lines are omitted in Ff. Q 5.

90. Line 272: *To foreign passages*—i.e. to travelling about in foreign countries. Bolingbroke compares himself to an apprentice serving his time till he becomes free of his craft. He would serve his time, in the profession of an exile; and then be free to nothing else but to his own grief.

91. Line 275: *All places that the EYE OF HEAVEN visits*.—The *eye of heaven* is generally supposed to mean the sun; and Shakespeare, undoubtedly, uses the expression, in that sense, in Lucrece (line 356), "the *eye of heaven* is

out;" but it may mean here merely the *eye of the un-
present God*.

92. Lines 275-293.—The whole of this passage seems to have been suggested by one in Lilly's *Emphes* (quoted by Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 41): "Plato would never account him banished, that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast, and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted that *every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind*.—When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth, that the Sineponetes had banished him Pontius, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes."

93. Line 289: *the presence STREW'D*.—The practice of strewing the floors of chambers, even in palaces, with rushes, continued as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Shakespeare has several allusions to this custom, e.g. in Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 39:

Take the senseless rushes with their heels.

Compare, on this subject, note 103, Two Gent. of Verona.

94. Line 299: *fantastic summer's heat*.—This expression is very like one in *Emphes* (also quoted by Malone): "he that is washed in the rayne, drieth himself by the *fire*, not by his fancie" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 42). Both this passage, and that quoted above in note 92, occur in the chapter where *Emphes* exhorts Botanio to take his exile patiently.

95. Line 302: *Fell sorrow's TOOTH doth never RANKLE more*.—Compare Richard III. i. 3. 291:

His venom tooth will rankle to the death.

The word *rankle* occurs in no other passage in Shakespeare.

ACT I. SCENE 4.

96. Line 1: *We did observe*.—This is addressed to Hugot and Green; and refers to some conversation which had passed between them and the king about Bolingbroke's popularity and the arts he used to maintain it. (See below, lines 23-30.) Johnson observes, very sensibly, that the second act should commence with this scene; on the stage, it is generally omitted in its entirety.

97. Line 7: *Which then BLEW bitterly against our FACES*.—Ff read *green*, and Q 3, Q 4, Ff. Q 5 read *face*. In this case the first Quartos are, as they generally are in this play, the safest authority to follow.

98. Line 13: *THAT taught me craft*.—We have accented *that* here, because, to make sense, the emphasis must be laid on it in reading or speaking the line. *That* refers to the words above, "for (i.e. because) my heart disdained," &c. Annetle seems to have been a born traitor; he conspired against Bolingbroke afterwards; but, on being detected, he betrayed all his accomplices.

99. Lines 23-11.—Daniel in his Civil War (book i. stanzas lxxi. -lxxx.) gives a vivid description of Bolingbroke's popularity, and puts into words the feelings of the people at his departure. Here are some extracts:

*At whose Departure hence out of the Land,
How did the open Multitude reveal*

462

only is: it is nearly
be confined with
221, i.e. a succession
to show of the
ends simply a return
key note. There is
divides a time into
on the chord of the
In *Lingua* (act I.
confusion terms occur.

his pleading are,
117.
Bailey vol. ix p. 108
Shakespeare uses *deaf* as

of our ears
us to hear?

THESE ARE FOUND

It is not a satisfactory
to retain it than to
if any one else. Q 1

found,

found,

the Camb. Ed. adopt
the wise are found
makes indifferent sense;
or was left by Shake-
speech is very carelessly
at end of line 17, and
delicious; lines 22 and 23
differently accentuated.
which was the usual way
as 1770 (see Bailey's
other passages of Shake-
the Quarto has *inter*;
the first seven Quartos
Q 8 meter; in Measure
is *meter*. (Of that play
meter here means "a
son," is scarcely temble,
the word can be found

main proud Italy, &c.
lines the following pas-
sage of act ii) in Egerton

rang fashions;
and antique habits,
in beehive;
and Spanish haunts,
handfall lounge
of pearls and gough;
in the ayre
heads.
to refer to other fashions

up at the end.

108. Line 28: *Where will duth mutiny with wit's regard*—A difficult sentence; it means "where will does rebel against the view of the intellect," or "what the understanding sees to be right?"

109. Line 11: *infestation*—Johnson would have read *invasion*, but supposes "Shakespeare means to say that Islanders are assailed by their situation both from war and pestilence." Singer suggests that the word means here may be moral, "of vicious manners and customs;" but is this sense consistent with lines 22, &c. above? It is certain that, although there were periodical outbreaks in Shakespeare's time of an indigenous plague, our familiar position has always kept us, in some degree, exempt from the worst forms of pestilence which have at times devastated the Continent. In Allot's England's Parnassus (1606, lines 40-55, with the exception of line 40, are quoted with some variations; and are wrongly attributed to M. Dr. (Michael Drayton). *Infestation* is the reading there; and Farmer suggested that *infestation*—*infestation* might be the word intended by Shakespeare; a suggestion which Malone adopted in his text; instancing *acceptation* for *acceptation*, used by Bacon; but no instance of *infestation* can be found.

110. Line 60: *Like to a tenement, or PELTING farm*.—In the Egerton MS. play, Richard, in a speech in which he has a twinge of remorse, says (act iv):

And we, his sonne, to ease our wanton youth,
Became a landlord to this wretched residue,
Rent out our kingdom like a peltie farme.
—Reprint, p. 63.

The similarity of expression is worth noticing.

111. Lines 61-63.—Compare with these lines the following passage in Daniel's Civil War (book I. stanzas lxxv. lxxvii.):

Why, Neptune; Hast thou made us stand alone,
Divided from the World, for this, say they:
Hem'd in to be a Spoil to Tyranny,
Leaving Affliction hence no way to fly?
Are we lock'd up, poor Soules, here to abide
Within the wail'ry Prison of thy Waves,
As in a Fort, where subject to the Pride
And lust of Rulers, we remain as Slaves.

There are so many points of resemblance between Daniel's poem and this play, that it seems highly probable either that Shakespeare had seen Daniel's poem in MS. or that Daniel had taken some ideas from the play. "The First Fowre Bookes of the civile wars between the houses of Lancaster and Yorke" was first published in 1595.

112. Line 64: *With inky blots*.—Steevens wanted to alter *blots* to *bolts*; but the words *inky blots* are, as Boswell pointed out, merely a contemptuous expression for writings.

113. Line 70: *For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more*.—Several conjectures have been made, such as *reiv'd*, *chaf'd*, *cur'd*, &c., but they are unnecessary, as *rag'd*, i.e. "being aggravated by violent opposition," or "provoked by severe punishment," surely makes good sense enough.

114. Line 71. Shakespeare has shown his dramatic common sense in not making the Queen Isabel, what she

really was at this time, a child of nine years old. There is little enough female interest in Richard II. now; there would have been none if he had adhered to history.

115. Line 73-81.—These lines are omitted by Pope as unworthy of Shakespeare; but, however tedious may be this string of wretched puns which the dying knight makes, such playing with words was considered witty in Shakespeare's time. The eloquent defence of this passage by Coleridge (1. 700-701) on Shakespeare, vol. i. pp. 175, 176) is a very beautiful piece of writing, but not worth the point. Biting jests have often been made on their death beds by men who, in their lifetime, were serious enough, but such a silly juggle of puns and verbal strings together on his own name is but one of those defects of wit so common enough in all Shakespeare's works, but especially in his earlier ones, defects which only serve to bring out more prominently the many beauties of his language; beauties that shine more brightly by contrast with such blemishes.

116. Line 86: *Since thou dost seek to KILL MY NAME IN ME—i.e.* "to leave me without an inheritor of my name by banishing and disinheriting my son."—So this passage is generally explained, with the exception of the words put in brackets, which seem necessary, for the mere banishment would not prevent Bolingbroke's succeeding his father, especially as Richard had given both the banished dukes a permission by patent to appoint attorneys to take possession of such inheritances as might fall to them in their absence, though they could not actually perform homage or swear fealty" (Langard, vol. iii. p. 379). Bolingbroke also mentions these patents which, immediately on John of Gaunt's death, Richard easily ignored, and took possession of all his uncle's property. We must suppose that Gaunt, in his death-bed anticipates the king's treachery, and divine that Richard's real object was to deprive his son and heir of all his property and titles.

117. Line 88: *flatter WITH those that live*.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 193:

Unless I flatter WITH those that live.

All Q4 (but Q 1) and FF. omit *flatter*.

118. Lines 93, 94:

*Now He that made me know I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to SEE, and not thee seeing ill*

Steevens suggested the omission of the words *to see* in the second line, a suggestion which Seymour approved. They are certainly unnecessary, but are found in all Q4 and FF., so we must consider the verse as an Alexandrine. The sense of the passage is: "God knows I see thee ill (in the double sense of seeing dimly, and of seeing Richard morally unwell) being myself ill to see (i.e. to look on) and seeing ill (ill-doing) in thee." Seymour explains: "Ill in myself to see," &c., "i.e. I am sick or ill to think I see at all, or am alive, under the burden of my age and vexations, and especially as I discover illness in you" (Remarks, vol. I p. 258). But the simple explanation seems preferable.

119. Line 97: *too careless PATIENT*.—Seymour looks upon *patient* as an adjective, and compares *man* and *Jul* (ii.

2. 141) "too flattering *surset*;" but *patient* is here a substantive used in the ordinary sense. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 294:

You are not Pinch's *patient*, are you, sir?

120. Lines 102, 103:

And yet, *incoged* in so small a *verge*,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Shakespeare uses two legal terms here: *verge* means the compass of the king's court within the jurisdiction of the lord steward of the king's household, which extended for twelve miles round. *Waste* is the legal term for the destruction of any houses, woods, fences, &c., done by the tenant for life to the prejudice of the heir, or of the holder of the reversion. It refers here to the *waste* made by Richard's favourites.

121. Line 113: *Landlord of England art thou now, not king*. This expression occurs more than once in the Egerton MS. play. See passage quoted in note 110. When Gloucester is in prison the ghost of Edward III. appears to him, and speaks thus of his grandson (act v.):

(?) wakke somes I kyt, yett being gone,
No one succeeded in my kingly throne;
Richard of Burdes, my accused grandchild,
Cutt of your titles to the kingly state;
And now your lines and all would ruinate,
Murders his grandiers somes, his fathers brothers,
Becomes a *landlord* to my kingly tybles,
Reuts out my crownes reneuewes, &c.

—Reprint, p. 83.

Again Lancaster says to the king (act v.):

And thou no king, but *landlord* now become
To this great state that terrourd christend-one.

—Reprint, p. 94.

122. Lines 133, 134:

And thy *unkindness* he like *crooked age*,
To crop at once a *too long wither'd flower*.

Johnson proposed a very ingenious reading in the first line:

And thy *unkindness* he *time's crooked idole*,

i.e. *time's scythe*. But Malone has produced many instances of the use of the expression *crooked age*; one in Lucretius (l. 1. 15):

Now yield to death, o'erbid with *crooked age*

No doubt the word *crooked* suggested *Time's scythe* or *sickle*. Compare Sonnet c. lines 13, 14:

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his *scythe* and *crooked knife*.

123. Line 139: *that age and sullenness have*.—This word *sullenness*, used only here by Shakespeare, is found in Lily's Sapho and Phaon (ll. 1): "like you Pandion, who being sickle of the *sullenness*, will seek a friend" (Works, vol. i. p. 184).

124. Line 145: *Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his*.—Richard wilfully mistakes York, and answers him as if he had spoken of Hereford's (Bolingbroke's) love for him (Richard), not of Gamut's love for his son. Of course, in the preceding line, *Hurry, Duke of Hereford*, is in the objective, not in the nominative case.

125. Line 148:

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said.

There is a syllable deficient in this line, but it is supplied by the pause between the two speeches. Malone is quite wrong in calling *What says he?* "one of those short additions in prose." Pope cuoily printed, "What says *old Gamut?*"

126. Line 153: *The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he*.—Compare Merchant of Venice (iv. 1. 115, 116):

the *weakest kind of fruit*

Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me.

127. Line 156: *rug-headed kerns*.—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 367:

Full often, like a *shag-hair'd* crafty kern.

"*Rug* was rough coarse frieze, and also a cloak or coverlet made of it" (Clarendon Press Ed.). These *rugs* were worn by the Irish, and their resemblance to the rough thick bushy hair of the *kerns*, or light-armed soldiers, suggested the epithet.

128. Lines 157, 158:

*Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they have privilege to live.*

Referring to the legend that St. Patrick drove all reptiles out of Ireland, which accounts for the absence of snakes in that favoured country.

129. Lines 167, 168:

*Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace.*

When Bolingbroke went to France he was received by the king, Charles VI., in the most friendly manner; his first wife, Mary de Bohun, having died in 1394, he proposed for the hand of Marie, one of the daughters of the Duke of Berry, uncle to Charles VI., and was accepted. But Richard, on hearing of the engagement, sent the Earl of Salisbury, at once, on an express mission to Charles to tell him that Bolingbroke was a traitor, &c. &c. and that he must not suffer his cousin to marry him on any account; so the match was broken off.

130. Line 177:

Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;

i.e. "when he had reached thy age."

131. Line 185: *he never would compare between*—i.e. "make comparisons between Richard and his father, the Black Prince: the use of "*to compare between*" is obsolete.

132. Lines 203, 204:

*By his ATTORNEYS-GENERAL to sue
His LIVERY.*

An *attorney-general* is he that has a general authority to act in another person's affairs and suits for him. *To sue his livery* is a legal expression thus fully explained by Malone: "On the death of every person who held by knight's service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king's; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right *to sue* out a writ of *ouster le main*, that is, *his livery*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 61).

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hes. Malone is quite
"one of those short
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st falls, and so doth
iv, 1. 115, 116):
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133. Line 228: *My heart is great; but it must break with silence.*—Compare the well-known line in Hamlet's first soliloquy (1. 2. 159):

But *break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.*

134. Line 232: *Tends that thou 'dst speak to the Duke of Hereford?—i.e.* "Is that which thou wouldst speak concerning the Duke of Hereford?"—Our reading is that of Ff. Q. 5. The other Qq. read *that thou wouldst*, which Dyce prefers, accentuating *wouldst*.

135. Line 246: *The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes.*—In the Egerton MS. play (act i.) Woodstock, speaking of Richard's favourites, says:

did some here were that fashion (i.e. plain hose).
They would not tax and pill the commons so.

—Reprint, p. 15.

136. Line 247: *And lost their hearts.*—(Q1 and Ff. "And quite lost their hearts." Pope omitted *quite*, which word spoils the verse, and was probably intended for the line below. It is very possible that the first *and quite lost their hearts* was put by the transcriber in place of some different words.

137. Line 250: *benevolences.*—According to Holinshed, the name *benevolence* was first given to a semi-voluntary contribution to the king's exchequer by Edward IV. in the year 1473: "But because he wanted monie, and could not well charge his commons with a new subsidie, for that he had received the last years great summes of monie granted to him by parlement, he denied this shift, to call afore him a great number of the wealthiest sort of people in his realme; and to them declaring his need, and the requisite causes thereof, he demanded of enerie of them some portion of monie, which they sticked not to give. And therefore the king willing to shew that this their liberaltie was verie acceptable to him, he called this grant of monie, a *benevolence*: notwithstanding that manie with grudge gave great summs toward that found aid which of them might be called, a *Malevolence*" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 330). So that the use of the word here is an anachronism; perhaps Shakespeare should have used *pledgence*, which according to Holinshed was a name given to certain fines so called "as it were to please the king withal" [See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 831 (marginal note)].

138. Lines 253, 254:

*But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.*

The allusion is to the treaty made by Richard with Charles VI. of France in 1393, and renewed on his marriage with his child-queen Isabel in 1396; and more especially perhaps because he was accused of over partiality for France in the yielding up of Brest to the Duke of Brittany for a sum of money in 1397. (See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 834.) In the Egerton MS. play (act v.) Lancaster says of Richard:

His native country, why that is France, my lords,
At Burdes was he borne, which place allures
And tyes his deepe affections still to France.

—Reprint, p. 94.

139. Line 263: *But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest*
VOL. II.

SING.—Compare Tempest, ii. 2. 20: "another storm brewing; I hear it *sing* i' the wind."

140. Line 268: *And UNAVOIDED is the danger now*
Compare I. Henry VI. iv. 5. 8:

A terrible and *unavoided* danger.

So *unavoided* for *invariable*, Richard III. i. 1. 27:

Inextimable stones, *unavoided* jewels.

141. Lines 275, 276:

*We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but our thoughts.*

These lines are explained by a writer in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1833 [p. 206 (quoted by Dyce)]: "We three are but thyself, and, in these circumstances, your words are but *as* thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself."

142. Lines 277, 278:

*I have from PORT LE BLANC, a bay
In Brittany.*

According to Holinshed (vol. ii. p. 852) "there were certeine ships rigged, and made readie for him, at a place in base Britaine, called *Le port blanc*, as we find in the chronicles of Britaine." The Clarendon Press Ed. say that Holinshed copied from "Les grâdes croniques de Bretagne" (Paris, 1514). They add that *Le Port Blanc* is a small port in the department of Côtes du Nord near Tréguier. But Lizard says: "To clude the suspicions of the French ministers, Henry procured permission to visit the Duke of Bretagne; and, on his arrival at Nantes, hired three small vessels, with which he sailed from *Yannes* to seek his fortune in England" (vol. iii. p. 383). *Yannes* is on the bay of Morbihan, a well-known bay in Brittany; and I believe Holinshed, and the chroniclers from whom he copied, were equally mistaken; and that it should be *Morbihan*, and not *Port le Blanc*, which is an insignificant place not marked on any map. Tréguier and Yannes were both in Base Bretagne (see Notes and Queries for April 5, 1884, No. 223, p. 267, where I have given my reasons for this belief at greater length).

143. Lines 279-281:

*Reinhold Lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard, Earl of Arundel]
That late brake from the Duke of Exeter, &c.*

The line inserted between brackets, which Malone first introduced, is absolutely necessary to the sense. Reinhold (Reginald) Lord Cobham certainly never *brake* from the Duke of Exeter; but Thomas Arundel, son of Richard Earl of Arundel (who was beheaded in 1397, at the same time that the Duke of Gloucester was arrested) did, as Holinshed narrates (vol. ii. p. 849): "About the same time, the earle of Arundel's sonne, named Thomas, which was kept in the duke of Exeters house, escaped out of the realme, by means of William Scot, mercer, and went to his uncle, Thomas Arundell late archbishop of Canturburie, as then sojourning at Cullen" (*Cobham*). Lord Cobham was condemned to exile in Jersey, in January, 1398, for complicity in Gloucester's supposed conspiracy; the Archbishop of Canterbury was deprived of his see on the same ground, and took refuge in France.

144. Lines 283, 284:

*Sir Thomas Epingham, Sir THOMAS RAMSTON,
John Norbury, Robert Waterton, and Francis COINT.*

Q₄ and F₁ read "*Sir John Ramston*;" but it was really *Sir Thomas* (see Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 852). F₁ and Q₄ have:

SIR John Norbery, SIR Robert Waterton, and Francis Coint,

but Holinshed gives them as "John Norbury, Robert Waterton, Francis Coint Esquires;" and we have followed Holinshed, as Shakespeare probably intended to do.

145. Line 296: *Ratenspurg*—otherwise *Ratenspern*, or Ravenser, near Spurn Head, was, in the time of Edward I., the most considerable port on the Humber. It ceased to exist in the sixteenth century, having been swept away by the encroachments of the German Ocean. It was situated near Kilnsey. It was here that Edward IV. landed in 1471, when he came to regain his kingdom after the temporary restoration of Henry VI. by Warwick.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

146. Line 1.—*Busby, Bayot, and Green* all figure conspicuously in the Egerton MS. play; although, at the period of the events represented in that play, they do not appear to have been in any way prominent characters; nor are they mentioned in history, as favorites of Richard, before 1397. This scene is represented as taking place at Windsor, because Holinshed mentions that Richard left the Queen there when he went to Ireland: "leaving the queene with hir traine still at Windesor" (vol. ii. p. 850). Lingard thus describes their parting: "Having appointed his uncle, the Duke of York, regent during his absence, the king assisted at a solemn mass at Windsor, chanted a collect himself, and made his offering. At the door of the church he took wine and spices with his young queen; and lifting her up in his arms, repeatedly kissed her, saying, 'Adieu, madam, adieu, till we meet again'" (vol. iii. p. 381).

147. Line 3: *half-haunting*.—So Q. 1. Q. 2; Q. 3. Q. 4 have *half-haunting*, which in F. 1 was changed to *self-haunting*.

148. Line 4: *And ENTERTAIN a cheerful DISPOSITION*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 90:

And do a joyful stillness UNRECLAIM.

Disposition is used in the same sense in Hamlet, i. 5. 172: *T put an antic disposition on.*

149. Lines 11, 12:

and my INWARD SOUL

With NOTHING trembles: ut SOMETHING it grieves.

This passage appears to have troubled episcopal commentators: Bishop Warburton transposed *nothing* and *some thing*; while Bishop Wordsworth prints *nothing* for *nothing*. I think both changes are unnecessary. The meaning is: "my inward soul is so agitated, it trembles or is frightened by *nothing*, i.e. no tangible or visible thing: its grief is for *something* more than the mere separation from the king; what that *something* is she does not know."

150. Lines 18-20:

*Like perspectives, which rightly met'd upon
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry
Distinguish form.*

Commentators differ as to what *perspectives* were. Staunton quotes from Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire (Fol. Oxford, 1686, p. 391): "At the right Honorable the Lord Gerards at Gerards Bromley, there are the pictures of Henry the great of France and his queen, both upon the same *indentured board*, which if beheld *directly*, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if *obliquely*, of one side you see the king's and on the other the queen's picture, which I am told (and not unlikely) were made thus. The *board* being *indentured* according to the magnitude of the *Pictures*, the *prints* or *paintings* were cut into *parallel pieces*, equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board; which being nicely done, the *parallel pieces* of the king's picture, were pasted on the *flats* that strike the eye beholding it *obliquely*, on one side of the board; and those of the queen's on the other; so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the prints or paintings exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." Singer quotes the following from Hobbes in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to Gondibert: "You have seen a curious kinde of *perspective*, where he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass." Some seem to think it was a figure drawn in inverted *perspective*; others that it refers, not to any picture, but to convex glasses "cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth" (Hemley, Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 70). The fact is, the word *perspectives* was used in different senses: in a passage which occurs in All's Well (v. 3. 48, 49) it means a glass which produces an optical illusion:

*Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour.*

Beaumont and Fletcher use it for a telescope in The Lover's Progress (Gil. 6):

*Lies hide our sunlike nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater.*
—Works, vol. ii. p. 649.

In this passage the sense is rightly explained by the quotation from Dr. Plot, given by Staunton.

151. Line 31: *As,—though, or thinking, on no thought I think*.—Capell altered *on* to *in*; but the sense, or nonsense, is the same. If Shakespeare did not avail himself of some older play, it must be confessed that he is at his worst in this and some other passages of Richard II. Such a detestable jingle of verbal affectations, wantonly obscure and involved, is foreign to the purposes of true poetry. It was not so he wrote when he wanted to touch our hearts.

152. Line 34: *'T is nothing less*. The Clarendon Press Ed. quote, very appropriately, from Bacon's Advancement of Learning, ii. 1. § 3: "The use of this work, honoured with a precedent in Aristotle, is *nothing less* than to give contentment to the appetite of curious and vain wits." So *rien moins* is used in French.

153. Lines 36-38:

*For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reversion that I do possess.*

One has scarcely the patience to try and explain this involved gibberish; and one feels tempted to believe Shakespeare was really burlesquing some of his contemporaries. The meaning, if any was intended, probably is: "My grief is begot of nothing; or else, groundless as it seems, it has some basis of reality; it is only in reversion that I possess this grief, as the event which I grieve for has not yet happened." The best manner, perhaps, in which to treat such passages as the above, is to pass them over as melancholy examples of the corrupting influence of fashion on a master mind. Silly courtiers wrote this kind of trash, and thought it "monstrous pretty." Nobody will dispute they were half in the right.

154. Line 54: *The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby.*—See Holinshed (vol. ii. p. 853): "The first that came to him, were the lords of Lincolnshire, and other countries adjoining, as the lords Willoughby, Ros, Darcie, and Beaumont."

155. Line 57: *And all the rest recolted faction, traitors.*—This is the reading of Q. 1; the other Qq. and F. 1, F. 2 read "rest of the recolted faction," which makes an unnecessarily cumbersome line. Capell ended the line at *faction* (adopting the latter reading), and printed *Traitors* as the beginning of the next line. There are two considerations which make us prefer the reading of Q. 1 to that of the later copies, and to Capell's arrangement. In all the old copies, Quarto and Folio, *Worcester* is printed in full, and is evidently meant to be pronounced as a trisyllable; trisyllable endings are scarcely admissible in so early a play. Secondly, Shakespeare uses *remainder*, as an adjective, precisely in the same elliptical manner as *rest* is used here. See *As You Like It* (ii. 7. 39, 40):

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage.

156. Lines 58, 59:

*We have: whereon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship.*

Holinshed's account of this incident is as follows: "Sir Thomas Persie, earle of Worcester, lord steward of the kings house, either being so commanded by the king, or else vpon displeasure (as some write) for that the king had proclaimed his brother the earle of Northumberland traitor, brake his white staffe, which is the representing signe and token of his office, and without delay went to duke Henrie" (vol. ii. p. 855).

157. Lines 62, 63:

*So, Green, thou art the midwife to my wee,
And Boleynbrooke my sorrow's dismal heir.*

This refers to lines 10, 11:

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me.

Compare with this passage and the three following lines:
I am great with wee, and shall deliver weeping.

—Pierides (v. 1. 107).

158. Line 74: *With signs of wear about his aged neck.*—

This means that he had got his armour on, including the gorget, which protected the neck and shoulders.

159. Line 88: *The nobles they are fled, the commons cold.*—Qq. and F. read "the commons they are cold." The correction is Pope's.

160. Lines 92, 93. —We have arranged these lines as in Ff. and Q. 5, with the exception that we have transposed *to-day* and *came by*, in order to make the line scan. In the four Quartos they are arranged thus:

Held take my ring

*Serv. My lord I had forgot to tell your lordship
To-day, as I came by I called there;*

except that, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 all omit *as* and insert *and* before *I called*. In F. *I called* is printed *call'd*.

161. Line 105: *Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.*—This, as Steevens observes, is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. York's mind is full of the death of his sister, and he calls the Queen *sister*, instead of *cousin*. Strictly speaking, Queen Isabella was his niece by marriage; but *cousin* is used of various degrees of relationship. The Duchess of Gloucester, according to Holinshed, died in this year, 1399; but he does not mention what month; the cause of her death being "thorough sorrow (as was thought) which she conceived for the losse of hir soune and heire the lord Humfrie, who being sent for forth of Ireland (as before ye have heard) was taken with the pestilence, and died by the wale" (vol. iii. p. 9).

162. Lines 108-120. We have printed this passage as prose; the attempt to turn it into verse only results in a number of murky technical lines, which, allowing for the agitation of York, still jar upon one's ear.

163. Line 119: *meet me presently at BERKELEY.*—Ff. and Q. 5 have *Barkley* and *Burky* CASTLE. The first four Quartos omit *castle*. *Berkeley* Castle is on the south-east side of the town of *Berkeley*, on the Bristol Channel, about half-way between Gloucester and Bristol. It is in good preservation. Here Edward II. was murdered, September 21st, 1327.

164. Line 122: *six and seven.*—The older form of the phrase, in common use nowadays, at *sixes* and *sevens*. The derivation is uncertain; but most probably, it was taken from some game. Nares says, "The plural form, which is now exclusively used, suggests the idea that it might be taken from the game of tables, or backgammon, in which to leave single men exposed to the throws of *six* and *seven*, is to leave them negligently, and under the greatest hazard; since there are more chances for throwing those numbers than any other."

165. Line 143: *preships.* In King John this word is used in two passages (i. 1. 28):

And sullen preships of your own decay.

and (iii. 4. 158):

Alotives, preships, and tongues of heaven,

in both, of which the accent is on the first syllable.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

166. Line 5: *Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome.* Many editors substitute *draw* and *make*; but this use of a singular verb with a plural nounative

occurs so often in Shakespeare, that we are not justified in altering his characteristic phraseology in order to bring it into accordance with our views of grammar. The poet writes as if the *wild hills* and *rough uneven ways* assumed, in the speaker's mind, the idea of unity, as one opposing force to the projects of himself and companions. The construction is well known in Greek.

167. Line 7: *delectable*.—For the accent on the first syllable in a similar word, compare the well-known line in King John (iii. 1. 29):

And I will kiss thy *delectable* bones.

168. Line 9: *Cotswold*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 print *Cotshold*; Ff. and Q. 5 have *Cotshold*. In *Merry Wives* (i. 1. 22) there is an allusion to the *Cotswolds* being a favorite place for courting matches: "I heard say he (i.e. a greyhound) was outgun on *Cotswall*." F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 have *Cotswale* in that passage; but the present spelling seems nearer the older. In A new Enterlude called *Thersytes*, printed in Black Letter by John Tysdale, about 1562, but acted as early as 1537, the word *Cotswold* occurs:

Now have at the Lyons on *Cotswold*!

—Dodsley, vol. i. p. 423.

It occurs again in Ralph Roister Doister, printed about 1566 (act iv. sc. 6):

Then will he look as fierce as a *Cotswold* lion.

—Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 137.

It is evident from this passage that *Cotswall* is a later corruption of the word.

169. Lines 11, 12:

*Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel.*

The word *process*, the Clarendon Press Ed. say, "seems always to be used as connoting tediousness and weariness, an idea perhaps suggested by its legal signification." But this statement is hardly confirmed by reference to the passages in which the word occurs in this sense, e.g. in Queen Katherine's speech in Henry VIII. (ii. 4. 34-39):

Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you; if, in the course
And *process* of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour ought &c.

170. Line 20: *Than your good words*.—But who comes here?—Seymour proposed to read:

Than your good words, my Lord.—But who comes here?

There are so many lines in Shakespeare, even in passages which have evidently been carefully and not carelessly written, where the place of one or two syllables is supplied by a pause, similar to the rests which occur in music, that it would be idle to try and supply the deficient syllables in every instance. In this case, as in many others, the ear is not offended by the deficient scansion; the necessary pause, on the part of the speaker, is quite sufficient.

171. Lines 21, 22:

*It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother WORCESTER, whencesoever.*

† This is the exact spelling of the old Black Letter copy (unique) in possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Hazlitt prints *Cotswold*.

These two lines almost seem as if they were meant for prose; if we suppose *Worcester* to be pronounced *Wor-ster*, as *Gloucester* is pronounced *Gloster*, the second line will scan. But *Worcester* is always written in full in the old copies, while *Gloucester* is always written *Gloster*. The two words *Worcester*, *whencesoever*, occurring close together are cacophonous. We might venture to read:

It is my son, young Harry Percy, sent

From WORCESTER, MY LORD, whencesoever.

pronouncing *Worcester* as a trisyllable.

172. Lines 26-30.—See note 156.

173. Lines 37-39.—There is a tone of self-assertion and haughtiness in these three lines which foreshadows the Hotspur of Henry IV.

174. Line 55: *And in it are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour*.—This line is cacophonous; and would read better thus:

And in it are the Lords York, Berkley, Seymour.

But perhaps, as in lines 57, 68, 69, the word *it* occurs, in each case, before the title of the Lords mentioned, it is better to leave it as it stands in all the old copies. Holinshed says: "With the duke of *York* were the bishops of *Norwich*, the lord *Berkley*, the lord *Seymour*, and other" (vol. ii. p. 853). Lord *Seymour* was Richard de St. Maur, fifth baron of that surname, born 1355, died 1401.

175. Line 61: *Is yet but unfeelt thanks*.—It means: "is yet but thanks not expressed substantially, but only in words."

176. Line 67.—See note 170. Various additions to this line have been made by different editors to complete the metre; but, for the reasons mentioned in the note referred to, we have not adopted them.

177. Lines 68, 70:

Berk. *My Lord of Hereford, my message is*

To you—

Boling. [Intermitting angrily] *My answer is to Lancaster.*

In Qf. and Ff. the lines stand thus:

My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My Lord, my answer is—to Lancaster.

For the arrangement of the text we are responsible; some editors omit *To you* in line 68; but it seems that the words *My Lord*, in line 70, might have easily been caught by the transcriber from the line above; and the dramatic force of the passage is increased by the omission of these words.

178. Line 85: *deceivable*.—Compare Twelfth Night (iv. 3. 20, 21):

There's something in't

That is *deceivable*.

179. Line 87: *Tut, tut! give me no grace, nor uncle me*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read "uncle me no uncle." Ff. Q. 5 omit *no uncle*, much to the benefit of the line. Compare Rom. and Jul. (iii. 5. 153):

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.

180. Line 91: *a dust*.—Compare King John (iii. 4. 128): "Shall I blow each *dust*, each *straw*." &c.; again (iv. 1. 93): "a *dust*, a *gnat*, a wandering hair."

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. Scene 3.

181. Line 92: *But then, more "ahg!"*—So Q 1. Q 2, Q 3 read "But more than why?" Q 4: "But more then why?" F 1, F 2, Q 5, F 3: "But more then why." There have been various emendations proposed; but the meaning of the text seems simple enough, though awkwardly expressed. York means to say, "But then there are more questions remain to be asked."

182. Line 95: *despised arms*—i.e. "despicable," or "to be despised," because employed in a bad cause; and also because they were an ostentatious display of force against a people unresisting and almost defenceless. For similar uses of the past participle, in this play, compare line 109 of this scene, *detested* for *detestable*, and (ii. 1. 268) *unavoided* for *unavoidable*.

183. Lines 1-0-102.—The Clarendon Press Ed. say: "It does not appear that Shakespeare had any historical authority for this statement. No such incident is recorded of the battle of Navarrette, at which the Black Prince and John of Gaunt were present in 1357. John of Gaunt was not with the Prince at Poitiers in 1356, nor did the Prince accompany him in his expedition to France in 1372; and there is no mention of the Duke of York on any of these occasions." It may be added that "these be brave words" which York utters; but he does nothing to carry them into effect, except faithlessly abandoning the charge he had undertaken.

184. Line 1 : *To rouse his wrongs and chase them to THE BAY.*—These are terms of the chase used in hunting the stag. *To rouse* the deer is to put him up from cover; *to the bay* means till he stands at bay and turns on the hounds.

185. Lines 129, 130.—See note 132.

186. Line 166: *The caterpillars of the commonwealth.*—Compare the Egerton MS. play (act I.):

Woodstock. Shall cankers eat the fruits
That planting and good husbandry hath nourish?
Green: *But:* Cankers!
York: *Arise!* I, cankers, outcaterpillars.

—Reprint, p. 17.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

187. Line 4: *Therefore we will disperse ourselves.*—According to Holinshed, Salisbury succeeded in assembling 40,000 men at Conway. Of their subsequent dispersion, which may be said to have decided Richard's fate, Holinshed gives the following account: "But when they missed the king, there was a brute spread amongst them, that the king was secretly dead, which wrought such an impression, and evil disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that for aile persuasion which the earle of Salisbury might use, they would not go forth with him, till they saw the king: onelfe they were contented to staie forreterne daies to see if he should come or not, but when he came not within that terme, they would no longer abide, but sealed and departed awaie" (vol. ii. p. 554).

188. Line 8: *The BARREES in our country are all WITHER'D.*—Holinshed mentions this circumstance: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old bale trees withered, and afterwards, contrarie to all mens thinking, grew greene againe, a strange sight,

ACT III. Scene 1.

and supposed to import some unknowne event" (vol. ii. p. 550). Evelyn says in *Sylva* (Edn. 1776, p. 366): "Amongst other things, it has of old been observed that the *Bay* is ominous of some finest accident, if that be so accounted which Suetonius (in Galba) affirms to have happened before the death of the monster Nero, when these trees generally withered to the very roots in a very mild winter; and much later; that in the year 1629, when at Padua, preceeding a great pestilence, almost all the *Bay trees* about that famous University grew sick and perished."

189. Line 15: *These signs foretold the death OR FALL of kings.*—All the old copies except Q 1 omit *or fall*. This vigorous and poetic descriptions of these *signs* and portents seems to have been founded on some published description of such phenomena. Holinshed makes no mention of them. In the Egerton MS. play (act. iv.) when the Duchess of Gloucester is about to leave Plashy, to visit the dying Queen Anne, just before her husband is treacherously made prisoner, occurs the following passage:

Chorus.

The lights of heauen are shutt in pitchy cloud,
And floures of fyre come tyling through the skye,
Like dim oments to some great tragedy.

Woodstock. God lie a good Ann a beame! I feare hir death
Will be the tragick scene the sky foreshewes vs;
When king domes change, the very heauens are troubled.

—Reprint, p. 69.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

190. Lines 11, 12:

*You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him.*

There is not the slightest historical authority for this statement. Richard II. was deeply attached to his first wife, Anne of Bohemia, called "the good Queen Anne," and there does not seem to be any evidence in history of his having committed adultery. His second queen, Isabel, was still a child at this time. The real cause of complaint against Richard was his great extravagance in pageants, in dress, and in entertaining large numbers of persons in Westminster Hall and elsewhere. This extravagance and waste led to his exacting enormous sums of money from the people in taxes, which were made more oppressive than they need have been, owing to the collection of them being placed in the hands of greedy and unscrupulous favorites. Richard's character had much of the feminine element in it; he was always forming vehement attachments to men, more like the sentimental friendships, which exist between school-girls, than the manly and dignified relations which should exist between a king and his ministers.

191. Lines 20, 21:

*And shall my English breath in foreign CLOUDS,
Eat the bitter bread of banishment.*

Compare Rom. and Jul. (i. 1. 138, 139):

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sigh.

The second line occurs, word for word, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Lovers' Progress*, v. 1:

and shall I decline
Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 657.

192. Line 23: *DISPARK'D my parks*. The best explanation of this legal term is given by Malone, who says: "*To dispark* is a legal term, and signifies to divest a park, constituted by royal grant or prescription, of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures of such a park, and also the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood,) and the beasts of chase therein; and laying it open" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 89).

193. Lines 24, 25:

*From my own violators TOOK MY HOUSEHOLD COAT,
RAZ'D OUT my IMPRESE, leaving me no sign*

Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1585 (quoted by Stevens), says "that the arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 89). Compare Spenser, in his description of the punishment of Braggadocchio, the false knight:

*Then from him left his shield, and all removed,
And blotted out his armes with falsehood bloud.*

—*Fairy Queen*, bk. vi. canto 3, st. xxxvii.

Imprese, sometimes spelt *imprese*, *imprece*, or *impreuse*, is from the Italian *impresa*; it means not only a motto, but a device with a motto. The Italian form of the word is generally found in old plays, e.g. in Pasquill and Katherina (act 1): "What is't, a May pole? Troth, 't were a body for a courtiers *imprezza*, if it had but this life, *Firsten flowers it*" (Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 137). Bolingbroke's motto was "*Servo raine*."

194. Line 29: *See them delivered*. Qq. and Ff. read "See them delivered *over*;" but the fact that Ff. as well as the four earlier quartos print *delivered* and not *delivered* points to the omission of *over*, which spoils the metre, and was very justly omitted by Pope, whom we have followed.

195. Line 32: *Lords, farewell*.—Omitted in Ff. Q 5.

196. Line 42: *Come, my lords, away*. Qq. and Ff. *Come, my lords, away*. Pope inserted *my*, which improves the metre, and does away with a very awkward line.

197. Line 43: *To fight with Glendower and his conjurers*. This seems to be a slip on Shakspeare's part. As lines 42-44 rhyme, this looks like an interpolation. The Clarendon Ed. have the following note: "Owen Glendower, of Conway, the same who appears in I. Henry V. was in attendance upon Richard 'as his beloved squire and minister.' He escaped from Flint when Richard was taken. The expedition against 'the said owen and his miry conjurers' (words used by Holinshed, p. 1132) was really not undertaken by Henry till the second year of his reign. Holinshed speaks of 'the Welshmen and their Captain,' meaning Glendower" (Clarendon Press Series, p. 119).

ACT III, SCENE 2.

198. Line 1: *BARKED GILLY CASTLE call you this*. Holinshed says that Richard and his companions landed "nere the castell of *Barcholie* in Wales, about the feast of saint James the apostle, and staid a while in the same castell" (vol. ii. p. 854). There is no such castle known,

and it was probably an error for *Hertford* (the form in which it appears in Hearne's edition of the *Life of Richard II.* by a monk of Evesham) which was perhaps plentiful with *Barlech* in North Wales. "Fabian and Stowe say that Richard landed at Milford Haven, and according to the French chronicler it was at Pembroke; but as his object was to join Salisbury at Conway, he would naturally have made for a more northern port" (Clarendon Press Series, p. 120).

199. Lines 2, 3:

*Yea, my good lord. How brinks your grace the air
After late tossing on the breaking seas?*

In Qq. and Ff. the lines are printed thus:

*Yea, my lord. How brinks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?*

Pope first inserted *good* in line 2, and omitted *late* in line 3, a slight alteration which very much improves the rhythm.

200. Lines 8, 9:

*As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in MEETING.*

Capell proposed to read "in *weeping*." Stevens thought the next line, "*So weeping smiling*," &c. plainly pointed to such an emendation; but surely it is unnecessary. *Smiles* is a substantive, not a verb; and as the line is printed in the text, it is perfectly intelligible.

201. Line 13: *Nor with thy sweet, COMFORT his rareness sense*. We have placed the accent on the second syllable in *comfort*, because we thus avoid the two consecutive dactyls, *comfort his* and *rareness*.

202. Lines 14-16:

*But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited hounds, lie in their way,
Doing unguage to the treacherous feet.*

Shakspeare's natural history is not here so much at fault as at first sight might appear. Spiders, in this country at least, do not ever attack human beings, though there are, in tropical countries, some species whose bite is very venomous. But that the juice of spiders is believed to be venomous, the following instance narrated by Kirby and Spence in their *Entomology*, of a woman (who was in the habit, when she went into the cellar with a candle, of burning the spiders and their webs) will show. One day "she met with the following accident. The legs of one of these unhappy spiders happened to stick in the candle, so that it could not disengage it-off, and the body at length bursting, the venom was ejaculated into the eyes and upon the lips of its persecutrix. In consequence of this one of the former became inflamed, the latter swelled excessively, even the tongue and gums were slightly affected, and a continual vomiting attended these symptoms" (vol. i. p. 132). *Toads* are most aptly described as *heavy-gaited*; but that they are perfectly harmless is now well known, except that they secrete, in the follicles of the skin on the back and sides, an acrid and poisonous liquid; but imputation with this secretion, in the case of a chicken, produced no injurious result. It is, however, poisonous in its effects on dogs, when it comes in contact with their tongue or lips.

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s and their webs) will
e following accident:
spiders happened to
d not disengage itself,
the venom was ejen-
rips of its persecutiv
mer became inflamed.
the tongue and gums
mal vomiting attend-
Toads are most aptly
at that they are perfectly
at that they secrete, in
ck and sides, an acrid
ion with this secretion,
no injurious result. It
on dogs, when it comes
os.

203 Lines 29-32:

with a lushing adder,
WHOSE DOUBLE TONGUE may with a MORTAL TOUCH
Throe death upon thy sovereignty's enemies.

Here Shakespeare falls into the error, still prevalent among many persons in this enlightened age, that the *double* (i.e. *forked*) tongue of a snake is poisonous. The poison resides in the *fang* of the *adder*, not in the *forked tongue*; this latter feature it possesses in common with the harmless common snake (*Natrix natrix*). But although one would think this was a well known fact, I have found it almost impossible to persuade even persons of fair average education that the latter is perfectly harmless in spite of its forked tongue.

204 Line 27.—The Bishop of Carlisle was the only member of the Episcopate who remained faithful to Richard. See above, note 18; and below, note 331.

205 Line 34: *through our SECURITY*.—Compare Hecate's speech in *Macbeth* (iii. 5. 31, 32):

An Lyon all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

And above, in ii. 1. 266, *securely* is used in the sense of *carelessly*.

205 Lines 37, 38:

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, AND lights the lower world.

Q1 and Ff. read "*that lights*," Ac. The enunciation is Johnson's; for, although the transposition of the second and third parts of the sentence would make good sense of the reading in the old copies, the simple enunciation adopted makes much better sense; and the use of the words, *the antipodes*, below (line 49), seems to indicate that it is what the poet intended to write; the *lower world* means of course the *antipodes*.

207 Line 40: *in vantage bloody here*.—Q1 reads *boldly*; and though all the other old copies read (substantially) *bloody*, which makes good sense, Dyce adopts Collier's conjecture *boldly*, and is followed by the Camd. Ed. It is more likely that *boldly* was a misprint for *bloody* than for *boldly*.

208 Line 59: *SHEEWD steel*.—It is doubtful what is the exact meaning of *shewd* here. Originally *shewd* meant vexed, troubled, cursed; and so angry, malicious, wicked; in which latter sense it is used by Chaucer and Wiclif; but later *shewd* seems to have come to mean bitter, cutting, keen. Compare Hamlet (i. 4. 1): "The air bites shrewdly." Here it may mean "sharp," or "wicked;" more probably the latter.

209. Lines 60, 61:

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel.

Compare the Egerton MS. play (act v.):

Thou canst not kill me, villain!
Gods holy angels guards a just mans life,
And with his radiant beames as bright as fire
Will guard and keepe his righteous innocence:
I am a prince, thou dar'st not murder me.

—Reprint, p. 84

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

210 Line 64: *Nor SEAR nor farther off*.—Compare below (v. 1. 88):

Better far off than, near, be near the near.

So, *far* is used for *farther* in *Winter's Tale* (iv. 4. 412): "*Far* from Denenion off."

211. Line 65: *DISCOMFORT guides my tongue*.—Compare above, line 36; "*Discomfortable comsh.*"

212. Line 79: *Havo I not reason to look pale and DEAD?*
—Compare H. Henry IV. i. 1. 79-72:

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Præm's curtain in the dead of night

213. Lines 89-90:

Hath power enough to serve our turn.
But who comes here?

Printed as one line in Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, Q 4; we follow the arrangement of Ff. and Q 5.

214 Line 112: *WHITE-BEARDS have wond' their thin and hairless scalps*. In Ff. and Q 5 is found the ridiculous misprint *White Bees*.

215 Line 114: *and CLAP their FEMALE joints*.—Pope changed *clap*, unnecessarily, to *clasp*; and Ritson proposed *clip*; but no change is necessary. *Clap* conveys the sense of suddenly putting on. Compare Henry VIII. (i. 4. 8, 10):

The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

"*Their female joints*" means "their joints weak and tremulous."

216. Line 117: *OF DOUBLE-FATAL YEW*.—The C. refers to the fact that the leaves (not the berries) of the *yew* are very *poisonous* to cattle; and that *bees* were made from the wood of that tree. Steevens suggests that *yews* were planted in churchyards "on account of their use in making *bees*;" while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their *poisonous* quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 98).

217 Line 122: *where is BAGOT?*—It seems to be an oversight that Richard should ask *where Bagot* is at this point; as below, at line 132, he only speaks of "*These Judases*;" and again (line 141) Anneke asks:

Is Busby, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Bagot had made his way to Chester, and thence to Ireland (see ii. 2. 141). Theobald proposed to read: "*where is he got?*" i.e. "*where is the Earl of Wiltshire got to?*" but no alteration is necessary. Shakespeare made a similar mistake in ii. 3. 165, where Bolingbroke says that Bristol Castle is held

By Busby, Bagot and their accomplices.

218. Lines 133, 134:

And that small MODEL of the barren earth
Which serves as PASTE AND COVER to our bones.

The sense given to *model* in the foot-note is the one usually accepted, although Doane suggests that it here means *quantity*. But putting aside the fact that I can find no instance of the use of *model* in that sense, in any writer, it is evident that the reference is to the rounded, oblong mound which is raised over graves, and which may be

called the rough mould of the body; and, unpoetical as it is, Johnson's observation is quite true: that the metaphor, in line 151, is taken from a *pie*, the mould over the body being compared to the crust of a *pie*.

219. Lines 157, 158:

*How some have been DEPOS'D; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have DEPOS'D.*

Pope proposed *disposess'd*; and Walker conjectures *de-prie'd*, in place of *depos'd* in the second line, in order to avoid the tautology. We have not altered the text as printed by all Qq. and Ff.; because the repetition of *depos'd* was, perhaps, intentional.

220. Lines 160-163:

*for within the hollow crown
That crowns the mortal temples of a king
Keeps DEATH his court; and there the antic sits,
Scowling his state, and grinning at his pomp*

Douce (Illustrations, pp. 252, 253) says: "Some part of this line description might have been suggested from the seventh print in the *Imagines mortis*, a celebrated series of wooden cuts which have been improperly attributed to Holbein. It is probable that Shakespeare might have seen some spurious edition of this work; for the great scarcity of the original in this country in former times is apparent, when Holzar could not procure the use of it for his *copy* of the Dance of Death." This is highly probable, as the description certainly seems to have been suggested by some picture; but it may have been taken from some old *Book of Emblems*, though there is no allusion to this passage in Green's "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers." It may be observed that the picture referred to, in the *Imagines Mortis*, or Dance of Death, represents a king on his throne with courtiers about him, while a grinning skeleton stands behind in the act of removing the crown from his head. As Rolfe justly remarks in regard to this picture: "*Death is not sitting in the crown*, as S. expresses it, and as the commentators also state it . . . The skeleton, being directly behind the king, appears at first glance to be rising from the crown."

221. Lines 168, 169:

*and honour'd thus,
Comes at the last, &c.*

The construction, in this passage, is very obscure; the Chaucer Press Ed. seem to be the only commentators who have drawn attention to it. Is it a *king*, or *Death*, that is *honour'd thus*? Probably the meaning is "the king having been *honour'd* in being allowed

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with look;

Death comes at the last, &c. The construction is a kind of ablative absolute with the substantive left out. Or, possibly, it means that *Death*, having thus enjoyed his honour of allowing the *king* some respite, comes at the last, &c.

222. Lines 175-177:

*I live with bread like you, LIKE YOU feel want,
LIKE YOU taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?*

These lines stand thus in the Qq. and Ff.:

*I live with bread like you, I feel want,
Taste grief, need friends, subjected thus, &c.*

The very halting rhythm points to some omission; the emendation, by which we have ventured to supply the deficient syllables, seems as probable as any, and does no unnecessary violence to the text.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

223. Line 1.—According to Hollshed's account the Castle of Flint was surrendered to Northumberland (vol. ii. p. 556); and King Richard, who was in Conway Castle, leaving that for Flint, fell into an ambush laid by Northumberland, and was taken by him to Flint Castle.

224. Line 9: *Your grace mistakes ME.*—Qq. and Ff. omit *me*; it was added by Rowe.

225. Lines 17-19:

*Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er YOU R head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, and DARE NOT OPPOSE
Myself against their will. But who comes here?*

The text is evidently corrupt in this passage. In line 17 Q. 1, Q. 2 read "over our heads;" Q. 3, Q. 4 "over your heads;" the reading in our text being that of Ff. and Q. 5. The next two lines: Q. and Ff. read thus (substantially):

*I know it, uncle, and I dare not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?*

The emendation printed in our text (for which I am responsible) seems a probable one; for the *are* of line 17 might easily have led the transcriber to overlook the *dare* in line 18. It is far too important a passage to be left in the miserably unorthodox condition, in which the Qq. and Ff. have left it.

226. Line 20: *WHAT, Harry? WELCOME.*—Qq. and Ff. have *W'elcome Harry, what*. The transposition of the words restores the rhythm of the line.

227. Line 32: *Go to the RUDE RIBS of that ancient castle.*—Compare King John (ii. 1. 381):

The fluty ribs of this contagious city.

228. Line 52: *TATTER'D battlements.*—So (substantially) Q. 3, Q. 4, Ff. Q. 5; but Q. 1, Q. 2 have *tattered*. The word is the same, only the spelling is different. Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 2. 37: "a hundred and fifty *tatter'd* Prodigals" (in F. 1). So in the Noble Soldier, by S. R. (1634) (ii. 1) "*tatter'd* rascals fought pell mell" (Dulles's Old English Plays, vol. i. p. 279).

229. Line 61.—What was known as "the upper stage" was supposed to represent Flint Castle. On "the upper stage" Richard appeared: Bolingbroke and his forces marching past in front of "the lower stage."

230. Line 62: *Percy.* See, *see*, *King Richard doth himself appear.*—We follow Dyce in giving this speech to Percy. Qq. and Ff. give it absurdly to Bolingbroke. Hammer gave it to York, and Charles Kean to Northumberland; but Northumberland has not spoken with respect of King Richard, while Percy has.

231. Line 83: *Have TORN their souls by turning them from us.*—Dyce suggests *born*, but does not adopt it. The

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sense seems to be "have perjured themselves;" and Rolfe's explanation that "the metaphor seems to be taken from the act of tearing a legal document" seems a very probable one. *Torn*, the past participle of the verb "to lose," is used by Chaucer and Spenser, but not by Shakespeare. It may be that *torn* is merely intended to convey here the act of violently tearing up, as it were, their allegiance by the roots; or it may mean *fortured*, as in the following passage from Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and No King*, II. 1:

Nay, should I join with you,
Should we not both be *torn*. —Works, vol. 1. p. 2.

232. Line 94: *The PURPLE testament of bleeding war*.—*Purple* here = blood-stained, as in *Julius Cæsar* (iii. 1. 158):
Now, whilst your *purpled* hands do reek and smoke.

233. Line 103: *the mURDERED heart of WARLIKE Gaius*.—Warburton wanted to read: "the *warlike* heart of *buried* Gaius," which is undoubtedly the sense. But Ritson, in his note (Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 119), has collected so many instances of a similar misplacement of epithets in Shakespeare that we cannot hold any alteration of the text necessary. Take, as one instance, II. Henry VI. (iv. 7. 108):

These hands are free from *guilt* as *bloodshedding*,
instead of:

These *guiltless* hands are free from bloodshedding.

234. Lines 112-114.—The value to be placed on Bolingbroke's oaths may be estimated from what he did, better than from what he said. Richard promptly granted these demands; but that did not prevent the truthful and honourable Harry Bolingbroke from proceeding to do what he probably intended to do from the first, viz. to imprison Richard, and to seize the crown himself. Northumberland, who was destined to give the successful usurper a great deal of trouble, probably knew from the first what Bolingbroke's intentions were.

235. Line 119: *My GAY APPAREL for an almshouse's gown*.—Richard's extravagance in dress, not only in his own person, but in the liveries of his courtiers and attendants of all kinds, is frequently alluded to in the *Egerton MS.* play, and is thus noticed by Holinshed: "And in gorgious and costlie apperell they exceeded all measure, not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Vcomen and groomes were clothed in silkes, with cloth of graue and skarlet, oner sumptuous ye may be sure for their estates. And this vanitie was not onelie vsed in the court in those daies, but also other people abroad in the towns and countreies, had their garments cut far otherwise than had been accustomed before his daies, with imbroideries, rich furrres, and goldsmiths workes, and euerie daie there was denising of new fashions, to the great hinderance and decate of the common-wealth" (vol. ii. p. 868).

236. Line 162: *Our sighs and they shall LOUGE the summer corn*.—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 176:

Like to the summer's corn by tempest *loft*d.

237. Line 176: *in the BASE COURT*.—Derived from French, *bassee cour*, the outer court of the castle, surrounded by stables and servants' offices; generally on a lower level than the inner court, which was surrounded by the dwell-

ing-rooms, chapel, &c. Steeven's quotes Greene's *Farewell to Folly* (1617): " began, at the entrance into the *base court*, to use these words."

238. Lines 184, 195:

your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least [Touching his own head]

This is always a great point with the actor of Richard II. Charles Kean, copying his father, produced much effect in this speech. The meaning is, of course, that Bolingbroke is aiming at the crown.

239. Lines 204, 205:

Cousin, I am too YOUNG to be your FATHER,
Though you, &c.

Bolingbroke and Richard were both born in the year 1366; they were now both thirty-three years old.

240. Line 209: *Then I must not say no*.—Stowe gives the following account of their setting out from Flint: "The duke with a high sharpe voyce bade bring forth the kings horses, and then two little nagges, not worth forty franks, were brought forth; the king was set on the one, and the earle of Salisbury on the other: and thus the duke brought the king from Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Gloucesters some and to the earle of Arundel's some, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the castle" (see Var. Ed. vol. xvi. p. 115).

ACT III. SCENE 4.

241. Line 1. The scene is laid at *Langley* (now called King's Langley), the Duke of York's palace, near St. Albans. In II. 2. 116, York says to the queen: "Come, cousin, I'll dispose of you;" see also iii. 1. 36. According to the French (anonymous) chronicler, who wrote an account of "The Betrayal and Death of Richard II. King of England," the queen, after Richard's departure, retired to Wallingford. Lingard says that "The Earl of Wiltshire, with Bussy and Greene, members of the committee of parliament, had been appointed to wait on the young queen at Wallingford; but they suddenly abandoned their charge, and fled with precipitation to Bristol" (vol. iii. p. 384). This scene, in Charles Kean's arrangement of this play, is the first scene of act iv.

242. Line 4: *the world is full of RUES*.—At the game of bowls a *rub* means when a bowl is stopped in its course by some inequality of the ground. Richardson (*sub rice*) quotes from Wood's *Athene Oxon.* vol. i. the following passage: "He (Elmer) used for recreation to bowl in a garden, and Martin Marpacute thence took this taunting scoff, that the Bishop would cry *Rub, rub, rub*, to his bowl, and, when twas gone too far, say, the devil go with it, and then, quoth he the bishop would follow."

243. Line 5: *Adieu, I'll sing*.—It was probably this line which suggested the introduction of the song in the revival of this play at Drury Lane in 1815, in which Edmund Kean appeared. (See our Introduction, p. 335.)

244. Lines 22, 23:

And I could WEEP, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Qq. and Ff. read, "And I could *sing*," which Pope altered to *weep*, an emendation fully justified by line 23. We have followed the Variorum, Dyce, and Singer in adopting it.

245 Line 32: *Give some STIPENDANCE*.—Used by Shakespeare only in this passage, and in Twelfth Night (iii. 1. 520): "for the *stipendance* of his vow."

246 Line 46: *Her KNOTS disorder'd*. Compare Love's Labour's Lost (i. 1. 249): "thy *cucuous-knotted* garden." See note 16 of that play in our edition.

247 Line 57: *We, at time of year*.—He is omitted in Qq. and Ff.: it was first supplied by Capell. Both sense and metre absolutely require it.

248 Line 72: *O, I am PRESS'D TO DEATH*. This alludes to the old punishment of *peine forte et dure*, inflicted on those who declined to plead to the indictment against them; it consisted in piling weights on the wretched victim's chest. Compare Much Ado (iii. 1. 76): "*press me to death with wit*."

249. Lines 73, 74:

Thou,

[She pauses, as if half-choked by her emotion]

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,

How DARES

Thy harsh rude tongue say this unpleasant news?

Printed as two lines only in Qq. and Ff.:

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden

How darest thy harsh rude tongue say this unpleasant news?

F. 2, Q. 5, F. 3, P. 1 omit *ende* in second line. Pope omits *old* in first line, and *harsh, rude* in second line; but this is rather an arbitrary proceeding. It is evident that the lines as arranged in the old copies are anything but rhythmic. We have arranged them as above, believing that the detached syllables *Thou*, and *How darest*, express the violent agitation of the queen's feelings, and were not intended to form part of either line.

250 Line 107: *I'll set a bank of RUE, sour HERB OF GRACE*. This plant (*Ruta graveolens*) was once much cultivated in English gardens for its medicinal qualities. *Rue* is, of course, an English form of the Latin name; but as *to rue* means "to be sorry," and so "to repent," and as repentance is the chief sign of grace, it came to be called "Herb of Grace." London, writing in 1838, said "it is to this day called Ave Grace in Sussex." Its specific Latin name *graveolens* is derived from its strong aromatic smell; it has a very bitter taste, and was used extensively in old prescriptions. To its supposed quality as an eye-salve Milton alludes in Paradise Lost:

then purg'd with euphrasy and *rue*

The visual nerve, for he had much to see.

—Book XI, lines 446, 447.

Dr. Baughen says of it, "it is a powerful stimulant and narcotic, but not much used in modern practice" (see Ellacombe's Plant Lore of Shakespeare, p. 205). *Rue* is frequently mentioned in Shakespeare. Compare Hamlet iv. 5. 181, 182: "there's *rue* for you; and here's some for me; we may call it *herb-pence* of Sundays."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

251 Line 1.—Westminster Hall had been rebuilt by Richard; the work was commenced in 1397, and completed in 1399. The first Parliament held in the new building, was summoned for the purpose of dethroning Richard. Shakespeare has, in this scene, mixed up the proceedings of two Parliaments, that which met on September 30th, 1399, the writs for which were issued in King Richard's name; and that which met on October 6th, having been summoned by Henry immediately on his assuming the crown. It was in the latter Parliament, on October 19th, that the accusations against the Duke of Arundel (Albanarle) were made.

252 Line 10: *In that DEAD Time*.—It is doubtful whether *dead* here means "dark and dreary" as the Clarendon Press Ed. explain it, or "deadly" as Schmidt explains it. In Hamlet (i. 1. 65) we have "jump at this *dead hour*," i.e. midnight, the hour when nearly all life is apparently dead (in sleep). In Mid. Night's Dream (iii. 2. 57):

So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

The word, cert. only, seems to mean "deadly;" unless it means, as we say now, "so deadly pale."

253. Line 12: *the RESTFUL English court*, probably means "quiet," "peaceful." Compare Sonnet XLV. 1:

Thou'lt with all these, for *restful* death I cry.

Some explain it as "stationary;" while the Clarendon Press Ed. give the sense as "quiet, repose;" because it had no need to act, but only to give orders." The simplest meaning, i.e. "peaceful," is most likely to be the right one here; as England was, at the time alluded to, at peace with all foreign powers.

254 Line 21: *Shall I so much dishonour MY FAIR STARS*. This, undoubtedly, means "Shall I dishonour my birth?" and refers to the common belief that the stars influenced the circumstances of one's birth. In Holland's Translation of Pliny's Natural History (bk. ii. chap. viii.) we find: "The *Stars* which we said were fixed in the heaven, are not (as the common sort thinketh) assigned to every one of us; and appointed to men respectively; namely, the bright and fair for the rich; the less for the poor; the dimme for the weak, the aged and feeble; neither shine they out more or less, according to the lot and fortune of every one, nor arise they each one together with that person unto whom they are appropriate; and die likewise with the same: ne yet as they set and fall, do they signify that any homie is dead." Compare All's Well (i. 1. 196, 197):

we the poorer born

Whose *baser stars* do shut us up in wishes.

255 Line 29: *To STAIN the TEMPER of my lightest sword*.—Compare 1. Henry IV. (v. 2. 94):

A sword, whose *temper* I intend to *stain*

With the best blood that I can meet with it.

The Clarendon Press Ed. say: "The harder the steel the brighter polish would it take, hence the polish may be taken as a measure of the *temper*."

256. Line 38: *If thou DENIST it twenty times, thou liest*.—Printed *deniest* in F. 1. The elision of the *e* is not attended to so carefully, in the first Folio, with regard to

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those words ending in *rest, fed*, as with regard to others in
which such elision is necessary for the metre. The reader
who has a sensitive ear will notice that this line is singu-
larly encephalous, owing to the letter *t* occurring so often
in close succession.

257. Line 52: *I task THREE to the like*—This is Capell's
reading. Q 1 reads "I task the earth to the like;" Q 2,
Q 3, Q 4 "*take the earth*."

258. Line 55: *From SUN to SUN*—i.e. from sunrise to
sunset. Compare Cymbeline (iii. 2, 69-71):

How many score of miles away we well rid:

'Tis but an hour and hour?

Yes. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Miles 't is enough for you.

It may mean from sunrise on one day to sunrise on the
next; but the former is the more probable meaning.
Malone quotes: "The time appointed for the *duello* (says
Savolo) hath always been 'twixt the rising and the setting
sun; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent,
can never after be admitted the combat upon that quar-
rel." On Honour and Honourable Quarrels, itc, 1595,
qq. read "from *sun to sun*," which Hensley explains as
meaning "from one day to another" (Var. Ed. vol. xvi.
p. 125).

259. Line 65: *Dishonourable boy!*—Fitzwater was, at
this time, thirty one years old; so that the word *boy* is
applied contemptuously. Compare Coriolanus (v. 6, 101):

Nave not the god, thou *boy* of years!

and subsequent lines 101, 113, 117, where Coriolanus re-
sents the term *boy* with the greatest indignation.

260. Line 67: *VENGEANCE and REVENGE*.—This tautology
was not unusual where it was sought to express intensity.
Instances of it occur frequently in the Liturgy of the
Church of England.

261. Line 71: *I dare meet Surrey in a WILDERNESS*.—
Johnson thus explains this line: "I dare meet him where
no help can be had by me against him." Compare Beau-
mont and Fletcher, Lover's Progress (v. 2):

Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what?

Contempt I hear it: on a wilderness.

I durst encounter it.

—Works, vol. ii, p. 658.

262. Lines 97, 98:

and there at Venice gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth.

Holinshed says: "The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrow-
ful out of the realm into Almanie, and at the last came
to Venice, where he for thought and melancholie de-
ceased" (vol. ii, p. 848). Holinshed subsequently alludes
to his death (vol. iii, p. 9) as taking place some time in
this year (1399). According to Lingard: "Norfolk, after
a short residence in Germany, visited Jerusalem, and in
his return died of a broken heart at Venice" (vol. fil.
p. 379). He gives the date in the margin, apparently on
the authority of Rymer, as September 29th, 1399. Rich-
ard's deposition took place on September 30th, and there-
fore Norfolk's death could not then have been known in
England.

263. Lines 103, 104:

Sweet peace conduct thee to the bosom

Of good old ABRAHAM

Compare Richard III. (v. 3, 5):

The sons of Edward sleep in the bosom

264. Line 112: *of that nature the first*—So Ff: Qq *the*
fourth of that nature.

265. Line 116: *Yet best BESEEMING ME to speak the truth*
—i.e. "Yet I speak as best befitting me (being a bishop)
to speak the truth." Johnson suggests:

Yet best *become* it me to speak the truth.

But the construction is not more lax than many which
occur in Shakespeare.

266. Line 141: *Shall KIN with KIN and KIN to with*
KIN conform.—*Kin* refers to blood-relationship; *kind*
to our common human nature. Compare Hamlet (i. 2,
65):

A little more than *kin*, and less than 'man

267. Line 149: *Last CHILD, CHILD'S children*.—So all the
old copies. Pope, quite unnecessarily, reads "*children's*
children," which Dyce and other editors adopt.

268. Lines 155-318. These lines (163 in all) are not
found in Q 1, Q 2; but Q 3, Q 4 both give them, though
not so carefully printed as in F 1. Whether the lines
were added by Shakespeare after 1598 (the date of Q 2),
or whether they formed part of the original play, but
were omitted out of respect for the susceptibility of
Queen Elizabeth, is not certain. Looking at them from
a dramatist's point of view, as they do not in the least
advance the action of the piece, they bear the appearance
of having been inserted in order "to write up" the part
of Richard, for the sake of the actor.

269. Lines 183-187.—With these lines compare the fol-
lowing passage in Day's Ile of Gulls (il. 3): "I can compare
my lord and his friend to nothing in the world so fitly as
to a *couple of water buckets*; for whilst hope *reins* the
one, *up* dispaire *plunges* the other down." (Works, p. 40
(of play))

270. Lines 196, 197:

My CARE is loss of CARE, by old CARE done;

Your CARE is gain of CARE, by new CARE won.

The meaning of this tiresome jingle is: "My *sorrow* is loss
of the *care* attending the office of king, by the cessation
of that office; your *trouble* is the *gain* of *care* by having
won that office with all the anxieties attending on it."

271. Line 210: *all TOY'S RIFES*. Q 3, Q 4 have *duties*
rites: Ff, Q 5 (substantially) *duties* *or* *rites*. The reading
in our text seems the preferable one, the meaning being
"the ceremonial observances due from subjects to their
sovereign."

272. Line 215: *God keep all yours unbroke ARE MADE TO*
thee!—So Ff, Q 5; it is a common elliptical construction
"(that) *are made*." Q 3, Q 4 read *that swear to thee*,
a reading which seems to be little better than nonsense;
but some editors prefer it. I do not understand why the
Camd. Ed., after saying in their preface that F 1 is our

highest authority for this scene, deliberately adopt the faulty reading of Q 3, Q 4.

273 Line 225: *Against the STATE AND PROFIT of this land*. Hunter explains these words "the constitution and prosperity," which is probably the right explanation.

274 Line 232: *To read a LECTURE of them* i.e. to read them aloud. Compare *As You Like It* ii. 2. 365: "I have heard him read many lectures against it." *Lecture* properly means nothing more than "the act of reading."

275. Lines 255-257:

*I have no name, no title,—
No, and that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis USURP!*

It may be asked how could Richard's baptismal name be said to be *usurp'd*? The general explanation given is that, in resigning his crown, he had resigned all the privileges of his birth. But may not Richard allude to the accusation of bastardy, brought against him by some of the people, when he was being sent from Westminster to the Tower (on August 31st, 1399). "The king . . . as he went along, was greeted with curses, and the appellation of 'the bastard,' a word of ominous import, and prophetic of his approaching degradation." "This alluded" (adds Lingard in a note) "to a report which had been spread that he was not the son of the Black Prince, but of a canon of Bordeaux" (see Lingard, vol. iii. p. 392).

276 Lines 282, 283:

*That every day under his household roof
Did keep TEN THOUSAND MEN?*

Richard is said to have entertained daily 10,000 men in Westminster Hall. This circumstance is referred to in the Egerton MS. play (act ii):

Enter. What here shall we have to dinner, King Richard?
King. No matter what to lay, we'll meal it shortly.
The hall at Westminster shalbe layd out,
And only serve us for a dining room,
Where in it shalbe feasted a . . . men. Reprint, p. 11.

But it is scarcely fair to say that he kept *ten thousand men under his household roof*.

277 Line 317: *O, good? CONVEY? CONVEYERS are you all.* Compare *Merry Wives* (i. 3. 30-32):

Answer. The good humor is to *veal* at a minute's rest.
Enter. "Conveyers," the wise call.

278. Lines 319, 320:

*On WEDNESDAY next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.*

Henry was crowned on Monday, October 13th (St. Edward's day) Q 1, Q 2, which omit the parliament scene, read:

*Let it be so, and be on Wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaim our Coronation,
Lords be ready all.*

ACT V. SCENE 1.

279. Line 2: *To JULIUS CÆSAR'S ill-erected TOWER.*—Compare Richard III. (iii. 1. 109-74):

Prince. Did *Julius Cæsar* build this place, my lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place:
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it of so record, or so repute?
Succesively from age to age, he built all this?
Buck. Yes, so record, my gracious lord.

In that passage Shakespeare gives what is, probably, the correct version of the historical tradition as to the fate of *Julius Cæsar* in the building of the *Tower of London*.

280. Line 3: *To whose PRINT house*—Compare *V.* 5. 19-21:

*How can you walk
May tear a passage through the ~~print~~ ribs
Of this or I would, my ragged prison walls*

281 Lines 11, 12:

*Ah, thou, the MODEL where old Troy did stand,
Thou MAP of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,*

Malone says: "*Model*, It has already been observed, is used by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. Thou ruined majesty, says the queen, that *resembled* the desolated waste where Troy once stood" (Var. Ed. vol. vi. p. 140). The Clarendon Press Ed. explain it thus: "the grandplan of the ruined city, to be traced only by the foundations of the walls. So Richard is only the ruin of his former self."

Map of honour seems to mean not the mere outline, but the lifeless picture of *honour*. In II. Henry VI. (iii. 1. 202, 203) we have the same expression in a different sense:

*in thy face I see
The map of honour*

And in Lucrece (line 102) sleep is called "the *map of death*." The whole of this scene is full of affectations, especially the queen's speeches.

282. Lines 13-15:

*Thou most beauteous INN,
Why should I have favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become my ALLEHOUSE guest!*

Richard is contrasted with Bolingbroke as an *inn* compared to an *alehouse*, just as we might contrast an hotel with a pothouse. The very same expression, *beauteous inn*, used in the same metaphorical sense, occurs in the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Lovers' Progress* (v. 3):

*And 'tis my wonder,
If such mishapen guests as Lust and Murder,
At any price, should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous inn!* —Works, vol. ii. p. 172

283. Lines 20, 21:

*I am SWORN BROTHER, sweet,
Thy gain's Necessity.*

Alluding to the *fratres jurati*, or sworn brothers, who, in the age of chivalry, swore to share their fortunes together. Compare *Much Ado* (i. 1. 72, 73): "He hath every month a new *sworn brother*."

284. Line 2: *I choster thee in some RELIGIOUS HOUSE.*—A *religious house* is, of course, a monastery. Compare *As You Like It* (v. 4. 157):

The duke hath put on a religious life.

285. Line 25: *Which our pygmean hours here have STRIPPEN down*—As referring to the child-pigmy Isabel,

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Tower of London

Compare V. 5.

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ne hours here have
e child-queen Isabel,

this line is nonsense; and Richard's first queen was with-
out a stain of scandal. She was always called "The good
Queen Anne." *Stricken* is used in Julius Caesar (ii. 1. 192):
"The clock hath *stricken* three."

290. Line 31: *Why hast thou and a kiss of beasts.*—
For this use of the neuter relative for the masculine, com-
pare the Anglian version of the Lord's Prayer: "Our
Father *which art* in heaven." The Roman Catholic ver-
sion has *who*.

297. Lines 10, 17:

the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy awing tongue.

Compare, for the transitive use of *sympathize*, Love's La-
bour's Lost (iii. 1. 52, 53): "A message well *sympathized*;
a horse to be ambassador for at *iss*."

298. Lines 55-68. The prophecy contained in this speech
was fulfilled; Northumberland proving afterwards to
Henry IV. one of the most troublesome of his rebellious
subjects. See above, note 13.

299. Lines 71, 75:

Let me kiss the wither 'twixt thee and me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made.

This refers to the kiss of betrothal. See Two Gentlemen
of Verona, note 33; Taming of the Shrew, note 120.

290. Line 80: *Scot sack like HALLOWMAS or SHORT'ST OF
DAY.*—*Hallowmas* was All Souls Day, the 2nd of Novem-
ber, not the 1st, which is All Saints, the eve of All Souls
(see Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 34). It certainly
was not the shortest day, even in Shakespeare's time,
when it was ten days nearer the winter solstice; nor do I
believe the proper sense of the passage requires us to take
Hallowmas and the *short'st of day* to be identical. Richard
says his wife "set forth in *pomp*," and "came adorned
hither like *sweet May*;" now she is sent back like the sad
season, when the souls of the dead are prayed for, and all
the world recalls its losses by death, or the *shortest day*,
when there is little or no sunshine as there is in *May*.
For the expression *short'st of day*—shortest day, compare
Macbeth (iii. 1. 118): "my *near'st of life*;"—"my *nearest*
life."

291. Line 88: *Better far off than, near, be ne'er the near.*

—The meaning is "Better you should be *far off* than,
being *near me*, be *never the nearer to me*," for she would
be *ne'er the nearer to him*, if he were imprisoned, and
she not allowed to visit him.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

292. Line 1.—It is doubtful where this scene is intended
to take place. Capell places it in *London*; but line 3,
where the Duchess says:

Of our two cousins coming into London

"would seem to show that she was not in *London*"
(Charlton Press Edu. p. 144). The words *coming into*
are quite consistent with the fact that the speaker was
then in *London*, though she had not seen the entry of
Richard and Bolingbroke. However, it is more probable
that the scene is meant to be at the Duke of York's

palace at *Langley*, for Holinshed says: "this earle of
Gloucester departing before from Westminster to see his
father the duke of Yorke." Ac. (vol. iii. p. 10), which
makes it clear the Duke of York was not then in *London*.
Langley, or *King's Langley*, is nearer Windsor (where
the king now was) than *London* is.

293. Lines 13-17:

and that all the walls

With painted imagery had said at once

"Jean preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"

Shakespeare does not say that the walls "were living"
with painted imagery, but that "you would have thought
they were." No doubt, as Malone suggests, he was think-
ing of the painted cloths "that were hung in the streets,
in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in
which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their
mouths containing sentences of gratulation" (Var. Ed.
vol. xvi. p. 147).

294. Line 28: *Did scowl on Richard; no man cried*
"God save him!" Oq. print: "*gentle Richard!*" Fl. omit
gentle. As the epithet *gentle* occurs below (line 31), we
have followed the Fl. in omitting it here, the omission
being a great improvement to the metre.

295. Line 37. The beautiful description comprised in
lines 7-36 was, as far as we know, derived from no his-
torical or traditional source. No one can fail to notice
the sudden descent into bald commonplace which char-
acterizes lines 37-45. The contrast is so great, that it is
impossible not to suspect that Shakespeare had an older
and inferior play before him when he was at work on
this tragedy.

296. Lines 42, 43:

But that is lost for being Richard's friend,

And, madman, you must call him RUTLAND now

Holinshed says, speaking of the transactions of the first
parliament of Henry IV.: "Finally, to avoid further
inconvenience, and to qualify the minds of the curious,
it was finally enacted, that such as were appellants in
the last parliament against the duke of Gloucester and
other, should in this wise following be ordered. The
dukes of Anmarle, Surrie, and Excester there present,
were iudged to loose their names of dukes, together with
the honors, titles and dignities therunto belonging"
(vol. iii. p. 7).

297. Lines 46, 47:

Welcome, my son; who ace the VIOLETS now

That strew the GREEN LAP of the new-sown SPRING?

The *spring* is the reign of Bolingbroke; the *violets*, his
earliest courtiers. Compare Milton, Song on May Morn-
ing, lines 3, 4:

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

298. Line 52: *What news from Oxford? hold those josts*
and triumphs!—Holinshed thus describes the plan of
the conspirators: "at length by the aduise of the earle of
Huntington it was deuised, that they should take vpon
them a solemne lists to be enterprised betwene him and
20 on his part, and the earle of Salisburie and 20 with him
at Oxford, to the which triumph k. Henrie should be

desired, and when he should be most busilie mardling the martiall pastime, he suddenly should be slaine and destroyed" (vol. iii. p. 10).

299. Line 50: *What SEAL is that, that hangs without thy bosom?*—See Romeo and Juliet, note 164. The circumstance of the seal was Shakespeare's invention. Holinshed says that as Rutland (Amurath) sat at dinner he "had his counterpane of the indenture of the confederacie in his *bosom*," and that "The father espieing it, would needs see what it was; and though the sonne humbly denied to shew it, the father being more earnest to see it, by force tooke it out of his *bosom*" (vol. iii. p. 10).

300. Line 81: *I will not PEECE.*—Compare ii. 3. 87: "*grace me no grace*," The duchess makes a verb out of *peace*, in the same way as York, in the line quoted, makes a verb out of *grace*.

301. Line 90: *Have we more sons?*—York had one more son at least, Richard Earl of Cambridge, who figures among the dramatis personæ of Henry V.

302. Line 98: *And INTERCHANGEABLY set down their hands.*—Compare I. Henry IV. iii. l. 80, 81:
*And our indentures to partide are in hand;
Which being sealed INTERCHANGEABLY,*

Holinshed says: "Hervon was an indenture sextipartite made, sealed with their seals, and signed with their hands, in the which each stood bound to other, to do their whole indentour for the accomplishing of their purposed exploit" (vol. iii. p. 10). The *hæc tæcna* the *sarantiment* of the line above means nothing more but that they had taken a solemn oath; Holinshed says, "on the holic emangelists."

303. Lines 102, 103:

*Hastst thou grow'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldest be more pitiful.*

These lines are printed in the Qq. and Ff. thus:

*Hastst thou grow'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pitiful.*

except that the Ff. read *wouldest*, which we have retained, arranging the line as usually arranged by modern editors, who nearly all retain *wouldst*, so making the line (103) a very clumsy verse. The reading of the Folio makes it at least a good Alexandrine.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

304. Line 1: *Can no man tell me of MY UNTHIRTY son?*—This speech is interesting as being the first mention of Prince Henry, Shakespeare's favourite royal hero. As the *unthirty* son was only twelve years old at this time, he could scarcely have begun his career of dissipation. But Shakespeare, wisely, had no fear of anachronisms.

305. Line 10: *WHILE he, young WANTON and EFFEMINATE beg,*—While is Pope's emendation for which, the reading of all the old copies. *Wanton* is here a substantive. Compare King John, v. l. 65, 70:

*Shall a heedless boy,
A cocker'd sicken wanton, leave our fields?*

Effeminate seems a singularly inappropriate epithet for Prince Henry, the friend of Falstaff; whatever his faults or vices, they were certainly those of a man.

306. Line 31: *If on the first.*—Malone explains this phrase: "If your fault stands only on *intention*." We have preferred to keep the reading of the old copies here, rather than adopt any one of the various proposed emendations; *on* is undoubtedly equivalent to *of*.

307. Line 36: *Then give us leave that I may TURN THE KEY.*—Holinshed (copying from Hall) says: "The earle of Rutland seeing in what danger he stood, tooke his horse and rode another waie to Windsor in post, so that he got thither before his father, and when he was alighted at the castle gate, he caused the gates to be shut, saying that he must needs *deliver the keyes* to the king" (vol. iii. p. 10).

308. Line 61: *sheer.*—Compare Spenser's Fairy Queen, bk. iii. canto 2, st. 44:
Who having viewed in a fountain shere
Her face.

We still call thin transparent muslin *sheer* muslin.

309. Line 80: *And now chaung'd to "The Beggar and the King."*—Referring to the ballad of King Cophetua. See Love's Labour's Lost, note 21. In Johnson's Garland of Roses, 1632, the ballad is called simply A Song of a Beggar and a King; and in Cynthia's Revenge by J. S. it is alluded to as:

The story of a Beggar and the King

310. Lines 87-110.—I believe that the whole of the latter part of this scene is taken, almost entirely, from some old play, and contains scarcely a line written by Shakespeare; or, if his, it must be some of his very earliest work.

311. Line 93: *For ever will I WALK upon my knees.*—Ff. and Q. 5 read *kneel*, which is very weak; all the four earlier Quartos have *walk*. At the Santa Scala, outside the Basilica of the Lateran, may be seen the marks of the pilgrim's knees which have worn away the stone; and at Canterbury Cathedral, on a lesser scale, may be seen the same proof of how the pious of old literally *walked* upon their *knees*; so that the expression is quite intelligible.

312. Line 101: *His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest.*—Qq. and Ff. have:

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are no jest.

Following Capell, we have omitted in.

313. Lines 109, 110.—Both these lines end in *have*; but probably it was an oversight. The substitution of *care*, in either case, as has been proposed by Pope and Walker, seems to weaken the sense.

314. Line 119: *say, "pardon-me may"*—i.e. excuse me, a polite way of saying "No." The whole speech is wretched stuff. That *may* was pronounced *may*, as it is written in all the old copies, is evident from this passage. Compare Henry V. iv. 4. 14:

May shall not serve; I will have forty may.

315. Line 137: *But for our trusty BROTHER-IN-LAW, and the ABBER.*—The *abber* in law was John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, uterine brother of Richard II., created

popular epithet for whatever his faults a man.

alone explains this in *intention*. We the old copies here, his proposed emendation to of.

it I may then the says: "The earle stood, took his sore in post, so that then he was alighted s to be shut, saluting to the king" (vol. iii.

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ROTHUR IN-LAW, and John Holland, Earl Richard II., created

Duke of Exeter in 1357. He had married Henry's sister, Elizabeth. He was degraded from his dukedom in Henry IV.'s first parliament at the same time that Amersley was degraded to Earl of Rutland. (See above, note 296.) For the ABBOT, see above, note 19.

316. Line 114: *Uncle, farewell!*--and, *consin* MINE, *adieu*.—All Qs. but Q. 5 and F. print the line:

Uncle farewell! and consin adieu.

The Camb. Ed. suggest that the line may be mended thus:

Uncle, farewell; farewell, aunt; consin, adieu.

They say: "it seems only consonant with good manners that the king should take leave of his aunt as well as of the others. There is a propriety too in his using a colder term of leave-taking to his guilty cousin than to his uncle and aunt" (p. 230). But "consin mine," like "trusty brother-in-law" (above, line 137), may be said in an ironical tone. I had inserted *mine* in the margin of the text before I found that it was the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector

ACT V. SCENE 4.

317. Line 1.—The account of Richard's death, adopted by Shakespeare, rests on very doubtful authority. Holinshed copied it from Hall, and Hall from Fabian. According to Rolfe, it was related by Caxton in his addition to Hygden's *Polychronicon*; according to Staunton, Holinshed's authority was Abraham Fleming. According to the account in Holinshed, the words of Henry were overheard when he was "sitting on a dale at his table."

ACT V. SCENE 5.

318. Lines 13, 14: and do set the word itself
Against the word.

The meaning of the phrase is "set one passage of the Bible against another." FF Q. 5 substitute *faith* for *word*, probably with a fear of James the First's edict against blasphemy before their eyes. The passages from the New Testament referred to in the following lines are from St. Matthew xix. 11; xi. 28; xix. 24.

319. Line 17: *To threat the postern of a small's eye*,
Q. 1, Q. 2 read:

To threat the postern of a small's needle's eye;

while Q. 2, Q. 4 read:

To threat the small's postern of a small's needle's eye.

The discrepancy seems to show that the poet had written the word *small* and afterwards struck it out. Dyce reads "small's needl's eye;" there is no doubt *needle* was often written *nechl*, and pronounced as a monosyllable; but the reading adopted in the text is that of FF. Q. 5, and certainly furnishes the most harmonious line. "A postern is the back-gate of a fortress, and generally therefore low and narrow. It has been said by some commentators that by the 'needle's eye,' in the above-quoted passage from the Gospel, is intended the narrow gate of an eastern town so called, which was only wide enough to admit foot passengers. This interpretation Shakespeare had probably heard of, and combined it with the

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II.

more common and obvious one which explains the phrase as hyperbolic and expressive of anything which is impossible" (Clarendon Press Edn, pp. 152, 153).

320. Lines 50-54:

For now hath time unto me his numbering clock;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.

His numbering clock, according to the Clarendon Press Ed. means: "the clock by which he counts hours and minutes, which he could not do with his hour glass" (p. 153). For *jar* tick, compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 43, 44:

I love thee not, *jar* o' the clock behind
What lady she her bed.

The outward watch, Stevens explains, was "the movable figure of a man habited like a watchman, with a pole and lantern in his hand. The figure had the word *watch* written on its forehead, and was placed above the dial-plate" (Var. Ed. p. 164), and he quotes from Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595:

The clocke will strike in haste, I heare the *watch*
That sounds the bell.

The passage, which is a very difficult one to understand, is best explained by Henley's note (quoted by nearly all editors): "there appears to be no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz. by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king in his comparison severally alludes, his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops*; his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point; his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. In King Henry IV. part ii. *teares* are used in a similar manner:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those *teares*,
By number, into hours of happiness.

Var. Ed. vol. xvi. pp. 164, 165.

321. Line 60: *his JACK O' THE CLOCK*. Alluding to one of those little mechanical figures, in iron or bronze, which, in old clocks, struck the bell at every quarter of the hour. These figures were called *Jacks o' the clock*, or *Jacks o' the Clock-house*. Probably the name *Jack* was suggested by the *Jacks*, or *keys*, of the virginals.

322. Lines 67, 68:

Groom. *Hail, ROYAL prince!*
K. Rich. Thanks, SOWLE peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

This very poor pun was borrowed from a pun by Queen Elizabeth: "Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said: 'My royal Queen,' and a little after: 'My noble Queen.' Upon which says the Queen: 'What, and I ten groats worse than I was?'" (Clarendon Press Edn. p. 155). A royal or real was worth ten shillings, a

noble six shillings and eight pence, and a *great* four pence; so that the difference between a *royal* and a *noble* is *four greats*.

323. Line 78: *ruin Barbary*.—The horse is, apparently, an invention of Shakespeare's. No mention is made of it in any of the chronicles. But Froissart (chap. cxii.) has a story of a favourite greyhound which deserted its master, Richard, and leaped on his rival.

324. Lines 81-84.—The idea of sympathy between horse and rider may have been suggested to Shakespeare by the following passage in the Egerton MS. play (act i.), if the latter really was written before Shakespeare's:

K. . . . but, not he vnder,
I did observe, what I have wonder'd at,
As we to day rode I on to Westminster;
We thought your horse, that wout to tread the ground,
And pace as if he kickt it scornfully,
Mount and -urven, like strong Bucephalus;
To day he trod as slowe and meekely;
As if his legges had fayd to beare his load.
West. And can ye blame the beaste? Afore my god,
He was not wont to beare such loads indeed;
A hundred oxes vpon these shoulders hang
To make me brane vpon your wedding day

—*Reg. MS.*, p. 15

325. Line 91: SPUR'D, GALL'D, and TIE'D by JAUNTING *Bolingbroke*.—If Q. 5 read *spur gall'd*. The reading in the text is that (substantially) of Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4. It is very probable that, in this case, the Folios are right. Cotgrave explains: "*Jancer en cherd*. To stirre a horse in the stable till he be swart with all; or (as our) to *jaunt*; (an old word)." *Jaunting* occurs in Rom. and Jul. ii. 5, 53:

To catch my death with *jaunting* : up and down.

There Q. 3, Q. 4 have *jaunting*, and it is evidently the same word. In this passage all the Qs. and Ff. have *jaunting*. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. It might appear that *tie'd* (*ti'de* in Q. 1, *ty'd* in F. 1) was the same word as that used in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2, 130 (see note 10) of that play; but *tye*, whether used in the sense of "to dress," or "to weary," is indifferently spelt *tye* in F. 1; and "wearyed," or "fatigued," makes here the better sense. Compare the following line in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover* (v. 3):

Plague of your *spurs*, *ill'd* conscience! does it *tye* now?
—*Works*, vol. i. p. 397.

326. Lines 99-101.—Holinshed's account of this incident is as follows: "This knight incontinentlie departed from the count, with eight strong persons in his companie, and came to Pontfret, commanding the esquier that was accustomed to sew and take the assaie before king Richard, to doe so no more, saying: 'Let him eat now, for he shall not long eat.' King Richard sat downe to dinner, and was served without courtesie or assaie, wherevpon much marvelling at the sudden change, he demanded of the esquier whie he did not his dutie; 'Sir (said he) I am otherwise commanded by Sir Piers of Exton, which is newlie come from K. Henrie.' When king Richard heard that word, he tooke the kening knife in his hand, and strake the esquier on the head, saying The duel take Henrie of Lancaster and thee together" (vol. iii. p. 14).

327. Line 106: WHAT MEANS *death* in this rude assault?—Stanton proposes: "What? mean'st death in this rude assault?" which certainly makes better sense. The passage is very obscure; it may mean, "What is the meaning of such an attempt upon my life in such a *rude assault*?" but I confess it is not easy to make any sense of it. *Death* is spelt with a capital both in Q. 1 and F. 1 in this line, and with a small *d* in the next line; otherwise one might suspect the word *death* had slipped up here from the line below. It may be that the poet's idea was that Richard had been expecting *Death* for some time, and was now surprised to see it come in so *rude* a shape.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

328. Lines 2, 3:

*the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Gloucester in Gloucestershire.*

From the account given by Holinshed it appears the rebel lords were in two different inns in Gloucester, and their army lay outside the town; that the Earl of Kent and the Earl of Salisbury, in one inn, were besieged by the "hailfire of the town with fourscore archers;" the Earl of Huntingdon and Lord Spencer, being in another inn, "set fire on diuerse houses in the towne, thinking that the assailants would leave the assault and rescue their goods, which thing they nothing regarded" (vol. iii. p. 11). But the effect of this unenueve was unfortunate for the rebels, since their army, seeing the fire, thought King Henry's army had arrived, and "led without measure," leaving their chiefs to shift for themselves.

329. Line 8: *The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent*.—So Ff. Q. 5. The four last Quartos read "of Oxford, Salisbury," an evident slip of the pen on the writer's part. The town of Oxford is frequently mentioned in connection with the conspiracy, and Shakespeare may have written the name by mistake for one of the conspirators; but there is no need to perpetuate the error.

330. Line 14: *The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Soely*.—Holinshed says: "Manie other that were prime to this conspiracie, were taken, and put to death, some at Oxford, as sir Thomas Blunt, sir Benet Cille knight, and Thomas Wintercell esquier; but sir Leonard Brokas, and sir John Shellie knights, John Maudela, and William Ferbie chaplains, were drawne, hanged, and beheaded at London" (vol. iii. p. 13).

331. Line 25: *Chose out some secret place, &c.*—Holinshed says: "The Bishop of Carleill was impeached, and condemned of the same conspiracie; but the king of his mercifull clemencie, pardoned him of that offense, although he died shortly after, more through feare than force of sickness, as some haue written" (vol. iii. p. 13).

332. Line 30—"After he (Richard) was thus dead, his bodie was embalmed, and secred, and covered with lead, all same the face, to the intent that all men might see him, and perceiue that he was departed this life: for as the corps was conueied from Pontfret to London, in all the townes and places where those that had the comelance of it did staid with it all night, they caused dirige to be soong in the evening, and masse of requiem in the

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and F. 1 in this line,
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time, and was now
shape.

6.
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 s in Gloucester, and
 at the Earl of Kent
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 score archers;" the
 er, being in another
 the town, thinking
 assault and rescue
 regarded" (vol. iii.
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 or themselves.

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ly) was thus dead, his
 and covered with lead,
 and all men might see
 arded this life: for as
 led to London, in all
 that had the cornel-
 it, they caused dirige
 sse of requiem in the

morning; and as well after the one service as the other,
 his face discoloured, was showed to all that courted to
 behold it" (Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 14).

333 Line 13: THROUGH the SHADES of night. — Q. 1
 omits *the*; the other old copies read *through the shade*.
 The Cambridge Ed. print *thorough*; but Q. 1 has *through*

distinctly. The form *thorough* occurs in Mids. Night's
 Dream, ii. 1. 3: "*thorough bush, thorough brier.*"

334. Line 52: *In weeping OVER this untiacly bier.* —
 Qq. and Ft. all read, "*In weeping after;*" but it is most
 probable the *after* was repeated by mistake from the line
 above. The emendation is Pope's.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

35. l. 1. 58, 59:

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my bier,

69. l. 3. 83: *Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, live!*
 141. ii. 1. 283, 284:

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir THOMAS Rauston,
John Neshay, Robert Waterbo, and Francis COINT.

160. ii. 2. 92, 93:

My lord, I had forgot
To tell your lordship; I CAME BY TO-DAY, and call'd
there;—

162. ii. 2. 108-120: Printed as prose.

177. ii. 3. 99, 70:

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is
To you—

Boling [Interrupting angrily] My answer is—to Lancaster.

Note

222. iii. 2. 175-177:

I live with bread like you, LIKE YOU feel want,
LIKE YOU taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

225. iii. 3. 17-19:

Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er YOUR head,
Boling. I know it, uncle, and DARE NOT OPPOSE
Myself against their will. But who comes here?

226. iii. 3. 20: WHAT, Harry! WELCOME.

249. iii. 4. 73, 74:

THOT,—
[She pauses, as if half-choked by her emotion]
Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How DARES

Thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasant news!
 316. v. 5. 144: *Uncle, farewell: adieu, consort MINE, adieu,*
So Collier.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

58. l. 2. 73: *Desolate, AH! desolate.*

142. ii. 1. 277, 278:

I have from MORBIAN, a bay
In Brittany.

Note

171. ii. 3. 21, 22:

It is my son, young Harry Percy, sent
From WORCESTER, MY BROTHER, whencesoever.

174. ii. 3. 55: *And in it are the Lords York, Beckley,*
Seymour.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING RICHARD II.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is
 used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed in F. 1 as two separate words.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Abstains ¹	ii. 1. 76	Attorneys-general	ii. 1. 263	Broad-spreading	iii. 4. 50	Conveyers.....	iv. 1. 317
Administer....	i. 3. 182	Burthenous.....	ii. 1. 260	Craftsmen.....	i. 4. 28	Crossly.....	ii. 4. 24
All-hating.....	v. 5. 66	Bay-trees.....	ii. 4. 8	Care-tuned....	iii. 2. 92	Daintiness.....	v. 5. 45
Almsman.....	iii. 3. 149	Bedrench.....	iii. 3. 46	Chambered....	i. 1. 149	Dangling.....	iii. 4. 29
Appeal ²	i. 1. 9	Beggar-fear....	i. 1. 189	Chivalrons....	i. 1. 81	Daring-hardy	i. 3. 43
	i. 1. 27	Benevolences ³	ii. 1. 250	Cloister ⁴ (verb)	v. 1. 23	*Demi-paradise	ii. 1. 42
Apprenticehood	i. 3. 21	Blanks ⁴	ii. 1. 250	Complain ⁵ (reil.)	i. 4. 42		
	i. 3. 271	Blindfold ⁵	i. 3. 224	Complot (verb)	i. 1. 96		
		Bray (sub.)....	i. 3. 135		i. 3. 189		

¹ Lawrence, 130. (Used there without the preposition *from*.)

² to impeach; the participle appealed—impeached, i. 1. 142.

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³ In floral words. See note 137.

⁴ i.e. blank charters.

⁵ Venus and Adonis, 554.

⁶ Lawrence, 1085.

⁷ Lawrence, 508, 845.

* In Qq. and F. 1 printed as two words; *demi*, or *denar*, being treated as an adj. But in England's Parnassus (1600), where this passage is quoted, the word is printed *demi-paradise*.

WORDS PECULIAR TO KING RICHARD II.

	Act Sc. line		Act Sc. line		Act Sc. line		Act Sc. line
Depressed.....	iii. 4 68	Imp (verb).....	ii. 1 222	Plumbe-plucked.....	iv. 1 108	Time-bewasted.....	i. 3 221
Deterrminate (verb) f.	3 150	Imprese.....	iii. 1 25	Portcullised.....	i. 3 167	Time-honoured.....	i. 1 1
Disburdened.....	ii. 1 229	Inhabitable.....	i. 1 65	Proportionable.....	ii. 2 125	Tormentors.....	ii. 1 136
Discomfortable.....	iii. 2 30	Intermixt ¹⁹	v. 5 12	Pupil-like.....	v. 1 31		
Disorderly.....	ii. 2 110					Unbegot ²³	iii. 3 88
Disparked.....	iii. 1 23	Justs (sub.).....	v. 2 52	Refuge (verb).....	v. 5 26	Unbroke.....	iv. 1 215
Dis-tall-women.....	iii. 2 118	Knighly (adv.).....	i. 3 12	Regenerate (adj.).....	i. 3 79	Uncontrolled ²⁴	i. 3 90
Double-fatal.....	iii. 2 117				i. 3 67	Unseure.....	iii. 2 137
Drunkeny.....	ii. 1 127	Lean-backed.....	ii. 4 11	Regreet (verb).....	i. 3 112	Unseuf.....	ii. 1 16
		Lean-witted.....	ii. 1 115		i. 3 486	Unseck.....	iv. 1 250
Eagle-winged.....	i. 3 129	Leased.....	ii. 1 59	Resignation.....	iv. 1 179	Unshapied.....	iii. 1 10
Engadled.....	i. 3 166	Lie-giver.....	iv. 1 68	Restful ²⁵	iv. 1 12	Unhorse.....	v. 3 19
		Life-harming.....	ii. 2 3	Right-drawn.....	i. 1 46	Unkinged.....	iv. 1 220
Falter ²	iii. 2 26	Maid-pale.....	iii. 3 98	Rival-hating.....	i. 3 131		v. 5 37
Farm ¹⁰ (verb).....	i. 4 45	Make-peace.....	i. 1 160	Ring-headed.....	ii. 1 156	Unpleased.....	iii. 3 133
Farm ¹¹ (lease).....	ii. 1 256	Mammal ¹⁷	iv. 1 25	Sea-walled.....	iii. 4 43	Unrestrained.....	v. 3 7
*Fly-slow ¹²	i. 3 150	Misgoverned.....	v. 2 5	Self-alrighted.....	iii. 2 53	Unrightful.....	v. 1 63
Frequent ¹³ (intrm) v.	3 6	Mont.....	ii. 1 48	Self-horn.....	ii. 3 80	Unstooping.....	i. 1 121
Gaunt.....	ii. 1 71	Monarchize.....	iii. 2 165	Self-mould.....	i. 2 23	Unstringed.....	i. 3 162
Glazed ¹⁴	ii. 2 16			Shrill-voiced.....	v. 3 75	Unthriffts ²⁶	ii. 3 122
Grassy.....	iii. 3 50	Nearness ¹⁵	i. 1 119	Sickliness.....	ii. 1 142	Untradden ²⁷	i. 2 69
			ii. 2 127	Sky-aspiring.....	i. 3 130	Upstart (adj.).....	ii. 3 122
Hairless ¹⁶	iii. 2 112	Nether.....	ii. 3 150	*Soon believing.....	i. 1 101	Vauntingly.....	iv. 1 39
*Harsh-resound- ing.....	i. 3 135	Never-quenching.....	v. 5 169	Sparkles (sub.).....	v. 3 21		
Heavy-gaited.....	iii. 2 15	Noblesse.....	iv. 1 119	Sprightly.....	i. 3 3	*Walking-stuff ²⁷	iii. 3 151
*High-stomached.....	i. 1 18	Oil-dried.....	i. 3 221	Stagers ²¹	v. 5 110	*Well-disposed.....	ii. 1 206
Ill-erected.....	v. 1 2	Oil-pray.....	v. 3 169	*Still-breeding.....	v. 5 8	*Well-graced.....	v. 2 21
Imagery.....	v. 2 16	Oyster-wench.....	i. 4 31	Stringless.....	ii. 1 119	*Well-meaning.....	ii. 1 128
		Partialize.....	i. 1 129	Sullens (sub.).....	ii. 1 131	Whencesoever.....	ii. 3 22
		Party-verdict.....	i. 3 224	Taxes (sub) ²²	ii. 1 246	Wistly ²⁸	v. 4 7
		Pines ¹⁹	v. 1 77	Tender-hearted.....	iii. 3 160	Wrath-kindled.....	i. 1 152

⁹ Lucerne, 1708.

¹⁰ In the sense of to let on lease.

¹¹ In the expression "in farm."

¹² The reading of F. 2. All the other old copies (q, and F. 1, F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially) *stay* again.

¹³ Used transitively, Thoin, i. 1 17; Pericles, iv. 6 162.

¹⁴ Sonn. xxiv. 8; Lover's Complaint, 286.

¹⁵ Venus and Adonis, 487.

¹⁶ Sonn. cl. 8.

¹⁷ Venus and Adonis, 516.

¹⁸ In this passage F. 1 has *more* as is plainly shown by the preceding word *unshapied*.

¹⁹ As a transitive verb so used in Venus and Adonis, 692; but nowhere else by Shakespeare.

²⁰ Sonn. lxxvi. 1.

²¹ Used transitively in the sense of "to make to reel;" used in sense of "to make to hesitate," "to bewilder," Henry VIII. ii. 4 212.

²² Used, in fiscal sense, only in this passage. The verb occurs frequently.

²³ *Unbegotten* occurs in King John, iv. 3 54.

²⁴ Venus and Adonis, 164; Lucerne, 645.

²⁵ Sonn. ix. 9; xiii. 13.

²⁶ *Unthriffts* occurs in Julius Caesar, iii. 1 139.

²⁷ Not hyphenated in old copies. ²⁸ Venus and Adonis, 315; Lucerne, 1355; Pilgrim, 82.

	Act	Sc.	Line
be-wasted	i.	3	221
be-nomoured	i.	1	1
be-tora...	ii.	1	136
be-ot ²⁴ ...	iii.	3	88
be-ke...	iv.	1	215
be-trolled ²⁴	i.	3	90
be-se...	iii.	2	137
be-f...	ii.	1	16
be-ke...	iv.	1	259
be-opped...	iii.	1	10
be-so...	v.	3	19
be-ved...	iv.	1	226
be-ved...	v.	5	37
be-ased...	iii.	3	193
be-trained...	v.	3	7
be-htful...	v.	1	63
be-oping...	i.	1	121
be-inged...	i.	3	162
be-tiffs ²⁵ ...	ii.	3	122
be-dden ²⁶ ...	i.	2	69
be-rt (adj.)	ii.	3	122
be-tingly...	iv.	1	39
be-king-staff ²⁷	iii.	3	151
be-disposed...	ii.	1	206
be-graced...	v.	2	24
be-meaning	ii.	1	128
be-ces-e-ver	ii.	3	22
be-y ²⁸ ...	v.	4	7
be-kindled	i.	1	152

be-lypethen occurs in *King*
iv. 3. 54.
be-nous and *be-nous*, 194; *be-*
615.
be-nous, ix. 9; xiii. 13.
be-lypethen occurs in *Julius Caesar*,
130.
be-lypethen in old copies.
be-nous and *be-nous*, 34; *be-*
1355; *Pilgrim*, 82.

