Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to diſturb me?
'The king hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.
'*Buck.* 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?
'*Buck.* 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[5],—
'Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
'Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave,
'Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the court.
'*York.* Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great[6].
'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,
'Till Henry be more weak, and I more ſtrong.— *Aſide.*

However, in the licentious phraſeology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his ſceptre*, (that is, exerciſe his royal power,) when he obtains it, ſo as to abaſe and deſtroy the French.—The following line alſo in *King Henry VIII.* adds ſupport to the old copy:

"Sir, *as I have a ſoul*, ſhe is an angel." MALONE.

5 — *being a ſubject as I am,*] Here again in the old play we have the ſtyle and verification of our author's immediate predeceſſors:

"Or that thou, being a ſubject as I am,
"*Should'ſt thus approach ſo near with colours ſpread,*
"*Whereas the perſon of the king doth keepe.*" MALONE.

6 *Scarce can I ſpeak*, &c.] The firſt nine lines of this ſpeech are founded on the following in the old play:

"A ſubject as he is!
"O, how I hate theſe ſpiteful abject terms!
"But York diſſemble, *till thou meet thy ſonnes*,
"Who now in arms expect their father's ſight,
"And not far hence I know they cannot be." MALONE.

'O Buck-

‘ O Buckingham[7], I pr'ythee, 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.
‘ *Buck.* That is too much preſumption on thy part:
‘ But if thy arms be to no other end,
‘ The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
‘ The duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour, is he priſoner?
Buck. 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,
‘ As pledges of my fealty 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.
‘ *Buck.* York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion:
‘ We twain will go into his highneſs' tent[8].

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

‘ *K. Hen.* 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.
‘ *K. Hen.* Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

[7] O *Buckingham,*] *O,* which is not in the authentick copy, was added, to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *We twain will go into his highneſs' tent.*] Shakſpeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, inſtead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines ſtand thus:

Buck. Come, York, thou ſhalt go ſpeak unto the king;—
But ſee, his grace is coming to meet with us. MALONE.

' *York.* To heave the traitor Somerſet from hence[9];
' And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel, Cade,
' Who ſince I hear'd 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.
' *K. Hen.* 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.
' Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
' *Iden.* I was, an't like your majeſty.
' *K. Hen.* 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.
* *Buck.* So pleaſe it you, my lord, 'twere not amiſs
* He were created knight for his good ſervice.
' *K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Riſe up a knight.
' 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,

9 York. *To heave the traitor Somerſet from hence;*] The correſponding ſpeech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, who acquaints the king with the plea that York had before made to him for his riſing: "To heave the duke of Somerſet," &c. This variation could never have ariſen from copyiſts, ſhort-hand writers, or printers. MALONE.

* *The head of Cade?*] The ſpeech correſponding to this in the firſt part of the *Whole Contention*, &c. 1600, is alone ſufficient to prove that piece the work of another poet:

King. Firſt, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my friend,
That haſt ſubdu'd that wicked traitor thus.
O, let me ſee that head, that in his life
Did work me and my land ſuch cruel ſpight.
A viſage ſtern; coal-black his curled locks;
Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,
Preſageth warlike humours in his life.
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created knight:
Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name. MALONE.

'And never live but true unto his liege[1]!

'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerſet comes with the queen;

'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET.

'*Q. Mar.* 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[2]?

'Then, York, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,

'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

'Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?—

'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's ſtaff,

'And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.

'That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine;

'Whoſe ſmile and frown, like to Achilles' ſpear,

'Is able with the change to kill and cure[3].

[1] *May Iden*, &c.] Iden has ſaid before:

Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy, &c.

Shakſpeare makes Iden rail at thoſe enjoyments which he ſuppoſes to be out of his reach; but no ſooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden's eulogium on the happineſs of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours beſtowed by his majeſty, Shakſpeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

[2] *How now!* &c.] This ſpeech is greatly amplified, and in other reſpects very different from the original, which conſiſts of but ten lines. MALONE.

[3] —— *like to Achilles' ſpear,*
Is able with the change to kill and cure.]

Myſus et Æmonia juvenis qua cuſpide vulnus
Senſerat, hac ipſa cuſpide ſenſit opem. PROPERT. Lib. II. El. 1.

Greene in his *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599, has the ſame alluſion:

'Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myſelf;
'As thoſe that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
'Fetch'd help at ſelf-ſame pointed ſpeare.' MALONE.

' Here is a hand to hold a ſceptre up,
' And with the ſame to act controlling laws.
' Give place; by heaven, thou ſhalt rule no more
' O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.
' *Som.* O monſtrous traitor!—I arreſt thee, York,
' Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the king and crown:
* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
* *York.* Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt let me aſk of theſe[4],
* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
* Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail; [*Exit an* Attend.
* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
* They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.
' *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
* To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of York
* Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.
* *York.* O blood-beſpotted Neapolitan,
* Out-caſt of Naples, England's bloody ſcourge!
' The ſons of York, thy betters in their birth,
' Shall be their father's bail; and bane to thoſe
' That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with forces, at one ſide; at the other, with forces alſo, old* CLIFFORD *and his ſon.*

* See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.
* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.
' *Clif.* Health and all happineſs to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*

4 —*firſt let me aſk of* theſe,] By *theſe* Mr. Tyrwhitt ſuppoſes York means his knees, "on which he lays his hands, or at leaſt points to them." I have no doubt that York means either his ſons, whom he mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be ſuppoſed to point. Dr. Warburton tranſpoſed the lines, placing that which is now the middle line at the beginning of the ſpeech. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been unneceſſary. The folio reads —*of thee*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was ſubſtituted for *ſon* by the editor of the ſecond folio. The correction is juſtified both by the context and the old play. "*For* my enfranchiſement," inſtead of—*of* my, &c. was likewiſe his correction. MALONE.

' *York.*

' *York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
' Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
' We are thy ſovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
' For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
' *Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not miſtake;
' But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do:—
' To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
' *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour[5]
' Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his king.
' *Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
' And chop away that factious pate of his.
' *Q. Mar.* 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.
' *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
* *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[6],
* That, with the very ſhaking of their chains,
* They may aſtoniſh theſe fell lurking curs[7];
* Bid Saliſbury, and Warwick, come to me[8].

Drums.

5 — *a* bedlam *and ambitious humour*—] The word *bedlam* was not uſed in the reign of king Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hoſpital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a houſe or hoſpital for lunaticks till the reign of king Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpoſe. GREY.

Shakſpeare was led into this anachroniſm by the author of the elder play. MALONE.

6 *Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,*—

Bid Saliſbury and Warwick come—] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a *bear and ragged ſtaff* for their cognizance. SIR J. HAWK.

7 — fell lurking *curs:*] *Curs* who are at once a compound of *cruelty* and *treachery*. STEEVENS.

8 *Bid Saliſbury, and Warwick, come to me.*] Here in the old play the following lines are found:

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.
York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou haſt;
Both thou and they ſhall curſe this fatal hour.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with forces.*

' *Clif.* Are theſe thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
' 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'er-weening cur
* Run back and bite, becauſe he was withheld;
* Who, being ſuffer'd * with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
* And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
* If you oppoſe yourſelves to match lord Warwick.
* *Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted 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.
* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
* Old Saliſbury,—ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
* Thou mad miſ-leader 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,
* Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?—
* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
* And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
* Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
* Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
* For ſhame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakſpeare, we ſee, has not introduced him in the preſent ſcene, but has availed himſelf of thoſe lines below. MALONE.

9 *Oft have I ſeen*, &c.] Bear-baiting was anciently a royal ſport. See Stow's Account of Queen Elizabeth's amuſements of this kind; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle.* PERCY.

* —*being* ſuffer'd—] Being ſuffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not however ſure but the poet meant, being in a ſtate of *ſufferance* or pain. MALONE.

* That

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
* *Sal.* My lord, I have conſider'd 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.
* *K. Hen.* Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?
* *Sal.* I have.
* *K. Hen.* Canſt thou diſpenſe with heaven for ſuch an oath?
* *Sal.* It is great ſin, to ſwear unto a ſin[1];
* 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 reave the orphan of his patrimony,
* To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right;
* And have no other reaſon for this wrong,
* But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?
* *Q. Mar.* A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.
' *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himſelf.
' *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haſt,
' I am reſolv'd for death, or dignity[2].
' *Clif.* The firſt I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
' *War.* You were beſt to 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[3],

[1] *It is great ſin, to ſwear unto a ſin*; &c.] We have the ſame ſentiment in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"It is religion, to be thus forſworn."

Again, in *King John*:

"It is religion that doth make vows kept;
"But thou doſt ſwear only to be forſworn;
"And moſt forſworn to keep what thou doſt ſwear." MALONE.

[2] —*for death, or dignity.*] The folio reads—*and* dignity. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] —*burgonet,*] is a *helmet*. JOHNSON.

Might I but know thee by thy houſhold badge[4].

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 ceda ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

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

Rich. Fie! charity, for ſhame! ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with *Jeſu Chriſt* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul ſtigmatick[5], that's more than thou canſt tell.

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

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excurſions. 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 Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.

[4] —*thy* houſhold *badge.*] The folio has *houſed* badge, owing probably to the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

[5] *Foul* ſtigmatick,] A *ſtigmatick* is one on whom nature has ſet a mark of deformity, a ſtigma. STEEVENS.

This certainly is the meaning here. A *ſtigmatick* originally and properly ſignified a perſon who has been branded with a hot iron for ſome crime. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616. MALONE.

Enter

Enter YORK.

' How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?
' *York.* The deadly-handed Clifford ſlew my ſteed;
' 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 [6].

Enter CLIFFORD.

' *War.* Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, ſeek thee out ſome other chace,
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 unaſſail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
' *Clif.* What ſeeſt thou in me, York [7]? why doſt thou pauſe?
' *York.* With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
' But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemy.
' *Clif.* Nor ſhould thy proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,
' But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in treaſon.

[6] *Even of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well.*] In the old play:
" The bonnieſt gray, that e'er was bred in North." MALONE.

[7] *What ſee'ſt thou in me, York?* &c.] Inſtead of this and the ten following lines, we find theſe in the old play, and the variation is worth noting:

York. Now, Clifford, ſince we are ſingled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us;
For now my heart hath ſworn immortal hate
To thee and all the houſe of Lancaſter.
Clif. And here I ſtand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing ne'er to ſtir till thou or I be ſlain;
For never ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I have ſpoil'd the hateful houſe of York.
[*Alarums, and they fight, and* York *kills* Clifford.
York. Now Lancaſter, ſit ſure; thy ſinews ſhrink.
Come, fearful Henry, groveling on thy face,
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York. [*Exit* York.
MALONE.

' *York.*

'*York.* So let it help me now againſt thy ſword,
'As I in juſtice and true right expreſs it!
'*Clif.* My ſoul and body on the action both!—
'*York.* A dreadful lay[8]!—addreſs thee inſtantly.

[*They fight, and* Clifford *falls.*

'Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres*[9]. [*Dies*[1].
'*York.* Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill.
'Peace with his ſoul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout[2];
* Fear frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds

* Where

[8] *A dreadful lay!*—] A dreadful wager; a tremendous ſtake. JOHNSON.

[9] *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*] The players read:
La fin corrone les eumenes. STEEVENS.
Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *Dies.*] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of hiſtory, a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmoſt to make his characters conſiderable. This circumſtance however ſerves to prepare the reader or ſpectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's ſon on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this hiſtorical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there repreſents Clifford's death as it really happened:

"*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.*" PERCY.

For this inconſiſtency the elder poet muſt anſwer; for theſe lines are in the *True tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, &c. on which, as I conceive, the third part of *King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

[2] *Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout*; &c.] Inſtead of this long ſpeech, we have the following lines in the old play:

Y. Clifford. Father of Cumberland!
Where may I ſeek my aged father forth?
O diſmal ſight! ſee where he breathleſs lies,
All ſmear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true houſe!
Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghoſt I ſwear
Immortal hate unto the houſe of York;
Nor never ſhall I ſleep ſecure one night,
Till I have furiouſly reveng'd thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

[*He takes him up on his back.*

And

Where it ſhould guard. O war, thou ſon of hell,
* Whom angry heavens do make their miniſter,
* Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
* Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no ſoldier fly:
* He that is truly dedicate to war,
* Hath no ſelf-love; nor he, that loves himſelf,
* Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
* The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*ſeeing his dead father.*
* And the premiſed flames[3] of the laſt day
* Knit earth and heaven together!
* Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
* Particularities and petty ſounds
* To ceaſe[4]!—Waſt thou ordain'd, dear father,
* To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve[5]
* The ſilver livery of adviſed age[6];
* And, in thy reverence[7], and thy chair-days, thus
* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this ſight,
* My heart is turn'd to ſtone*: and, while 'tis 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;

And thus as old Anchiſes' ſon did bear
His aged father on his manly back,
And fought with him againſt the bloody Greeks,
Even ſo will I;—but ſtay, here's one of them,
To whom my ſoul hath ſworn immortal hate. MALONE.

3 *And the* premiſed *flames*—] *Premiſed*, for ſent before their time. The ſenſe is, let the flames reſerved for the laſt day be ſent now. WARBURTON.

4 *To* ceaſe!] is to *ſtop*, a verb active. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" ——— be not *ceas'd*
" With ſlight denial —." STEEVENS.

5 — *to atchieve*] is, to obtain. JOHNSON.

6 — *of* adviſed *age*;] *Adviſed* is wiſe, experienced. MALONE.

7 *And, in thy* reverence,] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has uſed the word in the ſame manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother ſays to the elder, (ſpeaking of their father,) " thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*." MALONE.

* *My heart is turn'd to ſtone:*] So, in *Othello*: " —my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand." MALONE.

* And

* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax[8].
* 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 Abſyrtus did *:
* In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
' Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's houſe;
[*Taking up the body.*
' As did Æneas old Anchiſes bear,
' So bear I thee upon my manly ſhoulders[9];
* But then Æneas bare a living load,
* Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET, *fighting, and* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—

[8] —*to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
" To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
" And melt in her own fire." STEEVENS.

* *As wild Medea*, &c.] When Medea fled with Jaſon from Colchos, ſhe murdered her brother Abſyrtus, and cut his body into ſeveral pieces, that her father might be prevented for ſome time from purſuing her. See Ovid, *Triſt.* Lib. III. El. 9.
— divellit, divulſaque membra per agros
Diſſipat, in multis invenienda locis:—
Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus
Dum legit extinctos, triſte moretur iter. MALONE.

[9] The quarto copy has theſe lines:
Even ſo will I.—But ſtay, here's one of them,
To whom my ſoul hath ſworn immortal hate.
Enter Richard, *and then* Clifford *lays down his father, fights with him, and* Richard *flies away again.*
Out, crook-back'd villain, get thee from my ſight!
But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.
[*Exit young* Clifford, *with his father.*
STEEVENS.
This is to be added to all the other circumſtances which have been urged to ſhew that the quarto play was the production of an elder writer than Shakſpeare. The former's deſcription of Æneas is different. See p. 250, n. 2. MALONE.

' For,

‘ For, underneath an ale-houſe' paltry ſign [1],
The Caſtle in ſaint Albans, 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.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

‘ *Q. Mar.* Away, my lord [3], you are ſlow; for ſhame, away!

* *K. Hen.* Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, ſtay.

* *Q. Mar.*

[1] *For, underneath an ale-houſe' paltry ſign,*] Dr. Johnſon juſtly obſerves that the particle *for* ſeems to be uſed here without any apparent inference. The correſponding paſſage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:

“ *Behold, the prophecy is come to paſs;*
“ For, underneath—” &c.

We have had already two ſimilar omiſſions in this play. MALONE.

Thus the paſſage ſtands in the quarto:

Rich. So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!
What's here? the ſign of the Caſtle?
Then the prophecy is come to paſs;
For Somerſet was forewarned of caſtles,
The which he always did obſerve; and now,
Behold, under a paltry ale-houſe ſign,
The Caſtle in ſaint Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous by his death. STEEVENS.

[2] —*famous in his death.*—] The death of Somerſet here accompliſhes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we meet with at the cloſe of the firſt act of this play:

Let him ſhun caſtles:
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles, mounted, *ſtand.*

i. e. the repreſentation of a *caſtle,* mounted for a *ſign.* THEOBALD.

[3] *Away, my lord,* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London ſtraight;
Make haſte, for vengeance comes along with them;
Come, ſtand not to expoſtulate: let's go.
King. Come then, fair queen, to London let us haſte,
And ſummon a parliament with ſpeed,
To ſtop the fury of theſe dire events. [*Exeunt* King *and* Queen.

Previous to the entry of the king and queen, there is the following ſtage-direction:

“ *Alarum*

* *Q. Mar.* 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 far off.*
* If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
* Of all our fortunes[4]: but if we haply ſcape,
* (As well we may, if not through 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.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
* I would ſpeak blaſphemy ere bid you fly;
* But fly you muſt; uncurable diſcomfit
* Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent parts[5].
* Away, for your relief! and we will live
* To ſee their day, and them our fortune give:
* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

" *Alarums again, and then enter three or four bearing* the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent. *Alarums ſtill, and then enter the king and queen.*" See p. 133, n. 3, and p. 140, n. 8. MALONE.

4 *If you be ta'en, we then ſhould* ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes:] Of this expreſſion, which is undoubtedly Shakſpeare's, he appears to have been fond. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
" —— for therein ſhould we read
" The very *bottom* and the ſoul of hope,
" The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
" *Of all our fortunes.*"
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" Which *ſees into the bottom* of my grief."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" To *look* into *the bottom* of my place." MALONE.

5 —*all our preſent* parts.] Should we not read?—*party*. TYRWHITT.

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:
" Throw in the frozen boſoms of our *part*
" Hot coals of vengeance."
I think I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

' *York.* Of Saliſbury, who can report of him[6];
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contuſions and all bruſh of time[7];
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth[8],
* 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 holp him to his horſe,

[6] *Of Saliſbury*, &c.] The correſponding ſpeeches to this and the following, are theſe, in the original play:

York. How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,
I hope to us and ours, for England's good,
And our great honour, that ſo long we loſt,
Whilſt faint-heart Henry did uſurp our rights.
But did you ſee old Saliſbury, ſince we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loſs of this right hand
That aught but well betide that good old man.
Rich. My lord, I ſaw him in the thickeſt throng,
Charging his launce with his old weary arms;
And thrice I ſaw him beaten from his horſe,
And thrice this hand did ſet him up again;
And ſtill he fought with courage 'gainſt his foes;
The boldeſt-ſprited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.

MALONE.

[7] —*bruſh of time*;] The gradual detrition of time. So, in *Timon of Athens*: " —one winter's *bruſh*—." STEEVENS.

[8] —*gallant in the* brow *of* youth,] The *brow* of *youth*, is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its ſummit. So, in *Othello*:
" ——— the head and *front* of my offending."
Again, in *K. John*:
" Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night." STEEVENS.

' Three

‘ Three times beſtrid him [9], thrice I led him off,
‘ Perſuaded him from any further act:
‘ But ſtill, where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
‘ And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
‘ So was his will in his old feeble body.
‘ But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

‘ *Sal.* Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to-day [1];
‘ 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 [2];
‘ 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
‘ Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature [3].

‘ *York.*

[9] *Three times beſtrid him,*] That is, Three times I ſaw him fallen, and, ſtriding over him, defended him till he recovered. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 245, n. 9. Of this act of friendſhip, which Shakſpeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find at the other ſide of this page; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumſtances, which when united form almoſt a deciſive proof that the piece before us was conſtructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

[1] *Well haſt thou fought,* &c.] The variation between this ſpeech and that in the original play deſerves to be noticed:

Sal. Well haſt thou fought this day, thou valiant duke;
And thou brave bud of York's increaſing houſe,
The ſmall remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm
Three times this day thou haſt preſerv'd my life. MALONE.

[2] *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;*] i. e. we have not ſecured, we are not ſure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author's *Rape of Lucrece,* a poem very nearly contemporary with the preſent piece, we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion:

"That oft they have not that which they poſſeſs." MALONE.

[3] *Being* oppoſites *of ſuch* repairing *nature.*] Being enemies that are likely ſo ſoon to rally and recover themſelves from this defeat. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5.

To

' *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[4].
' 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[5], lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
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.*

To *repair* in our author's language is, *to renovate.* So, in *Cymbeline*:

" O, diſloyal thing!
" That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth,—."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" —— It much *repairs* me,
" To talk of your good father." MALONE.

4 *To call a preſent court of parliament.*] The king and queen left the ſtage only juſt as York entered, and have not ſaid a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this?—The fact is, as we have ſeen, that in the old play the king does ſay, " he will call a parliament," but our author has omitted the lines. He has, therefore, here as in ſome other places, fallen into an impropriety, by ſometimes following and at others deſerting his original. MALONE.

5 *Now by my* faith,] The firſt folio reads—Now by my *hand.* This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See p. 237, n. 8. The true reading I have reſtored from the old play. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *his ſon.*
Lewis XI. *King of* France.
Duke of Somerſet,
Duke of Exeter,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Weſtmoreland,
Lord Clifford,
} *Lords on King* Henry's *ſide.*
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* Gloceſter,
} *his ſons.*
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford,
} *of the Duke of* York's *party.*
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 ſon that has killed his father.
A father that has killed his ſon.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards queen to* Edward IV.
Bona, *ſiſter to the* French *queen.*

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

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France; *during all the reſt of the play, in* England.

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament-Houſe.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Others, with white roſes in their hats.*

War. I wonder, how the king eſcap'd our hands.

York. While we purſu'd the horſemen of the north,

He

[1] The action of this play (which was at firſt printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth*; or, *The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaſter*) opens juſt after the firſt battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and cloſes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this hiſtory takes in the ſpace of full ſixteen years. Theobald.

I have never ſeen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of The Whole Contention, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me, and it is not preciſely the ſame with that deſcribed by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619) correſpond with their deſcription. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole contention between the two houſes Lancaſter and Yorke: as it was ſundry times acted by the Right Honourable* the Earle of Pembrooke his Servants. *Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall*, 1600." On this piece Shakſpeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. See p. 115, n. 1, and the Eſſay at the end of this play. Malone.

The preſent hiſtorical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the ſtage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miſeries of Civil War.*

He ſlily ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe warlike ears could never brook retreat,
'Chear'd up the drooping army; and himſelf,
'Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breaſt,
'Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
'Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain[2].
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
'Is either ſlain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
'That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*ſhewing his bloody ſword.*
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltſhire's blood, [*to* York, *ſhewing his.*
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[3] dead, my lord of Somerſet?
Norf.

Surely the works of Shakſpeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own compoſition:

"For by his feeble ſkill 'tis built alone,
"The divine Shakſpeare *did not lay one ſtone.*"

whereas the very firſt ſcene is that of Jack Cade copied almoſt verbatim from the ſecond part of *K. Henry VI.* and ſeveral others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the ſeries of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two ſcenes of any play more cloſely connected than the firſt ſcene of this play with the laſt of the former. JOHNSON.

[2] *Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.*] Dr. Percy in a note on the preceding play, (p. 250, n. 1.) has pointed out the inconſiſtency between this account, and the repreſentation there, Clifford being killed on the ſtage by the duke of York, the preſent ſpeaker. Shakſpeare was led into this inconſiſtency by the author of the original plays: if indeed there was but one author, for this circumſtance might lead us to ſuſpect that the *firſt* and *ſecond* part of *The Contention*, &c. were not written by the ſame hand.—However, this is not deciſive; for the author, whoever he was, might have been inadvertent, as we find Shakſpeare undoubtedly was. MALONE.

[3] What, *is your grace*—] The folio reads—*But* is your grace, &c.

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake king Henry's head.
War. And ſo do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter uſurps,
I vow by heaven, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
' And this the regal ſeat: poſſeſs it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet Warwick, and I will;
' For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll 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 by force. [*They retire.*
* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;
* But little thinks, we ſhall be of her council:
* By words, or blows, here let us win our right.
* *Rich.* Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And baſhful Henry depos'd, whoſe cowardice
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 [4].
' I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—

It was evidently a miſtake of the tranſcriber, the word in the old play being *Woat*, which ſuits ſufficiently with York's exultation; whereas *But* affords no ſenſe whatſoever. MALONE.

[4] —*if Warwick ſhake his bells.*] The alluſion is to falconry. The hawks had ſometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from riſing. JOHNSON.

Reſolve thee, Richard; claim the Engliſh crown.

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

Flouriſh. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and Others, with red roſes in their hats.*

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; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his ſons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in ſteel.

Weſt. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Weſtmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, 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.

North. 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?

Exe. But, when[5] 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.—

[*They advance to the duke.*

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

5 Exe. *But when*, &c.] This line is by the miſtake of the compoſitor given to Weſtmoreland. The king's anſwer ſhews that it belongs to Exeter, to whom it is aſſigned in the old play. MALONE.

York.

York. Thou art deceiv'd[6], I am thine.

Exe. For ſhame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was[7].

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this uſurping Henry.

Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard[8], duke of York.

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

York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo. Content thyſelf.

War. Be duke of Lancaſter, let him be king.

Weſt. He is both king and duke of Lancaſter;
And that the lord of Weſtmoreland ſhall maintain.

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

North. 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.

Clif. Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,

[6] *Thou art deceiv'd,*] Theſe words, which are not in the folio, were reſtored from the old play. The defect of the metre in the folio, makes it probable that they were accidentally omitted. The meaſure is, however, ſtill faulty. MALONE.

[7] *'Twas my inheritance, as the* earldom *was.*] York means, I ſuppoſe, that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother, [illegible] the wife of the earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly aſſerts his right to the crown; for his title to the crown was not as duke of York, but earl of March.

In the original play the line ſtands thus:

"'Twas my inheritance, as *the kingdom is*,"—

and why Shakſpeare altered it, it is not eaſy to ſay; for the new line only exhibits the ſame meaning more obſcurely. MALONE.

[8] —and *that's Richard,*] The word *and,* which was accidentally omitted in the firſt folio, is found in the old play. MALONE.

I ſend

I ſend thee, Warwick, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death, before I ſtir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats!
York. Will you, we ſhew 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[9];
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the ſon of Henry the fifth[1],
Who made the Dauphin and the French to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you loſe:—
Father, tear the crown from the uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*to* York.] as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to ſpeak.
War. Plantagenet ſhall ſpeak firſt:—hear him, lords;
And be you ſilent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, ſhall not live.

[9] *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;*] This is a miſtake, into which Shakſpeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard duke of York was earl of Cambridge, and was never duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother Edward duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the preſs, reads—*My* father. The true reading was furniſhed by the old play. MALONE.

[1] *I am the ſon of Henry the fifth,*] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the ſole ſupport of his ſon. The name of Henry the Fifth diſperſed the followers of Cade. JOHNSON.

' *K. Hen.* Think'ſt thou, that I will leave my kingly throne[2],
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.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou ſhalt be king[3].
K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conqueſt got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion againſt his king.
K. Hen. 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 Henry the fourth;
Whoſe heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He roſe againſt him, being his ſovereign,
And made him to reſign his crown perforce.
War. Suppoſe, my lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown[4]?
* *Exe.* 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?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

[2] *Think'ſt thou*, &c.] The old play here exhibits four lines that are not in the folio. They could not have proceeded from the *imagination* of the tranſcriber, and therefore they muſt be added to the many other circumſtances that have been already urged, to ſhew that theſe plays were not *originally* the production of Shakſpeare:

"Ah Plantagenet, why ſeek'ſt thou to depoſe me?
" Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
" And from two brothers lineally diſcent?
" Suppoſe by right and equity thou be king,
" Think'ſt thou," &c. MALONE.

[3] *Prove it*, Henry, &c.] *Henry* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries as a word of three ſyllables. MALONE.

[4] —*prejudicial to his crown?*] Detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty. JOHNSON.

* *York.*

' *York.* Why whiſper you, my lords, and anſwer not?
Exe. My conſcience tells me, he is lawful king.
K. Hen. 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 deſpight of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy ſouthern power,
' Of Eſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,—
Can ſet the duke up, in deſpight of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me alive[5],
' 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 mutter 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, and the ſoldiers ſhew themſelves.*
' *K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear but one word[6];—
' 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.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe[7].

Clif.

[5] *May that* ground gape, *and ſwallow me alive,*] So, in Phaer's Tranſlation of the fourth Æneid:

" But rather would I wiſh the ground to gape for me below."

STEEVENS.

[6] —hear *but one word*;] *Hear* is in this line, as in ſome other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. See Vol. V. p. 249, n. *. The editor of the third folio, and all the ſubſequent editors, read—hear *me* but one word. MALONE.

[7] *I am* content: *&c.*] Inſtead of this ſpeech the old play has the following lines:

" *King.* Convey the ſoldiers hence, and then I will.
" *War.* Captaine, conduct them into Tuthilfields."

See

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.
Clif. Come, couſin, let us tell the queen theſe news.
Weſt. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt 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.
Exe. They ſeek revenge[8], and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myſelf, lord Warwick, but my ſon,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But, 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,
To honour me as thy king and ſovereign;
And neither[9] by treaſon, nor hoſtility,

See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; and p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] *They ſeek revenge,*] They go away, not becauſe they doubt the juſtice of this determination, but becauſe they have been conquered, and ſeek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but paſſion. JOHNSON.

[9] *And* neither—] *Neither, either, whether, brother, rather,* and many ſimilar words, were uſed by Shakſpeare as monoſyllables. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*Either* death or you I'll find immediately."

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been entirely ignorant of our author's metre and phraſeology, not knowing this, omitted the word *And.* MALONE.

To

* To ſeek to put me down, and reign thyſelf.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[*coming from the throne.*
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet embrace him.
' *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and theſe thy forward ſons!
York. Now York and Lancaſter are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that ſeeks to make them foes!
[*Senet. The lords come forward.*
' *York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my caſtle[1].
War. And I'll keep London with my ſoldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the ſea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his* ſons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*
* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and ſorrow, to the court.
Enter Queen MARGARET, *and the Prince of* Wales.
Exe. Here comes the queen, whoſe looks bewray her anger:
I'll ſteal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, ſo will I. [*going.*
' *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will ſtay.
' *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in ſuch extremes?
* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid.
* And never ſeen thee, never borne thee ſon,
* Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnatural a father!
* Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his birth-right thus?
* Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
* Or nouriſh'd him, as I did with my blood;
* Thou wouldſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
* Rather than have made[2] that ſavage duke thine heir,

[1] —*I'll to my caſtle.*] Sandal Caſtle near Wakefield, in Yorkſhire. MALONE.

[2] Rather *than have made*—] *Rather* is here uſed as a monoſyllable. See p. 269, n. 9. MALONE.

* And

* 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, enforc'd me.
* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thyſelf, thy ſon, and me;
' And given unto the houſe of York ſuch head,
* As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance.
* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
* What is it, but to make thy ſepulchre[3],
* And creep into it far before thy time?
* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow ſeas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
' And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? * ſuch ſafety finds
* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
' Had I been there, which am a ſilly woman,
' The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes,
' Before I would have granted to that act.
* But thou preferr'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[4].
The northern lords, that have forſworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
' And ſpread they ſhall be; to thy foul diſgrace,
' And utter ruin of the houſe of York.
' Thus do I leave thee:—Come, ſon, let's away;

[3] *What is it, but to make thy ſepulchre,*] The queen's reproach is founded on a poſition long received among politicians, that the loſs of a king's power is ſoon followed by loſs of life. JOHNSON.

[4] *Whereby my ſon is diſinherited.*] The correſponding line in the old play is this. The variation is remarkable.

" Wherein thou yieldeſt to the houſe of York." MALONE.

' Our

' 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 [5], 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!
' Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful duke;
' Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,
' Will coſt my crown [6], and, like an empty eagle,
' Tire on the fleſh of me [7], and of my ſon!
' The loſs of thoſe three lords [8] torments my heart:
' I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
' Come, couſin, you ſhall be the meſſenger [9].

' *Exe.* And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

5 — from *the field,*] Folio—*to* the field. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

6 *Will coſt my crown,*] i. e. will coſt *me* my crown; will induce on me the expence or loſs of my crown. MALONE.

7 Tire *on the fleſh of me,*] To *tire* is to faſten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer.* JOHNSON.

To *tire* is to *peck.* So, in Decker's *Match me in London,* 1631:

" —— the vulture *tires*
" Upon the eagle's heart." STEEVENS.

8 — *thoſe three lords*—] That is, of Northumberland, Weſtmorland, and Clifford, who had left him in diſguſt. JOHNSON.

9 — *you ſhall be the meſſenger.*] Inſtead of the ſix laſt lines of this ſpeech, the firſt copy preſents theſe:

' Come, couſin of Exeter, ſtay thou here,
' For Clifford and thoſe northern lords be gone,
' I fear towards Wakefield, to diſturb the duke.'

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal *Caſtle, near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkſhire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

'*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

'*York.* Why, how now, ſons, and brother[1], at a ſtrife?
'What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?
'*Edw.* No quarrel, but a ſlight contention.
York. About what?
'*Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;
'The crown of England, father, which is yours.
'*York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.
'*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.
'*Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
'By giving the houſe of Lancaſter leave to breathe,
'It will outrun you, father, in the end.

[1] —*ſons, and brother,*] I believe we ſhould read—*couſin* inſtead of *brother*, unleſs *brother* be uſed by Shakſpeare as a term expreſſive of endearment, or becauſe they embarked, like brothers, in one cauſe. Montague was only couſin to York, and in the quarto he is ſo called. Shakſpeare uſes the expreſſion, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

It ſhould be, ſons and *brothers*; my *ſons*, and *brothers* to each other. JOHNSON.

The third folio reads as Dr. Johnſon adviſes. But as York again in this ſcene addreſſes Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uſes the ſame to York, Dr. Johnſon's conjecture cannot be right. Shakſpeare certainly ſuppoſed them to be brothers-in-law. MALONE.

Brother is right. In the two ſucceeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in reſpect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, or of the ſame council as in *King Henry VIII.* who ſays to Cranmer, "You are a *brother* of us." Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a ſon of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare made a miſtake about the time of the marriage. TOLLET.

' *York.* I took an oath, that he ſhould quietly reign.
' *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:
' I'd break a thouſand oaths, to reign one year.
' *Rich.* No; God forbid[2], your grace ſhould be for-
ſworn.
' *York.* I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.
' *Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.
' *York.* Thou canſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.
' *Rich.* An oath is of no moment[3], being not took
' Before a true and lawful magiſtrate,
' That hath authority over him that ſwears:
' Henry had none, but did uſurp the place;
' Then, ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
' Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
' Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
* How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
* Within whoſe circuit is Elyſium,
* And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
* Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
* Until the white roſe, that I wear, be dy'd
* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
' *York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—

[2] *Rich. No; God forbid,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the three following ſpeeches, the old play has theſe lines:

Rich. An if it pleaſe your grace to give me leave,
I'll ſhew your grace the way to ſave your oath,
And diſpoſſeſs King Henry from the crown.
York. I pr'ythee, Dick, let me hear thy deviſe.

See p. 268, n. 7, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

[3] *An oath is of no moment,*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very deſpicable ſophiſtry. A lawful magiſtrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magiſtrate. The plea againſt the obligation of an oath obliging [illegible] maintain an uſurper, taken from the unlawfulneſs of the oath itſelf in the foregoing play, was rational and juſt. JOHNSON.

This ſpeech is formed on the following one in the old play:

Rich. Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
' Being not ſworn before a lawful magiſtrate;
Henry is none, but doth uſurp your right;
And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath:
Then, noble father,
Reſolve yourſelf, and once more claim the crown. MALONE.

'Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently[4],
'And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
'Thou, Richard, ſhalt to the duke of Norfolk,
'And tell him privily of our intent.—
'You, Edward, ſhall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe:
'In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
'Witty, courteous[5], liberal, full of ſpirit.—
'While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
'But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe;
'And yet the king not privy to my drift,
'Nor any of the houſe of Lancaſter?

Enter a Meſſenger[6].

'But, ſtay; What news? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
'*Meſ.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords[7],
'Intend here to beſiege you in your caſtle:

'She

[4] *Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,*] Thus the original play:

Edward, thou ſhalt to Edmond Brooke, lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
Thou, couſin Montague, ſhalt to Norfolk ſtraight,
And bid the duke to muſter up his ſoldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield preſently.
And Richard, thou to London ſtraight ſhall poſt,
And bid Richard Nevill Earl of Warwick
To leave the city, and with his men of war
To meet me at St. Albans ten days hence.
My ſelf here in Sandall caſtle will provide
Both men and money, to further our attempts. MALONE.

[5] Witty, *courteous,*] *Witty* anciently ſignified, of ſound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham "the deep-revolving *witty* Buckingham." STEEVENS.

[6] Meſſenger.] In the folio, we have here by inadvertence, "Enter *Gabriel.*" Gabriel was the actor who played this inconſiderable part. He is mentioned by Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. The correction has been made from the old play. MALONE.

[7] *The queen, with all,* &c.] I know not whether the author intended any moral inſtruction, but he that reads this has a ſtriking admonition againſt that precipitancy by which men often uſe unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honeſtly in their power. Had York ſtaid but a few moments, he had ſaved his cauſe from the ſtain of perjury. JOHNSON.

' She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;
' And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
' *York.* Ay, with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou, that we fear them?—
' Edward and Richard, you ſhall ſtay with me;—
' My brother Montague ſhall poſt to London:
' Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the reſt,
' Whom we have left protectors of the king,
' With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
' And truſt not ſimple Henry, nor his oaths.
' *Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
' And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
' You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to beſiege us.
Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
' *York.* What, with five thouſand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What ſhould we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
' *Edw.* I hear their drums; Let's ſet our men in order;
' And iſſue forth, and bid them battle ſtraight.

In October 1460, when it was eſtabliſhed in parliament that the duke of York ſhould ſucceed to the throne after Henry's death, the duke and his two ſons, the earl of March and the earl of Rutland, took an oath to do no act whatſoever that might "ſound to the abridgment of the natural life of King Henry the Sixth, or diminiſhing of his reign or dignity royal." Having perſuaded the king to ſend for the queen and the prince of Wales, (who were then in York) and finding that ſhe would not obey his requiſition, he on the ſecond of December ſet out for his caſtle in Yorkſhire, with ſuch military power as he had, a meſſenger having been previouſly diſpatched to the earl of March, to [illegible]n to follow his father with all the forces he could procure. The duke arrived at Sandal caſtle on the 24th of December, and in a ſhort time his army amounted to five thouſand men. An anonymous Remarker, however, very confidently aſſerts, that "this ſcene, ſo far as reſpects York's *oath* and *his reſolution to break it*, proceeds entirely from the author's imagination." His oath is on record; and what his *reſolution* was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and ſent the meſſage above ſtated to his ſon, it is not very difficult to conjecture.

MALONE.

' *York.*

'*York*. Five men to twenty[1]!—though the odds be great,
'I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
'Many a battle have I won in France,
'When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
'Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal Caſtle,

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.

'*Rut*. Ah, whither[1] 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[2] ſlew my father,—he ſhall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company,
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
'*Tut*. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
'Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by ſoldiers.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him cloſe his eyes[3]?—I'll open them.
'*Rut*.

[1] *Five men to twenty!* &c.] Thus, in the old play:

York. Indeed many brave battles have I won
In Normandy, whereas the enemy
Hath been ten to one, and why ſhould I now
Doubt of the like ſucceſs. I am reſolv'd.
Come, let us go.
Edw. Let us march away. I hear their drums. MALONE.

[1] *Ah, whither*, &c.] This ſcene in the old play opens with theſe lines:

Tutor. Oh, fly my lord, let's leave the caſtle,
And fly to Wakefield ſtraight. MALONE.

[2] *Whoſe father*—] i. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York. MALONE.

[3] —— *is he dead already? Or is it fear,*
That makes him cloſe his eyes?] This circumſtance is taken from Hall: "Whilſt this battail was in fighting, a prieſte called Sir

'*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch[4]
'That trembles under his devouring paws:
And ſo he walks, inſulting o'er his prey;
'And ſo he comes, to rend his limbs aſunder.—
'Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning 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.

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

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

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

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

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

'*Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou ſlay me?

Robbert Aſpall, chappelaine and ſchole-maſter to the yong erle of Rutlande, ii ſonne to the above named duke of Yorke, ſcarce of the age of xii yeres, a faire gentleman and a maydenlike perſon, perceyving that flight was more ſafe-gard than tarrying, bothe for hym and his maſter, ſecretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Clifford[illegible], toward the towne; but or he could entre into a houſe, he was by the ſayd Lord Clifford eſpied, folowed, and taken, and by reſon of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentleman diſmayed, had not a word to ſpeake, but kneled on his knees, imploring mercy, and deſiryng grace, both with holding up his handes, and making dolorous countenance, *for his ſpeache was gone for feare.*" MALONE.

[4] *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.

Clif.

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born[5].

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

Clif. No cauſe?

Thy father ſlew my father; therefore, die. [Clif. *ſtabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ*[9]! [Dies.

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

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me[1];
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ſhips before the wind,
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
My ſons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;

5 *But 'twas ere I was born.*] The author of the original play appears to have been as incorrect in his chronology as Shakſpeare. Rutland was ſo, I believe, in 1443; according to Hall in 1448; and Clifford's father was killed at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Conſequently Rutland was then at leaſt ſeven years old; more probably twelve. The ſame obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

9 This line is in Ovid's *Epiſtle from Phillis to Demophoon.* I find the ſame quotation in *Have with you to Saffron Walden or Gabriel Harvey's hunt is up*, 1596. STEEVENS.

1 *My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me;*] Theſe were two baſtard uncles by the mother's ſide, ſir John and ſir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649. PERCY.

And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
' And full as oft came Edward to my ſide,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
' In blood of thoſe that had encounter'd him:
' And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
' Richard cry'd,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
' And cry'd—*A crown, or elſe a glorious tomb!*
' *A ſcepter, or an earthly ſepulchre!*
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
' We bodg'd again [2]; as I have ſeen a ſwan
' With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
' And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
' Ah, hark! the fatal followers do purſue;
' And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
' And, were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury:
' The ſands are number'd, that make up my life;
' Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

' Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
' I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage;
' I am your butt, and I abide your ſhot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſs arm,
With downright payment, ſhew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick [3].

2 *We* bodg'd *again*;] I find *bodgery* uſed by Naſhe in his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593, for *botchery*. "Do you know your own mis-begotten *bodgery*?" To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and aukwardly; and thence to *fail* or *miſcarry* in an attempt. Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders—"To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, diſperdere.*"

I ſuſpect, however, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read—We *budg'd* again. "To *budge*" Cole renders, *pedem referre*, to retreat: the preciſe ſenſe required here. So Coriolanus, ſpeaking of his army who had *fled* from their adverſaries:

"The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
"From raſcals worſe than they." MALONE.

3 —*noon-tide prick.*] Or, noon-tide point on the dial. JOHNSON.

York.

York. My aſhes, as the phœnix, 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.
' Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
' So doves do peck the faulcon'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 bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with cowardice,
' Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*
2. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: ſpeak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize[4] to take all vantages;
' And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on* York, *who ſtruggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.
[York *is taken priſoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield[5], with robbers ſo o'er-match'd.

[4] *It is war's prize*—] All 'vantages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken and uſed. JOHNSON.
—dolus, an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat? VIRG. MALONE.

[5] *So* true *men yield,*] A true man has been already explained to be an honeſt man, as oppoſed to a thief. See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.

North.

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

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught[6] at mountains with out-ſtretched arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the luſty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the reſt, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I ſtain'd this napkin[7] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance[8].
What, hath thy firy heart ſo parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhouldſt be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'ſt be ſee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport;
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

[6] *That raught*—] i. e. That *reach'd*. The ancient preterite and participle paſſive of *reach*. So, Shakſpeare in another place:
"The hand of death has *raught* him." STEEVENS.

[7] — *this napkin*—] A napkin is a handkerchief. JOHNSON.

[8] *Stamp, rave, and fret*, &c.] I have placed this line as it ſtands in the old play. In the folio it is introduced, I believe, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber, ſome lines lower, after the words—"do mock thee thus;" where it appears to me out of its place. MALONE.

Hold

Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head*[9].
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[1].
And will you pale[2] 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*.

9 *Putting a paper crown on his head.*] Shakſpeare has on this occaſion deviated from hiſtory, if ſuch of our *Engliſh* chronicles as I have been able to procure, may be believed. According to them the paper crown was not placed on the duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewiſe was not killed by Clifford till after his father's death. STEEVENS.

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinſhed after giving Hall's narration of this buſineſs almoſt *verbatim*, adds,—"Some write, that the duke was taken alive, and in deriſion cauſed to ſtand upon a *mole-hill*, on whoſe heade they put a garland inſtead of a crowne, which they had faſhioned and made of ſegges or bulruſhes, and having ſo crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Chriſte in ſcorne, ſaying to him, hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or poſſeſſions. And at length having thus ſcorned him with theſe and dyverſe other the like deſpitefull woordes, they ſtroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they preſented to the queen."

Both the chroniclers ſay, that the earl of Rutland was killed by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be preſumed that his father had firſt fallen. The earl's tutor probably attempted to ſave him as ſoon as the rout began. MALONE.

1 *Till our king Henry had ſhook hands with death.*] On York's return from Ireland, at a meeting of parliament it was ſettled, that Henry ſhould enjoy the throne during his life, and that York ſhould ſucceed him. See Hall, Henry VI. fol. 98. MALONE.

2 *And will you* pale—] i. e. impale, encircle. MALONE.

* —*to do him dead.*] To kill him. See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2. MALONE.

Clif.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's ſake.

Q. Mar. Nay, ſtay; let's hear the oriſons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worſe than wolves of France,
Whoſe tongue more poiſons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy ſex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud queen, to make thee bluſh:
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhameleſs.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jeruſalem;
Yet not ſo wealthy as an Engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unleſs the adage muſt be verify'd,—
'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:
'Tis government, that makes them ſeem divine[3];
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the ſouth to the ſeptentrion.
O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide*!
How could'ſt 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;

[3] 'Tis government *that makes them ſeem divine*;] *Government*, in the language of that time, ſignified evenneſs of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

* *O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*] We find almoſt the ſame line in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

" *O* woolviſh *heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*' MALONE.

Thou

" Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
' Bid'ſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy wiſh:
' Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will:
' For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins[5].
Theſe tears are my ſweet Rutland's obſequies;
' And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
' 'Gainſt thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, falſe French-woman.

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

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tygers 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:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears;
Yea, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears,
And ſay,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—

5 *Would'ſt have me* weep? *why, now thou haſt thy will:*
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.] We meet with the ſame thought in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
" This *windy tempeſt, till it blows up rain,*
" Held back his ſorrow's tide, to make it more;
" *At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er.*
" Then ſon and father *weep* with equal ſtrife,
" Who ſhould weep moſt for daughter or for wife.
Again, in *Macbeth:*
" ——— that *tears* ſhall *drown* the *wind.*"
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
" Where are my *tears? Rain, rain,* to *lay* this *wind.*"
Again, in *King John:*
" This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,—." MALONE.
— *inceſſant ſhowers,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:
" For raging winds blow up a *ſtorm of tears.*" STEEVENS.

There

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

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

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

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*ſtabbing him.*

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[6]. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *So York may overlook*, &c.] This gallant nobleman fell by his own imprudence, in conſequence of leading an army of only five thouſand men to engage with twenty thouſand, and not waiting for the arrival of his ſon the earl of March, with a large body of Welchmen. He and Cicely his wife, with his ſon Edmond earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Foderingay church; and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 4to, 1627,) "when the chancel in that furie of knocking churches and ſacred monuments in the head, was alſo felled to the ground," they were removed into the church-yard; and afterwards "lapped in lead they were buried in the church by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth; and a mean monument of plaiſter wrought with the trowel erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting ſo noble princes."

"I remember, (adds the ſame writer,) Maſter Creuſe, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the ſame time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be diſcerned, and withall that the dutcheſs Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a ſilke ribband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and freſh to be read, as it had been written yeſterday." This *pardon* was probably a diſpenſation which the duke procured, from the oath of allegiance that he had ſworn to Henry in St. Paul's church on the 10th of March, 1452.

MALONE.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's *croſs in* Herefordſhire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *with their forces, marching.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'ſcap'd;
Or whether he be 'ſcap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's purſuit;
Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news;
Or, had he 'ſcap'd, methinks, we ſhould have heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.—
How fares my brother[7]? 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 range about;
And watch'd him, how he ſingled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him[8] in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompaſs'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;

[7] *How fares our brother?*] This ſcene, in the old quartos, begins thus:

"After this dangerous fight and hapleſs war,
"How doth my noble brother Richard fare?"

Had the author taken the trouble to reviſe his play, he hardly would have begun the firſt act and the ſecond with almoſt the ſame exclamation, expreſs'd in almoſt the ſame words. Warwick opens the ſcene with—

I wonder, how the king eſcap'd our hands. STEEVENS.

[8] *Methought, he* bore him—] i. e. he demeaned himſelf. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"How I may formally in perſon *bear me*—." MALONE.

Methinks,

‘ Methinks, ’tis prize enough to be his ſon [9].
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun [1]!
* How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
* Trimm’d like a yonker, prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns [2]?

Rich. Three glorious ſuns, each one a perfect ſun;
Not ſeparated with the racking clouds [3],
But ſever’d in a pale clear-ſhining ſky.
See, ſee! they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
As if they vow’d ſome league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
In this the heaven figures ſome event.

* *Edw.* ’Tis wondrous ſtrange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the ſons of brave Plantagenet,
‘ Each one already blazing by our meeds [4],

‘ Should,

9 *Methinks, ’tis prize enough to be his ſon.*] The old quarto reads—*pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this. WARBURTON.

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard’s ſenſe is, though we have miſſed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left that may content us. JOHNSON.

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *privilege*. So, in the former act:

“ It is war’s *prize* to take all ’vantages?” MALONE.

1 *And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewel of the ſun, when ſhe diſmiſſes him to his diurnal courſe. JOHNSON.

2 —*do I ſee* three ſuns?] This circumſtance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinſhed: “ — at which tyme the *ſon* (as ſome write) appeared to the earle of March like *three funnes*, and ſodainely joyned altogither in one, uppon whiche ſight hee tooke ſuche courage, that he fiercely ſetting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cauſe menne ymagined that he gave the ſun in his full bryghtneſſe for his badge or corgniſance.” Theſe are the words of Holinſhed. MALONE.

3 —*the* racking *clouds*,] i. e. the clouds which fleet with a quick motion. So, in our author’s 32d Sonnet:

“ Anon permit the baſeſt *clouds* to ride
“ With ugly *rack* on his celeſtial face.” MALONE.

4 —*blazing by our* meeds,] *Meed* is *merit*. JOHNSON.

So,

Should, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
And over-ſhine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.
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 foretel
Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?
Meſ. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was ſlain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Edw. O, ſpeak no more[5]! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.
Meſ. Environed he was with many foes[6];

So, in the fourth act the king ſays,
"My *meed* hath got me fame."
And in *Timon of Athens* the word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe:
"—— No *meed* but he repays
"Seven-fold above itſelf." MASON.

[5] *O, ſpeak no more!*] The generous tenderneſs of Edward, and ſavage fortitude of Richard, are well diſtinguiſhed by their different reception of their father's death. JOHNSON.

[6] *Environed he was with many foes*;] Thus, in the old play:

Oh, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was ſlain.—
When as the noble duke was put to flight,
And then purſude by Clifford and the queene,
And many ſoldiers moe, who all at once
Let drive at him, and forſt the duke to yield;
And then they ſet him on a moul-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious duke in high deſpight;
Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
The ruthleſſe queene perceiving he did weepe,
Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of ſweete young Rutland, by
Rough Clifford ſlaine; who weeping tooke it up:
Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloudie ſwords,
Who like a lambe fell at the butcher's feate.
Then on the gates of Yorke they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld. MALONE.

* 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:
' Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high deſpight;
' 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
' They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain,
' The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
' Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay!—
* O Clifford, boiſt'rous Clifford, thou haſt ſlain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
* And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee!—
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
' Ah, would ſhe break from hence! that this my body
' Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt:
' For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
' Never, O never, ſhall I ſee more joy.
' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
* For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breaſt,
* And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
* To weep[7], is to make leſs the depth of grief:

* —*the hope of Troy*—] Hector. MALONE.

[7] *To weep*, &c.] Here, in the original play, inſtead of theſe two lines, we have—

" I cannot joy, till this white roſe be dy'd
" Even in the heart-bloud of the houſe of Lancaſter." MALONE.

* Tears,

'Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
'Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
'Or die renowned by attempting it.

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

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the ſun[8]:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom ſay;
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, *and* MONTAGUE, *with forces.*

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

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

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his ſoul's redemption,
Is by the ſtern lord Clifford done to death[9].

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 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,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought[1],
March'd towards ſaint Alban's to intercept the queen,

[8] *Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:*] So, in Spenſer's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty:*

"——like the native brood of eagle's kind,
"On that bright ſun of glory fix thine eyes." STEEVENS.

[9] —*done to death.*] *Done to death* for *killed*, was a common expreſſion long before Shakſpeare's time. GREY.

See Vol. II. p. 299, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] *And very well*, &c.] This line I have reſtored from the old quartos. STEEVENS.

Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed,
That ſhe was coming with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
' Touching king Henry's oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make,—we at ſaint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldneſs of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their hated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
' Who thunders to his captives [2]—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our ſoldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight [3],
' Or like a lazy threſher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

' *Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

[2] — *to his* captives—] So the folio. The old play reads—*captaines*. MALONE.

[3] — *like the night-owl's lazy flight,*] This image is not very congruous to the ſubject, nor was it neceſſary to the compariſon, which is happily enough completed by the threſher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon objects to this compariſon as incongruous, but I think unjuſtly. Warwick compares the languid blows of his ſoldiers to the lazy ſtrokes which the wings of the owl give to the air in its flight, which is remarkably ſlow. MASON.

In the ſubſequent line the old play more elegantly reads—Or like an *idle* threſher, &c. MALONE.

War-

War. Some ſix miles off the duke is with the ſoldiers:
And for your brother,—he was lately ſent
From your kind aunt, dutcheſs of Burgundy [4],
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful 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.

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 ſcepter 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 bear thy glories, makes me ſpeak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of ſteel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laſt, ſay—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud inſulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland [5],

4 —— *he was* lately ſent
From your kind aunt, dutcheſs of Burgundy, &c.] This circumſtance is not warranted by hiſtory. Clarence and Gloceſter (as they were afterwards created) were ſent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till their brother Edward got poſſeſſion of the crown. Beſides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.

Iſabel dutcheſs of Burgundy, whom Shakſpeare calls the duke's aunt, was daughter of John I. king of Portugal by Philippa of Lancaſter, eldeſt daughter of John of Gaunt. They were therefore no more than third couſins. ANONYMOUS.

5 — haught *Northumberland,*] So, Grafton in his *Chronicle* ſays, p. 417: "— the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called ſir Henry Hotſpurre." PERCY.

The word is common to many writers; *Marlow, Kyd,* &c. STEEVENS.

And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting king, like wax[6].
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong[7]:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongſt the loving Welſhmen canſt procure,
'Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
'And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

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

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

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

[6] —*the eaſy-melting king, like* wax.] So, again in this play, of the *Lady Grey*:

"As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* muſt melt." JOHNSON.

[7] —*is* thirty *thouſand ſtrong*:] Thus the folio. The old play reads—

"Their power, I gueſs them *fiftie* thouſand ſtrong."

A little lower the ſame piece has—*eight and forty thouſand*. MALONE.

* *Rich.*

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
* (As thou haſt ſhewn 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?
Meſ. The duke of Norfolk ſends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.
' *War.* Why then it ſorts[8], brave warriors: Let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *the Prince of* Wales, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *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 God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, muſt be laid aſide.
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that, the foreſt bear doth lick?

[8] *Why then it ſorts,*] Why then things are as they ſhould be. JOHNSON.
So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—thy love ſhall *ſort* to ſuch happy ſucceſs as thou thyſelf doſt ſeek for." STEEVENS.

Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on;
'And doves will peck, in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his ſon a king,
And raiſe his iſſue, like a loving ſire;
Thou, being a king, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him,
'Which argued thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
'Which ſometime they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birth-right 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?
Ah, what a ſhame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
'But, Clifford, tell me, didſt thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon,
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell[9]?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!

[9] *Whoſe father*, &c.] Alluding to a common proverb:
Happy the child whoſe father went to the devil. JOHNSON.

For

For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
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 courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon;
Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.—
Edward, kneel down.
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a knight;
And learn this leſſon,—Draw thy ſword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs:
For, with a band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign[1] your battle, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would, your highneſs would depart the field;
The queen hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent[2].
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.
North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer theſe noble lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

[1] *Darraign*—] That is, *Range* your hoſt, put your hoſt in order. JOHNSON.
Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenſer, uſe this word. The quartos read —*Prepare your battles*, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] — *when you are abſent.*] So, Hall: "Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in al his enterpriſes; for where his perſon was preſent, the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte." Henry VI. fol. C. MALONE.

March.

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 bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud inſulting boy!
'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
'Before thy ſovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he ſhould bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his conſent[3]:
Since when[4], his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
'To blot out me, and put his own ſon in.
'*Clif.* And reaſon too;
Who ſhould ſucceed the father, but the ſon?
'*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot ſpeak!
'*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I ſtand, to anſwer thee,
'Or any he the proudeſt of thy ſort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not ſatisfy'd.
Rich. For God's ſake, lords, give ſignal to the fight.

3 *I am his king, and he ſhould bow his knee;*
I was adopted heir by his conſent:
Since when, his oath is broke;] Edward's argument is founded on the following article in the compact entered into by Henry and the duke of York, which the author found in Hall's Chronicle, but which I believe made no part of that agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the king did cloſely or apertly ſtudye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compaſs or imagine the death or diſtruction of the ſayde duke or his bloud, then he *to forfet the crowne*, and the duke of Yorke to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldeſt ſon would have now a title to the crown. MALONE.

4 *Since when,* &c.] The quartos give the remainder of this ſpeech to Clarence, and read:

To blot our brother *out,* &c. STEEVENS.

Here is another variation of the ſame kind with thoſe which have been noticed in the preceding play, which could not have ariſen from a tranſcriber or printer.—Though Shakſpeare gave the whole of this ſpeech to Edward by ſubſtituting *me* for *brother*, the ſame diviſion which is found in the quarto, is inadvertently retained in the folio. MALONE.

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 [5].

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

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

' *North.* No, nor your manhood, that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for ſcarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-ſwoln heart
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,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland;
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 pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to ſpeak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill.

Rich. Then, executioner, unſheath thy ſword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd [6],

' That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

' *Edw.* Say, Henry, ſhall I have my right, or no?
A thouſand men have broke their faſts to-day,
That ne'er ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in juſtice puts his armour on.

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

[5] *Your legs did better ſervice than your hands.*] An alluſion to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." STEEVENS.

[6] —*I am reſolv'd,*] It is my firm perſuaſion; I am no longer in doubt. JOHNSON.

Rich.

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 ſtigmatick [7],
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful ſtings [8].

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt [9],
Whoſe father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea [1],)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart [2]?

Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw [3] were worth a thouſand crowns,
To

* Rich. *Whoever got thee*, &c.] In the folio this ſpeech is erroneouſly aſſigned to Warwick. The anſwer ſhews that it belongs to Richard, to whom it is attributed in the old play. MALONE.

[7] — *miſhapen* ſtigmatick.] See p. 248, n. 5. MALONE.

[8] — *lizards' dreadful ſtings.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation:—*or lizards'* fainting looks.

This is the ſecond time that Shakſpeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no ſuch defence) with a ſting; but great powers ſeem to have been imputed to its looks. So, in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

"The *lizard* ſhuts up his *ſharp-ſighted eyes*,
"Amongſt the ſerpents, and there ſadly lies." STEEVENS.

[9] — gilt,] *Gilt* is a ſuperficial covering of gold. STEEVENS.

[1] (*As if a* channel *ſhould be called the ſea,*)] A *channel* in our author's time ſignified what we now call a *kennel*. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, quarto, 1605, p. 1148: "— ſuch a ſtorme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; wherethrough, the *channels* of the citie ſuddenly riſing," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. "— quoit him into the *channel*." MALONE.

[2] *To let thy tongue*, &c.] To ſhew thy meanneſs of birth by the indecency of language with which thou raileſt at my deformity. JOHNSON.

Inſtead of this line, the old play has—

To parly thus with England's lawful heirs. MALONE.

[3] *A wiſp of ſtraw*—] It appears from the following paſſage in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the ſeventh ſatire of *Horace*, 1567, that a *wiſpe* was the puniſhment of a ſcold:

"So perfyte and exacte a ſcoulde, that women mighte geve place,
"Whoſe tatling tongues had won a *wiſpe*," &c. STEEVENS.

See alſo Naſhe's *Apology of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "Why, thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean and ſcrattop of *ſcolds*, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcaſſe? continually read the rhetorick lecture of Ramme-Alley? a *wiſpe*, a *wiſpe*, you kitchin-ſtuffe wrangler." Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone ſtriving who ſhall wear the Breeches*,—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

"Good

To make this ſhameleſs callet know herſelf[4].—
* 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;
' Even then that ſun-ſhine brew'd a ſhower for him,
' That waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his crown at home.
' For what hath broach this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou been meek, our title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had ſlipp'd our claim until another age.
' *Geo.* But, when we ſaw our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,
' And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe[5],
We ſet the axe to thy uſurping root:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
' Yet, know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
' We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

" Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,
" This once let me entreat thee,
" And make me promiſe, never more
" That thou ſhalt mind to beat me;
" For feare *thou weare the wiſpe*, good wife,
" And make our neighbours ride—". MALONE.

4 *To make this ſhameleſs* callet *know herſelf.*] *Callet*, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps ſo called from the French *calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls. See *Gloſſ.* to *Urry's Chaucer.* GREY.

5 —*we ſaw our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,*
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,] When we ſaw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flouriſhing by our favour, we then reſolved to deſtroy thee, and determine to try ſome other means, though our firſt efforts have failed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read:

But when we ſaw our ſummer brought thee gain,
And that the harveſt brought us no increaſe. STEEVENS.

Or

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this reſolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'ſt the gentle king to ſpeak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or elſe a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer ſtay:
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives to day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A field of battle between Towton *and* Saxton *in* York-ſhire.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter WARWICK.

'*War.* Forſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
'And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a while.

Enter EDWARD, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or ſtrike, ungentle death!
'For this world frowns, and Edward's ſun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

'*Geo.* Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair[7];
'Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
'What

[6] *Smile, gentle heaven!* &c.] Thus the folio. Inſtead of theſe lines, the quartos give the following:

Smile, gentle heavens, or ſtrike, ungentle death,
That we may die unleſs we gain the day!
What fatal ſtar malignant frowns from heaven
Upon the harmleſs line of York's true houſe? STEEVENS.

[7] *Our hap is loſs,* our hope but ſad deſpair;] Milton ſeems to have copied this line:

"——Thus repuls'd, *our final hope*
"*Is flat deſpair.*" MALONE.

Our hap is loſs, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

Come,

'What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?

'*Edw.* Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;

'And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter RICHARD.

'*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why haſt thou withdrawn thyſelf?

'Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk[8],

'Broach'd

Come, brother, come, let's to the field again,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
Leſt they retire now we have left the field.
War. How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?"

STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy* brother's *blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,*] The old play (as Theobald has obſerved) applies this deſcription to the death of Saliſbury, contrary to the truth of hiſtory, for that nobleman was taken priſoner at the battle of Wakefield, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. But both Hall and Holinſhed, in nearly the ſame words, relate the circumſtance on which this ſpeech as exhibited in the *folio*, is founded; and from the latter our author undoubtedly took it. "The Lord Fitzwalter [who had been ſtationed to keep the paſs of Ferrybridge] hearing the noiſe, [made by Lord Clifford and a body of light-horſemen, who attacked by ſurprize the party ſtationed at the bridge,] ſodainely roſe out of his bedde, and unarmed, with a pollax in his hande, thinking that it had bin a fraye amongſt his men, came downe to appeaſe the ſame, but ere he knew what the matter ment, he was ſlaine, and with him the *baſtard* of Saliſbury, *brother to the erle of Warwick*, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie." Holinſhed, p. 664. In this action at Ferrybridge, which happened on the 28th of March 1461, the day before the great battle of Towton, Lord Clifford was killed. The author of this play has blended the two actions together. MALONE.

Thy brother's blood, &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, which is printed, like almoſt all the reſt of the play, from the folio, the quartos give the following:

"Thy noble *father* in the thickeſt throngs
Cry'd ſtill for Warwick, his thrice valiant ſon;
Until with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breaſt.
And, as he tottering ſat upon his ſteed,
He waſt his hand to me, and cried aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſon:
And ſtill he cried, Warwick, revenge my death!
And with theſe words he tumbled off his horſe;
And ſo the noble Saliſbury gave up the ghoſt. STEEVENS.

It

‘ Broach'd with the ſteely point of Clifford's lance:
‘ And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
‘ Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far,—
‘ *Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
‘ So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
‘ That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoking blood,
‘ The noble gentleman gave up the ghoſt.
‘ *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly[9].
‘ Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
‘ Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
‘ And look upon *, as if the tragedy
‘ Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
‘ Here on my knee I vow to God above,
‘ I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
‘ 'Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
‘ Or fortune given me meaſure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
‘ And, in this vow, do chain my ſoul to thine[1].—
‘ 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!

It is here only neceſſary to refer to former notes on ſimilar variations. See p. 127, n. 2; p. 133, n. 3; p. 140, n. 8; p. 201, n. 2; p. 205, n. 6. MALONE.

9 *I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly.*] From Hall, Henry VI. p. 102: “When the Earle of Warwicke was enformed of this feate, he, lyke a man deſperate, mounted on his hackeney, and came blowing to king Edward, ſaying, Sȳr, I pray God have mercie of their ſoules, which in the beginning of your enterprize hath loſt their lives; and becauſe I ſee no ſuccours of the world, I remit the vengeance and puniſhment to God, our creator and redemer; and with that lighted doune, and *ſlew his horſe with his ſwourde*, ſaying, let him flee that wyl, for ſurely I wil tarye with him that will tarye with me; and kiſſed the croſſe of his ſwourde.” MALONE.

* *And* look upon,] And are mere ſpectators. So, in *the Winter's Tale*, Vol. IV. p. 200, where I idly ſuſpected ſome corruption in the text:

“ And *look on* alike.” MALONE.

[1] *And in this vow do chain my ſoul to thine.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:

“ And in *that* vow *now join* my ſoul to *thee*.” STEEVENS.

‘ Beſeeching

Beſeeching thee[2],—if with thy will it ſtands,
That to my foes this body muſt be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on 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, farewel.
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops:
And give them leave to fly that will not ſtay;
And call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;
And, if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Fore-ſlow no longer[3], make we hence amain[4].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[2] *Beſeeching* thee,—] That is, beſeeching the divine power. Shakſpeare in new-forming this ſpeech may ſeem, at the firſt view of it, to have made it obſcure, by placing this line immediately after,—"Thou ſetter up," &c.

What I have now obſerved is founded on a ſuppoſition that the words "*Thou ſetter up*," &c. are applied to Warwick, as they appear to be in the old play. However, our author certainly intended to deviate from it, and to apply this deſcription to the deity; and this is another ſtrong confirmation of the obſervation already made relative to the variations between theſe pieces and the elder dramas on which they were formed. In the old play the ſpeech runs thus:

Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now join my ſoul to thee,
Thou ſetter up and puller-down of kings:—
Vouchſafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we looſe the day!

The laſt two lines are certainly here addreſſed to the deity; but the preceding line, notwithſtanding the anachroniſm, ſeems to be addreſſed to Warwick. MALONE.

[3] Fore ſlow *no longer*,] To *fore-ſlow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. So, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594: